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Organ of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

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THEODORE L. FLOOD, D.D., Editor.

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OCTOBER, 1883.

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Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.

OCTOBER.

GERMAN HISTORY.

By REV. W. G. WILLIAMS, A. M.

I.

The student of history has need of divisions. By their aid alone can he hope to have command of the facts and events with which history in so large part deals. It is well therefore to begin the study of any particular history by noting such changes, such epoch-making events as may form partition walls of boxes in which may be placed our classified information.

The history of Germany has been variously divided into periods by the different authors. That which we have adopted here has the sanction of the majority and will be found exceedingly natural, and hence simple and convenient. The student should memorize it thoroughly, being assured that though a very *general* history of itself, nevertheless it is more than many of supposed information could tell of the history of this wonderful people.

DIVISION OF THE HISTORY OF THE GERMANS INTO TEN PERIODS.

First—From the most ancient times to the conquests of the Franks, under Clovis (A. D. 486).

Second—From conquests of Clovis to Charlemagne (511-768).

Third—Charlemagne to Henry I. (768-919).

Fourth—Henry I. to Rodolphus of Hapsburg. The Saxon, Swabian, and Hohenstaufen houses (919-1273).

Fifth—Rodolphus I. of Hapsburg to Charles V. (1273-1520).

Sixth—Charles V. to Peace of Westphalia (1519-1648).

Seventh—Peace of Westphalia to French Revolution (1648-1789).

Eighth—French Revolution to Peace of Paris (1789-1815).

Ninth—Peace of Paris to Franco-Prussian War (1815-1870-1871).

Tenth—From Franco-Prussian War to present time.

THE PRIMITIVE POPULATIONS OF GERMANY, THEIR ORIGIN, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, ETC.

"Germany, or Deutschland, occupies a large part of Central Europe. Speaking roughly, it now reaches from the Alps to the Baltic and the North Sea, and from the valleys of the Rhine and the Maes to the Danube as far as the March and the Mur,

and to the Prosna and the Lower Niemen. The country is mountainous in the south, hilly in the center, and flat in the north, where it forms part of the great plain which takes in the whole of north-eastern Europe. The western part of this plain takes in the country between the Teutoburg Wood and the North Sea. As it passes eastward it widens till it reaches from the Erz and Riesen Mountains to the Baltic. A part of South Germany slopes toward the east, and is watered by the Danube; but the general slope of the country is toward the north. Among the rivers flowing northward are the Rhine, the Ems, the Weser, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula."—*Sime.*

"Germany has varied very much in extent at different times. This is due partly to the fact that it has no clearly-marked natural boundaries on the east and west, but chiefly to the peculiarity of its position. It is the central country of Europe. Being surrounded by most of the leading nations of the Continent, the Germans have been involved, more than any other people, in the general history of Europe. Of all their neighbors, the Scandinavians are most nearly allied to the Germans. Both are branches of the Teutonic race. But the Germans are also connected, although not so closely, with the other surrounding peoples. All, if we except the Magyars or Hungarians, who are Turanians, belong to the great Aryan family."—*Sime.*

"Ancient authors mention several German tribes, as well as their dwelling places, with greater or less precision. Several of them also speak of the chief tribes, among which the single septa united themselves. But their statements are not sufficiently unanimous or precise to give us that clear view which we would so willingly obtain. The origin of the Germanic nations, therefore, like that of all others, is uncertain. To assign to them a distinct historical origin is to make an assertion without evidence, though it is now indisputably established that the Teutonic dialects belong to one great family with the Latin, the Greek, the Sanscrit, and other European and Asiatic tongues. All the positive knowledge that we have of the German nations, previous to their contact with the Romans, is exceedingly vague and mere conjecture."—*Menzies.*

"The Romans first heard the name 'Germans' from the Celtic Gauls, in whose language it meant simply *neighbors*. The first notice of a Germanic tribe was given to the world by the Greek navigator Pytheas, who made a voyage to the Baltic in the year 330 B. C. Beyond the amber coast, eastward of the mouth of the Vistula, he found the Goths, of whom we hear nothing more until they appear, several centuries later, on the northern shore of the Black Sea. For more than two hundred years there is no further mention of the Germanic races; then, most unexpectedly, the Romans were called upon to make their personal acquaintance."—*Bayard Taylor.*

"At the time of their first contact with the Romans, these Germanic tribes had lost even the tradition of their Asiatic origin. They supposed themselves to have originated upon the soil where they dwelt, sprung either from the earth or descended from the gods. According to the most popular legend, the war-god Tuisko, or Tiu, had a son, Mannus (whence the word *man* is derived), who was the first human parent of the German race. Many centuries must have elapsed since their first settlement in Europe, or they could not have so completely changed

the forms of their religion and their traditional history."—*Taylor.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

"The early Germans were noted for their love of feasting, which was carried to such excess that they would sometimes spend whole days and nights at table, drinking and gaming, in consequence of which they often quarreled and fought so that a convivial meeting frequently terminated in bloodshed. They gambled with dice, as Tacitus, with astonishment, informs us, in a sober state and as a serious occupation, and with so much eagerness for gain, that when they had lost all they hazarded their freedom, and even their very persons, upon the last cast. The loser freely delivered himself up to slavery, although even younger and stronger than his adversary, and patiently allowed himself to be bound and sold as a slave; thus steadfastly did they keep their word, even in a bad case. 'They call this good faith,' says the Roman writer. There were various circumstances under which a German might forfeit his liberty, such as marrying a bondwoman, or of not being able to pay his debts; but the generality of the slaves were captives taken in war.

"The Germans did not all sit down at the same table, but each man had his own seat and board, which were of a very rough description, being merely a wooden stool and table, furnished with drinking horns, wooden bowls, spoons, and platters. Each person of rank had his servant behind him to hold his shield and spear. He kept his sword by his side, for on no occasion would a German part with his arms, which was a proof that he expected to have frequent need of them.

"The wives and daughters of the Germans, we are told, shared in all the public entertainments, for however rude and fierce these people might be in other respects, they were distinguished, even in the most barbarous ages, for their attention and respect to the female sex, whom they consulted on the most important affairs, and by whose opinions they were very often guided. The feasts of the Germans, like those of the Gauls and Scandinavians, were always attended by a number of bards, several of whom were attached to the family of every chief, and were treated with the highest respect. They played on the harp and flute, and when they sang of war, the company took part in the concert by clashing their swords against their shields.

"The Germans, in very remote ages, were dressed in skins of wild animals, and afterward in a coarse kind of linen, made by the women; but as they intermixed more with the Gauls, they learned from them to make a finer sort of linen, and woolen also, and as soon as they were acquainted with these useful arts, spinning and weaving became the principal occupations of German women, and a more civilized costume was adopted than that which was made from the skins of the elk and reindeer. These animals, in the time of Julius Cæsar, were very numerous in the forests of Germany, from which, however, they have long since disappeared.

"The Romans justly considered the German nation as an aboriginal, pure, and unmixed race of people. They resembled themselves alone; and like the specifically similar plants of the field, which, springing from a pure seed, not raised in the hot-bed of a garden, but germinating in the healthy, free, unsheltered soil, do not differ from each other by varieties; so, also, among the thousands of the simple German race, there was but one determined and equal form of body. Their chest was wide and strong; their hair yellow, and with young children it was of a dazzling white. Their skin was also white, their eyes blue, and their glance bold and piercing. Their powerful gigantic bodies, which the Romans and Gauls could not behold without fear, displayed the strength that nature had given to this people; for, according to the testimony of some of the ancient writers, their usual height was seven feet. From their earliest youth upward they hardened their bodies by all devisable means. New-born infants were dipped in cold water, and the cold bath was continued during their whole lives as the strengthening renovator, by both boys and girls, men and women. The

children ran about almost naked, and effeminate nations wondered how those of the Germans, without cradles or swaddling bands, should grow up to the very fullest bloom of health.

"Cæsar, Tacitus, and Suetonius, with many others, have pointed to one and the same characteristic of the Germans, as the secret of their power and prosperity. The Kelt had everywhere yielded to the eagles of Rome, while the Teuton everywhere checked their flight. Amazed, and even alarmed, at those tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed enemies, who had to be conquered with gold instead of steel, Tacitus examines the reasons of their prowess, and finds it in the soberness of their blood, in their reverence for women and for the laws of nature, in their deference to parental authority and their marriages of maturity. 'Chastity is a custom with them,' says the 'De Moribus Germanorum,' and a passage to the same effect might be cited from Cæsar. Those southern soldiers and statesmen saw, in truth, with a terrible sense of overhanging fate, that race of hardy, chaste, home-loving, free and fearless barbarians, of whom the Emperor Titus said, 'Their bodies are great, but their souls are greater.' The tone of Tacitus is that of a man who bitterly feels how much greater, after all, as a moral being, the barbarian may be than the civilized man, when civilization recognizes no higher aim than material splendor, and that utility which subserves material wants. Other civilizations than that of the Empire may read a lesson in those brief pages where the philosopher of a worn-out world records his impression of the races from which the world was hereafter to be reconstituted."

—*Menzies.*

"The three principal vices of the Germans were indolence, drunkenness, and love of gaming. Although always ready for the toils and dangers of war, they disliked to work at home. The women ruled and regulated their households with undisputed sway. They were considered the equals of the men, and exhibited no less energy and courage. They were supposed to possess the gift of prophecy, and always accompanied the men to battle, where they took care of the wounded, and stimulated the warriors by their shouts and songs. They honored the institution of marriage to an extent beyond that exhibited by any other people of the ancient world. Those who proved unfaithful to the marriage vow were punished with death."—*Taylor.*

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND USAGES.

"The worship of the ancient Germans coincided with their natural character, and consequently was much more simple and elevated than that of other peoples. Although uncultivated, they carried in their hearts the sentiment of an infinite and eternal power, and they regarded it as an affront to the divinity to enclose it within walls, or to represent it under human form. They consecrated to it the woods and forests as a spacious temple of which nature itself erected the pillars, and to which the immensity of the heavens formed the roof.

"The ancient Germans adored, like the Persians, the sun and fire, but they regarded Wodan as their supreme god. They called him also Alvater, father of all things. Their most beneficent goddess was the mother of the earth (Hertha). The Germans attached great importance to divinations and prognostics. The crow and the owl signified misfortune; the cuckoo announced long life. They discovered the future by means of the branches of fruit trees (runes). Various signs were cut upon each rod, and afterwards the rods were thrown upon a white cloth; then the priest, or father of the family, offered up a prayer to the divinity, and thrice chose from among the rods those which were to give the divine revelations. The clairvoyants were held in high estimation, and history has preserved some of the names of those to which the belief of the people had given a great influence over the decision of public affairs."—*Menzies.*

"The people had their religious festivals at stated seasons, when sacrifices—sometimes of human beings—were laid upon the altars of the gods in the sacred groves. Even after they became Christians, in the eighth century, they retained their

habit of celebrating some of these festivals, but changed them into the Christian anniversaries of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

"Thus, from all we can learn respecting them, we may say that the Germans, during the first century before Christ, were fully prepared by their habits, laws, and their moral development, for a higher civilization. They were still restless, after so many centuries of wandering; they were fierce and fond of war, as a natural consequence of their struggles with the neighboring races; but they had already acquired a love for the wild land where they dwelt, they had begun to cultivate the soil, they had purified and hallowed the family relation, which is the basis of all good government, and finally, although slavery existed among them, they had established equal rights for free men.

"If the object of Rome had been civilization, instead of conquest and plunder, the development of the Germans might have commenced much earlier and produced very different results."—*Taylor*.

[To be continued.]

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

I.—THE AIR.

When we begin to look attentively at the world around us, one of the first things to set us thinking is the air. We do not see it, and yet it is present wherever we may go. What is this air?

Although invisible, it is yet a real, material substance. When you swing your arm rapidly up and down you feel the air offering a resistance to the hand. The air is something which you can feel, though you can not see it. You breathe it every moment. You can not get away from it, for it completely surrounds the earth. To this outer envelope of air, the name of *atmosphere* is given.

The air is not a simple substance, but a mixture of two invisible gases, called nitrogen and oxygen. But besides these chief ingredients, it contains also small quantities of other substances; some of which are visible, others invisible. If you close the shutters of a room, and let the sunlight stream through only one chink or hole into the room, you see some of the visible particles of the air. Hundreds of little motes, or specks of dust, cross the beam of light which makes them visible against the surrounding darkness, though they disappear in full daylight. But it is the invisible parts of the air which are of chief importance; and among them there are two which you must especially remember—the vapor of water and carbonic acid gas. You will soon come to see why it is needful for you to distinguish these.

Now what is this vapor of water? You will understand its nature if you watch what takes place when a kettle boils. From the mouth of the spout a stream of white cloud comes out into the air. It is in continual motion; its outer parts somehow or other disappear, but as fast as they do so they are supplied by fresh materials from the kettle. The water in the kettle is all the while growing less, until at last, if you do not replenish it, the whole will be boiled away, and the kettle left quite dry. What has become of all the water? You have changed it into vapor. It is not destroyed or lost in any way, it has only passed from one state into another, from the liquid into the gaseous form, and is now dissolved in the air.

Carbonic acid gas is also one of the invisible substances of the atmosphere, of which, though it forms no more than four parts in every ten thousand, yet it constitutes an important ingredient. You will understand how important it is when you are told that, from this carbonic acid in the air, all the plants which you see growing upon the land extract nearly the whole of their solid substance. When a plant dies and decays, the carbonic acid is restored to the air again. On the other hand, plants are largely eaten by animals, and help to form the

framework of their bodies. Animals in breathing give out carbonic acid gas; and when they die, and their bodies decay, the same substance is again restored to the atmosphere. Hence the carbonic acid of the air is used to build up the structure both of plants and animals, and is given back again when these living things cease to live. There is a continual coming and going of this material between the air and the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

You know that though you can not see the air you can feel it when it moves. A light breeze, or a strong gale, can be just as little seen by the eye as still air; and yet we readily feel their motion. But even when the air is still it can make itself sensible in another way, viz: by its temperature. For air, like common visible things, can be warmed and cooled.

This warming and cooling of the air is well illustrated by what takes place in a dwelling-house. If you pass out of a warm room, on a winter's day, into the open air when there is no wind, you feel a sensation of cold. Whence does this sensation come? Not from anything you can see, for your feet, though resting on the frozen ground, are protected by leather, and do not yet feel the cold. It is the air which is cold, and which encircles you on all sides, and robs you of your heat; while at the same time you are giving off or radiating heat from your skin into the air. On the other hand, if, after standing a while in the chilly winter air, you return into the room again, you feel a sensation of pleasant warmth. Here, again, the feeling does not come from any visible object, but from the invisible air which touches every part of your skin, and is thus robbed of its heat by you.

Now, how is it that the atmosphere should sometimes be warm and sometimes cold? Where does the heat come from? and how does the air take it up?

Let us return again to the illustration of the house. In winter, when the air is keen and frosty outside, it is warm and pleasant indoors, because fires are there kept burning. The burning of coal and wood produces heat, and the heat thus given out warms the air. Hence it is by the giving off or radiation of the heat from some burning substance that the air of our houses is made warmer than the air outside.

Now, it is really by radiation from a heated body that the air outside gets its heat. In summer, this air is sometimes far hotter than is usual in dwelling-houses in winter. All this heat comes from the sun, which is an enormous hot mass, continually sending out heat in all directions.

But, if the sun is always pouring down heat upon the earth, why is the air ever cold? Place a screen between you and a bright fire, and you will immediately feel that some of the heat from the fire place has been cut off. When the sun is shining, expose your hand to its beams for a time, and then hold a book between the hand and the sun. At first, your skin is warmed; but the moment you put it in the shade, it is cooled again. The book has cut off the heat which was passing directly from the sun to your hand. When the atmosphere is felt to be cold, something has come in the way to keep the sun's heat from directly reaching us.

Clouds cut off the direct heat of the sun. You must often have noticed the change of temperature, when, after the sun has been shining for a time, a cloud comes between it and the earth. Immediately a feeling of chilliness is experienced, which passes off as soon as the cloud has sailed on, and allowed the sun once more to come out.

The air itself absorbs some of the sun's heat, and the greater the thickness of air through which that heat has to make its way, the more heat will be absorbed. Besides this, the more the rays of heat are slanted the weaker do they become. At noon, for example, the sun stands high in the sky. Its rays are then nearest to the vertical, and have also the least thickness of air to pass through before they reach us. As it descends in the afternoon, its rays get more and more slanted, and must also make their way through a constantly increasing thickness

of air. Hence the middle of the day is much warmer than morning or evening.

At night, when the sun no longer shines, its heat does not directly warm the part of the earth in shadow. That part not only receives no heat from it, but even radiates its heat out into the cold sky. Hence night is much colder than day.

Then, again, in summer the sun at noon shines much higher in the sky with us, or more directly overhead, than in winter. Its heat comes down less obliquely and has less depth of air to pass through, and hence is much more felt than in winter, when, as you know, the sun in our part of the world never rises high even at mid-day.

If we were dependent for our warmth upon the direct heat of the sun alone, we should be warm only when the sun shines. A cloudy day would be an extremely cold one, and every night as intensely frosty as it ever is in winter. Yet such is not the case. Cloudy days are often quite warm; while we are all aware that the nights are by no means always very cold. There must be some way in which the sun's heat is stored up, so that it can be felt even when he is not shining.

In summer the ground gets warmed; in some parts, indeed, becoming even so hot at times that we can hardly keep the hand upon it. In hot countries this is felt much more than in this country. Soil and stones absorb heat steadily, that is to say, soon get heated, and they soon cool again. When they have been warmed by the sun, the air gets warmed by contact with them, and keeps its heat longer than they do; so that even when at night the soil and stones have become ice-cold, the air a little above is not so chilly. On the other hand, when the surface of the ground is cold, it cools the air next it. The ground parts easily with its heat, and a vast amount of heat is in this way radiated at night from the earth outward into the cold starry space. Much more heat, however, would be lost from this cause did not the abundant aqueous vapor of the atmosphere absorb part of it, and act as a kind of screen to retard the radiation. This is the reason why in hot climates, where the air is very dry—that is, contains a small proportion of the vapor of water—the nights are relatively colder than they are in other countries where the air is moister. In like manner, clouds serve to keep heat from escaping; and hence it is that cloudy nights are not so cold as those which are clear and starry.

The atmosphere, then, is heated or cooled according as it lies upon a warm or cold part of the earth's surface; and, by means of its aqueous vapor, it serves to store up and distribute this heat, keeping the earth from such extremes of climate as would otherwise prevail.

The air lying next to a hot surface is heated; the air touching a cold surface is cooled. And upon such differences of temperature in the air the formation of winds depends.

Hot or warm air is lighter than cold air. You have learned how heat expands bodies. It is this expansion of air, or the separation of its particles further from each other which makes it less dense or heavy than cold air, where the particles lie more closely together. As a consequence of this difference of density, the light warm air rises, and the heavy cold air sinks. You can easily satisfy yourselves of this by experiment. Take a poker, and heat the end of it in the fire until it is red-hot. Withdraw it, and gently bring some small bits of very light paper, or some other light substance, a few inches above the heated surface. The bits of paper will be at once carried up into the air. This happens because the air, heated by the poker, immediately rises, and its place is taken by colder air, which, on getting warmed, likewise ascends. The upward currents of air grow feebler as the iron cools, until, when it is of the same temperature as the air around, they cease.

This is the principle on which our fire-places are constructed. The fire is not kindled on the hearth, for, in that case, it would not get a large enough draft of air underneath, and would be apt to go out. It is placed some way above the floor, and a

chimney is put over it. As soon as the fire is lighted, the air next it gets warmed, and begins to mount, and the air in the room is drawn in from below to take the place of that which rises. All the air which lies above the burning coal gets warmer and lighter; it therefore flows up the chimney, carrying with it the smoke and gases. You will understand that though a bright blazing fire is a pleasant sight in winter, we do not get all the heat which it gives out. On the contrary, a great deal of the heat goes up the chimney; and, except in so far as it warms the walls, passes away and warms the outer air.

What happens in a small way in our houses takes place on a far grander scale in nature. As already pointed out, the sun is the great source of heat which warms and lightens our globe. While the heat of the sun is passing through the air, it does very little in the way of warming it. The heat goes through the air, and warms the surface of the earth. You know that in summer the direct rays of the sun are hot enough to burn your face, and yet, if you put even a thin sheet of paper over your head, enough to cut off these rays, the sensation of burning heat at once goes off, although the same air is playing about you all the time.

Both land and water are heated by the sun's rays, and the same change in the air then takes place which we find also at our firesides. The layer of air next the warmed earth becomes itself warmed. As it thereby grows lighter it ascends, and its place is taken by colder air, which flows in from the neighborhood to take its place. This flowing in of air is wind.

One of the most important ingredients in the air is the vapor of water. Let us try to see, first of all, how it gets into and out of the air. And in this case, as before, you will find that great questions in science often admit of being simply and readily illustrated by the most familiar things.

You may have noticed that on very cold nights the windows of sitting-rooms, or crowded public halls, are apt to be found streaming with water on the inside.

Now, in such cases, where does the moisture come from? Certainly not out of the glass. It is derived from the vapor of water present in the air. This word vapor is often used to describe some kind of visible mist or fog. But these visible forms of moisture are not properly vapor in the sense in which the term is used in science. The aqueous vapor of the air is always invisible, even when the air is saturated with it, and only when it passes back into the state of water do you actually see anything.

When the invisible vapor dissolved in the air becomes visible, as in mists, clouds, dew, or rain, it is said to be condensed, and this process of liquefaction is called condensation.

The quantity of vapor which the air can contain varies according to temperature, warm air being able to hold more than cold air.

As the air is cooled, its power of retaining vapor diminishes. When it becomes colder than the temperature at which it is able to keep its supply of vapor dissolved, the excess of vapor is condensed and becomes visible. The temperature at which this takes place is the point of saturation, or dew-point.

Perhaps you may ask how it is that the vapor so universally present gets into the atmosphere, and where it comes from. If you pour a little water into a plate, and set it down in the open air, you will note in the course of a day or two, that the water has sensibly diminished. The air has drunk up part of it, and will drink up the whole, if the water is allowed to stand long enough. What takes place from a small quantity of water goes on from every surface of water on the face of the earth, from every brook and river and lake, and from the great sea itself. Water is constantly passing off into vapor, which is received and retained by the air. This process is called evaporation, and the water which passes off into vapor is said to evaporate.

Since warm air can hold more vapor than cold air, evaporation must be more vigorous in sunshine than at night, and during summer than during winter.

On a dry, bracing day, evaporation goes on rapidly, because the air has not nearly got all the quantity of vapor it can hold in solution. On a damp day, however, when the air contains about as much vapor as it can hold at that particular temperature, evaporation is quite feeble, or ceases altogether. This varying capacity of the air for vapor is the reason why laundresses find so much difference between days, in the ease with which they can have their clothes dried.

After sunset, when the sky is clear, you know that the grass gets wet with dew. In the morning you may see mists hanging over woods, and streams, and hills, and gradually melting away as the sun mounts in the sky. At all times of the year you may watch how clouds form and dissolve, and form again, ever changing their size and shape as they move through the air. Now these are all examples of the condensation of vapor. Let us see how the process takes place.

Condensation, as we have seen, results from a cooling of the air. When vapor is condensed, it does not at once take the form of running water. The cold glass brought into the warm room has first a fine film of mist formed upon it, and then by degrees the clear drops of water come. In reality mist is made up of exceedingly minute particles of water, and it is the running together of these which makes the larger drops. So in nature on the great scale, when condensation occurs the vapor first appears as a fine mist. This is always the result of cooling; so that, whenever you see a mist or cloud forming, you may conclude that the air in which it lies is being cooled.

Dew is the name given to the wetness which we notice appearing in the evening, or at night, upon grass, leaves, or stones, or even sometimes on our hair. In the morning you have, no doubt, often watched the little dewdrops sparkling upon the foliage and the delicate threads of gossamer. Now this wetness does not come out of the leaves or stones, nor out of your hair. It is all derived from the air by condensation, exactly as we see the film of mist form upon the cold tumbler in the warm moist air of a room. In fact, that film of mist was really dew, and all dew is formed in the same way, and from the same cause.

At night, when the sky is clear, the earth radiates heat rapidly; that is to say, it gives off into cold space a great part of the heat which it has received from the sun during the day. Its surface consequently becomes cold, as you may have felt when you put your hand upon leaves or stones after nightfall. The layer of air next the cooled ground is chilled below its point of condensation, and the excess of vapor is deposited as dew upon the grass, twigs, stones, and other objects. Hence it is that the temperature at which this condensation begins to take place is called the dew-point.

Another way in which a cold surface of the earth may produce condensation is shown by what takes place among mountains. When a warm moist wind blows upon a chill mountain top, the air is cooled, and its vapor becomes visible in the form of a mist or cloud. You can often see that the cloud is quite solitary, and even shapes itself to the form of the ground, as if it were a sort of fleecy cap drawn down over the mountain's head. This is often well marked in the morning. As day advances, the ground, warmed by the sun, no longer cools the air, and hence the mist is gradually re-absorbed into the atmosphere. But by and by, at the coming of night, when the ground is once more cooled by radiation, if there should be vapor enough in the air, the mist will re-form, and the mountain put on his cap again.

Cold air, as well as cold ground, condenses the vapor of warmer air. If you watch what goes on along the course of a river, you will often see examples of this kind of condensation. The ground on either side of the river parts with its heat after sundown sooner than the river itself does, and consequently cools the air above it more than the air above the river is cooled. So when this colder air from either side moves over to take the place of the warmer damp air lying on and rising from the river, condensation ensues in the form of the mist or river-fog, which

so commonly hangs at night and early morning over streams.

A cloud is merely a mist formed by the cooling of warm moist air, when it loses its heat from any cause, such as expansion during ascent, or contact with currents of cooler air. If you watch what goes on in the sky, you may often see clouds in the act of forming. At first a little flake of white appears. By degrees this grows larger, and other cloudlets arise and flock together, until at last the sky is quite overcast with heavy clouds, and rain begins to fall. The vapor which is thus condensed in the air has all been obtained by the evaporation of the water on the earth's surface. It rises with the warm air, which losing its heat as it ascends, and coming too in contact with colder layers of the atmosphere, can not hold all its vapor, and is obliged to get rid of the excess, which then condenses into cloud.

On a summer morning the sky is often free from cloud. As the day advances, and the earth gets warmed, more vapor is raised; and as this vapor, borne upward by the ascending air-currents, reaches the higher and colder parts of the atmosphere, it is chilled into the white fleecy clouds which you see forming about mid-day and in the afternoon. Toward evening, when less evaporation takes place, the clouds cease to grow, and gradually lessen in size until at night the sky is quite clear. They have been dissolved again by descending and coming in contact with the warm air nearest to the earth. Again, you have often noticed that clouds move across the sky. They are driven along by upper currents of air, and of course the stronger these currents are the faster do the clouds travel. In this way the sky is sometimes completely overcast with clouds which have come from a distance.

You are well aware that rain always comes from clouds in the sky. When the sky is clear overhead, no rain falls. Only when it gets overcast does the rain come. You can watch a dark rain-cloud gather itself together and discharge a heavy shower upon the earth. When a cold glass is brought into a warm room, you will remember that the film of mist formed upon the glass is found by degrees to gather into drops, and trickles down the cold surface. Now the mist on the glass and the cloud in the sky are both formed of minute particles of water, separated by air. It is the running together of these particles which gives rise to these drops. In the one case, the drops run down the cold glass. In the other case, they fall as drops of rain through the air. Rain, therefore, is thus a further stage in the condensation of the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere. The minute particles of the cloud, as condensation proceeds, gather more moisture round them, until at last they form drops of water, too heavy to hang any longer suspended in the air. These then fall to the earth as rain-drops.

But there is another important form in which the moisture of the clouds may descend to the surface of the earth. When the weather is cold enough, there fall to the ground not drops of rain, but flakes of snow.

If you bring snow indoors, it soon melts into water. If you expose this water for a time it evaporates. Snow, water, and aqueous vapor are thus only different forms of the same substance. We say that water can exist in three forms—the gaseous, the liquid, and the solid. Snow is an example of the solid condition.

On a frosty night pools of water are covered with a hard, transparent crust, of what is called ice. You may break this crust into pieces, but if the cold continues, a new crust will soon be formed with bits of the old one firmly cemented in it. And the greater the cold the thicker will the crust be, until perhaps the whole of the water in the pools may become solid. If you take a piece of this solid substance, you find it to be cold, brittle, and transparent. Brought into a warm room it soon melts into water, and you may drive off the water as before into vapor. Ice is the general name given to water when it is in the solid state, such forms as snow and hail being only different appearances which ice puts on. Whenever water becomes colder than a certain temperature it passes into ice, or freezes, and this temperature is consequently known as the freezing-point.

The upper layers of the atmosphere are much colder than the freezing-point of water. In the condensation which takes place there, the clouds do not resolve themselves into rain. The vapor of the up-streaming currents of warm air from the earth's surface is condensed and frozen in these high regions, and passes into little crystals, which unite into flakes of snow. Even in summer the fine white cloudlets which you see floating at great heights are probably formed of snow. But in those countries, such as ours, where in winter the air even at the surface is sometimes very cold, the snow falls to the ground, and lies there as a white covering, until returning warmth melts it away.

Besides rain and snow, the moisture of the air takes sometimes the form of hail, which consists of little lumps of ice like frozen rain; and of sleet, which is partially melted snow. But rain and snow are the most important, and it is these two forms which we must follow a little further.

Before doing so, let us gather together the sum of what has been said about the aqueous vapor of the air. We have learned that, as every sheet of water on the face of the globe evaporates, the air is full of vapor; that this vapor is condensed into visible form, and appears as dew, mist, and cloud. We have learned further, that the vapor of which clouds are formed is resolved into rain and snow, and, in one or other of these forms, descends to the earth again. There is thus a circulation of water between the solid earth beneath and the air above. This circulation is as essential to the earth in making it a fit habitation for living things, as the circulation of blood is in keeping our bodies alive. It mixes and washes the air, clearing away impurities, such as those which rise from the chimneys of a town. It moistens and quickens the soil, which it renders capable of supporting vegetation. It supplies springs, brooks, and rivers. In short, it is the very mainspring of all the life of the globe. So important a part of the machinery of the world deserves our careful consideration. Let us next attend, therefore, to what becomes of the rain and the snow after they have been discharged from the air upon the surface of the earth.

[To be continued.]

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[October 7.]

"TENDENCIES TO ERROR."

By REV. WILLIAM FRASER, LL.D.

"Let no one, upon a weak conceit of sobriety or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works—divinity or philosophy—but rather let men endeavor an endless progress or proficiency in both; only let them beware that they apply both to charity and not to arrogance; to use, and not to ostentation; and again, that they do not mingle or confound these learnings together."—*Bacon*.

Many have lost their early faith in the Bible and are following its guidance with faltering footstep. Between them and hitherto accepted truths the sciences have been placing apparently insurmountable obstacles. The trustful simplicity with which they once read the sacred record has almost perished. Inferences by the man of science, conflicting with the interpretations of scripture by the theologian, have rudely shaken their most cherished convictions. They are not infidels, they are not skeptics, for doubt is distasteful to them, they long for more definite expositions and a firmer faith.

Such, possibly, may be some of you. In the midst of such discussions as are at present in progress, perplexity is not unnatural. Your most anxiously sustained investigations have hitherto only multiplied difficulties, and a sense of responsibility alone constrains you to linger over conclusions from which your judgment recoils. This hesitancy of belief may be at the outset disheartening; yet it may be inseparable from that clearness of insight and that force of character which, in the end, commonly create the stablest convictions, and evoke adequate

proof to shield them. To shun or to denounce you because you can not acquiesce in what we believe is inconsistent, not only with the lessons of philosophy, but with his example to "bear witness to the truth."

What is your duty, with the natural sciences on the one hand, appealing so largely to your reason, and the scriptures on the other hand, appealing so constantly to your faith? Obviously, to depreciate neither, but to welcome both the sciences and the scriptures, to ascertain their harmony, to note their differences, and to accept all the treasures of truth which they may bring. Indifference is inexcusable as is excessive zeal, and apathy as antagonism.

The Bible, free to us as are the fields of science, challenges the severest scrutiny. It is the boldest of books, and demands the application of every test. As it is the most comprehensive history in the world, and gives amplest scope for research; as its earliest records are the oldest in existence, and its latest prophecies shed light far into the future; as it touches depths and reaches heights which no other book can approach; as it brings into closest connection the visible and invisible, natural law and supernatural force, the condition of man and the character of God, it is exposed to assaults which no other book can bear.

Systematic and persistent study is required at your hand, that you may estimate aright not only the facts and arguments brought against the Bible, but those also which are adduced in its favor. The task may be arduous, but this price is not too great for the settlement of questions so momentous; and if the solution of some of them may have to be for a season postponed, yours will be the satisfaction which the conscientious improvement of every opportunity invariably fosters.

Different lines of investigation may be profitably followed, but we may suggest the following as exhaustive, or nearly exhaustive, of the most prominent questions which modern research has raised.

As the Bible is confessedly related to the natural sciences, archæology, history, and modern civilization, let it be placed successively in the midst of their facts, and let us see to what extent its statements can bear their light.

There are many questions which none of us can honestly avoid; and while some may remain unsettled, the unbiased review of those solutions which have been already offered, and which have been generally accepted, will be found to confirm scripture instead of confuting it.

1. As to science. Have astronomy and geology given evidence for or against the eternity of the visible universe? Has biology determined the origin of life? Whence it is? Have comparative anatomy and physiology, psychology and ethics, established more than one origin for the human race? Are the incidental allusions in scripture contradicted or confirmed in natural science?

2. As to archæology. Can the Bible confront prehistoric revelations? Antiquity is pouring over the oldest records, increasing light. Ruins, monuments, inscriptions, parchments, have been emitting their wondrous testimonies, parallel with scripture histories. Assyria, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Rome, in their histories, revolutions, and domestic episodes, have all been interwoven with the statements of scripture as with those of no other book. To what purpose has historic criticism dealt with the sacred page? Is the Bible yielding or is it growing brighter in the crucible of archæology?

3. As to modern history and civilization. By its claim to uplift and bless the human race, the Bible is separated from all other books. It proposes to revolutionize man's moral history, here, and to prepare him for a future whose course it in part delineates. Has it failed, or is it failing? Has it been enfeebled by the lapse of ages? Has it become effete amid changes which have given intellect new instruments and reason new spheres? Has it lost its former hold of the human mind, and is it sinking amid the tumult of bitterly conflicting opinions? Has ever tribe

been found which it could not raise and enlighten? Or has ever civilization outshone, in any land, its intellectual and moral splendor?

4. As to the supernatural. If the Bible is the book which it professes to be, and which we hold it is, the ordinary and the extraordinary, the natural and the supernatural, must be associated in its character and history. What is the warrant which men of science adduce for repudiating the supernatural while they accept the natural? And by what reason does the Christian apologist attempt to preserve their connection? Is there no evidence around us in the contrasts of barbarism and civilization, as well as in the histories of nations, in their relation to prophecy? And are there no facts in the strangely revolutionized lives of thousands in the Christian church, which proclaim the singular moral force of the word of God?

[October 14.]

Assuming that you are willing to follow such a course of study as we have sketched, either to remove doubts which may be lingering in your own mind, or to aid some brother in his struggle to win the repose which you have gained, we shall, at the outset, offer some suggestions as to the spirit and the method by which your work should be characterized. It is of much importance to know, what is, and what is not, within our reach

1. Do not assume the possibility, in the present state of our knowledge, of demonstrating a perfect agreement between science and scripture, or rather between the inferences of the philosopher and the interpretations of the theologian. Much remains to be ascertained before that result can be realized. The natural sciences are confessedly incomplete; some of them are only in their infancy, and can teach us little. Many years may pass before they can be brought into perfect accord with the Bible. As the facts of natural science have not been all ascertained and classified, as its laws have not been all recognized, and as the inferences of to-day may be modified by the discoveries of to-morrow, it is absurd to be demanding immediate evidence of a perfect agreement between science and scripture. Apparent contradictions are, at the present stage unavoidable. There must first be an exact and exhaustive examination of all those points at which the scriptures and the sciences touch each other; for so long as a single fact or a single law remains unknown, some important or essential truth, intimately related to the Bible, may be concealed. While the natural sciences continue incomplete, natural theology must necessarily have an imperfect foundation. As confessedly dependent on what is incomplete, natural theology can have neither the comprehensiveness nor the definiteness which characterizes supernatural theology, as dependent on what is now complete and unvarying. We can not force the legitimate yet somewhat incoherent teachings of the one book—the works of God—of which but a few leaves have been separated, scanned and paged, into perfect harmony with the teachings of the other book, whose revelation of truth has been finished, accredited, and closed.

2. Wait patiently, while you work persistently, for the solution of difficulties which may be continuing to press upon you. The experience of the past is an encouragement for the future. The sciences have again and again become their own interpreter, and rejected erroneous inferences. Many examples might be given, but one or two may in the meantime suffice. Human skeletons were found in what seemed old limestone, on the northeast coast of the mainland of Guadeloupe; and after bold attacks on the Bible, which were met by some very weak and irregular defenses, it was ascertained that the whole was a mistake, that the limestone was of very recent formation, that the skeletons were of well-known Indian tribes, and agitation ceased. A similar commotion was raised when the supposed imprints of human feet on limestone had been figured and described in the *American Journal of Science*; and Christians met strange infidel hypotheses by feeble assertions, until Dr.

Dale Owen proved the imprints to have been sculptured by an Indian tribe. Thereafter, for a season, the scientific inquirer and the theological student prosecuted their respective investigations in peace. There are important lessons for us in these, and in many similar facts. Christian apologists have often egregiously erred, not only in hastily accepting statements as to supposed facts, but in admitting the validity of the reasoning which has been eagerly founded on them, and in making a fruitless attempt to twist scripture into harmony with what science itself has subsequently disowned. Facts ill observed, and afterward misstated, have drawn many of our best and most candid students into unnecessary collision with biblical critics; and, after much heat in controversy, and the waste on both sides of much intellectual energy, the obstacle lying between them has unexpectedly vanished in the fuller light of science. The evil to be deplored is, that after the errors have disappeared their influence remains. The imprint often lingers after the counterfeit die has been broken.

3. There is a constant tendency on the part of discoverers to invest new facts with a fictitious interest, and those who are hostile to the Bible eagerly parade them for the discomfiture of Christians. Every fact is to be welcomed, but it is to be treasured up only that it may be adjusted to other facts, and become in part the foundation of a new truth. Isolated and unexplained facts have been too often unceremoniously dragged in to give testimony against some scripture statement, and have too easily been held sufficient to push aside those accumulated evidences to its truth, which history, or science, or both, had indisputably established. It is not, indeed, surprising that the faith of many young men has failed, when they have observed the too ready acquiescence of prominent Christian writers in theories which necessitate the abandonment of some of the impregnable fortresses which have been raised by exact scholarship around those portions of scripture which had longest been exposed to the fiercest assaults. Were this method common, no permanent foundation could be laid, and progress in any science would be impossible. Is it not absurd to be displacing cornerstones, and disowning, at random, first principles? No system of philosophy, no science, not even mathematical, the exactest, and in one sense the most permanent of all the sciences, could have any weight or make the least progress if subjected to such changes in both its principles and their applications, as have marked the history of Bible assaults, concessions and defenses. When facts, which are utterly inexplicable are presented, we should retain the fact in science and also the relative statement in scripture, assured that in due time the solution will come.

[October 21.]

4. Neither accept nor offer apologies for the Bible. It has, of late, become common on the part of those who are alarmed by the temporary triumphs which scientific investigation has given to those who are avowedly hostile to the Bible, to demand that its propositions be altogether disassociated from both science and philosophy, on the plea that the Bible was not given to teach either the one or the other. The proposal is plausible, but it is really unnecessary, for although not given to teach physical science, the Bible can not contradict either its facts or its legitimate inferences. The word of God can not be regarded as by any possibility contradicting the just lessons of his works. Like every other book, the Bible must bear all the light that can fall on its pages; and it must not only stand the tests of criticism and history, but vindicate all its claims as the "more sure word of prophecy." Otherwise, appeals for leniency are profitless. True, in its highest connections, the Bible is unapproachable by other books; it is easily distinguishable from them all; yet in its human relations it must submit to all the ordinary appliances of scholarship. No apologies can justify a single error in either its science or its history, and its propositions are obviously inadmissible if they contradict human reason; they may be above, but they can not be opposed to it.

5. Akin to an easy escape from difficulties, through apologies for the Bible, is the tendency to glide into conclusions directly hostile. The prevailing activity of the age is so unfavorable to leisurely investigations as to facilitate the subtle advances of error. While many writers of the present day are as pre-eminently gifted, and as distinguished in the different departments of learning, as those of any preceding age; and while their reasonings and their conclusions are borne by the daily and the serial press to every man's door, multitudes think and decide by substitute. They want leisure, and trust to others. Rapidity of locomotion, the chief physical feature of our time, betokens also its intellectual tendencies. Men read cursorily and decide rapidly. The daily newspaper is making book-study rarer than hitherto. It is felt in ten thousand instances to be distasteful or difficult. The subtle influence of the daily newspaper is telling on our thoughtfulness. We really seem to be approaching the fulfillment of Lamartine's prediction, "Before this century shall have run out, journalism will be the whole press, the whole of human thought. Thought will not have had time to ripen, to accommodate itself into the form of a book. The book will arrive too late; the only book possible soon, will be a newspaper."

As one result of this process, truth and error are often imperceptibly mingled. So swift is the transition from one fact and inference to another, that truth and error, like different colors blent into one by rapid motion, become so much alike, that few can separate them. Thus with every advance of truth, error is wafted forward. The seeds of future tares and wheat are being profusely scattered. It can not be denied, that while to almost every man's door are daily wafted accurate records of passing history, of the discoveries of science, of the triumphs of art, and of the generalizations of philosophy, the same messengers no less sedulously exhibit, now faintly and now in the strongest light, every difficulty connected with the Bible, both real and imaginary, the boldest objections of historic criticism, the theories of speculative philosophy, the apparent contradictions of science and scripture, and the saddening conflicts of professing Christians. The constant diffusion of such influences does tell in the long run, not only on less active minds, but on the most energetic, and it renders easier of acceptance every erroneous conclusion.

But this incessant activity is a symptom of health. It augurs good. Rightly directed, it may strengthen character while it develops mental power, and gives a more exquisite appreciation of the just and true. But remember that everything depends on this rightness of direction; and to secure this, unfailing caution is required. The wind and tide which, rightly used, would hasten the voyager to his harbor, may, if unheeded, strand him on an unexpected shore; and those subtle forces, and those under-currents, which should have aided in guiding us to a satisfying intellectual and moral repose, may, through the thoughtlessness or the indolence that at the outset disregarded a slight divergence from the truth, almost but not altogether imperceptible, destroy our happiness through the shipwreck and the ultimate abandonment of our Christian faith.

6. Another common tendency in the wrong direction claims your attention. It manifests itself in repugnance to controversy or discussion in every form. Many shrink from it as unseemly, and seek escape in either solitude or study. While peace is in itself desirable, it is not always attainable. You cannot escape conflict by letting go the Bible; nor can you traverse any fields of science without entanglement in the intellectual struggles of disputants whose reasonings have sometimes but little of the calmness of philosophy. Nor is this to be regretted. The repose of meditation is not so bracing as the discipline of occasional contest for the truth.

[October 28.]

There are other advantages. The attrition of discussion often reveals and beautifies truths which would otherwise have

remained unrecognized. Apathy or silence may shelter error without preserving truth. Intellectual indolence, bad for the world, is still worse for the Church. The highest life is demanded by the Bible, and, therefore, also the greatest activity. From intellectual warfare, the sciences and the scriptures have nothing to lose, but everything to gain. On Christian or skeptic, on prophet true or false, the Bible never enforces silence. It seals no thinker's lip. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." In the field of thought, nothing save the chaff perishes. Lost truths spring up again; and, beneath their spreading branches, vitiated reasoning, unsound criticism, and erroneous conclusions, ultimately decay as briars beneath the spreading oak.

There are those also who deplore discussion only because it raises questions hostile to the scriptures, and alarms the weak. This anxiety, though laudable, is fruitless. Vital questions are already discussed on all hands, and in every variety of aspect. There are disadvantages, but they are generally inseparable from the progress of truth.

It will be admitted on both sides, that while the extension of exact knowledge contracts the sphere of superstition, it enlarges at the same time the sphere of skepticism. Superstition may be displaced without Christianity becoming its substitute; there may be a high and an attractive civilization, based on science and its applications, which, in acknowledging the intellectual and moral supremacy of the Bible, and nothing more, may for a season destroy credulity, only to give fuller scope to no-belief, and to evoke ultimately an opposition to the Bible hitherto repressed or unknown. For such results we must be prepared; they are collateral, not essential or direct. They are, in fact, the price which we pay for our intellectual freedom. We are neither to falter nor hesitate because the increasing light, which is dissipating ignorance and extending the boundaries of truth, is at the same time indirectly opening to error a wider field for the distribution of her forces, revealing new weapons for her armory, and enabling her to seize and for a season to retain, positions hitherto unknown and unassailed. In the history of the physical sciences, and of archæological discovery, error has often rushed to the battlements of truth, and, seizing some detached or imaginary facts, has wielded them against the Bible, until the sciences have themselves expelled her, and repudiated her reasoning. Such agitation is not to be deplored; it conducts to stability, it evokes more good than evil, and not unfrequently has it happened that the superstition which long benumbed the Church, and the infidelity which aroused her, have yielded to the unexpected sway of some Bible truth, when a more definite meaning has been given to some natural law or Providential dispensation.

Those misunderstand the character of the Bible who suppose its safety lies in keeping it as far as possible from the rigorous investigations and the exact conclusions of science or philosophy. Such a method is indispensable. To pursue truth in one department, implies, or should imply, not only a love of truth in every department, but also a resolute purpose to discover and dislodge every error. Which of the sciences, as preserved from controversy, is entitled to cast the first stone at the others, or their students? "Philosophy and literature," says Lord Kinloch, in an admirable work, "while professing to pursue truth in the composure of unruffled seclusion, and to be desirous of having it elicited by the healthy excitement of friendly debate, will protest against the dishonor of soiling their hands, or disarranging their robes in the turmoil of heated controversy; and least of all will they consent to be defiled with the mire or exposed to the perils of religious strife. This plea is false in fact, as it is futile in philosophy. It is in fact false; for literary and philosophical controversies have neither been few in number nor wanting in a keen and rancorous spirit. And, admitting that religious contentions have been still more

rancorous and embittered, it is only what might be reasonably expected, on account of the higher interests at stake. The plea is, moreover, worthless on philosophical principles; for it eviscerates the distinction between truth and error of all meaning and value. Better not to admit the distinction at all, than, having admitted it in one instance, deny it in another; or, what is worse, depreciate its significance even to thought, and that too in the most important of its applications. All argument and all effort are forever at an end, unless truth,—yea, all truth,—be precious; so precious, that in the legitimate pursuit of it we may and ought to put forth our utmost strength; and in defense of it, when found, incur the utmost hazard."

Do not be discouraged by apparently insurmountable obstacles. The boldest assertions and the most plausible reasonings need not disturb you. Difficulties seemingly insuperable have, in the past, suddenly vanished in the light of unexpected discoveries; and every science, you may rest assured, will hereafter show strength enough and light enough to purify its own temple and be its own interpreter. The past may be held to be prophetic of future solutions; and the sciences will be found not only correcting the mistakes and the arrogance of many of their students, but rebuking the too hasty concessions of Christian apologists, and either directly or indirectly revealing, at the same time, the impressiveness and the majesty of scripture truth.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By G. M. STEELE, D.D.

I.

I. DEFINITIONS—UTILITY OF THE SUBJECT.

1. Social science comprises the statement and explanation of the natural laws which govern men in their mutual relations. Political economy is the application of that portion of those laws which pertain to the production and distribution of wealth. Now we are not to be discouraged by this term *wealth*, as though the subject were one which concerns only rich men, and in which a poor man could have no interest. The man who has a little property, worth only one or two hundred dollars, is just as really a possessor of wealth as one who has one or two millions; and to be able to acquire and rightly use these small fortunes is, in the aggregate, of more importance than the acquisition and management of the greater riches of the few.

2. But what is meant by *wealth*? For the present it is enough to say that *it comprises all things which have value*. A more complete definition will follow by and by. What, then, do we mean by *value*? This, too, has many forms of definition, but they for the most part have one element in common. The general notion concerning it is that it has reference to the amount of one commodity that may be equitably given in exchange for a designated amount of another; this is a correct notion. Thus a bushel of wheat may be exchanged for two bushels of oats, or a cord of wood for twenty yards of cloth. That is, the value of a bushel of wheat is that of two bushels of oats, and the value of twenty yards of cloth is the same as that of a cord of wood. It is thus seen to be a *relative* term, and not indicative of any quality of any one thing considered by itself. But in all instances of relationship there must be some ground of the relation. Let us try to determine what it is in this case. A superficial thinker might decide that it is *money*, from the fact that value is generally estimated in money. But money is itself in the same relation to all other commodities in this respect as they are to one another, and its value rests upon the same basis.

3. The chief element in value, and that constitutes its original standard, is the *cost of production*; and by *cost* is meant the amount of labor involved. *Labor is the voluntary effort put forth by man to secure some desired object*. But when we say this, a little caution is needed. We are not to infer that the

present value of an article is estimated by the amount of labor required at the time of its production, especially if that was a long time ago. A hundred years since, it required the labor of a man for days to produce a yard of cotton cloth. A dozen yards of better cloth can now be produced by the same amount of labor; of course the present value of the latter is superior to the present value of the former, even if this were as good as new. It is the labor that would be required to *reproduce* or replace an article which determines its value.

4. But there is another element which is essential to value; this is *utility*. It comprises all those qualities in an object which make it available to gratify any desire. It will readily be seen that there are objects which have utility and at the same time are without value. They are such objects as cost nothing; that is, such as involve no labor in their acquisition. Thus air, and sunshine, and rain, have no value; but they are of immeasurable utility. Value is often in the inverse ratio of utility. Iron is a far more useful metal than gold, but gold is vastly more valuable than iron. Still, though utility may exist where there is no value, there can be no value where there is no utility; because no one would put forth effort for that which could not gratify any desire; and it is the ability to gratify desire that constitutes utility. Sometimes utility becomes the paramount element in determining value; but ordinarily it is subordinate to the cost of production. When the article is one for which there is a very great demand, and of which there is a great scarcity, the value may increase many times beyond the cost. In such case the utility rather than cost rules. But where the demand is readily and fully met by the supply, the cost controls.

5. But valuable things can not be produced very largely without tools, implements, and various contrivances. These constitute *capital*. *Capital is the result of previous labor reserved and employed in further production*. This implies self-denial. A man can not consume what he has secured by labor and at the same time preserve it to aid in additional production. Hence he must restrain his desires if he would save something for this purpose. This capital is sometimes called pre-existent labor. The point to be observed is that its existence is due, not to labor alone, but to *abstinence* as well. The two elements in the cost of production are labor and abstinence, and we may combine these in the one term, *sacrifice*. Sacrifice and utility, then, are the two essential conditions of value; and we may complete our definition of value by saying that *value is man's estimate of the amount of sacrifice requisite to the attainment of a desired object*.

6. Hence, if wealth comprises all valuable objects, and if every desirable object which involves sacrifice has value, it would be a proper definition to say that *wealth consists of all those objects and qualities useful to man, the attainment of which involves sacrifice*. This includes not only material objects and qualities, but also all those human powers acquired by sacrifice, which enable man to master nature. This is not admitted by many writers. But Mr. Carey states, in a broad way, that "Wealth is the power to command the always gratuitous services of nature." When man is at his weakest nature does nothing for him. Every infant, if dependent on nature alone, would inevitably perish. So in the infancy of society, it is only by the most strenuous exertion that a precarious existence is secured. But with every increment of power in man, nature multiplies her services. They are not bought but freely given, and given as soon as man is able to command them. In the most advanced civilization the forces of nature have become so subservient to man that in thousands of cases one can accomplish what a score, or sometimes even a hundred, could not formerly have done. It is this increase of power more than that of material commodities which constitutes the real wealth of the world.

7. From this it follows that the proper subject of political economy is MAN. The laws pertaining to the underlying science

are found in the nature and character of man—in his tastes, his desires, in the motives influencing him and in the limitations to which he is subject. The results to be achieved are his prosperity and freedom, his mastery over nature, and his happiness. Here, then, is the prime reason why every person who aspires to any intelligence at all should have some acquaintance with this subject. It has to do more than any other study with his temporal welfare, and with the welfare of society, without the prosperity of which his individual prosperity will suffer.

8. A second reason is implied in the meaning of the terms used. Economy is from a Greek compound signifying *husbandry*. It has reference to the prudent management by a householder of his means so as to secure the largest measure of prosperity for his family. It does not mean parsimony, nor even mere frugality; that is, it does not consist in mere abstinence for the sake of saving. It is rather a wise use of means and forces, so as to make them as effective as possible. There is an old proverb which says, "There is more in calculation than in hard work," and though sometimes perverted in the interest of human laziness, it is nevertheless full of philosophy. It is this "calculation" which such a study greatly aids.

9. *Political* economy, as the term implies, has reference to man in society,—to "the body politic." The social element in man is as imperative as any part of his constitution. Man's greatest need is *association*. The solitary individual is only a minute constituent of man in man's relation to the main purposes of life. No man is complete in himself. He must be supplemented by others, generally by many others, and he must find a large part of his own completeness in this association. Each has something that others lack, and we are designed to be sources of mutual supply to our several wants.

Here emerges another vital fact. *Individuality* is as indispensable as association. A superficial thinker might regard these characteristics as antagonistic. The fact is so far otherwise that each is really dependent on the other. Men must *differ* in order to be of any use to one another. It is the difference that makes the individuality. Mutual aid is the object of association. Hence the greater the difference, the greater the individuality; and the greater the individuality, the greater the association. No man would associate with another unless the one had something which the other lacked. But for this there would be no commerce. Two farmers producing nothing but wheat would have nothing to exchange with each other. Two men of precisely the same mental possessions, habits and attitudes, would never be companions for each other.

On the other hand it is only by association that individuality becomes the most highly developed. Only by such development do the differences among men become great and numerous. In the lower grades of humanity there is comparatively little difference between individuals, and there is little association. It is only in advanced civilization that a strongly marked individuality exists, and that we find those numerous differences which make the mutual dependence the greatest. Here is a potent reason for the study of this subject. It is impossible to estimate the power of association in production alone. It is known in a general way that the combination of men gives greatly increased results as compared with those of men working separately. Yet it is not nearly realized that a hundred men properly associated in an industrial enterprise will often effect two or three hundred times as much as all the very same men working separately.

10. Again, this subject intimately concerns man in his governmental relations. For governments must furnish many of the conditions for the best economical results. Then, too, the great moral enterprises of the age, and of all ages, have to do with the principles here involved; education, pauperism, vicious social usages, the dangerous classes, have to be considered, and can only rightly be considered in the light of these truths. It is wonderful how closely this study is connected with all the great interests of humanity. Whole communities

which have been impoverished and demoralized by neglecting some of the obvious principles of political economy, have revived and prospered under their application. Portions of our own country are examples of both these kinds of effects, and that, too, within the memory of men now living.

We shall follow the usual plan of the division of the subject under the heads of *production, consumption, exchange and distribution*.

II. PRODUCTION—LABOR.

1. *Production is the creation of value by rendering the utilities of nature available to man.* The creation, it will be noticed, is not of matter but of value. There are two great agencies which must co-operate in production—*nature* and *man*. Man furnishes labor; nature furnishes materials and forces. The former would be useless without the latter. There must be soils, and mines, and trees, and animals, or no matter how much labor there may be, there can be no grain, nor fruit, nor metals, nor lumber; no houses and no meat, nor hides nor leather. So also there may be all kinds of material, but without labor they are of no available service to man.

2. But nature furnishes not only materials but also forces to aid man in his productive efforts. The more obvious and palpable of these are gravitation, especially in falling water, wind, the explosive property of gunpowder and dynamite, the expansive power of steam, magnetism, electricity, and the forces of vegetation. There are also numerous passive powers, or properties of matter which, when adapted by man, give him much advantage; such are the mechanical powers of the lever, inclined plane, wheel and axle, pulley and wedge, and those qualities of the metals which render them capable of taking an edge for cutting purposes, as also malleability, ductility, elasticity, etc. It is a beneficent fact of nature that she furnishes these materials and forces gratuitously. She is not churlish nor parsimonious in this respect. The more we avail ourselves of her help, the more ready she is to help us; and the greater the advantage we obtain, the more lavishly she bestows her gifts upon us.

It is thus seen that labor consists not in creating things but in *moving* them; that is, in effecting changes. It directs the natural forces to the service of man, and it is in this that production consists. It can move materials into position where these forces can act upon them with the desired effect. Thus an agricultural laborer can effect such changes in the soil as are requisite to the growth of corn; he can place the seed in the ground, but he can not make the crop. It is as impossible for him to create a kernel of grain as to create a planet. Labor may move the fuel to the fire-place and properly dispose it for kindling. It may move a match, which by a previous movement has taken fire, to the prepared fuel; but all this would be useless but for the conditions and forces which nature furnishes.

3. The application of labor to production is of two kinds, *direct* and *indirect*. The direct changes effected by labor may be embraced under the three heads of *transmutation, transformation, and transportation*. The first comprises elementary changes, as when under required conditions ingredients of the soil and of the atmosphere are changed into grain and vegetables, and fruit. The second is where there is simply a change in the form of the material, as when boards are made into a table, or leather into shoes. The third implies merely a change of place, as when coal in a mine, where it has no value, becomes valuable by being brought within reach of those who desire it for fuel.

4. The greater part of labor is indirect; in some cases so much so that its relation to the product is unseen. For instance, the man who makes your shoes is not the only laborer concerned in that product. Some previous labor produced the leather, and before that some labor produced the hide from which the leather was made; some persons made the tools, some the house or shop, and some provided sustenance for the shoemaker. All these are conditions, without which no shoes can

be made, and all who provide them furnish a part of the labor on which the product of the shoes depends.

Of this indirect labor there are several kinds. (1) Those who provide the materials, and there may be many grades of these; (2) those who furnish the implements and the machinery; (3) those who supply the sustenance and shelter, and raiment for the laborers; (4) the government agencies for protecting the workman; (5) organizers and managers of business enterprises, without whom production would often fall far short of what it now accomplishes; (6) the labor of raising children who are subsequently to become laborers; (7) all those engaged in the work of education, by which men are prepared for the most efficient work—this includes not only teachers, but writers, clergymen, etc.; (8) professional men, who devote themselves to matters essential to the interests of the community and thus not only save the time of the laborers, but often their property and their health, and their lives; (9) inventors and discoverers, who ascertain new conditions of more efficient production. These are the principal, though there are also others.

READINGS IN ART.

I.—SCULPTURE: ITS VARIETIES AND MATERIALS.

All work cut out in a solid material, in imitation of natural objects, is called sculpture. Thus carvings in wood, ivory-stone, marble, metal, and works moulded from wax and clay, come under the head of sculpture.

But sculpture, as we are about to consider it, is to be distinguished by the term *statuary* from all carved work belonging to ornamental art and glyptics. It must be borne in mind, however, that the sculptor does not ordinarily carve his work directly out of the marble; he first makes his statue, or bass relief, in clay or wax. This method enables him to "sketch in clay" and perfect his work in this obedient material. Michael Angelo, and many great masters could dispense with this and carve at once the statue from the block. The modeling in clay is, however, generally the primary work. The "model," as it is called, is afterward moulded, and by means of this mould a cast of the original clay statue, or bas-relief, is taken by the use of liquid plaster. The clay model is, therefore, like the original drawing of a painter—a master work.

The model completed, most of the carving is done by a skilled laborer, the sculptor taking it up to give the finish, which a master-hand alone can bestow. The copying of the model into marble is accomplished by means of a method of mechanical measurement, or "pointing." The model and the block of marble are both fastened to a base called a "scale-stone," to which a standard vertical rod can be attached at corresponding centers, having at its upper end a sliding needle, so adapted by a movable joint as to be set at any angle and fastened by a screw when so set. The master sculptor having marked the governing points with a pencil on the model the instrument is applied to these and the measure taken. The standard being then transferred to the block-base, the pointer, guided by his measure, cuts away the marble, taking care to leave it rather larger than the model, so that the general proportions are kept, and the more important work is then left for the master hand.

The character of work is influenced by the nature of the material in which the sculptor carves; the harder the stone the more difficult to give it the pliant forms of life. It is remarkable that the most ancient and perfect Egyptian statues should have been formed of very hard stones; and, as the ancient Egyptians were not acquainted with steel, they must have been dependent upon bronze, of various degrees of hardness, for their cutting tools. These works are remarkable for their excellence, both of form and proportion, and in the finish given to the details of feature, the dress, and the ornaments.

Assyrian sculpture was in softer stones, limestones and ala-

baster; only small objects, such as seals, being worked in hard stones.

Greek and Roman sculptors made many statues and bas-reliefs in hard stones, such as basalt, granite, and porphyry. The extreme difficulty of such work may be understood when it is seen that the ordinary method of the chisel and mallet, in the most skillful hands, would be quite unavailing in this hard material. The treadle-wheel, the drill, and the file, are brought to aid the chisel, and even these require the use of emery upon the wheel of the lapidary, in the manner in which the hardest stones are cut.

Clay modeled and dried in the sun, or hardened by the fire, was naturally one of the early forms in which sculpture was developed. At once ready to hand, and easily modeled, it was adopted for the same reasons that made clay convenient for the ordinary vessels of every-day use. We find countless numbers of these baked, or sun-dried clay figures. They have escaped destruction because of the little value of the material and because they resist decay. The Egyptians and Assyrians applied a vitreous glaze to terra-cotta objects, which made them more decorative and more durable.

Terra-cotta was chosen by many sculptors to preserve the spirit and freedom of the original. Although some shrinking under the action of the fire must be allowed for, yet what is well baked is certain to possess the excellence of the fresh clay. It escapes the chances of over-finish, which too often befalls marble and bronze.

Another form of sculpture to be noticed is called *chryselephantine*, on account of the combined use of gold and ivory; the nude parts of the figure being of ivory, probably with color applied to the features and the drapery of gold. The statue was substantially but roughly made in marble, with wood, perhaps, upon it; the ivory being laid on in thick pieces.

Statues of wood, of various kinds, were made by the most ancient sculptors. Many small figures in wood, the work of the Egyptian carvers, are to be seen in the museums, and the mummy cases show the practice of carving the head, while the trunk is left only partly shaped out of the block.

Bronze was one of the most important forms of ancient statuary. It must be remembered that bronze is an entirely different alloy from brass, the former being an alloy of copper and tin, while brass is of copper and zinc. Small proportions of gold, silver, lead, and iron, were mixed with the bronze by ancient metal-workers to give various colors to their work; thus a blush of shame was produced by allowing the iron in the bronze to rust. Plutarch mentions a face which was pale, the sculptor having mixed silver with the bronze.

The primitive bronze-workers, before they arrived at the knowledge of casting, began by hammering solid metals into shapes. The *toreutic* art, although not definitely known at present, was probably that of hammering, punching, and chiseling plates of metal, either separately or with a view of fixing them upon stone or wood. Both the solid hammered work and the hollow-plate work is mentioned by the authorities. The hollow statues were built up in pieces, fastened together with nails, rivets, and dove-tails, and it is not improbable that some system of welding was practiced.

The casting of metals in moulds must have followed the discovery that they could be melted. As the sculptor improved in his art of modeling he would be able to make better moulds. He would soon observe that the solid statue was not only very costly, but so very heavy that the whole figure would collapse from sheer weight.

This trouble was corrected by the discovery of a contrivance for casting metals in a hollow mould. It was done pretty much as it is at the present day, by fixing within the mould a *core*, which did not touch the sides, except at certain small points necessary for support. The space between this and the surface of the mould was to be filled by the molten metal.

There is still another method, less common in modern times, but employed by the ancients, for some of their smaller works. This is when a wax model is encased in clay or plaster of Paris and the molten metal then poured into it to melt the wax, and take the form of the work precisely as it left the hand of the sculptor. The original model is thus destroyed and the bronze takes its place. Some very large and important works have recently been cast in this method, but with the core. In bronze casting with a core, this contrivance must be made with great care. The mould, which is obliged to be formed of pieces fitted together, in order that the model may be taken out, is first well soaked in oil, then melted wax is applied to the inner side of the moulded parts in such thickness as may be required in the metal of the completed statue. But as a hollow metal statue would not be strong enough to support its own weight, a sort of skeleton of iron bars is made to take the general form of the figure, and this strong frame-work is firmly fixed within the mould. We have then the mould, with its wax lining, enclosing the iron skeleton, or *armature*, as it is called, with an opening left in the proper place to allow of pouring in the liquid plaster of Paris mixed with pounded brick, which fills the space about the armature. Therefore, if at this stage, the mould were taken to pieces again, the sculptor would behold his statue as one of apparently solid wax. Practically this is done in order that he may satisfy himself of the success of his work, and correct it where necessary. The model is then again placed in the mould preparatory to casting.

Galvano-plastique, or the use of electricity, to deposit a thin layer of metal in a pure state upon a model, is an important invention or application of science to art.

Having described the various materials and methods employed in sculptured art, we are ready to classify the different forms adopted and arrange them under the proper terms.

Sculpture in relief is the first division. There are four varieties. *Bas-relief*, or *basso-relievo*, is the term used when the work projects from the plain surface, the forms being rounded as in nature. If the work is very little raised, the forms being not so projecting as in nature, it is called *flat-relief*, or *stiacciato*. If more raised, but not free from the ground in any place, it is *half-relief*, or *mezzo-relievo*. If the relief is still higher it becomes *full-relief*, or *alto-relievo*, in which parts of the human figure are entirely free from the ground of the slab. In *sunk-relief*, or *cavo-relievo*, the work is recessed within an outline, but still raised in flat relief, not projecting above the surface of the slab. Much of the renaissance and modern sculpture combines the first-named kinds of work on different planes in degrees of distance, with some under-cutting. The beauty and character of bas-relief depend much upon the representation of outline.

Statuary proper is sculpture in the round. The statue is therefore seen on every side.

Statues are, (1) standing; (2) seated; (3) recumbent; (4) equestrian.

Statues are classed into five forms as to size: Colossal, above the heroic standard; heroic, above six feet but under the colossal; life-size; small life-size; statuettes, half the size of life and smaller.

To know the proper proportions of the figures is a matter of the utmost value in all sculpture, even more so than in painting, as the statue is measurable on every side and in every direction. It would have been impossible for the ancient Egyptians to carve out of the living rock their tremendous figures unless they had arrived at a rule of proportion for their figure. Without this their colossi would have been only rude monsters. Such a rule they had discovered and laid down in a canon, as it is called, similar to that which was followed by the Greek sculptors after them, and especially made known by Polyclethus, whose name it received. Though there is some doubt about the precise terms of the canon, there can be no doubt that it

had for its unit of measurement some part of the human figure. The version of Vitruvius Pollio is supposed to be the correct one. He says: "Nature has so composed the human body that the face, from the chin to the top of the forehead, and the roots of the hair, should be a tenth part; also the palm of the hand from the wrist-joint to the tip of the middle finger; the head from the chin to the highest point, an eighth; from the top of the chest to the roots of the hair, a sixth."

The rule of ten faces, or eight heads, derived from this, has remained to the present time. Several sculptors of a later period, who have given much attention to the subject of proportion, differ slightly from the canon of Polyclethus, though it is commonly accepted.

That strict rules of symmetrical proportion should be followed is necessary in all statuary, but especially in that which serves as a decoration for architecture. The knowledge of the figure acquired by eminent sculptors inspired them with admiration for the beautiful, and enabled them to express in the creation of their art an ideal of grand beauty, which was guided by a taste and feeling which rarely failed to direct them aright. It was the greatest sculptor of modern times, Michael Angelo, who said that the sculptor should carry "his compasses in his eye." Some one comments on this that, "Sculptors, and painters especially, dread the rule of geometry. They regard rule as a fetter upon their invention, not dreaming that this great man (Michael Angelo), before he expressed himself thus, had for so long a time had the compasses in his hand." This points to a profound truth in all practical art, that no man can be a great artist unless he have the power of drawing in the true proportions of the beautiful.

Having pointed out the leading points in the technic of sculpture, we take up its history, beginning naturally with the earliest forms as found in Egypt.

The Egyptians, inhabiting a flat, uniform country, of pure and salubrious climate, working as sculptors before a written language was invented, carved their colossal sphinx almost entirely out of the living rock; an amazing example of symbolic sculptural representation, combining the human with the brute form of the lion. The date of this first great work is probably earlier than that of the earliest pyramids—that built by Chofu, King of Memphis, the Cheops of Herodotus, and the larger one by Nef Chofu, his son. M. Renan, speaking for M. Mariette, states that a tablet was found by him recording that Nef Chofu did certain repairs to the sphinx; so that since it required repairs, it must already have existed for a considerable time. All small barbaric or archaic work of the ancient Egyptians in sculpture has perished in the vast lapse of time. But this one monument, raised at least 4,000 years before the Christian era, stands to prove, with its companion pyramids, the wonderful power of conception, the energy and practical skill which characterized the early Egyptians. What they lacked in ideas of beauty, they made up for by the simple grandeur in the colossal size and perfection in execution.

The intention of producing a monument to last forever was shown in an equally striking manner in the construction of the pyramids, and with an exercise of science and skill even more remarkable.

Egyptian art, in the form of architecture, was, after the pyramids of Ghizeh, further developed about 1650 B. C., under Osirtesen I., who built the oldest of the temples at Thebes. Columns and obelisks were then invented, and the *cavi relievi* were largely used. Statuary, however, did not advance until after the Phœnician Shepherd Kings—a body of wandering Arabs, so called, who conquered Upper Egypt for a time—were driven out by Amosis, King of Thebes, about 1450 B. C.

Passing over Amunothph I. and his successor Thothmosis I., of whom there is a fine statue in the Turin Museum, we come to Thothmosis II., whose reign marks a period of vast development, as he married Nitocris, the last Queen of Memphis, capital of Lower Egypt, and thus united the two kingdoms,

about 1340 B. C. The great avenue of sphinxes, leading to the temple of Karnak, was made in her reign, and there is a statue of Thothmosis II., a seated figure seven feet nine inches high, in good proportions, of about seven heads high, the fingers and toes straight, not showing the knuckles, and the legs sharply chiseled at the shins, not showing the small bone on the outside of the leg, as in the statues of the later time of Amunthoph III. (about 1260 B. C.).

The famous colossus, called the musical Memnon, one of the two still standing in the desert near Thebes, more than fifty feet high, is of this period. These statues are not in good proportion, being too short in the waist. The two fine lions, carved in red granite, belonging to this time, which Lord Prudhoe brought over and presented to the British Museum, are remarkable as examples of fine typical treatment of the lion. They show much grandeur of feeling, and, compared with the modern naturalistic sculpture of lions, they are superior as examples of monumental art.

In 1170 B. C. reigned Ramses II., the greatest of the Egyptian kings, under whom was invented all the wonderful adaptation of the lotus and papyrus plant to the design of columns, as seen in the famous colonnade of the hall of Karnak. His statue, in the Turin Museum, is in the finest style of ancient Theban art; it is a seated figure carved out of a block of black granite, and is not colossal, being only five feet seven inches high. The point to be noticed in this statue is the effort at action, which is not seen in earlier works. The right hand is raised to the breast holding the short sort of crosier of the god Osiris; the left hand resting on the knee, strongly clenched. The colossal statue of Ramses, as Osiris, may be taken as examples, with that of the Memnon, in the British Museum, of the sculpture of this time. The large sphinx in the Louvre bears the name of Ramses II. The four-seated colossi, carved out of the living rock at the entrance of the great temple of Abou Simbel in Ethiopia, represent the same king. They are between sixty and seventy feet high, and wonderfully well sculptured, but the proportions are not so good as in some smaller statues, as they are six heads only in height, and short in the waist and thick in the limbs, showing no attempt at any close or correct imitation of nature. They look straight before them with a calm smile of confident power and contentment. These statues, and others which are to be seen in the museums, are not equal to those of the time of Amunthoph III., previously referred to; they are not so well carved, and the features are heavy, with thick noses and lips, while the limbs are clumsy, and without any attempt at accurate modeling.

It will be observed, therefore, that Egyptian sculpture may be classed broadly into three styles. (1) the Egyptian proper, reaching its finest period in the reign of Amunthoph III; (2) the Ethiopic Egyptian; (3) the later Egyptian, leading to the decline of that style of sculpture. Of the first it should be noticed that the general proportions of the figure were more accurately considered than the relative proportions of hands and feet to the limbs, which are generally incorrect. There are, however, some examples of excellent proportion, as in a colossal arm and fist in the British Museum. This arm belonged to a statue of Thothmes III., and came from Memphis. It is about ten feet long. The fist also came from Memphis, and measures four feet across. The heads of statues of this period are of the pure Coptic type, with a nose somewhat aquiline, and the lips comparatively thin. The eyes, however, were always carved in full in profile representations; the feet, one in advance of the other on the same plane. The details of form at the knuckles and legs are well indicated.

In the Ethiopic-Egyptian statues, general proportion is lost sight of; the figures become dumpy, being only six heads high; the limbs are clumsy and wanting in modeling; the hands and feet stiff and not marked by details at the joints; nor do they show the small bone of the leg. The heads are more of the Negro type, with turned-up noses and thick lips.

In the later Egyptian it is remarkable that with more attempt to imitate nature in the modeling of the muscles, the forms of the trunk and limbs become unnaturally puffed. More is added in symbolic attributes; heads of the cat, the hawk, and the ape, are placed on the human body; the dress is more elaborate, that of the head especially, on which a disc for the sun was often placed, as on the god Osiris. From the fall of Thebes, about 1000 B. C., to the conquest of Egypt by the Persians, 523 B. C., sculpture became more and more degraded, and soon lost its original style of simplicity and grandeur of form.

After some two centuries of rule, the Persians were conquered by Alexander the Great, 332 B. C., but there are no statues of Greek style of this date found in Egypt; under the Ptolemies, his successors for 300 years, new temples of inferior but still Egyptian style were built, such as those at Philæ, Edfou, and Denderah, and many statues were made, but nearly all have been destroyed, and there is not one of any king or queen of the Ptolemies.

After Egypt became a Roman province, in 38 B. C., Egyptian sculpture, in a debased form, was still continued upon the decoration of the temples, but the statues were then in the hands of Greek artists. Still later, there is the well-known statue of Antinous as an Egyptian, the work of a Greek sculptor of the time of the Emperor Hadrian (A. D. 117-138).

Assyrian sculpture is a discovery of recent times, first made in 1842-3 by Botta, the French consul at Mosul on the banks of the Tigris, and almost simultaneously by Mr. Layard, who though he had seen the ruins of Nineveh in 1840 did not get permission to examine and excavate till 1845. The sculptures differ widely from any in Egypt in being nearly all in bas-relief and high relief. There are very few statues, carved in the round, that stand either with a support practically or on the legs. There are no colossi nearly approaching in size the Egyptian and Greek colossal statues, none being higher than eighteen feet, while as we have seen sixty feet was a moderate height for an Egyptian or Greek colossal figure, and some were higher. The colossal human-headed bulls and lions with wings, at the portals of the king's palace, are in high relief on huge slabs, one on each side, facing outwards, and one on each side on the wall, with the head turned to look to the front. It does not appear that any principal figure was set up in an interior, either of these compound animals, or of any deity or king. No colossal seated figures like the Egyptian statues have been found. The standing figures carved in relief differ entirely in the expression of the countenance and motive of the figure from the Egyptian. They have all some action; the king grasps a captured lion, or as chief priest he walks with his staff which he holds firmly, while the left hand rests on the hilt of his sword. It is true that the legs are on one plane, and the feet in a position that could not support the body; still the intention to show action and life is there. There is none of the desire to express majestic, calm, eternal repose and content which is so characteristic of Egyptian sculptured statues. Throughout the great number of slabs in the British Museum and in the Louvre there is a very vigorous descriptive power displayed in carving figures of men, horses, chariots, battles, sieges of cities, hunting scenes, processions, rivers with men swimming on inflated skins, with fish and boats; implements, weapons, chairs, baskets, trees, birds, buildings, with a close resemblance to the real objects that is very distinctive of the Assyrian style. The quadrupeds and birds are much better done than the human figures; the character of some of the mules is faithfully given, and there is much feeling for nature in some of the lions in the hunting-scenes. There is no doubt, also, that this naturalistic realism was carried further by painting the sculptures. In none of these painted reliefs, however, is there anything of the careful carving and delicate delineation of the Egyptian *cavi reliev*; they are all boldly done, and with a good deal of skill, but by hands that would seem to have been self-taught, and at liberty

to represent as they pleased so that the conventional attributes and symbolic objects were duly made clear. There is scarcely any regulated use of typical forms; and in the proportions of the figures especially there is no rule. The principal figures are about $6\frac{1}{2}$ heads high, and in others the heads are often larger, while the arms and legs are out of all proportion gigantic, the muscles being exaggerated into masses at the calf and knee, and the shin-bone absurdly prominent. All truth seems to have been sacrificed for the sake of conveying a violent look of immense strength. The battle scenes remind us of some of the puerile representations by mediæval workmen of a poor style, or the debased Roman work seen on sarcophaguses. The Assyrians, unlike the Egyptians, were "mighty hunters," consequently horses were favorites with the Assyrian carvers, as they were with the Greek sculptors afterwards; they seldom have more than one fore-leg and one hind one, but their heads are carefully carved, and all the trappings show the same intention to obtain exact resemblance as is displayed in the dress and ornaments of the kings and other figures. It is important to observe that these sculptures are very equal in merit; there is no sign of improvement and little of falling off. As to the date of these sculptures, they are much later than all the Egyptian work of the finer style.

It may be concluded that the Assyrian palaces, with their sculptured walls, took a much shorter time to build than the Egyptian, as they were built of sun-baked bricks, with ornamental slabs below, and wooden beams and columns above, all which structures have perished leaving only the stone slabs. The soft nature of the stone, which is a kind of grey alabaster, extremely suited to carving in the manner employed, afforded the facility that influenced the style and enabled the carvers to indulge their inclination for realistic detail. They do not appear to have sought for fine colored hard stones as the Egyptians did, nor do they show the same desire to make their work monumental and enduring.

Assyrian sculpture was always archaic, though at the same time more vigorous in what might be called graphic sculpture, and truer in imitation of nature than Egyptian, which rarely attempted action in the figure or facial expression. There is, however, no alliance between the two styles, and there was never likely to be, as the Assyrians were not a people of poetic and abstract ideas, but of facts, circumstances, and action. They thought of the present glory, and did not trouble themselves about the future. The same characteristics will partly account for the absence of any kind of reference to a future state. The tree of life with the priest ministering before it and holding fruit is to be seen; but it is remarkable that no sepulchral monuments have been found; no tomb or mark of regard in any shape for the welfare of the dead hereafter has been discovered.

Bearing in mind that the Assyrians were never a statue-making people, and never attempted to follow the example of the Egyptians—do we find them influencing the sculptural art of any other people in work like that of the Assyrians? This question is answered at once by the remains found at Persepolis, where there are to be seen similar winged and human-headed lions and bulls, and sculptured slabs, but no statues either in the round or in alto-relievo.

The ruins of the palaces of Cambyses, Darius, and Xerxes, the date of which is from 560 B. C. to the conquests of Alexander the Great (331 B. C.), show only sculptural remains left, after all the soft brick walls and the wooden beams and rafters have long perished. Persian sculptural art since those days never advanced to the dignity of statuary, but like its Assyrian predecessor stopped short where Greek art began to develop. The same is to be observed of that ramification of the Assyrian arts which is to be traced in the building of the temple of Jerusalem under Solomon, which, however, was some five centuries before the time of Cambyses, and about the same length of time after the settling of the Israelites in the Delta of the Nile

(1550 B. C.). The law of Moses was sufficient to prevent any sculpture in the likeness of living things; but the cherubim, with their wings, seem to have been borrowed from the Assyrians. The temple was, no doubt, built of stone and cedar-wood after the manner of the Assyrians, and with a profusion of ornament in carving, of valuable marbles, wood, and embossed work in precious metals.

The colossal sculptures in the rock-cut temples of India, whether taken as derived from the Assyrian centre or not, may be classed with that style as semi-barbaric and naturalistic, with a superadded symbolism which only led to the most extravagant deformities of the human figure to express the power and attributes of a deity. Statuary proper never existed in any shape of beauty like the human form, throughout Persia, India, and China, and there is no sign of any disposition amongst the Asiatics to learn the art from their European conquerors; it is not in their nature.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MODERN STATE OF ANCIENT COUNTRIES.

By GEORGE SANDYS.

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms; once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theaters of valor and heroic actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility, have been planted, have flourished; and, lastly, where God himself did place his own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired his prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where he honored the earth with his beautiful steps, wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory; which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of extreme misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which (to the astonishment of the understanding beholders) it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves, and murderers; large territories dispeopled or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty; which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of those peoples and countries; thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by his grace and protection.

THE DESIGN OF THE NEW ENGLAND PLANTATIONS.

By the REV. COTTON MATHER.

There were more than a few attempts of the English to people, to settle and improve the parts of New England which were to the northward of New Plymouth, but the designs of those

attempts being aimed no higher than the advancement of some worldly interests, a constant series of disasters confounded them, until there was a plantation erected on the nobler designs of Christianity, and that plantation, though it has had more adversaries, perhaps, than any one upon earth, yet, having obtained help from God, it continues to this day. There have been very fine settlements in the northeast regions, but what is become of them? I have heard that one of our ministers, once preaching to a congregation there, urged them to approve themselves a religious people from this consideration: that otherwise they would contradict the main object of planting this wilderness, whereupon a well-known person, then in the assembly, cried out: "Sir, you are mistaken, you think you are preaching to the people at the Bay; our main end was to catch fish." Truly 'twere to have been wished that something more excellent had been the main end of the settlements in that brave country, which we have, even long since the arrival of that more pious colony at the Bay, now seen dreadfully unsettled, no less than twice, at least, by the sword of the heathen, after they had been replenished by many hundreds of people who had thriven to many thousands of pounds, and all the force of the Bay, too, to assist them in maintaining their settlements. But the same or like inauspicious things attended many other endeavors to make plantations, on such a *main end*, in several other parts of the country, before the arrival of the Massachusetts colony, which was formed on more glorious aims.

REMARKS ON THE CATALOGUE OF PLANTATIONS.

(1) There are few towns to be now seen on our list but what were existing in this land before the dreadful Indian war which befell us twenty years ago; and there are few towns broken up within the then Massachusetts line by that war but what have revived out of their ashes. Nevertheless the many calamities which have ever since been wasting the country have so nipped the growth of it, that its later progress hath held no proportion with what was from the beginning; but yet with such variety that while the trained companies of some towns are no bigger than they were thirty or forty years ago, others are as big again.

(2) The calamities that have carried off the inhabitants of our several towns have not been all of one sort. Pestilential sicknesses have made fearful havoc in divers places, where the sound have not perhaps been enough to tend the sick, while others have not had one touch from the Angel of Death, and the sword hath cut off scores in sundry places, when others, it may be, have not lost a single man by that avenger.

(3) 'Tis no unusual, though no universal experiment, among us, that while an excellent, laborious, illuminating ministry has been continued in a town, the place has thriven to admiration; but ever since that man's time they have gone down the wind in all their interests. The gospel has evidently been the making of all our towns, and the blessings of the Upper have been accompanied with the blessings of the Nether Springs. Memorable also is the remark of Slingsby Beibel, Esq., in his most judicious "Book of the Interests of Europe:" "Were not the cold climate of New England supplied by good laws and discipline, the barrenness of the country would never have brought people to it, nor have advanced it in consideration and formidableness above the other English plantations exceeding it much in fertility and other inviting qualities."

(4) Well may New England lay claim to the name it wears, and to a room in the tenderest affections of its mother, the nappy island. For as there are few of our towns but what have their namesakes in England, so the reason why most of our towns are called what they are, is because the chief of the first inhabitants would thus bear up the names of the particular places there from whence they came.

(5) I have heard an aged saint, near his death, thus cheerfully express himself: "Well, I am going to heaven, and I will there tell the faithful who are gone long since from New-Eng-

land thither, that though they who gathered in our churches are all dead and gone, yet the churches are still alive, with as numerous flocks of Christians as were ever among them." Concerning most of the churches in our catalogue, the report thus carried unto heaven, I must now also send through the earth; but if with "as numerous," we could in every respect say as gracious, what joy to all the saints, both in heaven and on earth, might be from thence occasioned.—*Magnalia Christi Americana*.

EXTRACTS FROM "ESSAYS TO DO GOOD."

By the Rev. COTTON MATHER.

To take a poor child, especially an orphan left in poverty, and bestow a liberal education on it, is an admirable charity, yea, it may draw after it a long train of good, and may interest you in all the good done by him whom you have educated. Hence, also, what is done for schools, for colleges, and for hospitals is done for the general good. The endowment and maintenance of these is at once to do good to many.

But alas, how much of the silver and the gold is buried in hands where it is little better than if conveyed back to the mines whence it came. How much of it is employed to as little purpose as what arrives at Hindoostan, where a great part of it, after some circulation, is by the Moguls lodged in subterraneous caves never to see the light again. The Christian whose faith and hope are genuine, acts not thus.

Sometimes elaborate compositions may be prepared for the press, works of great bulk, and of greater worth, by which the best interests of knowledge and virtue might be considerably promoted, but they lie, like the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, in silent neglect, and are likely to continue in that state, till God inspires some wealthy persons nobly to subscribe to their publication, and by this generous application of their property to bring them abroad. The names of such noble benefactors to mankind ought to live as long as the works themselves live; and when the works do any good, what these have done towards the publishing of them, ought to be "told for a memorial of them." He urges gentlemen of leisure to seek "some honorable and agreeable employments," and says, "I will mention one: The Pythagoreans forbade men's eating their own brains, or keeping their good thoughts to themselves." The incomparable Boyle observes that as to religious books in general, "those that have been written by laymen, and especially by gentlemen, have (*cæteris paribus*) been better received and more effectual than those published by clergymen." Mr. Boyle's were certainly so. Men of quality have frequently attained such accomplishments in languages and science that they become prodigies of literature. Their libraries also have stupendous collections approaching toward Vatican or Bodleian dimensions. It were much to be wished that persons of wealth and station would qualify themselves for the use of the pen, as well as of the sword, and deserve this eulogium: "They have written excellent things." An English person of quality in his treatise entitled "A view of the soul," has the following passage: "It is certainly the highest dignity, if not the greatest happiness of which human nature is capable in the vale below, to have the soul so far enlightened as to become a mirror, conduit or conveyor of God's truth to others." It is a bad motto for a man of capacity to say, "My understanding is unfruitful." Gentlemen, consider what subjects may most properly and usefully fall under your cultivation. Your pens may stab atheism and vice more effectually than other men's can. If out of your tribe there come those who handle the pen of the writer, they will do uncommon execution. One of them has ingenuously said, "Though I know of some *functions*, yet I know no *truths* of religion that like the shew-bread belong to the priests alone." * * *

To do good is a sure and pleasant way effectually to bespeak God's blessings on ourselves. Who so likely to find blessings as the men who are blessings? While we work for God,

he certainly will work for us, and ours—will do for us more than we have done for him; "more than we can ask or think." A good action is its own reward.

But what shall be done for the good man in the heavenly world? His part and work in the city of God are at present incomprehensible to us, but the kindness which his God will show him in the strong city will be truly marvelous. The attempts which the Christian has made to fill this world with righteous things, are so many tokens for good to him, that he shall have a portion in that world wherein shall dwell nothing but righteousness. He will be welcomed with "Well done, good and faithful servant."

I will conclude with a declaration which I will boldly maintain. It is this: Were a man able to write in seven languages, could he daily converse with all the sweets of the liberal sciences to which the most accomplished make pretensions; were he to entertain himself with all ancient and modern history; and could he feast continually on the curiosities which the different branches of learning may discover to him, all this would not afford the ravishing satisfaction which he might find in relieving the distresses of a poor, miserable neighbor, nor would it bear any comparison with the heartfelt delight which he might have by doing service to the kingdom of our great Savior in the world.

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

By JONATHAN EDWARDS.

There is a kind of taste of the mind, whereby persons are guided in their judgment of the natural beauty, gracefulness, propriety, nobleness, and sublimity of speeches and action, whereby they judge, as it were, by the glance of the eye, or by inward sensation, and the first impression of the object; so there is likewise such a thing as a divine taste, given and maintained by the Spirit of God, in the hearts of the saints, whereby they are in like manner led and guided in discerning and distinguishing the true spiritual and holy beauty of actions; and that more easily, readily, and accurately, as they have more or less of the Spirit of God dwelling in them. And thus "the sons of God are led by the Spirit of God, in their behavior in the world."

A holy disposition and spiritual taste, where grace is strong and lively, will enable a soul to determine what actions are right and becoming Christians, not only more speedily, but far more exactly, than the greatest abilities without it. This may be illustrated by the manner in which some habits of mind, and dispositions of heart, of a nature inferior to true grace, will teach and guide a man in his actions. As for instance, if a man be a very good natured man, his good nature will teach him how to act benevolently amongst mankind, and will direct him, on every occasion, to those speeches and actions which are agreeable to rules of goodness, than the strongest reason will a man of a morose temper. So if a man's heart be under the influence of an entire friendship, and most endeared affection to another, though he be a man of an indifferent capacity, yet this habit of his mind will direct him, far more readily and exactly, to a speech and deportment, or manner of behavior, which shall in all respects be sweet and kind, and agreeable to a benevolent disposition of heart, than the greatest capacity without it. He has, as it were, a spirit within him, that guides him; the habit of his mind is attended with a taste by which he immediately relishes that air and mien which is benevolent, and disrelishes the contrary, and causes him to distinguish between one and the other in a moment, more precisely, than the most accurate reasonings can find out in many hours. As the nature and inward tendency of a stone, or other heavy body, that is let fall from aloft, shows the way to the center of the earth more exactly in an instant than the ablest mathematician, without it, could determine, by his most accurate observations, in a whole day. Thus it is that a spiritual disposition and taste teaches and guides a man in his behavior in the world. So an em-

inently humble, or meek, or charitable disposition, will direct a person of mean capacity to such a behavior, as is agreeable to Christian rules of humility, meekness and charity, far more readily and precisely than the most diligent study and elaborate reasonings of a man of the strongest faculties, who has not a Christian spirit within him. So also will a spirit of love to God, and holy fear and reverence toward God, and filial confidence in God, and an heavenly disposition, teach and guide a man in his behavior.

It is an exceedingly difficult thing for a wicked man, destitute of Christian principles in his heart to guide him, to know how to demean himself like a Christian, with the life and beauty, and heavenly sweetness of a truly holy, humble, Christ-like behavior. He knows not how to put on these garments; neither do they fit him.

The saints in thus judging of actions by a spiritual taste, have not a particular recourse to express rules of God's word, with respect to every word and action that is before them, the good or evil of which they thus judge: But yet their taste itself, in general, is subject to the rule of God's word, and must be tried by that, and a right reasoning upon it. As a man of a rectified palate judges of particular morsels by his taste; but yet his palate itself must be judged of, whether it be right or no, by certain rules and reasons. But a spiritual taste of soul mightily helps the soul in its reasonings on the word of God, and in judging the true meaning of its rules: As it removes the prejudices of a depraved appetite, and naturally leads the thoughts in the right channel, casts a light on the word of God, and causes the true meaning, most naturally, to come to mind, through the harmony there is between the disposition and relish of a sanctified soul, and the true meaning of the rules of God's word. Yea, this harmony tends to bring the texts themselves to mind, on proper occasions; as the particular state of the stomach and palate tends to bring particular meats and drinks to mind, as are agreeable to that state. "Thus the children of God are led by the Spirit of God" in judging of actions themselves, and in their meditations upon, and judging of, and applying the rules of God's holy word: And so God "teaches them his statutes and causes them to understand the way of his precepts;" which the Psalmist so often prays for.

But this leading of the spirit is a thing exceedingly diverse from that which some call so; which consists not in teaching them God's statutes and precepts, that he has already given; but in giving them new precepts by immediate inward speech or suggestion, and has in it no tasting the true excellency of things, or judging or discerning the nature of things at all. They do not determine what is the will of God by any taste or relish, or any manner of judging of the nature of things, but by an immediate dictate concerning the thing to be done; there is no such thing as judgment or wisdom in the case. Whereas, in that leading of the spirit which is peculiar to God's children, is imparted that true wisdom and holy discretion, so often spoken of in the word of God; which is high above the other way, as the stars are higher than a glow worm; and that which Balaam and Saul (who sometimes were led by the spirit in that other way) never had, and no natural man can have without a change of nature.

[End of Required Reading for October, 1883.]

MAN is only a reed, the weakest plant of nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the whole universe should be in arms to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water is sufficient to put him out of existence. But even though the universe could crush him to atoms, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he is conscious that he is dying, and of the advantage which the universe has over him; the universe knows nothing.—*Pascal.*

NOTHING is so dangerous as an ignorant friend; a wise enemy is worth much more.—*La Fontaine.*

WHERE LIES THE MUSIC?

By ALICE C. JENNINGS.

["When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music, he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarser instrument substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show you that the music is not in my violin, but in me."—CHAUTAQUAN for December, 1882.]

An artist once, whose magic could command
That sound its deepest secrets should unfold,
Had found his instrument by evil hand
Exchanged for one of meaner, coarser mould.

Yet, like the clashing tongue of vibrant bells,
The hindrance but a greater power revealed.
"See, I will show thee that the music dwells
In *me*, and not the instrument I wield."

He turns, and sweetly, grandly, at his call,
The violin its richest music flings.
The instrument is naught—the player all—
The power is in the touch, and not the strings.

A coarse, rude instrument, this world, at best:
Its strings made tense by selfishness and pride;
If by its discords music be expressed,
The music in our fingers must reside.

Remember this: in tune keep heart and hand,
And to earth's music thou shalt hold the key,
And from its discords sweetest tones command,
Unknown and unimagined, save by thee.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

When Walter Scott, one morning before breakfast, while looking for fishing-tackle, came upon his long neglected manuscript of Waverley, and decided to publish it, he baited his hook, so to speak, with a plump literary angle-worm, and carefully concealing himself, dropped it cautiously into one of the quiet and almost stagnant pools which here and there break the flow of the eighteenth century.

Not to carry the figure further he wakes up one morning to find the "Author of Waverley" famous; but no one knew *who* the "Author of Waverley" was. Romances, relating alike to the history of Scotland, England, France, Switzerland and Palestine, covering a wide range of life and character, with a varied record of eight hundred years, followed each other so rapidly that the reading world opened its eyes in wonder, until the "great unknown" was finally regarded the "great magician." His books, as they came wet from the press, were literally devoured by the story-loving people of England and Scotland, and packages, shipped across the Atlantic, were regarded the most valuable part of the cargo. I have heard elderly people of New England speak of anxiously waiting for the next ship which was to bring to their hands a new novel by the "Author of Waverley." Never before had the pen of any man awakened such responsive interest in his own generation. The publication of Waverley marked a new era in romantic literature.

During the eighty years that have followed that publication mankind has had its hopes, longings, ambitions and jealousies mirrored in works of fiction. Hundreds, ay, thousands of novels—most of them unworthy of their high lineage—have contended with each other for the world's approbation; writers without number have flooded the century with romance; but through all these years Walter Scott stands the acknowledged

master, the purest-hearted, the noblest-minded of them all; the man who could say upon his death-bed: "I have not written one line which I would wish blotted."

No words of re-invitation are necessary to those who have once read the pages of Sir Walter, but it will be a "consummation devoutly to be wished" if I can turn the coming generation of your readers away from the sickly sentiment of the day to the works of him, whose influence, like that of King Arthur of the Round Table, inspires the soul with

"High thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Some years ago, while preparing a lecture on "The Landmarks of Scott," I found myself confronted with twenty-six novels and five well-known poems, besides innumerable essays and histories, all demanding at least a passing word. I saw that two minutes devoted to each would more than fill my lecture hour, and leave no room for the frame-work, viz: Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, the Trosachs, Melrose, Edinboro, the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Tweed, and the Border Country, where the Percy and the Douglas fought. It then occurred to me that Scott had unconsciously prepared a panoramic history of Europe from the time of the Crusades to the year 1812. Acting upon this suggestion I examined the novels and poems and found to my great delight, that with here and there an absent link of fifty or a hundred years the chain was almost perfect. I condensed the prominent features of eight hundred years, tracing their connection with Scott's graphic pictures into a pen-sketch of ten minutes, and I have been gratified to see that this idea of chronological order has been recently followed by one of the leading New York publishers. It is my object in a series of articles to elaborate this historical sequence from the time of "Count Robert of Paris" (1094) down to "St. Ronan's Well" (1812), and to point out in passing some of the beauties of the great author.

If the reader of these articles will follow with me the romances to which I refer, I think he will say, at the close of the series, that he has found in the Waverley Novels a vivid picture of the events and customs of Europe, from the days of the crusades down to a time within the memory of men still living. M. Augustin Thierry, one of the most philosophical essayists of France, has eloquently said: "There are scenes of such simplicity, of such living truth, to be found, that notwithstanding the distance of the period in which the author places himself, they can be realized without effort. It is because in the midst of the world which no longer exists, Walter Scott always places the world which does, and always will exist; that is to say, human nature, of which he knows all the secrets. Everything peculiar to the time and place, the exterior of men, and aspect of the country and of the habitations, costumes and manners, are described with the most minute truthfulness; and yet the immense erudition, which has furnished so many details, is nowhere to be perceived. Walter Scott seems to have for the past that second sight, which, in times of ignorance, men attributed to themselves for the future. To say that there is more real history in his novels on Scotland and England than in the philosophically false compilations, which still possess that great name, is not advancing anything strange in the eyes of those who have read and understood "Old Mortality," "Waverley," "Rob Roy," the "Fortunes of Nigel," and the "Heart of Mid Lothian."

Allison says in his essay on Chateaubriand, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1832: "We feel in Scott's characters that it is not romance, but real life which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch novels, is nature itself. Homer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the deep substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom everywhere the same; and thence they have found a

responsive echo in every human heart. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we live with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid coloring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollections, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed. The splendor of their tournaments, the magnificence of their dress, the glancing of their arms, their haughty manners, daring courage, and knightly courtesy; the shock of their battle-steeds, the splintering of their lances, the conflagration of their castles, are brought before our eyes in such vivid colors, that we are at once transported to the age of Richard and Saladin, of Charles the Bold and Philip Augustus."

The four novels, which deal with the history of the Crusades, are "Count Robert of Paris," "The Betrothed," "The Talisman," and "Ivanhoe." It is a singular fact that the one occupying the first place in chronological order was written last, and hardly completed by the author when he died. "Ivanhoe" is, without doubt, the great favorite. I have often thought that "Ivanhoe" bears the same relation to Scott's novels that "The Merchant of Venice" does to the dramas of Shakspeare. "Old Mortality," and "Hamlet," may show deeper insight; but neither Scott nor Shakspeare ever surpassed the two I have associated in dramatic interest. The three novels which precede "Ivanhoe" in point of time will give us a complete knowledge of the times and manners of the Crusades, and lead us, as it were, from one picture-gallery to another, until we come to the master-piece of the great artist.

"Count Robert of Paris" opens with a description of the court of Alexius Comnenus—a wily monarch, who had ample need of all his strategy in dealing with foes that menaced him from every side: the Franks from the west, the Turks from the east, the Scythians from the north, the Saracens from the south. The wealthy city on the Bosphorous, enriched by the spoils of nations, whose golden gate symbolized the wealth and magnificence of seven hundred years of prosperity, was on the great highway of travel, where, so to speak, the "cross-roads" of Europe met, and presented a tempting prize to the restless and barbarous hordes from the shores of the Caspian to the German Ocean. "The superb successor of the earth's mistress," decked in borrowed splendor, gave early intimations of that speedy decay to which the whole civilized world, then limited within the Roman Empire, was internally and imperceptibly tending. Intrigue and corruption in the palace had compelled the Greek sovereigns of Constantinople, for many years, to procure foreign soldiers to quell insurrections and defend any traitorous attempt on the imperial person. These were known as Verangians—a word signifying barbarians—and formed a corps of satellites more distinguished for valor than the famed Prætorian Bands of Rome.

The second chapter of the book reveals the hatred and jealousy existing between these foreign soldiers and the crafty civilians. The Verangian, to whom the reader is introduced, is an Anglo-Saxon too proud to bow his head to a Norman conqueror, a wanderer from his father-land, a soldier in search of better fortune, soon to discover by lucky chance among the crusaders the fair Bertha of his early love. Upon this slender thread the novelist hangs the romantic elements of the story. But Count Robert of Paris is in no sense a love drama; in fact it can hardly be termed a romance. It is rather a historic sketch, placing in sharp contrast the wild enthusiasm of western Europe, her castles of rude masonry, her mud hovels, her rude simplicity, with the over-refined manners and tapestried chambers of the eastern court hastening to its decay. It is living Europe confronting the dead centuries.

The third chapter introduces us to a richly furnished drawing room, where the Princess Anna Commena—the first lady his-

torian—sits reading to a sleepy group her prolix history of the glory of her father's reign. At this gathering Scott brings together with great art all the leading actors of the drama; the Emperor Alexius and his wife Irene; Nicephorous Briennius, the intriguing son-in-law, husband of the fair historian; the crafty philosopher Agelastes; Achilles Tatius, master of the guards, and the faithful Verangian. This is the real commencement of the story, and to this gathering the news is announced of another body of the great Crusade, consisting not of the ignorant or of the fanatical like those led on by Peter the Hermit, but an army of lords and nobles marshaled by kings and emperors. Against this mass of steel-clad warriors the East had no power to oppose save the inherent cunning and strategy of Comnenus. Craft and wealth meet stupidity and avarice. The more powerful chiefs of the Crusades are loaded with presents, feasted by the emperor with the richest delicacies, and their thirst slaked with iced wine; while their followers are left at a distance in malarial districts, and intentionally supplied with adulterated flour, tainted provisions, and bad water. Neglected by friends and insulted by foes, they contracted diseases and died in great numbers "without having once seen a foot of the Holy Land, for the recovery of which they had abandoned their peace, their competence, and their native country. Their misfortunes were imputed to their own wilfulness, and their sickness to the vehemence of their own appetites for raw fruits and unripened wines." By promises of wealth and long-practiced arts of diplomacy, the Emperor Comnenus at last even induces the leaders of the crusade individually to acknowledge him—the Grecian Emperor—originally lord paramount of all these regions, as their liege lord and suzerain.

Scott takes advantage of this historical fact to draw one of his matchless pictures, which in color and incident rivals the best pages of his more dramatic romances; and it is here that Count Robert, when the emperor left his throne for a single moment, dismounted from his horse, took the seat of royal purple, and indolently began to caress a large wolf-hound, which had followed him, and which, feeling as much at ease as his master, reposed its grim form on the carpets of gold and silk damask which tapestried the imperial footstool. It was a picture of modern liberty looking worn-out despotism in the face. That sublime audacity revealed the mettle of the race which was to make individual conscience supreme; and his haughty and fearless speech was the prologue of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence. We must pass over the meeting in the garden of Agesilaus, the entertainment at the palace, the drugged cup, the dungeon experience of the count, and his miraculous release, the fortitude and virtue of his Countess Brenhilda, the meeting of the Verangian with Bertha in the garden of the philosopher, the treachery of Briennius, his imprisonment and death-decree, and many other incidents of interest, for the remaining space of this article must be given to a brief consideration of "The Betrothed;" but the reader will be happy to know that, after the conquest of Jerusalem, Count Robert of Paris returned to Constantinople *en route* to his native kingdom. Upon reaching Italy the marriage of the Verangian and Bertha was celebrated in princely style; and on his return to England a large district, adjacent to the New Forest, near the home of his ancestors, was conferred upon him by William Rufus, where it is presumed they spent their declining years in peace and happiness.

"The Betrothed" opens with the year 1187—the time of the Third Crusade—when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the crusade from castle to castle, from town to town, awaking the inmost valleys of his native Cambria with the call to arms for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. As a connecting link between the stories we will say that the soldiers of the First Crusade, after years of hardship and suffering, at last accomplished their vows. Antioch and Jerusalem yielded to their arms, the Holy Sepulcher was redeemed from infidels.

Those who returned to their homes recounted their triumphs and all Europe was aglow with new zeal. Forty-five years later, in the year 1142, a Second Crusade was organized against the impending dangers which threatened Palestine and Jerusalem. The warlike West was again in arms; but this crusade was more unfortunate than the first. The crusaders were again compelled to endure the outrages and perfidies of the Greek. As in the First Crusade, the Christian armies dragged in their train a great number of children, women, and old men, who could do nothing toward victory but greatly augmented the disaster of defeat. The piety and heroism of the First Crusade had degenerated into a love of show and military splendor. "That which was still more injurious to discipline," to quote from the admirable "History of the Crusades," by J. F. Michaud, "was the depravity of manners in the Christian army, which must be principally attributed to the great number of women that had taken arms and mixed in the ranks of the soldiery. In this crusade there was a troop of Amazons, commanded by a general, whose dress was much more admired than her courage," and whose gilded boots procured her a name which we will not copy from the historian's pages. Forty years of struggle pass away in Palestine, and at the time of the opening of our story Henry the Second of England, Richard the First, and Philip of France, determine on renewing the Holy War. Moved by the eloquence and enthusiasm of Baldwin, there is a general cessation of hostilities between the Welsh princes and their warlike neighbors on the Marches of England. But one castle, known as the Garde Doloureuse, was not so fortunate. Its owner was Raymond Berenger. The hand of his daughter was asked in marriage by one of the Welsh chieftains. The compliment was declined. Raymond Berenger, in accordance with a rash promise, gave battle upon the plain and was slain. The castle was assaulted, but faithfully defended by an honest Fleming, inspired by the heroism of the orphaned daughter. Before the battle, Scott gives us a fine picture of the Welsh bards, and an admirable idea of life in the mountain fastnesses of Wales. His description of the defense of the castle is so graphic that we seem to walk the ramparts with the soldiers, and listen to the counsel of its defenders. Hugo De Lacy, Constable of Chester, arrives in time to raise the siege of the castle, and at once lays siege to the heart of the fair Eveline, to whom it seems she had been promised, when a child, by her father. From a sense of duty, rather than love, she accepts his proposal. She visits her Saxon aunt—a cruel and demented relic of the house of Baldringham; and is compelled to sleep in a haunted chamber, known as the "Room of the Red Finger." The picture of Saxon life here presented is in strong contrast with the life of the Norman nobles. The century that had followed the Norman invasion of England had irritated wounded pride. Overcome by superstition and terror, Eveline sees in her dreams the spectre, and hears the fatal couplet, which gives name to the romance:

"Widowed wife and married maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betrayed."

Eveline goes from her aunt's to the abbess of a convent, a near relative, and Hugo De Lacy, having signified his intention of going to the Holy Land, asks a remission of his vow for two years; but the rigid prelate Baldwin was inexorable: "The advancement of the crusade was the chief business of Baldwin's life, and the liberation of the Holy Sepulcher from the infidels was the unfeigned object of all his exertions. The successor of the celebrated Becket had neither the extensive views, nor the aspiring spirit of that redoubted personage; but on the other hand, saint as the latter had become, it may be questioned whether, in his professions for the weal of christendom, he was half so sincere as was the present archbishop."

The interview between De Lacy and Baldwin shows the great power of the Church in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. He was compelled to leave Eveline before wedlock had united them indissolubly, and the first line of the couplet:

"Widowed wife and married maid," seemed already in the course of fulfillment. Hugo de Lacy sets sail for Palestine with these good-by words: "If I appear not when three years are elapsed let the Lady Eveline conclude that the grave holds De Lacy, and seek out for her mate some happier man. She can not find one more grateful, though there are many who better deserve her."

Eveline returns to the castle of her father; the care of the country against Welsh invasion is assigned to Damian de Lacy, who had already by acts of bravery won the esteem of Eveline. The days and months of indolent castle life wear slowly away, with the occasional visit of a strolling harper, or a hawking expedition near the castle, which Scott, with his love for outdoor amusements, enters into with apparent relish. On one of these excursions Eveline is made prisoner by a party of Welsh soldiers, and she is led away blindfolded through the recesses of the hills. She is rescued by Damian de Lacy, who however is seriously wounded, and taken against the advice of friends to the castle. Unfounded rumors poison the minds of the people, the castle is attacked by the king's forces, led on by a traitor of Hugo's family. Damian is taken prisoner and condemned to death. More than three years had passed away, and now Hugo returns in poverty, and completely broken in spirit. Damian is released, and Hugo waives his claim to the hand of Eveline, and Damian wins one of the noblest women that Scott has made immortal in the world. So much for the brief outline of the story, which reveals the manner of life on the Welsh borders during the time of the Third Crusade. The two novels which follow, "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," portray even in more vivid colors the sufferings of the crusaders in Palestine, and the every day life of Merrie England.

THE IVY.

By HENRY BURTON.

Pushing the clods of earth aside,
Leaving the dark where foul things hide,
Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,
Bondage ended, freedom won;
So, my soul, like the ivy be,
Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,
Looking down upon things below,
Twining itself in the branches high,
As if the frail thing owned the sky;
So, my soul, like the ivy be,
Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee.

Wrapping itself round the giant oak,
Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;
Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
For it knows one secret, how to cling:
So, my soul, there's strength for thee,
Hear the Mighty One, "Lean on me!"

Green are its leaves when the world is white,
For the ivy sings through the frosty night;
Keeping the hearts of oak awake,
Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break;
So, my soul, through the winter's rain,
Sing the sunshine back again.

Opening its green and fluttering breast,
Giving the timid birds a nest;
Coming out from the winter wild,
To make a wreath for the Holy Child;
So let my life like the ivy be,
A help to man and a wreath for Thee!

—Good Words.

C. L. S. C. COMMENCEMENT.*

CLASS OF 1883.

A special dispensation of weather seemed to have been prepared for the accommodation of the second graduating class of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle on Saturday. A bright warm day was benevolently shaded and cooled by nature's great sunshade of cloud during all the out-door exercises, and promptly upon the entry of the multitude under the cover of the Amphitheater it began to rain to still further cool the air. Everything was opportune, and the surroundings faultless.

The management terrestrial was equally good. There were four different processions, in five divisions, moving from different rendezvous in the grounds and converging and articulating with each other. Each of them started on time "to a tick," got to and dropped into place, and everything moved with the smoothness and precision of a well-adjusted machine. The program, as prepared, was carried out to the letter and second.

The attendance was as immense, the feeling as good as the day and management. The unprecedented crowd of the night before was augmented in the morning by boat-loads and train-loads, and when the signal-bells for beginning the day's movement sounded the avenues were thronged.

Punctually at the hour the "Guard of the Gate," H. S. Field, J. J. Covert, Miss E. E. Tuttle, W. H. Rogers, Charles B. Wood, S. J. M. Eaton, Miss Myrtle Hudson, A. M. Martin, J. G. Allen, A. M. Mattison, and the "Guard of the Grove," Miss Annie E. Wilcox, A. Wilder, Miss M. F. Wells, Miss E. Irvin, Miss Eleanor O'Connell, E. C. Norton, Mrs. E. Howe, De Forest Temple, Mrs. Isaiah Golding, George Seebrick, in charge of Marshal S. J. M. Eaton, formed at the cottage of Lewis Miller (Auditorium), the right resting on Hedding Avenue.

The keys of the Golden Gate having been delivered by President Miller to the Messenger, Rev. A. H. Gillet, the division marched up Hedding Avenue to Clark, and out Clark to the Hall of Philosophy, and were distributed to their proper positions in charge of the inclosure of St. Paul's Grove.

The second division, consisting of fifty-two little girls, the youngest, Jennie Templeton, four years of age, heading the procession, beautifully garlanded and bearing artistic baskets laden with flowers to their very brim, conducted by Mrs. Frank Beard, superintendent, assisted by Miss M. E. Bemis, Miss Minnie Barney, Messrs. Garret E. Ryckman, and W. H. Burroughs, and Miss Blanche Shove, was formed at the Children's Temple, the right resting on Clark Avenue. The "Society of the Hall in the Grove," (the graduates of the class of 1882, C. L. S. C.) were thus escorted by this beautiful company of prospective Chautauquans through Clark Avenue to Hedding, down Hedding to Simpson, through Simpson to Park Athenæum, through Park Athenæum to Lake Avenue, to Dr. Vincent's cottage.

The sixth division, consisting of the graduates of the class of 1883, and the graduates of the class of 1882, who had not last year passed through the Golden Gate, and under the Arches, met at the gate of St. Paul's Grove, on Merrill Avenue, each provided with a ticket, a garnet badge, and a copy of the commencement service. A portion of the Guard of the Grove stood within the gate, and a portion stood in waiting without. The Messenger stood at the portal, holding the keys of the gate. The Guard of the Gate took their places in order, near the Messenger, while the leaders of the graduating class, Rev. H. C. Farrar, chairman, and Rev. George C. Wilding, took their stations, one on the right and the other on the left of the gateway, that at a given signal the class might read responsively the form of service provided. The classes were arranged in parallel columns stretching from the portal itself to the middle of Miller Avenue, a block and a half.

At precisely 9:45 the Chautauqua Band, headed by Frank Wright, Marshal, marching up Lake Avenue, reached the cottage of Dr. Vincent. Here the banner of the C. L. S. C., with the "Guard of the Banner," Mrs. M. Bailey and Mrs. Delos Hatch, were escorted to their places in the line. Four little children, Chippie Firestone, Edna McClellan, Nellie Mallory and Bobbie Davenport were conducted to their places as "streamer bearers," while the beautiful fabric itself was borne by Mr. W. E. H. Massey and Mr. Will Butler. The Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. Vincent, took his place in the line.

The procession took its order of march, moving through Lake Avenue to Haven Avenue, and up Haven to the Hall of Philosophy, which it entered, and the band departed to escort thither "The Chautauqua Procession." (Division V.) This division formed at the Hotel Athenæum, Frank Wright, Marshal, the right resting on the north main front of the hotel, in the following order:

Band.

Chautauqua Board of Trustees, led by Lewis Miller, Esq., President.
The Faculty and Students of the "Chautauqua School of Languages,"
J. H. Worman, Marshal.

The Normal Alumni, carrying their banners for the various years since 1874, Frank Beard, Marshal.

The members of the classes of the C. L. S. C. for the years 1887, 1886, 1885, 1884, Mr. Copeland, Marshal.

The guests of the Assembly, Rev. Frank Russell, Marshal.

The procession, thus constituted, moved at ten o'clock from the piazza of the Hotel Athenæum, across the north side of the Park Athenæum, to Lake Avenue, out Lake Avenue to Cookman Avenue, up Cookman to Clark, halting on Cookman, the right resting on Clark, in open order, the Hall of Philosophy being on its right flank.

At this time the entire neighborhood of the "Hall in the Grove" was filled with interested crowds of spectators, whose eyes saw for the second time the "Recognition Services" of the immense class in the "People's University."

More than a hundred and fifty of the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" (graduates of the preceding year), entered the Hall, and were seated in its western side.

Precisely at ten o'clock, as the booming of the great bell at the Point indicated the hour, the members of the Class of 1883, with such members of the Class of 1882 as had not last year passed the Arches, standing at the gate of St. Paul's Grove, read responsively the devotional services, Rev. George C. Wilding acting as precentor of the first section, and Rev. H. C. Farrar as the precentor of the second section.

The "Messenger," Rev. A. H. Gillet, in slow and solemn utterance gave the announcement as follows:

I come to inform all candidates for enrollment in the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" that the hour appointed for your reception has arrived; the Hall has been set in order; the Path through the Grove has been opened; the Arches under which you must pass have been erected; the Key which will open this Gate has been placed in my hands. And to you who, as members of the CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE, have completed the four years' Course of Reading, and now hold in your hands a pledge of the same, I extend, in the name of the authorities, a welcome into St. Paul's Grove, under the First Arch—and let the watchman guard carefully the Gate.

After the announcement by the Messenger, he turned and opened the gate. The first to enter was Mr. Miner Curtis, an invalid, borne in a wheeled carriage by the advance members of the class of '83, and accompanied by his wife and son, who were graduates of last year.

Having entered the Gate, and the Gate having been closed, the class proceeded very slowly toward the Hall, passing the second and third Arches. As they walked up the beautifully decorated way, the "Choir of the Hall in the Grove" stationed at the fourth Arch, and led by Prof. C. C. Case, sang "A Song of To-day:"

* At Chautauqua, Saturday, August 18, 1883.

"Sing peans over the Past!
We bury the dead years tenderly."

At the entrance to the Hall stood the Superintendent of Instruction to welcome the coming class, and as they passed by the Arch nearest the Hall, the fifty-two little girls standing in double columns, scattered the way of the coming graduates with the beauteous flowers, emblematic of the flower-strewn paths of intellectual light which they may hope to tread in the coming years.

On entering the building the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" received their brothers and sisters with the most marked tokens of good cheer, waving their handkerchiefs and vocally expressing the kindly feeling of the seniors of the year agone.

At precisely 10:20 the "C. L. S. C. Glee Club," Prof. W. F. Sherwin, conductor, led the classes (which filled the Hall to repletion), as they sang

"A sound is thrilling thro' the trees
And vibrant thro' the air."

After the reading of the responsive services came the "Recognition," by the Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. J. H. Vincent, as follows:

Fellow Students of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of the Class of 1883:

DEARLY BELOVED—You have finished the appointed and accepted course of reading. You have been admitted to this sacred Grove. You have passed the Arches dedicated to "Faith," "Science," "Literature" and "Art." You have entered in due form this Hall, the center of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle; and now, as Superintendent of Instruction, in behalf of my associates, the counselors, who are this day absent, I greet you, and hereby announce that you, and your brothers and sisters absent from us this day, who have completed with you the prescribed course of reading, are accepted and approved graduates of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," and that you are entitled to membership in the "Society of the Hall in the Grove." The Lord bless and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

I may say on behalf of the only counselor who is on the ground, Dr. Lyman Abbott, that his indisposition renders it unsafe for him to be here, but at my cottage he will join the procession, and go with you to the Amphitheater. We will now unite in singing

"Bright gleams again Chautauqua's wave,
And green her forest arches."

During the singing of the ode, according to the direction of the Superintendent of Instruction, the class of 1882, under the marshalship of W. A. Duncan, quietly marched from the Hall in double column, taking their position on Haven, Clark, and Cookman avenues, that the graduating class might pass through their ranks at the close of the service of recognition.

The Superintendent of Instruction, Dr. Vincent, Lewis Miller, the Messenger, the Secretary of the C. L. S. C., preceded by the children (flower bearers) and the Banner of the C. L. S. C., headed the procession, which passed out of the south side of the Hall, around Clark to Cookman Avenue, and passed down through the opened ranks of the classes of the C. L. S. C., from whom they received constant marks of recognition and affection, the classes in some cases waving their Chautauqua salute to the Chief as he passed by.

When the head of the procession reached the cottage of Dr. Vincent, a halt was made for a few moments, during which Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the counselors of the C. L. S. C., and the orator of the day, took his place in the ranks.

As the procession marched up the long walk to the north door of the Amphitheater, immense throngs filled all the available standing room on the slopes of the ravine, and the "Blooming of the Lilies" (the Chautauqua salute) was given by

all the opened ranks of the classes as the head of the procession passed through.

The Chautauqua Band, stationed at the entrance of the north gate, discoursed sweet music during the passage of the long cortege.

All the officers, invited guests, members of the board of Chautauqua trustees, officers and members of the Chautauqua School of Languages, the Normal Alumni, and the various classes of the C. L. S. C., passed into the great Amphitheater, when the ropes were dropped, and sooner than we write it, all the remaining seating space was filled to overflowing.

The platform was filled with distinguished Chautauquans and others; the organ gave forth its sweet harmonies under the manipulation of Prof. Andrews; the Chautauqua Banner of the C. L. S. C. was stationed in full view of the vast throng; and after the devotional exercises Dr. Vincent introduced Dr. Lyman Abbott, who delivered the Commencement oration, as follows:

THE DEMOCRACY OF LEARNING.

Fellow Chautauquans :—I see in some of your eyes triumph. You have run in four years a race with uncertainty whether you could ever reach the goal. You have carried on your work under difficulties and discouragements, such as are never known to him who has perfect and continual leisure for the pursuit of studies; but in the midst of employments which were incessant and imperative in their demands upon you; and your courage, your patience, your hope, have vanquished the obstacles, and you are here to-day to receive the outward sign and symbol of your inward victory. In other eyes I see expectation. You have commenced a course and you are hopeful of achieving a result, which has been made possible to you within the last few years, that the fruits and results of study might be yours though you could not give yourself to a life of study, still less to the persistent and professional pursuit of scholarship. In other eyes I see desire dimmed by fear and doubt; you do not know whether this great realm is open to you or not; you wish that you could be assured that it is. Is this all a mistake? Is your triumph a false one, your expectation a delusive one, your hope and your desire one impossible of attainment? This is so asserted. There are not a few in our times who are of the opinion that learning is of necessity only for the few, or at all events if the many can enter a little upon the realm, they must always live upon the border and never can enter into the heart of the country.

I desire, if I may this morning, to meet and to answer this objection of skepticism, and to show that learning is within the possible reach to-day of the great body of industrious, hard-working, perplexed, and driven people of America; that it is not the privilege of the few; that it is the prerogative of the many. I desire to show you that we are entering into an epoch which I may call the "Democracy of Learning." We have already entered into the epoch of democracy in religion. The time has gone by, at least for all Protestant people, of believing that religion is for the few, or that even the higher and larger privileges of religious life are for the few. It has been established for all those who believe in an open Bible and in the universal religion of Jesus Christ that the innermost sanctuary of the temple is for every one. The great wall that before separated the court of Israel from the court of the priests has been broken down; there is but one court. The great veil that hung between the holy of holies and the court of the priests has been torn asunder, and every one of us is not only priest but high-priest, free to enter into the very holy of holies. And we have entered into the epoch of democracy in public affairs. The time has gone by when political power belonged to the few, and political intelligence was believed to be the prerogative of the few. We have come into an epoch in which political power is lodged in the hands of the great masses of the people; and it is lodged there because we believe that, on the whole, political intelligence is lodged in the hands of the great masses of the

people. I desire to show you this morning that we are entering upon an epoch of the Democracy of Learning, in which the highest and best fruits of scholarship are also the privilege and the prerogative of the many. When we have entered upon that land, then we shall be ready to enter upon the last and the completest phase of the triumphant democracy, the Democracy of Industry. Then, when intelligence shall be universally diffused, and when all men shall have the power at least of acquiring the largest and the best and the ripest fruits of knowledge and of intelligence, we shall come into that epoch in which no longer the few will control the industries of the many, but in which industry will be the controlling power, and wealth will be its servant.

I have a three-fold object this morning—I desire in the first place to show you that the fruits of learning are fruits which hang on the lower boughs of the tree where we may all pluck them; to show you not only that, but that the ripest and the best fruits of learning hang there. I desire to show you that it is not necessary that men should go through a college course and should have four years of leisure and of quiet for college study in order to reap the best fruits of a college education. The *process* of investigation must always be carried on by the few. The *results* of education may be, yea! are already becoming the property of the many. Only a few explorers can bear the perils of the Arctic Sea and investigate the mystery of the North Pole; but we can all have the fruits of their investigation. Only a few men can labor and toil in the great libraries searching out the course and progress of history and its sacred events, but we can all have the garnered fruits of their toil and their industry. Not only may we pluck a single blossom, and here and there a single half-ripened fruit from this tree; but the ripest, the best, that which has hung the longest in the sun-light, that whose cheeks are painted the most rosy red, and whose heart has in it the most saccharine juice, that is ready to-day to fall into our open palm if we will but extend it.

In endeavoring to show you this, I shall also necessarily ask you to consider with me what are the ripest and best fruits of learning. What is the object of education? It is not an end, it is a means to an end. It is a great pity that our colleges do not understand this better; for if they did better comprehend that education is a means, and that the end lies behind, fewer students would come out with empty diplomas when the college course is ended.

And incidentally I shall hope also to answer one argument which is sometimes used, and oftener, I think, lies secretly in the minds of people, against a popular and universal education. Some satirist has said that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." If that were true, we might well doubt whether universal education is worth the price we should have to pay for it. If it were true that God held out in one hand devotion to us and in the other hand education, and said, "You must choose between these two; if you become educated you must be skeptical, if you would be devoted you must remain ignorant"—it would be a difficult question for most of us to decide whether we would have intelligence without piety or piety without intelligence. I shall show you that it is not learning, but a little learning which is a dangerous thing; and that if our work is thorough, the broader the culture, the profounder the piety.

For our purpose this morning, learning may be divided into four provinces: literature, history, science and philosophy, to which must be added in any complete topography of the realm, pure mathematics. By pure mathematics I mean arithmetic, algebra, geometry, logarithms, the calculus and the like. But pure mathematics is simply an instrument by which the scientific mind reaches certain results. I shall not therefore consider this department at all; it is not necessary for our purpose. Some one must look through the telescope, some one must know how to use the spectroscope in order to tell us what is the size of the sun and its constituent elements; but we do not need

to examine the telescope or the spectroscope. Some one must be skilled in pure mathematics in order to tell us how many miles the sun is distant from our own earth, but we may take the result without going through the process. This instrument must always be left in the hand of the specialist. I wish to show you that all that is best, highest and most important in literature, history, science and philosophy lies within the power of your acquisition. I wish to show you the spirit with which you must study, and the purpose with which you must acquire it; and I wish to show you that if you acquire in that spirit and with that purpose you can not but gain in your religious nature.

I. In the first place, then, what is literature, and why do we study it? Literature is the expression of human life, in its innermost experiences, and in its outward forms. Sometimes it is the expression of social life, sometimes of the intellectual life, sometimes of the emotional life; but always and everywhere literature is a mirror held up either before society or before the human heart; no, not a mirror, but the sensitized plate in a photographic apparatus; and the picture, now of society, now of the brain, now of the palpitating heart with its fears, hopes, joys and experiences, is given upon the plate; and literature is the picture brought out for us to examine. To study literature is not to study language. Language is merely the instrument which we use for the study of literature. To study literature is to study life—life in its outward semblance or life in its inward experiences. It is to study the life of the community and of society as we study it in Thackeray; or it is to study the life of the brain and the thought as we study it in Plato and Bacon; or it is to study the life of the inward emotions as we study it in Tennyson or Wordsworth. Now, in order to study life as it is portrayed in literature it is not necessary to know the original language in which that life was portrayed. Some one must have studied the Greek language in order to bring Homer to our intelligence; some one must have studied Latin and brought Horace within our horizon; some one must have studied French and brought Moliere within our knowledge; some one must have studied Italian in order to introduce Dante to our acquaintance; but it is not necessary for us to do so. Some one must have taken the negative and printed the picture on the paper for us; but we need not all be photographers in order to get the picture for our own enlightenment. I hold a silver dollar in my hand. Some one must have gone to the mines and dug out the ore with a pick; some one must have put it under the great stampers and beaten it out in the stamping mill; some one must have put it in the sieve and shaken it and shaken it until the grosser dross was washed away; some one must have put it into the furnace and heated it until the finer dross was eliminated; some one must have carried it to the mint and put the stamp of the United States authority upon it; but we need not all be miners digging in the mines; we need not all be workers in the stamping mill; we need not all be toilers in the furnace room; we need not all be masters or mechanics in the mint. The money was coined by those who have wrought for us, and to whom our gratitude is due, but the coin is ours; it is not merely for those who worked in producing it.

I hold in my hand an extract from Taine which expresses that which I desire to express better than I can perhaps express it myself. Let me read it: "What is your first remark on turning over the great leaves of a folio, the yellow sheets of a manuscript, a poem, a code of laws, a confession of faith? This, you say, did not come into existence all alone, it is but a mould like a fossil-shell, an imprint, like one of the shapes embossed in stone by an animal which lived and perished. Under the shell there was an animal; and behind the document there was a man. Why do you study the shell, except to bring before you the animal? So you study the document only to know the man. The shell and the document are lifeless wrecks, valuable only as a clue to the entire and living existence. We must get hold of this existence and endeavor to re-create it. It

is a mistake to study the document as if it were isolated. This were to treat things as a simple scholar, to fall into the error of the bibliomaniac."

You do not need to have traversed the ocean beach or climbed the mountain-top and gathered the shells; you may go into the museum where they have already been gathered, and study their history there. You do not need, with dictionary and grammar, to work out the secrets of the language; you may take the products of those who have thus wrought, and learn the man that lies behind the document.

Not only is it not necessary that a man should study language in order to study literature; in innumerable cases the study of the language has absolutely interfered with the study of the literature. In innumerable cases, men at college have ground away, day after day, and month after month, and year after year, over cases and nouns and parts of speech, and rules of syntax and rules of grammar—working only at the grammar, and utterly oblivious of the great light that lay behind it. Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, has recently told us how hard a man may study Greek and how little he may know of it after he gets through with it, for he assures us that he does not know the Greek alphabet to-day, although he studied Greek six years, four years before college and two in it. I confess I should not have thought it possible for a man to have studied so much and yet know so little when he got through; but I am very certain of this, that my own experience reflects the experience of many college students. I learned more of Homer—of his life, of his character, of the lessons he has to teach, of the man himself—from reading in the "Ancient Classics for English Readers," the Iliad and the Odyssey, and from reading Bryant's translation, than I ever received from reading Homer himself in the original Greek in my college class. That which is highest, and supremest, and best in literature, you may obtain without a college education. You may learn the life, you may learn the man, you may learn the sacred truth; and you can not do that without broadening your sympathies and developing your charity. When you have read Homer and Virgil and Horace; when you have read Dante and Milton; when you have read Molière and Shakspeare; when you have read Wordsworth and Tennyson, and when, out of all this reading, you have gathered their fruits, you will find this to be true, that, though you have one picture of Greek life, one of Italian life, one of French life, one of English life, one portraying the life of four centuries before Christ, and one portraying the life of eighteen centuries after; yet in all these languages, in all these epochs, in all these civilizations the great heart of hope and joy and love and fear and reverence and faith was one. And you will learn to know that humanity, in all its nationalities, in all its epochs, in all its civilizations,—aye, and under all the varied forms of its religions, true and false—that humanity is one in all its brotherhood, and one in its great Father in heaven.

II. What is the object of studying history? What is history? It is not a mere record of dates, not the mere annals of actions, not merely the account of what men have performed or what nations have wrought. A man does not know history because he can recite glibly, beginning with Alfred the Great and coming down to the present time, the dates of the chief events and the chief epochs in English history. History is the record of God's dealing with the human race. History is the account of the great laws under which this human race has been evolved from its lowest condition to its highest condition. As the tree grows from the seed planted in the ground—first the little bud peering above the surface, then the stalk, and then the branches, and by and by the completed oak; as the child grows from the babe in the cradle, taking on one new faculty and one power after another till he comes into as yet incompleated manhood—for the completion of manhood lies afar off in the dim, distant and invisible future—so the nations of the earth, and so the whole race of man has been developed from

the seed to the oak and from the babe in the cradle to manhood in its maturity; and to read history is to read the process of this development.

What, for example, is English history? To know English history is to know that in the Bible, way back years and years before the birth of Christ—fourteen centuries before—were planted all the seeds of a free representative government; to know that in the Mosaic statutes is to be found the outline of a perfect political economy; to know that the Mosaic commonwealth had in it all the elements of those institutions which have made America a free nation; popular suffrage, representative assemblies, political government divided into three departments, executive, legislative, and judicial; a carefully framed system of laws, with a carefully framed system of penalties, a universal system of education, and a religion that was national. To know history is to know that Alfred the Great was a devout believer in the Bible as the word of God, that he studied it and found in this Old Testament, fourteen centuries before the birth of Christ, these seeds of a free government buried and forgotten. It is to know that he gathered them out of this old book, as men have gathered wheat seeds out of old mummies in the tombs of Egypt, and planted them in the more fertile soil of an Anglo-Saxon community. It is to know how the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemote grew to be an English Parliament; it is to know how the people came to be represented in it under Simon de Montfort; and how they came to be supreme in it under Charles the First, and Cromwell. It is to know how the nation was at first a congeries of conflicting tribes, partially brought together by Alfred the Great, and consolidated together under one national sovereignty by William the Conqueror, and growing thence into unity under successive statesmen, until these latter days, when William Gladstone, the greatest statesman of them all, is perfecting the Christian unity of the empire by Christian justice and equity. It is to know how, in the earlier history of this nation, the Pope of Rome assumed authority and control over the nations. It is to know how, through the centuries, the war went on between the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty and this claim of the Church of Rome; how it was begun under Augustine, continued under Thomas à Becket, brought to the beginning of the end under King Henry the Eighth, until finally under Elizabeth the bonds that bound England to Rome were severed forever, and England was made free from every foreign prince and potentate. It is to know how this seed—the sovereignty of the people in the nation, the sovereignty of the nation against the anarchy of feudalism, and the liberty of the nation against the Pope—grew into a tree, as yet but a young sapling; it is to know how then God carefully dug this sapling up, and transported it three thousand miles across the ocean and planted it in the yet more fertile soil of America. It is to know that because of the battle and bloodshed, and the long suffering endured on that soil, to-day there floats over us the banner of liberty and justice. The seeds were there in that old Bible, the culture was there in that English history; the fruit we rejoice in here to-day.

One does not need to work in the Spanish libraries with Prescott, nor in the Dutch libraries with Motley, nor among the old manuscripts of the British museum with Froude, nor among the pamphlets of English literature with Macaulay, in order to gather for himself these highest and supremest fruits of historical learning. The processes of historical research must always be carried on by the few; we must always have in this country some men who have leisure to pursue them. Alas for us, if the time ever comes when we grow careless or indifferent respecting our colleges or universities, and the kind of culture which they give; but they give culture that the cultured may give us fruit. The few garner; the heaviest are for all.

Nor is it possible for one thus to study the history of the human race, to see how, little by little, liberty has grown, education has grown, humanity has grown, and not grow himself in faith in an overruling Providence, and in hope in the Supreme God

As the broad, comprehensive, interior study of literature will give breadth of sympathy, so the broad, comprehensive, and large study of history will give hope. When the fog covers the ocean, and the mariner befogged knows not where he is, and can not tell whence his course has been, nor where it shall be, he sometimes goes aloft and from the top-mast, looking above the fog, discerns the coast in the distance and the entrance into the harbor. In history we rise out of the fog that environs all in the lower level; we look above the fog and over it, and know then the courses we have traced, and see the harbor and the haven not far before us.

III. What is science, and for what purpose do we study it? I use, of course, the word science in its restricted sense, meaning natural science. For two purposes. Nature is a vast and wonderful machine; its mechanism may well arouse both our astonishment and our admiration. If you have a watch that keeps time so that it does not vary more than two or three minutes in a year you are proud of it, and if you should by chance have a watch that did not vary more than one minute in a year you would be a remarkably humble man if you did not boast of it to your acquaintances. But in the heavens the sun and the planets round it have been keeping time for the centuries, and as yet astronomy has not detected an appreciable variation in its time. What a wonderful mechanism is this! If an inventor should construct a furnace which would keep us warm in winter and cool in summer, no manufacturer would be able to supply the orders. But you have within you a furnace such that although you may go from the land of the Esquimaux with the thermometer 40° below zero, to the tropics with the thermometer 110° above zero, this furnace does not allow the habitation in which you dwell to vary more than four or five degrees. What a wonderful mechanism is this nature which we study! And we study this mechanism partly that we may use it, that we may lay hold on these great forces of nature and make them subservient to our will by understanding the laws which regulate and govern them. But nature is more than a machine; nature is also a book, and a wonderful book, written all over in hieroglyphics that require study for their apprehension. It is more than a mechanism. It is a revelation; and it reveals wondrous things to him who knows how to read it aright. Edison and Morse, Copernicus and Newton—they have interpreted nature on the one side; but Wordsworth, and Longfellow, and Bryant—they have interpreted nature on the other, and the one class of interpretations is as valuable as the other. We study nature as a mechanism that we may know how to use it; we study nature as a book that we may know how to read it.

Now, all that which is most valuable in nature, as a mechanism, we lay hold of and use without going through the labor necessary in the original examination by the first investigator. We do not need to understand the laws of heat and steam to use them; some one has learned the laws, and has brought fire and water together and has pronounced a nuptial blessing over them, and a child has been born of the marriage, and we take steam for our slave without knowing the ritual which married the father and mother. Some one must have learned how to reach his hand to the cloud, and bring down the electricity, make it run our errands and serve the purpose of our illumination; but we do not need to know the processes in order to sit under the light. Not only is it true that the mechanical uses that come from natural sciences we get without going through the processes, but the literary and spiritual we get also. Others have been turning over the pages of this marvelous book and have been reading it to us, and unconsciously, unknowingly, almost without the sense that we have been learning anything, we have learned great lessons in this book of nature. Scientists on the one side and theologians on the other have put science and religion into antagonism with one another. But they are sister teachers of the race; science has received all its life from the late comprehended revelation of the first

chapter of Genesis that nature is man's servant, not his god; and theology has learned some of its profoundest lessons from the book of nature which science has interpreted. Consider for one moment what a fundamental religious lesson we have learned in the school-room of science almost without knowing that she was our teacher. The ancient Hebrews believed that Palestine was the world; all the rest was a mere outlying district environing it, the back yard as it were. The Mediterranean was the Great Sea, the little pond of Galilee was the Sea of Galilee, the sun and moon and stars were torches for man's illumination—that was their conception of the universe. With that conception it is not strange that they had an equally insignificant and unworthy conception of the God of the world, a conception against which the inspired writers were continually struggling, and from which they were continually endeavoring to lift the people up. When the Philistines fought against the Israelites and captured the ark of God they were in triumph. "We have captured God," they thought; and the Israelites were almost equally in despair, for they also half thought that Jehovah had been carried off a prisoner. Now, science, even more than revelation, has been enlarging our conceptions of this universe. The Holy Land, a province about as large as Vermont, is no longer the earth; the Atlantic and the Pacific are the great seas; this globe on which we live is but one of the smaller globes of the planetary system; and the great planetary system itself is but a smaller one of the great planetary systems which are circling around some vast and distant sun. Science has taught us too that all this universe is linked together, bound together by a common law, bound together by a common order of phenomena. It has investigated the sun and the stars, it has analyzed their light, it has shown us that the substances of these bodies are identical with the substances of ours. It has taught us the unity of nature, it has taught us the vastness of nature. There are stars in the firmament which you can see with the naked eye, on which if a man were standing with a telescope fine enough and powerful enough to see what is transpiring on this globe, and should look through it to-day, he would see not this congregation assembled under this roof, but the first outbreaking of the revolution, so long does it take light to traverse from our globe to the stars, light that takes but eight minutes to travel from the sun to the earth. There are stars so distant that he would see not Chautauqua gathered here to-night, but the crucifixion of Christ taking place on the hill of Calvary; stars so distant, that with a telescope powerful enough to carry the message of this world to his sight, he would see Abraham coming out of the land of his idolatry into the promised land; stars so distant that he would see this earth first taking on its brightness in the birth-day of its glory. So vast is our universe that the mind can not attempt to comprehend its majestic distances. It is not theology, it is not religion, it is not even the Bible that has unfolded this vastness; it is science. It is impossible that men who have once learned anything of this greatness of creation, or anything of this unity of creation, should ever bow down again before idols of wood and stone. So long as men thought that the laws of the material universe were antagonistic and anarchic, that the universe was made up of warring tribes and provinces, so long it was not strange that they should worship many gods. So long as they thought that it was a little province on which they lived, the boundaries of which they could themselves measure with their tape-line, they might well worship before images they had formed with their utterances or with their hands. But to-day you might burn every Bible in the land, you might burn every church and Sunday-school house, you might put all the priests and ministers in America on the great bonfire, and consume them as well, and then you might erase from every mind every lesson that had been learned from church or Sunday-school, from priest or minister, and this nation could not go back to idolatry, unless it went back to the utter barbarism of utter ignorance. That which is highest and supremest in science you can learn without

becoming a scientist; and you can not learn it without learning the large reverence that is the very foundation of religion.

IV. What is philosophy? The study of philosophy is the study of the laws which govern the spiritual realm, as the study of natural science is the study of the laws which govern the natural and the physical realm. It is not studying Hegel, and Kant, and Schleiermacher; it is not studying Hickock or Hopkins; it is not studying what philosophers have thought—they are the mere translators, the mere "ponies." Philosophy is the law of humanity, either social or individual. The study of philosophy is the study of the laws which God has ordained for the binding of men together into a common organism, or for the government of their individual lives. Men believed that the foundation of the State was a compact, and that each citizen gave up something of his rights for the common welfare; they believed that the foundation of the Nation was a compact in which each State gave up something which it had of right to secure the advantage of a commonwealth. So believing, they concluded that any State might withdraw from its allegiance, and they might have easily concluded that any individual might withdraw from his allegiance. It is only as we learned that we are born into the government and made a part of the State from the beginning by the ordinance of God, that we have learned what is the bond that has bound the nation together. Revolting from the Romish doctrine that marriage is a sacrament, Protestantism has been teaching for years that it is merely a civil contract. We are reaping the result of this false teaching. To-day in Puritan Connecticut, the minister can not tie the marriage bond much faster than the courts across the street can dissolve it. We have yet to learn that marriage is more than a civil contract, that it is an ordinance of God; that he who made man and woman made them that these twain should become one flesh, and made the home to be the first Church and the first State. When we have learned that, we shall have learned the foundation of the home as we have learned the foundation of the State. To study philosophy is to study the laws which govern society in its organism. All text-books are only instructions to teach us how to study life itself, which is the great text-book. To study philosophy is also to study the laws which govern the individual. It is to know that God has made you body, soul and spirit; that he has given you a physical organism, wonderful, but simply a mechanism in your hands; that he has given you a mental power wonderful in its reason's qualities, but with its partial parallels in the animals about you; it is to know that far above the body and the mind is the spirit—reverence, and love, and hope, and a living faith—that makes you one with God, and that points you to your eternal habitation. This it is to study mental and moral philosophy. It is to know how to read the secrets of your own soul. It is to know how to read the inner life of the souls of others. Books will help; scholarship will help; but the great book is the human soul, and we need not have scholarship to read that book. Burns and Shakspeare were not great scholars; but no scholar ever surpassed Burns and Shakspeare in the reading of the human soul.

No one ever exerted so profound an influence on the life of humanity as Jesus of Nazareth. You may think that Jesus was simply a man; you will not doubt that from the teachings of Jesus have gone forth an influence greater by far than went forth from Plato, or Socrates, or Confucius, or Buddha. You may think with me that he was the Son of God; you surely will not doubt the potency of the influence that proceeded from the incarnate Son of God. Jesus, the son of the carpenter, what did he know of literature, of science, of philosophy? Rather, what knowledge did he employ? He was thoroughly familiar with the literature of his day—that is, the Bible; but he never displayed or employed any critical or literary knowledge respecting it. He never discussed questions of authorship, he never debated questions of origin or date, he did not touch that which lay on the surface. He read the interior and spiritual truth. He saw in

that which to their mind was a mere annal, and a mere law the beating heart of the inspired prophet telling of God. He tore off the wrapping and made the world see it. He plucked from the psalm of David this bud, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and in his hand it blossomed into the parable of the Good Shepherd. He plucked from the psalm of David this utterance, "Like as a father pitieth his children," and in his hand it blossomed into the parable of the Prodigal Son. He knew the life back of literature. He invented no machine, gave no hint of any, suggested no steam engine, no steam boat, no electric light. What he *knew* I say not. I may say what he used, and knowledge of nature as a mechanism he never used; but he looked into nature as a book, read her teachings, and interpreted them; in the sower going forth to sow, in the fisher gathering his fish from his net; in the bird's song in the air he heard the sweet note of trust; in the flowers blossoming from the ground he read the sweet promise of God's providing care. Things which men having eyes saw not and ears heard not he brought to their vision and their hearing. He propounded no scheme of political philosophy, none of psychology, or theology, but he taught that "One is your father, even God in heaven, and ye all are brethren;" and the great laws that are to bind together, rather the one great law of order, the law of love, this law he expounded. The son of the carpenter lived that he might teach, among the other lessons, this lesson of the democracy of learning; that learning, in its higher and more valued forms, is for the mechanic busy at his bench, for the smith grimy with toil at his forge, for the mother busiest of all, with hands and brain and heart filled with her children.

Kings of the earth have fought that they might hold the power in their own hands, and the many might be subject to them. The people have risen, and grown strong, until at last they have trampled the king and the army under their feet, and have rushed into the citadel and the palace and taken possession, and the citadel of oppression and the palace of luxury have become the temple of liberty. The priests have fought long that they might keep the people out of the temple and hold the mysteries of religion an exclusive possession. But the people have surged up against the priests and trampled them under foot, and occupied the temple of religion. The temples of learning are open; the kings of learning stand at the door, and with their scepters beckon you to come and share their coronation and their crown. The priests of learning bid you come, that they may open to you the mysteries of literature. For in the republic of letters there is no aristocracy but that of service. And they only are great who have learned how best to serve their fellow-men.

The triumph that I read in your eyes is not a false triumph. You have plucked the first fruits, and all the other brightest and best are before you for your plucking. The expectation that I read in your eyes is not a delusive expectation. The fruit is yours. The desire that I read in your eyes is not a cheating desire. The aspiration that burns within you for learning may have its gratification. You have no money? Literature is cheap. You have no time? You have as much time as Schliemann had, who stood in the long line before the postoffice and studied his Greek while waiting for the letters. You have as much time as Mary Somerville had, who wrote the volume which gave her a princely reputation among astronomers, while tending with motherly care the children in the nursery pulling at her skirts. The forces of nature come out of the ground and offer themselves to you to do the drudgery which aforetime was left to human hands, that you may have time to learn the truth of God, and the works of God, and the will of God. We stand to-day on the mountain height. We look just across the valley. The Jordan is no longer overflowing its banks, but is a narrow and shallow stream. The promised land lies there in all its richness and brilliance, and God's providence utters its promise to us Americans in this nineteenth century: "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for

the Lord thy God has given thee this land for a possession forever."

Another immense audience assembled in the Amphitheater at two o'clock to listen to the addresses delivered to the graduating class by President Lewis Miller, and Dr. J. H. Vincent.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT LEWIS MILLER.

Chautauquans.—In these days of popular education, it may be profitable to examine the different sources of culture and development. First among these are books—the treasures that lie hidden in them may well awaken our inquiry and admiration, may well be worth the many hours of toil spent in preparing the mind, so that it can converse with the masters of the past and present. I do not wonder at hunger after the hidden treasures of books, for in them are power, wealth and pleasure. We need but watch the interested audiences that gather in this Amphitheater, to realize the power there is in the rostrum, how in all ages peoples have been confirmed or changed in their opinions by that mere persuasive power of words. Your mind now runs over the histories you have studied, and you recall the orators who, through the power of speech alone, have revolutionized empires, advanced or checked civilization. What pleasure to the mind and heart, to be able in our leisure hours to sit with Herodotus, Macaulay, Motley, Bancroft, and a host of others, and hear them tell their historic stories! or with David, Homer, Shakspeare, Whittier and Bryant, and let them fill our minds with the beautiful and soothing words of poetry! Does not art, in a still more condensed form, give us the history of the nations of the past? Does it not give us a clearer idea of thought? What descriptive words could give us so clear a view of the golden candlestick, around which clusters so much of interest to the Bible student, as can be had by a look at the plaster mould of the arch of Titus, in the Museum? What more rapidly moulds, and more powerfully influences, the present age than do the pictures on the walls, and the books in the libraries of our homes?

May I venture to bring before your mind that other phase of art, known as the mechanic art? That art, on which the educator has placed so small an estimate that when an apparently dull boy is found in the school or family, he is turned over to it, in the notion that stupidity can here find subsistence and compensation.

Now, give this art the power to express itself in words and in the fine arts, and I will bring back to you the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo, in which thought was expressed in words and on canvas and stone, in such purity that the student in the schools of to-day is carried back to these times, to study the perfection and beauty of expression. In the line of a better educated labor lies the settlement of the great labor question. Will it be as Garfield suggests, for Chautauqua to provide not only for the leisure, but secure the leisure by some system of education that will make it possible?

If by any means the mental energies can be combined with the muscles, the product of labor will be greatly increased, and the time producing the same quantity lessened. Struggling labor hardly sees that in the short space of about thirty years the time has been lessened from thirteen and fourteen hours to ten hours per day, and the wages enhanced from fifty and seventy-five cents per day to an average of two dollars per day. In most of the prominent manufacturing establishments throughout the North we are at a near approach to a reduction of time to eight hours—and may God speed the day. Take the advance in quantity of products for ten years only, and by the aid of machinery, and more intelligent labor, we have gained more than two hours. Why should not labor get its due proportion? We are fast turning the drudgery of labor to pleasure. You need but visit the dish-washing and laundry-rooms at the Hotel Athenæum to witness the truth of what I state.

Some years ago I made an estimate of the number of inhabitants it would require to do by hard labor that which was done at that time by twelve thousand inhabitants by the use of steam and water power. It reached the enormous number of three hundred thousand inhabitants. From this we may learn that it will not be a great hardship to give to labor more leisure and more pay, not rashly as by strikes, but by prudent and gradual measures.

Ah, the wealth of nations rests in this art! The power to subdue forests and belt empires with railroads and telegraphs, and ignore distance is in its hands.

This art sends forth its missionary in its manufactured products to all quarters of the globe; every different product is a copy of a volume on some subject, carrying with it some Christian's impress and prayer. So true is this that it needs no great expert to tell an article made by Christian hands from that made by heathen.

This power of the individuality impresses with interest and wonder. How readily thoughts in words are detected from others, even on the same subject. Every workman of a manufactured article in some such sense makes his individual impress on the work he performs, and it is as readily told. The Christian, liberty-loving intelligence is pressed into every article and sent forth on its mission of preaching the gospel to every creature, even gaining entrance where the missionary is refused. With this truth in mind, with what renewed pleasure must the liberated laborer make still greater impress of his individual mind. This thought can be carried into all that we do. Our walk, our talk, and the expression of our faces all enter into our products of whatever kind. How important that it should be imbued with the spirit of intelligent Christianity.

Class of '83, you have only opened the doors to wider range, to fields of greater usefulness. All about you lie sleeping elements to be quickened into activity. Have your accumulated mental development well stored, and constantly add more. The purpose of the study was more to create an appetite for knowledge than to give a thorough or finished education.

We are glad as officers of the C. L. S. C. to present you with diplomas having places for many seals. May there be no laxity of effort until the crowning seal will emblazon over the whole its rays.

The Rev. Dr. Vincent said:

A large number of salutations from members of the C. L. S. C. have been received, some of them breathing a simple prayer of benediction on the Circle and its officers, others testifying to the value of the Circle to them intellectually, socially, and spiritually; many are too long to read at this time, but every line has been carefully read by the Superintendent of Instruction, and a few of the sentences are here reported:

From Sacramento, Cal.: "We long to be with you at the Assembly; but since we can not be, be assured that as we read of Commencement Day our hearts beat in sympathy with those of the C. L. S. C."

From Washington, D. C.: "Hearty thanks for so splendid an opportunity of living more abundantly, as I have enjoyed through the noble conception and sensible management of the C. L. S. C. I hope to add many of its seals to my diploma."

From St. Paul, Minn.: "The day in which '83 passes through the Golden Gate you, who are present amidst the jubilee, will most likely forget the distant ones; but I for one will put on my C. L. S. C. badge, take out two faded maple leaves, kept in remembrance of last summer, and in imagination march with the proud class under the Arches, while I will pray the good Lord to bless Chautauqua."

From Brooklyn, N. Y.: "The salutation, as recorded in Malachi iii:16, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of

remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name."

From San Francisco: A New Yorker writes: "I found THE CHAUTAUQUAN on a planter's table in the Sandwich Islands, and learned of a circle in Honolulu."

A member writes: "The royal road to learning is no *terra incognita*. Our *route en roi* is called *via Chautauqua*."

From Amsterdam, N. Y.: A poem closes:

"I would like very much to Chautauqua to go;
It would certainly give me great joy;
But my duties are such that I linger at home;
I've a year-old Chautauqua boy."

From Elkhorn, Wis.: One who sees through the lenses of the C. L. S. C., the Chautauqua University of the future, writes: "In 1904, A. D., I shall be fifty years old. At that time I hope to graduate at the Chautauqua University. This will give me just twenty-five years from the beginning of my course in 1876 to complete the work, and I intend to work diligently every year."

From Massachusetts: "Language would be left a beggar if I were to tell you all that the C. L. S. C. has been to me. It has been a song and a poem, when life was beginning to read like prose. It has been sunshine on many a cloudy day. God bless our alma mater, and make her days long in the land."

From New York: "When the history of the successful men and women of the next generation shall be written, may it be found that the members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of 1883 are among the number."

From Santa Barbara, Cal., comes the greeting of Mrs. M. P. Austin, who prays that "the C. L. S. C. may do as much for others as it has done for me."

From St. Paul, Minn., a graduate writes: "Although in middle life, I have rejoiced like a child at the prospect of graduating. My studies have been precious to me; and, although I have carried them on alone, the enthusiasm has never grown less. May I boast of the dozen recruits whom I have brought into the work, not for the name of it, but because I want everybody to be benefited as I have been. Saturday will find me in a white dress and blue ribbon, and I shall try to catch the spirit which ascends to our Father, and have something of the blessings which are invoked upon the graduates of that day. May his blessed spirit be with you, and may he be precious not only to them who believe, but to many who never before have called on his name."

From Massachusetts a member writes: "I have heard this objection to the C. L. S. C., that it leads to neglect of Bible study. My personal experience has been that I never spent more time in Bible study or loved it more than during the past four years."

From Dakota a mother writes: "Although my boy is but eleven years old, he has done the greater part of my reading this year, and dear little Maggie, nine years of age, is greatly interested in what she calls mamma's course. She also often reads for me, patiently spelling out the hard words."

William C. Wilkinson, of Tarrytown, New York, writes: "I send greeting, congratulation and God-speed to the class of 1883. A persistence on your part of four years in a course of volunteer reading and study has not only created character in you, but also proved that you possessed character to begin with. It was not perfectly easy for you to do what you have done. There have been times, more than once, during these four years, when the temptation was strong to abandon your undertaking. But you did not abandon it, simply because you would not abandon it. Your will was strong enough to overcome the strong temptation. Now your will is stronger for having been strong. Go forward in this added strength to add strength again. The will conquers by conquering, until it becomes at length unconquerable. Conquer is a proud word. Let us change it and say something meeker and truer. Let us say,

obey. We conquer only when we obey. You have obeyed your conscience in accomplishing your appointed course. That obedience is your victory. When the will is perfectly obedient to conscience, conscience being at the same time perfectly enlightened by the Word and by the Spirit of God, then we are omnipotent. We reign then with Christ. All things are ours. Go on, alumni of Chautauqua. Carry forward the banner. Let it float in your hands ever farther and higher. I do not say *plant* it anywhere. I say *bear* it onward and upward. There is always, amid the Alps of our glorious endeavor and struggle, a peak above and beyond. Climb that, and then—forward still. The goal is never attained, but the race itself is better than would be rest at the goal. Remember the ranks that are behind you, year after year, in the future. Give them a generous lead. Remember the one pioneer rank in advance of you. Tread close on their heels. Follow, so that it will be hard for your leaders to lead. Lead, so that it will be hard for your followers to follow.

"God bless and crown the Class of 1883!

"W. C. WILKINSON."

Bishop Henry W. Warren writes:

"TOP OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, August 1, 1883.

"*Dear Chautauquans*:—Pausing to take a farewell look at the Atlantic slope before going down that of the Pacific, my mind passes over many a place of interest and rests on Chautauqua. There is no more interesting place on the continent. How many faces rise for recognition! But I can not indulge in personal greetings, for the friends are so many and so dear that time would fail me to speak of the institution that is the outcome of the inspiration and labor of all these friends. William Cullen Bryant said Chautauqua exemplified the spirit of mutual encouragement. President Garfield said that it taught what to do with the result of civilization's first fight, leisure; and Bishop Wiley said it was a Christian center, able to save the gospel if there was nothing else left.

"Unquestionably, Chautauqua is the grandest inspiration and quickening of mind in this century or any other. It is the consummate flavoring of our Christian republican principles. It offers all opportunities for growth to all men. It seems to present as good a chance to every man as comes to any man. This development of mind is our chief wealth. We turn auriferous quartz into coin, iron ore into a body for the soul of electricity, but mind had to be developed and refined first. Rome sought wealth by the robbery of other nations, but she never gained as much wealth in a decade as we develop from nature in a year. What we need as a nation is a perpetual push and effort of the masses of men to rise. They drag down none of the few that are already eminent, but, by surpassing them, incite to greater attainments. Let there be no fear that there will be too many great men, or men too great. These vast glittering snow-peaks about me find room enough, as well as the mole hills. 'There is always room at the top,' for the top is larger than the bottom, as these bending heavens are larger than the earth, and eternity longer than time.

"Would that I could set one of these mountains near Chautauqua and let its grassy base, its wooded slopes, its masses of ore, its glittering crown of glorious light say to every beholder: Here is an object lesson worthy of God's giving to his child, here is a symbol of the eternal power of the God-head of your Father, here are hints of what his child may be. All things are for all men; whosoever will, let him come and take.

"Dear members of the C. L. S. C. of 1883, I commend you to the baccalaureate sermon of Dr. Vincent to-morrow for higher and grander utterances than these heights can give; to Dr. Abbott also for grander foundations than those of these mountains; even those of the Christian faith, for the mountains shall melt with fervent heat, but the word of God standeth forever,

"Yours in Christian knowledge and faith,

"HENRY W. WARREN."

Dr. Vincent then read the following:

Let Framingham Chautauqua hail,
The child the mother greet!
O'er intervening hill and dale,
Oh, courier, be fleet!

Say, "Brothers, fellow-students, friends,
Ne'er turn to look behind;
For they whose pathway upward tends,
The sun-crowned summits find.

"The outlook broadens, even now,
A vision rare and grand;
Hope in each heart, light on each brow,
Join welcome hand to hand!

"And while the kindly grasp gives strength,
Repeat along the line:

'We'll turn from earthly lore, at length
Beloved, to things divine.

"Bright with perennial health and youth,
When that glad time shall be,
Our guide the way, the life, the truth,
Immortal pupils we!"

After the reading of the congratulations and greetings, Dr. Vincent and President Miller presented the members of class '83, present at Chautauqua, their well-earned diplomas. Out of this wonderful class of graduates, numbering nearly 1,400, over 300 were present. The class has representatives in all of the following States and Territories:

California, Maine, Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Minnesota, Maryland, Iowa, Illinois, Georgia, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Texas, Vermont, West Virginia, Connecticut, Missouri, District of Columbia, New Hampshire, Colorado, Dakota, Kentucky.

Canada is also represented, and in far-away China there is one graduate. Thirteen different denominations are represented, as follows: Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, Christian, United Presbyterian, Reformed, Unitarian, Universalist, Friends, Roman Catholics, Seventh-day Baptists.

The following occupations were represented: Teachers, house-keepers, ministers, lawyers, clerks, students, mechanics, farmers, merchants, dressmakers, milliners, music-teachers, and stenographers.

SOCIETY OF THE HALL IN THE GROVE.

At 4 o'clock p. m., the Society of the Hall in the Grove assembled in the Hall for counsel in regard to its future work. It was clearly seen by all that the prosperity of the organization, if not its very existence, required accommodations for its meetings, such as Chautauqua could not now supply. After considerable discussion of many suggestions, the following committee was appointed to consider plans for the erection of a building, or of a series of buildings, in the near future for the use of the society: R. S. Holmes, of Auburn, N. Y.; A. M. Martin, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; A. H. Gillet, Prof. Mattison, and S. J. M. Eaton, D.D. A committee on constitution, aims and plans of the organization was appointed, consisting of J. H. Vincent, D.D.; J. R. Pepper, of Memphis, Tenn.; L. C. Peake, of Toronto, Canada; R. S. Holmes and J. G. Allen. J. G. Allen and A. D. Wilder were appointed additional members of the Guard of the Banner.

After the Society of the Hall in the Grove had completed the business, a social followed, and song and chat ruled the hour.

About 9 o'clock, under the direction of A. M. Martin, the camp fires were lighted. In the midst of a light which was nearly as bright as day, R. S. Holmes, I. I. Covet, of Pittsburgh; J. H. Kellogg, of Troy, N. Y.; Lewis C. Peake, of To-

ronto; Rev. J. H. Warren, of Tennessee, and A. M. Martin, of Pittsburgh, made speeches, containing reminiscences of the past, interspersed with song, and the great crowd appeared to listen as attentively as if it had not heard a speech during the day.

But the fires have burnt low, the people surround a bed of hot coals, and the time for corn roasting has come. The boys are ready, and some not boys in years are equally eager for the "green corn dance." Without coarseness or rudeness the fun commenced, and continued till the night bells called to repose. Thus closed the graduating exercises of the C. L. S. C. Class of 1883. From morning till night the tide of life ran high, shared in by ten thousand people of all ages, from the tiny girl to the veteran of many years.

ORDER OF THE WHITE SEAL.

A meeting of the members of the Order of the White Seal was held on Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Hall, Rev. Dr. Eaton in the chair. In the absence of the secretary, the minutes of last meeting were read by the chairman. On motion, the Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., Franklin, Pa., was elected president for the ensuing year, and Mr. L. C. Peake, Toronto, Can., secretary. Rev. W. H. Rogers reported on behalf of the Committee on Individual Effort, Mrs. E. F. Curtiss for that on Local Circles, and Miss Carrie C. Ferrin for that on the Round-Table. On motion these reports were accepted. Committees for the ensuing year were appointed as follows: On Individual Effort, Rev. W. H. Rogers, Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y.; Miss Emily Raymond, Toledo, O., and Miss C. Dickey, Geneseo, N. Y. On Local Circles, Mrs. E. F. Curtiss, Geneseo, N. Y.; Miss Fannie E. Roy, Atlanta, Ga., and Clarence H. Bean, Varysburg, N. Y. On the Round-Table, Miss Carrie C. Ferrin, Ellington, N. Y.; Mrs. A. W. Briggs, Elma, N. Y., and Miss M. C. McGowan, Cincinnati, O.

MONTEREY ASSEMBLY.

The Pacific Grove Assembly, held near Monterey, California, devoted Friday, July 13, to the commencement exercises of the C. L. S. C. We give a full report of the celebration:

Friday was a perfect Monterey day. The Chautauquans gathered according to program in the large public parlor of the railroad building and fell into line for a procession. The choir sang a cheerful Chautauqua song, in which many others joined, and then "processioned." First came the president and officers of the society, then the graduates, then all members of the C. L. S. C.—then everybody. All members wore an oak leaf, which is the regulation badge, but members of the graduating class wore for a decoration a broad badge of dark garnet-colored ribbon, fringed with bullion, and with the unfailing "C. L. S. C." and the figures "1883" printed upon it in gold. They marched toward the Assembly Hall, passing under the motto-inscribed and garlanded arches, and entering the building proceeded to the front seats, which had been reserved. The hall, under the care of the decorative committee, had broken out into fresh verdure and bloom, while the letters "C. L. S. C." and the class dates, "1879-1883," had blossomed out in gold and scarlet upon the white wall behind the speakers' platform.

The hall was full to overflowing. Everybody on the grounds had been invited to be present, and the greatest interest was manifested by all. The exercises began with an inspiring Chautauqua song. An earnest and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Heacock, of San Jose, and then a beautiful letter of greeting from Dr. Vincent, the founder of the society, was read. It was full of cordial friendliness, outlined briefly the benefits which he trusted all had received from pursuing the C. L. S. C. studies, and pointed out the catholicity and wide helpfulness of the Chautauqua Idea. It closed with words of stimulus and encouragement, as well as congratulation. Prof

Norton now made a brief but admirable introductory address. He spoke of the Chautauqua enthusiasm and interest as an intellectual revival. It is a work for the masses, differing from that of the great universities of whose benefits only a few favored ones can avail themselves. It goes to homes of poverty, to workshops and kitchens as well as the libraries and parlors. It is food for the hungry wherever they may be. It comes to lives which have been arid and desolate through monotonous toil. He spoke of the great increase of insanity among our farming population, owing, no doubt, to the lack of healthful mental occupation. The C. L. S. C. course of reading and plans for neighborhood circles may help these lonely, overworked people to new and broader horizons of thought and life. Prof. Norton closed with a pathetic and poetic comparison between our real lives and our temporary sojourn by the great sea which tosses and surges before us. Our footsteps on the shore here are washed away by every incoming tide, so with our "footsteps on the sands of time." The great sea of eternity will soon efface all our little earthly deeds. Let us live for eternal things. Let to-day be a commencement indeed—a beginning of grander and better living, of deeds which shall survive in the long years of God.

The quartet choir sang another beautiful song, and then three essays were read from the graduates.

A delicate little prose-poem called "Childhood in Literature," by Miss Myrtie Hudson, of San Jose (a post-graduate of our society), was read by Miss Lydia Bean. The diplomas were presented by Dr. Stratton, who remarked when giving them that these diplomas do not confer degrees, but something better than a degree, for they represent mature study, habits of fixed thought and life-long intellectual growth.

There were more than forty C. L. S. C. graduates in our State this year. The following were present: Mrs. Lydia A. French, Stockton; Mrs. H. J. Gardener, Rio Vista; Miss E. A. Wood, Riverside; Mrs. A. J. Bennett, San Jose; Mrs. M. E. McCowen, Ukiah; Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, San Jose; Miss M. McBride, Dixon; Mrs. C. C. Minard, Evergreen; Mrs. Estelle Greathhead, San Jose; Mrs. Lucy N. Crane, San Lorenzo; Mrs. S. E. Walton, Yuba City; Miss Cornelia Walker, San Jose; Mrs. S. F. Gosbey, Santa Clara; Mrs. F. W. Pond, Los Angeles; Miss Alice M. Wells, Dixon; Mrs. M. H. McKee, San Jose; Miss Henrietta Stone, Mrs. Mira E. Miller, Santa Barbara; Dr. C. C. Stratton, San Jose.

After the commencement exercises the crowd dispersed, and the friends of the graduates gathered around them to congratulate and exchange friendly greetings. But it was late lunch-time, and the keen demands of appetite were never keener than here at Pacific Grove. So, with the understanding that all were to reassemble at 2 o'clock p. m., those who had lingered hastened away. The hour for meeting soon arrived, and the Chautauquans mustered in force at the beautiful cove near Prospect Park. After a lively social time, President Stratton called the meeting to order and pointed out a suggestive-looking traveling photographer, armed with the usual camera and other implements, who had been hovering about a neighboring cliff, and evidently had intentions of immortalizing the C. L. S. C. Assembly. Everybody was requested to assume a graceful attitude and a pleased expression, which they made haste to do. The beach was covered with people, standing, sitting, reclining. It was very hard work to be sober and proper, and look as dignified as future ages will demand. Our president reclined upon the sand, as befitted "the noblest Roman of us all;" the secretary sat upright and faced the music; the modest vice-president tried to get away, but was restrained by his numerous admiring friends; the small boys in front were entreated to keep still; the photographer removed the pall-like black cloth, and the deed was done. The result was quite successful, and the picture may yet hang in the "Hall in the Grove," that eastern Chautauquans may see how their transcontinental comrades look when disporting themselves by the sunset sea.

The photograph business being disposed of, the next thing in

order was the Round-Table. There was no table to speak of, but a great deal of "round"—an informal all 'round talk in a pleasant, familiar fashion. Everybody was seated upon the shining white sand, a soft gray sky overhead, a mild, warm atmosphere enfolding all, and the illimitable sea stretching out before us and breaking in soft murmurs at our feet. Members from all over the State gave, in brief conversational style, cheering reports of their various circles, and the utmost interest was manifested by all in the common weal. The tone of the meeting was decidedly inspiring, and all seemed ready to promise improvement and renewed effort.

The next evening was the mussel-bake. A blazing fire had been built upon the sand, but far from the assemblage, and much vigorous *muscle* was displayed in stirring the embers and piling on driftwood and resinous pine cones, but as to the *mussels*, perhaps the less said about them the better. There were, indeed, mussels baked, and they were passed around upon a board in the most approved style, but it must be confessed the supply was not very abundant. The whole mussel-bake was a little like Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. The explanation lay in the fact that mussels can only be gathered in certain places and at very low tide, and there had been a little misunderstanding. Nevertheless, brethren, we had a grand time, an unlimited supply of apples and freshly-roasted peanuts, and we fully propose to have a mussel-bake every year!

At a business meeting held during the assembly, Rev. Dr. Stratton was re-elected to the presidency of the Pacific Coast; C. L. S. C.; Dr. C. L. Anderson, of Santa Cruz, was elected vice-president; Mrs. M. H. Field, of San Jose, general secretary and treasurer; Miss Mary Bowman, of San Jose, secretary of the Assembly, and Mrs. Eloise Dawson, of San Jose, treasurer of the Assembly. Votes of thanks were given to many benefactors, and to retiring officers, especially to Miss M. E. B. Norton, who has given our Branch the most faithful and untiring service.

Our newly elected executive committee consists of Rev. C. C. Stratton, D.D., San Jose, president; C. L. Anderson, M.D., vice-president, Santa Cruz; Mrs. M. H. Field, general secretary, San Jose; Mrs. Eloise Dawson, San Jose, treasurer; Rev. J. H. Wythe, D.D., Oakland; Prof. H. B. Norton, San Jose; Rev. I. H. Dwinelle, Sacramento; G. M. Ames, Oakland; Miss Lucy Washburn, San Jose; Prof. Josiah Keep, Alameda; Mrs. L. J. Nusbaum, Sacramento; Rev. C. D. Barrows, San Francisco; Mrs. S. E. Walton, Yuba City; Mrs. Julia Leal, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. M. McCowen, Ukiah; Clarke Whittier, M.D., Riverside; Mrs. E. A. Gibbs, Santa Rosa; Miss M. E. B. Norton, San Jose.

MONTEAGLE ASSEMBLY.

By REV. J. H. WARREN.

Monteagle Assembly is located at Monteagle, Grundy County, Tenn., on the top of Cumberland Mountain, fifteen miles from Cowan, between Sewanee and Tracy City, immediately on the railroad owned and managed by the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company. Cowan is a small village on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, eighty-four miles from Nashville and sixty-four miles from Chattanooga. The ride up the mountain from Cowan to the Assembly grounds is one of the most picturesque in this country. The ascent for the first nine miles is 1,100 feet. The Assembly owns a hundred acres of land, which have been laid out into parks, drives, avenues, and building lots. About twenty-five acres have already been improved, and quite a number of lots have been sold to individuals upon which to build cottages. An amphitheater, capable of seating 2,000 persons, on the plan of the one at Chautauqua, has been erected. Within a very short distance of the Assembly grounds is some of the most magnificent mountain scenery to be found in any country. The elevation is 2,140 feet above the sea level. The

Assembly is strictly undenominational. Each Christian denomination is entitled to four members in the board of trustees, provided they have as many members of the Assembly. The charter prohibits it from being managed for the pecuniary interest of any person or persons.

The first annual meeting of the Assembly has closed. It was a success beyond our most sanguine expectation. The Normal School and Teachers' Retreat opened July 2, and closed August 4. These schools were all well attended. More than one hundred and fifty teachers attended the Normal alone. About fifty-two studied elocution. These teachers were from several States, and a more intelligent class I have never seen collected together anywhere.

The Assembly opened July 17, and closed August 6. At the opening service there were 1,000 people present. The attendance was good during the entire Assembly. At one time on the grounds there were twenty-one States and nineteen Christian denominations represented.

In the program, two days were given to temperance, one day to Y. M. C. A. work, two days to missions, foreign and domestic, and two days to education. The meetings throughout were of great interest.

Out of the large number of speakers on the program only four or five failed to attend.

The Sunday-school normal instruction, the children's meetings, and Mr. Van Lennep's "Oriental and Biblical Museum" were interesting features of the Assembly.

But I desire to call special attention to the work of the C. L. S. C. at Monteagle. We recognize this as an institution in this country. It is fast finding its way into many of our Southern homes, and bringing sunshine and blessings to many hearts.

At our solicitation, Dr. J. H. Vincent was present two or three days of the Assembly, and represented the C. L. S. C. His words of wisdom and cheer were a joy to many hearts. There were twenty members of the C. L. S. C. present to greet him. This number was increased to seventy before the Assembly adjourned.

A permanent organization was perfected, with Miss Emma Brown, Memphis, Tenn., president, and Miss Anna W. Thomas, Memphis, Tenn., secretary. The idea is to have annual meetings at Monteagle.

Each member went away determined to organize local circles at their homes, so that when we return next year, if permitted to do so, the members will have swelled from fifty to five hundred. We hope Dr. Vincent will favor us with his presence each year.

During the Assembly a number of C. L. S. C. Round-Tables were held, which were profitable, socially and intellectually.

On the evening of July 21 was held the first C. L. S. C. camp-fire at Monteagle, under the leadership of Dr. Vincent. The speeches and songs were full of inspiration and good cheer. We only regret that hundreds of our people in the South were not present to enjoy the meetings with us, and take fresh courage and inspiration for the work of life.

Miss Thomas, our secretary, has been instructed to correspond with all members of the C. L. S. C., who were at Monteagle, and all others whose names and post-office addresses she can get. She would be glad to have the names of all who are interested in this work. We desire to arrange for some organized effort to push this work out into the many homes of our country. Let every city, town, and village, and neighborhood, organize a circle.

Those members of the C. L. S. C., who were at Monteagle, have determined to erect a Hall of Philosophy, that we may have a place in which to hold our meetings each year. This can be done very easily by a little co-operative effort.

All things considered, the Assembly was quite a success. The outlook is encouraging. Although located in the South, it is not a Southern institution, it is for the public good. Let the people come from the North, South, East, and West; all will be equally

welcome. Life is too short to harbor animosities. Let us enter the struggles and conflicts of life like heroes and heroines. As a nation, we have a grand work before us to elevate our people socially, morally, religiously, and intellectually. Monteagle proposes to do her part. Will the good people of this country stand by us in this noble work? If you will, success is sure. There is no other enterprise of the kind in the South. The people are united. Give us your prayers and co-operation. If you desire to do good with your money, take hold of Monteagle Assembly.

To the sister assemblies over the land, we send words of greeting. To all the members of the C. L. S. C. throughout this broad land we extend the right hand of fellowship. For the unity, peace, and the uplifting of our people, and the establishing of Christ's kingdom, may we all be united, heart and hand, in Christian love and sympathy.

MONONA LAKE ASSEMBLY.

No one can estimate the extent to which the C. L. S. C. is growing. One State after another surrenders to its influence. During the past year Wisconsin has taken hold of the work, and is now showing a wonderful interest in the studies of the "home college." The little text-books have found their way into many a quiet family, and are beginning to revolutionize society in every city, village, and country neighborhood.

This fact was shown very clearly at the Assembly held at Monona Lake, near Madison, Wisconsin. Many local circles sent representatives to this gathering to receive, through them, inspiration and strength for the work of the coming year. The total attendance from various localities was nearly two hundred. C. L. S. C. Day was the best of the whole session. Although an entirely new feature, yet the people became so enthused that about a thousand called for circulars of information, and many joined the Circle before they left the grounds.

Rev. A. H. Gillet, the president of the Monona Lake Branch, delivered the annual address, in which he explained most admirably the object and aim of the Circle. Twelve persons, who had completed the four years' course, were present to receive their diplomas, and notwithstanding the absence of the "Golden Gate" and the "Hall of Philosophy," everything had the Chautauqua appearance, and the very atmosphere was filled with classic odors.

The camp-fire in the evening was a feature that will never be forgotten by those present. After the feast of solid food during the day, this evening hour was filled with real enjoyment, and many humorous speeches that were made as the flames ascended and the sparks disappeared in the starry dome above, served to lighten every heart, and to close the day with the feeling that it was indeed the best of the season.

The round-table conferences, conducted by Rev. A. H. Gillet, were full of interest. Some very important questions were discussed, and the members present prepared for successful work in their respective homes. The Chautauqua Songs were sung at all of these meetings, and never did "Day is Dying in the West" sound more sweetly than at Monona Lake.

But of all the exercises connected with the Circle, the Sunday evening vesper services were the best. Here was shown the real secret of Chautauqua success. Nearly every member, engaged during the week in gathering knowledge of art, science and literature, was found in his place on Sunday evening, lifting his heart to God, and showing thereby that we "keep our Heavenly Father in our midst."

The organization of Monona Lake Branch was perfected by the election of Rev. A. H. Gillet as president, and Mrs. William Millard, of Milwaukee, secretary. An executive committee was appointed to arrange the plans for next year. We look forward to good reports from this daughter of Chautauqua, and give her a hearty welcome.

ISLAND PARK ASSEMBLY.

Unusual interest was manifest this season at Island Park, near Rome City, Indiana. The Assembly, conducted by Rev. A. H. Gillet, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was a great success. The place is growing in favor each year, and the fire kindled there will not only continue to burn, but to spread, until every hamlet within a radius of many miles shall receive the light and warming influences that come from such gatherings. The attendance this year was larger than ever before, the people were of a better class, and the program, as carried out, gave universal satisfaction. The singing of the Wilberforce Concert Company delighted everybody. Among the lecturers were Drs. O. H. Tiffany and C. H. Fowler, of New York City; Dr. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Drs. Stocking and Alabaster, of Detroit, Michigan, and Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, Illinois. Dr. W. C. Richards, of Chicago, gave several very interesting lectures on "Electricity." The Island Park Branch of the C. L. S. C. was regularly organized this year, with Rev. A. H. Gillet as president, and J. L. Shearer, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, secretary. There were over two hundred members in attendance. The daily round-table conferences, conducted by Rev. Gillet and Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of Plainfield, N. J., were highly appreciated by the members present, and many valuable suggestions given and received by these mutual discussions. The circle is enlarging continually in Indiana and Michigan, so that there is scarcely a town or village in which there is not a local circle, or at least a few individual members. Many have joined the class of '87, and quite a large number, having completed the four years' course, were present to receive their diplomas. C. L. S. C. day was the best of the session. Dr. C. H. Fowler, of New York City, delivered the annual address. The campfire was the grandest ever seen at Island Park.

Plans for the erection of a C. L. S. C. building are under consideration, a reading-room for the benefit of the Circle, an Island Park lecture association, and many other novel features are things of the near future.

The Music College, under the direction of Prof. C. C. Case, of Akron, Ohio, the school of languages, the department of elocution, the art school, and the secular teachers' normal were also well attended. It is the intention of the managers to lengthen the time of these departments next year, and to offer additional facilities to those who wish to improve their vacation by carrying on some line of study. On the whole, we can say that Island Park Assembly is a fixed fact, a thing that has come to stay, and we are glad that the people are beginning to appreciate and to value the educating and refining influences of these gatherings.

LAKESIDE ASSEMBLY.

A regular "C. L. S. C. Day" was provided for in the program at the Lakeside, Ohio, Sunday-school encampment, and the "recognition of the Class of '83" arranged for. The absence of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., was an unexpected and greatly lamented interruption to our plans. But the inspiration of the "Chautauqua Idea," which Lakeside has caught and thoroughly incorporated into its own fiber, did not allow a dampening of ardor, and so the "day" went on as days will, and especially such sunny days by Lake Erie as that was. Happily Lewis Miller, Esq., President of the C. L. S. C., was persuaded to remain a while and lend his cheery face, his wise words and his authoritative presence to the occasion.

A large audience, filling the capacious Auditorium, assembled, the members of the Class of '83 took seats on the platform, and President Miller occupied the chair. After opening exercises in the use of the responsive services provided, copies of which were distributed among the audience, addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Hartupce, Rev. Dr. Worden, Prof. Frank Beard, and Rev. B. T. Vincent. After these had concluded,

President Miller called the members of the class to their feet, and in a neat and appropriate address "recognized" them thereby as graduates of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, as part of the great class of fourteen hundred for the current year. A round-table was also held, conducted by Rev. B. T. Vincent, at which the subject of C. L. S. C. work was taken up by those present, and treated in a most practical manner. Representatives from several local circles gave outlines of their plans of work, and questions from interested students as to methods, etc., brought forth suggestive answers, awakening new interest in the subject of study, and stirring the uninitiated, of whom many were present, into an interest in the work. A Sunday evening C. L. S. C. vesper service was also most interesting. On the last evening of the encampment, Bishop Hurst, who was present, applied the subject of general reading as represented in the C. L. S. C. in its relation to a firmer religious texture in Christian character, in a ringing address which did much toward awakening new interest in this great work. The enthusiasm excited by the meetings in this behalf was cordially felt by Lakeside people, and it is determined to make the "recognition" of the class of the current year, and also the round-table, features of the annual program hereafter.

Surrounded as Lakeside is by an immense area filled with studious and enterprising people who are taking hold of the C. L. S. C. readings, and who are finding their special center of summer gathering there, this provision will be a source of great gratification to them, and a means of extending these benefits to many who only thus are brought into contact with this agency of Christian intelligence and popular culture.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK ASSEMBLY.

The fifth annual session of this Assembly lasted ten days, August 7-17. Some will recall the fact that the institution was established in the Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania, and was held there for three successive years. Last year the experiment was made of holding the meeting in the Glades, at the new resort called Mountain Lake Park, Maryland. The new field was so full of promise and hope that it was at once determined to make it the center of the movement henceforth. The place is unique in some of its features, situated in the midst of a series of table-land glades, between the peaks of the Alleghenies, in the vicinity of some most romantic and stirring scenery, and possessing an atmosphere abounding in stimulation and vigor. Two years ago the region was an uninhabited wilderness, with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad resort, Deer Park, on one side three miles away, and Oakland, the county seat of Garrett County, two miles to the west. Now it is a summer settlement abounding in picturesque cottages, beautiful drives, and linked to a Sunday-school Assembly and to "summer schools" of various sorts for all time to come.

The lecture course of the session just past was of a high order. It included three superb addresses from Dr. Lyman Abbott, full of vigorous thought, religious ardor, and primed and charged with suggestiveness—"Why I believe in God, in Christ, and in the Bible." Prof. Cumnock gave two magnificent entertainments in the shape of readings and recitations. Prof. Young, of Princeton, delighted us with three illustrated astronomical lectures; and the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young gave three tours, illustrated also with the stereopticon: "The Marvels of Colorado," "London and Paris," and "From Dan to Beersheba." Prof. Harris, on the "Wrong side of the Moon," Dr. Huntley, on the "Amen Corner," Bishop Andrews, on "The Method of the New Testament Law," and Dr. Payne, with two lectures, all did their best work, and earned and received high appreciation.

The normal classes were under the instruction of Rev. J. B.

Young, Rev. J. T. Judd, Rev. J. Vance, and Prof. Elliott of Baltimore. The lessons were chosen in part from Dr. Vincent's "Normal Outlines," and in part were prepared by Mr. Judd.

Rev. Mr. Young conducted two enthusiastic and interesting services during the closing days of the Assembly, developing the "Chautauqua Idea." Drs. Frysinger, Van Meter, and Leech, Messrs. Judd, Vance, Baldwin, Lindsey, and others, made capital addresses, bringing out as phases of this "Idea" the following elements: home study, Bible study, normal work, study of the classics, of literature, of the sciences.

On the last night of the Assembly at Mountain Lake Park the C. L. S. C. was organized, with over fifty members, Rev. J. T. Judd, of Harrisburg, Pa., being elected president, and Miss Jennie M. Jones, of the same city, secretary.

Thus from the tip-top of the Alleghenies we send out greetings to other Chautauquans, and join in the glorious work which is in marvelous measure leavening the land.

NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY.

The "Chautauqua Idea" is taking deep root in the soil of New England. Four years ago the first Assembly was held on the grounds of the Framingham Campmeeting Association. There was a fair attendance, and considerable enthusiasm. Each year has been an improvement. The number in attendance has been greater, and the interest has been on the increase. This year has been the best of all. Almost from the first the lodging accommodations were taxed to their utmost in providing for the unexpectedly large numbers. The gentleman in charge of the dormitory stated to the writer that he had a greater rush the first day of the Assembly, this year, than he had the first week of last year. Thus it continued during the ten days. It is therefore safe to conclude, that in a financial way, the meeting was a success beyond its predecessors.

The work of the various departments was done efficiently by Dr. Vincent, in charge, assisted by Dr. Hurlbut, and Prof. Holmes, at the head of the normal classes; Prof. Sherwin at the front with a magnificent chorus of nearly two hundred voices; Frank Beard with a drawing class of one hundred and fifty; and the platform occupied by such men as Prof. Richards, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Angell, Wallace Bruce, Dr. Hull, Dr. J. B. Thomas, Dr. Tiffany, Prof. Young, A. O. Van Lennep, and others. A feast of good things was to be expected, and we were not disappointed.

One of the enjoyable features of the Assembly was Rev. O. S. Baketel's lecture on "Sights and Insights at Chautauqua," illustrated with eighty stereopticon views. They were shown with the calcium light, and an audience of four thousand people sat for an hour and three quarters, hearing and seeing. It created a great deal of interest, both with old Chautauquans and the many who have never seen Chautauqua.

Prof. Sherwin had several very excellent soloists, and his chorus was exceptionally fine.

One of the new buildings this year is the C. L. S. C. office. This is a very neat structure, and greatly appreciated by those having in charge the C. L. S. C. It was usually crowded during office hours. About five hundred members of the Circle were present during the Assembly. One hundred and sixty-five joined the Class of 1887. Thirty-eight members of the graduating class were present and received their diplomas from the hands of Dr. Vincent. The Class of 1884 are thoroughly organized, and are looking forward to a grand time when next year's bells shall ring in their festal day.

As usual, Mrs. Rosie M. Baketel had charge of the C. L. S. C. office. This is her third year in this position. She is one of the hardest workers on the grounds.

The presence of Dr. Vincent is always an inspiration to a Framingham audience. Though compelled to return to Chautauqua after the opening, he gave us a grand "send-off," and his presence and labors when he returned again were greatly enjoyed.

ONE OF 1882.

HOW WE CAME TOGETHER.

[The following poem, from Counselor W. C. Wilkinson's volume, recently published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, tells the story of the author's first meeting with a friend of his, who is also a friend of every reader of THE CHAUTAUQUAN—the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D. The friendship thus formed, not less than twenty years ago, endures yet between the two as vivid as ever. It is bearing fruit not then anticipated in the associated labors which they perform for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.]

Thorwaldsen's Lion, gray and grim,
Rock in his rocky lair,
On who would rend his lily from him,
Glowered out with dying glare.

I mused awhile the sculptured stone,
My pilgrim staff in hand;
Then turned to hold my way alone,
And lone, from land to land.

But God had other hap in store:
Even as I turned I met
A manly eye ne'er seen before—
I seem to see it yet!

Vanish the changeful years between,
Like morning-smitten rack;
As, morning-like, that crescent scene
Comes dawning swiftly back.

Again, above, that mellow noon
And soft Swiss heaven doth yearn;
Frowns still on us in pilgrim shoon
The Lion of Lucerne.

Once more each other's hands we take,
The pass-words fly betwixt;
Though slack the speed that speech may make,
When heart with heart is mixed.

I see the green Swiss lake asleep
With Righi in her dream;
We cross the lake, we climb the steep
To watch the world a gleam.

The paths are many up the slope,
And many of the mind;
We catch the flying clue of hope,
And wander where they wind.

The paths are fresh, the pastures green,
In walk or talk traversed;
The Alpland meadow's grassy sheen
With many a streamlet nursed,

And the fair meadows of the soul
Forever fresh with streams
From the long heights of youth that roll,
The Righi-Culm of dreams.

We speak of summits hard to gain,
And, gained, still hard to keep;
Of pleasure bought with glorious pain,
Of tears 'twas heaven to weep;

And of a blessed Heavenly Friend
Who, struggling with us still,
Would break the blows else like to bend
The lonely human will;

Or with some sudden vital touch,
At pinch of sorest need,
Would lift our little strength to much,
And energeise our deed.

Our talk flows on, through strain or rest,
As up the steep we go;
Each untried track of thought seems best
In hope's prelusive glow.

We loiter while the sun makes haste,
But we shall yet sit down
To watch the gleams of sunset chased
From mountain crown to crown.

Too long, too late—the splendor went
Or e'er we reached the goal;
But a splendor had dawned that will never be spent
That day on either soul.

VEGETABLE VILLAINS.

By R. TURNER.

THE PLANT COMMUNITY AND ITS VILLAINS.

No paradise could be complete for us without a pervading freshness of green in wood and field. In lazy moods and calm sunshiny weather there are few men who will not condescend to stretch out their limbs under a spreading beech, or at least to envy one who is taking life easily for a time in the shade. We all know what a pleasant faint rustle of leaves there is above, and what a flickering of mellowed sunlight comes over the eyes, and how these steal into the heart with a sense of soft content, till we are apt to become like little children, enjoying without much thought, yielding ourselves up to the delight of the mere living, letting our consciousness float along lazily on the current of being. But if we can in such circumstances nerve ourselves to reflect just a little, we shall—if we possess even a very slight knowledge of the processes of nature—become conscious that there are great silent energies and activities at work around us in every blade of grass, and above us in the cool green foliage. The leaves have myriads of invisible little mouths eagerly drinking in the unseen air, and the minute grains that give the green color to these leaves are all the while laying hold of the infinitesimal percentage of carbonic acid impurity in that air, and, invigorated by the quickening sunlight, are able to tear this gaseous impurity to pieces, to wrench the two elements that form it asunder, making the one into nutriment for themselves, and letting the other go free in its purity into the wide atmosphere. What man—with all his sound and fury, his hammering and clanking—has never achieved, is thus quietly done in summer days by every green leaf in God's world, and inorganic matter is forced to live. While the sun shines these honest workers are striving with all their might to lay hold of every atom of this gas that fouls the atmosphere for animals, and thus, while finding food for themselves, they are keeping the air sweet and pure for other, living things. The necessity is laid on them to maintain themselves by honest work; and it is interesting to reflect how massive are the material results that gather round their task. We are apt to forget that by far the greater part of the solid matter of vegetation—of the giant trees of California as well as of the tiniest grasses and green herbs—is thus gathered atom by atom from the atmosphere. One eats his potato thankfully, usually without bothering himself much as to how it came to be a potato; how the green leaves labored away, seizing the scanty atoms of an invisible gas and making them into starch; how this insoluble starch became a soluble thing, and melting away into the sap flowed through the stem to the tubers, there to form again into little grains and be laid up for future use. The rest of the nourishment of such honest plants is usually derived from the soil. The more stimulating food—within certain limits—that crops, for instance, take up by the roots, the harder do their green parts work in the sunlight, making starch and kindred substances out of what they can snatch from the atmosphere.

Hence the value of manures; they are stimulants to increased endeavor. Such honest, hard-working plants form by far the greater bulk of vegetation, and of those that grow on land nearly all are conspicuously green. Sometimes—but rarely—the green is disguised a little by another color associated with it, or some tint that is but skin-deep. Take a leaf of the copper beech, for instance, scratch the surface, and you will find the honest green beneath. Even the despised field-weeds, that come up wherever man digs or plows, and linger lovingly about his agriculture, so be it that they are green, are honest in their way, and only take hold of what earth they can find to root in, that they may participate with their fellows in the blessings to be got and given by keeping the atmosphere pure. Man wants to grow grain, or something of the kind, where they prefer to grow, and so, as they foul his husbandry, he ruthlessly roots them out, or tries at least. It is their misfortune that man does not wish them there; but still, contemned creatures as they are, they have honest ways about them, and every green grain in their being is struggling hard to do something genuinely useful. It is only an earnest striving to hold their own against man and brute, that makes humble nettles clothe themselves with stings full of formic acid and fury, and rude thistles bristle with a sharp *nemo me impune lacessit* at every prickly point. They are armed for defense, not aggression. It is not of stuff such as this that vegetable villains are made.

Since there is so much honesty, however, in the plant world, rogues, and thieves, and pilferers must abound. Consider the animal kingdom. Where herds of deer roam in the wilds there beasts of prey are on the prowl, or sportsmen stalk with murderous guns in hand. Where herrings and pilchards crowd in shoals clouds of gulls and gannets hover, and porpoises with rapacious maws tumble and roll about. Where earthworms abound there moles with ravenous appetite are furiously driving mines, or birds that have sharp, quick bills keep watch with keen eyes. And so in this honest plant community, preying on it and pilfering from it, live and flourish hosts of vegetable villains; some without a trace of green in their whole being, living by theftuous practices alone; some with just the faintest suspicion of green and the slightest indications of a true nature; others with a good deal of the better color about them, but still only indifferently honest. There is something of marvel and mystery about these plant pilferers—of strange peculiarities in their modes of life, and in their adaptations for plundering and preying, which can hardly fail to interest intelligent minds, even when brought before them in a sketch such as this, which does not profess to take in more than the outermost fringe of a wide field. Without terms and technicalities and a strange jargon of crabbed words that would be dry as dust, and meaningless to most readers, little professing to be thorough can be done; yet, after all, something more generally comprehensive may ooze through in comparatively plain English.

With regard to their pilfering habits, such plants are usually proportioned off into two great groups. They either attach themselves to other beings and absorb their juices, in which case they form a mighty host of plants of prey usually known as *parasites*; or they seek their nutriment, and find it, in dead and decaying organisms, and are then known as *saprophytes*, a somewhat hard word to begin with, for which I can not find a popular equivalent, but which merely signifies plants that grow on decomposing matter. All land plants that are not blessed with a true green color belong to one or other of these groups, and are villains in their various degrees. They make no effort to free the air from the gaseous impurity that haunts it, but, like animals, they keep fouling it instead. With a very few exceptions, all of them subsist on organic matter in some form, and this they usually draw from the plants, living or dead, on which they grow, or from decaying matter in the soil. But many of these vegetable villains run into half-honest vagaries, and succeed in raising themselves slightly above the com-

mon ruck. If they can not seize and break up carbonic acid gas, they may do a little toward atmospheric purification of a kind by laying fast hold on such organic particles as are floating in the air or brought to them in falling moisture. Plants such as these are sometimes found growing on barren sand, on hard gravel, on parapets of bridges, on leaden cisterns, on plastered walls, on slag, and in like inhospitable places, where they are compelled to turn mainly to the atmosphere and trickling moisture for food. Some such haunt mines like phosphorescent ghosts, others make themselves at home on places like the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. In a mass two feet in length, similar strange plants were one morning long ago found by a smith on a piece of iron that he had taken, on the previous night, red-hot from his fire, and laid on his water trough. Many similar vagaries they run into that would in the telling sound almost incredible. Indeed, the whole group of the saprophytes is not to be accounted so utterly abandoned as that of the parasites. To these they are certainly nearly related, but there is more of the useful scavenger about them than of the useless thief. No sooner has death overtaken any plant than a host of them set to work to clear away the now useless organism from the world, breaking down herbaceousness into putrescence, timber into touchwood, and all at last into vegetable mould. Their mission is to seize upon decaying matter and endow it with life in a new form; and thus out of rottenness often comes wholesomeness, decay moulding itself into pleasant mushrooms, or into things unfit for human food perhaps, but that may bring the blessings of abundance to many little living creatures. If such as are edible are to be considered villains, then people of delicate palate who smack their lips over some of them have a right to insist that these should be specially classed as dainty little rogues.

Still this useful scavenging habit is nearly allied to the pilfering one. Decay attacks part of a tree, for instance, and saprophytes set to work at the dead branch, but they are apt to extend their operations to the adjoining living tissues, which die, too, and decay, till in the end the tree may be entirely destroyed. The scavenger, we can thus understand, is apt on occasion to relapse into the thief and the out-and-out villain.

To one or other of these two great groups, or occasionally to both, belong, besides a few flowering plants, the whole extensive division of the fungi, and it is to be noted that none of this curious class of plants is ever blessed with leaf-green or starch in any part of its substance. Whether minute even under powerful microscopes or measuring several feet across; whether hard as wood or a mere mass of jelly; whether horny, fleshy, or leathery; whether resisting the action of the elements for years or hardly able to outlive a puff of wind; whether beautiful, commonplace, or ugly; whether sweet-scented or otherwise, in this they agree, that in all of them is wanting that greenness which makes honest work possible, and those little grains of starch that come from honest work done.—*Good Words*.

I AM afraid that a lightsome disposition and a relish for humor are not so common in those whose benevolence takes an active turn as in people of sentiment, who are always ready with their tears and abounding in passionate expressions of sympathy. Working philanthropy is a practical specialty, requiring not a mere impulse, but a talent, with a peculiar sagacity for finding its objects, a tact for selecting its agencies, an organizing and arranging faculty, a steady set of nerves, and a constitution such as Sallust describes in Catiline, patient of cold, of hunger, and of watching. Philanthropists are commonly grave, occasionally grim, and not very rarely morose. Their expansive social force is imprisoned as a working power, to show itself only through its legitimate pistons and cranks. The tighter the boiler, the less it whistles and sings at its work. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

SLAVONIC MYTHOLOGY.*

By ADLEY H. CUMMINGS.

The mythology of various tribes and races has of late attracted much attention, while that of our own ancestors of the North has been studied with the greatest care.

Little attention, however, has been devoted to the religious belief of the ancient Slavonic race, and yet it is replete with interest for all who yield to the fascination of ancient myth.

We unfortunately possess no Slavic Edda, or Veda, to throw illumination upon the ancient creed of the tribes, but a few scattered facts have come down to modern times—principally contained in popular songs—but sufficient to enable us to observe the similarity between Slavonic mythology and that of the other members of the Indo-European stock—all pointing to that immensely ancient time when the ancestors of the combined race could have been gathered within the circuit of the same camp; when they passed the same lives and worshiped the same divinities; wept when the "serpents of the night" strangled the god appointed to preside over the day, and rejoiced together with an exceeding great joy when the day-god, victorious over his foes, gilded the hills again.

In Slavonic tradition Swarog is represented as the most ancient of their gods, as the one who was originally—before Perkunas—the supreme deity of those tribes, corresponding to Sanskrit Surya, like Helios in Greece, the dweller in the orb of the sun. Swarog was the pervading, irresistible luminary, the solar deity, *par excellence*, of the race, and vague recollections of him still exist. In some places Swarog seems to have yielded to another solar deity, Dazhbog, the god of fruitfulness, represented as the son of Swarog.

The etymological signification of Dazhbog is the "day-god." With him, as a representative of the sun, was a god named Khors—probably, however, but another name of the day-god.

Ogon, answering closely to Sanskrit Agni, Latin, *ignis* (fire), was the god of fire, brother of Dazhbog; his worship was principally connected with the domestic hearth.

But the deity who stands out most prominently, who became the supreme divinity of the race, though corresponding to the Scandinavian Thor, was Perkunas, or Perun, whose name, yielding to certain laws of phonetic change, may correspond to Greek Keraunos (thunder), but more closely to Sanskrit Parjanya, called in the Rig-Veda, "The thunderer, the showerer, the bountiful, who impregnates the plants with rain." This god was forgotten by the Hellenic Aryans, who exalted Dyaus (Zeus, Jove) to the supreme position, but the Letto-Slavonic tribes bestowed upon him the endearing appellation of the "All-Father," a title which they only conferred upon the creator of the lightnings. It is said that the Russians still say, when the thunder rolls, "*Perkuna gromena*;" in Lithuanian, "*Perkuns grumena*."

The South-Slavic term for the rainbow is "Perunika," "Perun's flower," or "beauty."

"White-Russian traditions," says Afanasief,† "describe Perun as tall and well shaped, with black hair and a long golden beard. He rides in a flaming car, grasping in his left hand a quiver full of arrows, and in his right a fiery bow."

He is also represented as carrying a mace, answering to Thor's hammer, mjolnir.

After the introduction of Christianity the prophet Elijah became credited with many of the honors and functions of Perkunas. He was termed, "Gromovit Ilija" (Thunder Elijah), and the origin of the notion, and the strange metamorphosis of that sweet spirit into a Boanerges, undoubtedly lie in his flight to heaven in a chariot of fire, and in his power, when on earth, of calling down fire from heaven, and of bringing the rain. Thus, II. Kings, i:10, he says, "If I be a man of God, then shall

*Extract from a lecture delivered at Pacific Grove Assembly, July, 1883, Monterey, California.

†Kjelson, "Songs of the Russian People," from whom much information contained in this sketch is gained.

fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty." Again, Kings, i., 18:41, "And Elijah said unto Ahab: Get thee up; eat and drink, for there is a sound of abundance of rain."

The Slavs considered that the thunder and lightning were given into the prophet's hands, and that he closed the gates of heaven, *i. e.*, the clouds, to sinful men, who thus might not share in his blessed reign. There is evidence of the same belief among the Teutonic tribes, and in the old High-German poem, "Muspilli," a form of that saga which prevailed throughout all the middle ages with regard to the appearance of anti-Christ shortly before the end of the world. Elijah takes the place which Thor assumes in Scandinavian myth at Ragnarok, and fights the evil one:

"Daz hōrthi rahhōn dia werol trehtwison,
Daz sculi der anti-Christo mit Eliase pāgan."

I have heard the very learned say,
That anti-Christ shall with Elijah fight.

The poem then proceeds to say that Elijah shall be wounded, and recounts the many signs and wonders that shall occur before the Muspell-doom, the Judgment Day.

Volos, or Veles, was another solar deity. It has been held that the Greek Helios appears in this name, while others have identified him with Odin, or Woden, pronounced with an epenthetic *l*, and with other changes, but the etymology seems far-fetched.

He was the special protector of cattle. The name survives to Christian times in St. Blasius. Mr. Ralston says: "In Christian times the honors originally paid to Volos were transferred to his namesake, St. Vlas, or Vlasy (Blasius), who was a shepherd by profession. To him the peasants throughout Russia pray for the safety of their flocks and herds, and on the day consecrated to him (February 11) they drive their cows to church, and have them secured against misfortune by prayer and the sprinkling of holy water. . . . Afanasief considers that the name was originally one of the epithets of Perun, who, as the cloud-compeller—the clouds being the cattle of the sky—was the guardian of the heavenly herds, and that the epithet ultimately became regarded as the name of a distinct deity."

By the names of Volus and Perun the Russians used to swear and confirm their sayings and treaties by oath.

Stribog was the wind-god. According to Russian ideas the four winds are the sons of one mother, and in the Old-Russian Igor song the wind is addressed as Sir. These winds are called Stribog's grandsons. So in India, the winds are regarded as sentient beings; thus in the Nalopākhyānam:

"Thus adjured, a solemn witness, spake the winds from out the air.

* * * * *

Even as thus the wind was speaking, flowers fell showering all around,
And the gods' sweet music sounded on the zephyr light."

Byelbog and Chernobog, the representatives of light and darkness, are of antagonistic nature—the warring principles of good and evil. Byelbog is the white, shining god, the bringer of the day, the benignant Phoebus, while Chernobog, a black god, belongs to the diabolical order.

The goddess of spring and love was Lada—corresponding closely to Freya in the Scandinavian traditions. Lovers and the newly married addressed their prayers to her, praising her name in songs. Lado, the Slavonic counterpart of Norse Freyr, has many of the same attributes as the goddess Lada, to whom the same adoration and praise were offered. Mr. Ralston says that "one Lithuanian song distinctly couples the name Lado with that of the sun. A shepherd sings, 'I fear thee not O wolf! The god with the sunny curls will not let thee approach. Lado, O Sun-Lado!' In one of the old chronicles Lado is mentioned as the god of marriage, of mirth, of pleasure, and of general happiness, to whom those about to marry offered sacrifices in order to secure a fortunate union."

Kupalo was the god of harvests, and before the harvest—on the 23d of June—sacrifices were offered to him. Young people lighted fires and danced around them in the evening, adorned with garlands of flowers, singing harvest ditties to the god. This custom still survives in the fires kindled on St. John's eve, through which sometimes the people jump and drive their cattle. The Poles and other Slavonians, especially in remote districts, keep up many of their ancient heathen rites.

The 24th of December was sacred to the goddess Kolyada, a solar deity, to whom songs were sung in celebration of the renewed life of the sun after the winter solstice "when the gloom of the long winter nights begins to give way to the lengthening day." This festival became blended with the Christmas celebration upon the advent of Christianity, and songs are still to be heard at that time containing the name of the goddess, as

Kolyada! Kolyada!
Kolyada has arrived
On the eve of the Nativity.

These ditties are called Kolyadki.

Inferior deities were believed in and many supernatural beings were supposed to haunt the woods and waters. The Russalkas, which are naiads, though no more seen, are still believed in, and are of a nature similar to the elves and fairies of western nations. "They are generally represented under the form of beauteous maidens, with full and snow-white bosoms, and with long and slender limbs. Their feet are small, their eyes are wild, their faces are fair to see, but their complexion is pale, their expression anxious. Their hair is long and thick and wavy, and green as is the grass." The Russians are very superstitious in regard to them, fearing to offend them, while the maidens go into the woods and throw garlands to them, asking for rich husbands in return.

Then there are Mavkas, or Little-Russian fairies and water-nymphs, wood demons, house spirits and numerous other minor spirits and powers which teem in the folk songs of the peasants.

Among the eastern slaves there seem to have been no temples or priests, while the contrary was true of the west. They burned their dead and greatly revered the spirits of the departed, in whose honor festivals were held.

A form of Sutteeism undoubtedly prevailed, widows destroying themselves in order to accompany their husbands to the spirit land, while slaves were sometimes sacrificed upon the same occasions—a practice common to most barbarous states of society.

Upon a general view of ancient Slavonic mythology we observe the same characteristics as among all the other Indo-European tribes—the same nature-worship and inclination to personify the powers of the air and sky; to worship the beneficent sun, which brings to man prosperity, light and happiness; to execrate the night, the enemy of the bright, the beautiful god of day. Men in the childhood of the human race were as simple as children ever have been. The same characteristics mark them. When the mother leaves her child for a moment, the babe with piteous cries calls on her to return. Why is this so? Because in the mind of the child there is no connecting link between the ideas of her going and returning; in other words, the child cannot reason enough to consider it possible—not to say probable, *certain*—that she will return.

Thus in the simple pastoral days of extreme antiquity, when the glorious sun, the light of men's eyes, the joy of their hearts, sank below the horizon, the idea of its return failed to suggest itself to their minds. Each sun-setting was a grief, each rising of the blessed orb a joy unspeakable.

And thus upon the plains of Iran, in the flowery meads of Asia Minor and on the Russian steppes, when man beheld the sun, his joy appeared, he fell on his face and thanked the regent of the sky for his light again.

Had the earth been nearer to the sun the face of Comparative Mythology had been changed; the sun-myth would have

had to seek a different origin and home, and the history of that greatest of all studies—the study of man—would have had a different course.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the future of the Slavonic tribes may be such as God and nature have intended for them, and that their name may be changed again from *slaves* to *Slavs*—"men of glory"—is the aspiration of all who have hopes for the race; in short, of all who wish well to our common humanity.

FROM THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC.

By the Author of "German-American Housekeeping," etc.

We hesitated quite awhile before deciding to expend fifty thalers for a trip from Berlin to Danzig, finally concluding that the historical interest of Marienburg, through which we would pass on our return, and the reputed picturesqueness of Danzig would compensate us for the time and money. At an early hour one September morning we drove across the busiest portion of Berlin (and most unknown to the traveler), to take our train at the *ost bahn*. I had seen this portion of the large city once before, when we started to visit the country of the Wends, the original people in all the region by the Baltic.

The tedious stretch of sand (broken here and there by a peasant's house with red tile roof), was the same we had traversed so often in leaving Berlin for a neighboring town or city, the inevitable "plains of Moab" which discouraged Frederick the Great's French gardeners. How such a thriving, populous city as Berlin has ever asserted itself in the sand, is a curious study. We passed Bismarck's estate in Pomerania, "Schönhausen," and one of the party reflected upon the great statesman, the largest factor in German political life; while the other remembered the sad and dejected royal pair which was driven by Napoleon's fury to take this same route to Memel. The lovely Queen Louise and Frederick William III. were there with their royal children, praying that the tyrant's hand might be stayed, and they brought back to their rightful kingdom. Alas! death claimed the beautiful queen before the peace for which she prayed was restored to Prussia. But in her son, the present emperor, there has been perpetuated the spirit of his mother. Prussia's high position to-day has been secured not altogether by the might of her great army, nor the tremendous genius of her great statesmen, nor the ambition of her king, but by the growth of sentiment during the reigns of Frederick William III. and IV., and by the precept Queen Louise instilled into her sons during those dark and sorrowful days of exile in Memel: "My sons, let the spirit of Frederick the Great animate you," etc.

Memel, Tilsit, and Königsberg were passed, and finally the blue Baltic and Danzig were in sight. We had almost looked for amber-colored water, so long had we associated the beautiful display of amber jewels in the Berlin shop windows with the Baltic, from which it is taken. Even Homer refers to the Baltic as the resting place of amber, its bed being laid with the sunny stone.

A multitude of ship-masts rose from the coast, and from beyond the pointed gables of the old city, lessening in altitude as the vista lengthened. This first glimpse was a more fascinating picture than we were afterward able to find. Yet the hotel helped the preconceived idea that Danzig was really a second Nuremberg.

The broad stone steps, or stairway, which started from the *portecochère*, were whitened by ashes, as one so often sees them in Germany—a pretty state of things for a lady descending in a black dress. The room we were to occupy was an immense ball-room, utilized in quiet times for a bed-room. Two candles burned in their tall candlesticks on the center-table, and by the light of the twilight we could see across the street some beauti-

ful and curious carvings in the opposite gabled houses. The price paid for accommodations was large enough to have enabled us to see castles in the air, and to have our ball-room illuminated with gas until morning. We concluded they seldom had guests in this hotel, and therefore made heavy profits when some did come along.

That evening we wandered around the old crooked streets—paved in cobble-stones, which wore our shoes almost in pieces—until we were glad to pause in front of the great old red-brick cathedral. Its towers cut the big yellow moon in two at every angle we could see them. We stretched our heads to take in the tremendous dimensions of the cathedral, and the ornamentations of some of the best houses, until we suddenly remembered that it was nearing midnight, and that we had been in actual service at sight-seeing and traveling since an early hour that morning, so we returned to our ball-room and two candles. The next morning, we imagined, we would have a great treat in hunting up old carved furniture, for which Danzig, we had been told by our German friends, was equal to Augsburg; but the antiquarians had left no place unexplored. No trace of massive-legged table or curiously-carved chairs was to be found, save in the Museum and the Rathhaus (Council Hall). The stairway of the Council Hall remains indeed a monument to the ingenious designer and skillful carver, and the judge's chair is most curious.

A fine old convent has been turned into a museum. Its *kreuzgänge*, or cross-passages, give the place a most mysterious, sequestered air, and they are gradually collecting some great pictures and treasures within its walls. But the Rathhaus, in its architecture, surpasses everything in Danzig, excepting, perhaps, its fine old gateways.

The most distinguished houses in Danzig have on either side of the entrance, at a distance of five feet, immense stones hewn out of solid rock. They are nine feet, probably, in circumference. A chain is attached, which is given a graceful swing before being fastened again to either side of the front door, about as high up as the brass knocker. As these big round stones grow smaller in perspective, they give a peculiar air to a street. They seem to be peculiar to Danzig, unless one or two dwellings in Edinburgh have them. The big stones, the large chains, the tremendous brass knockers, and the innumerable windows in the six stories of the pointed gables, suggest aristocratic dwellings, and surpass the houses in Nuremberg.

An important political meeting at Stettin defeated our intention of seeing Marienburg on our return to Berlin. Marienburg is a place few foreigners find out, but Lübke, in his "History of Art," represents the architecture of the palace occupied by the knights, or crusaders, for two centuries, as one of the most exquisite ruins in all Germany. Thorn and Königsberg were also homes for this order of knights.

The following day at noon it was rather refreshing to drive into so modern and gay a place as Berlin, and forget that so many people must exist in places like Danzig. Mediæval life seems still to enwrap them there as in a garment. Their eyes are closed to any modern idea or project.

Berlin contains all that is new and progressive in Germany. That day as we sat in the garden of the "Thiergarten Hotel," eating delicious salmon, the old emperor drove by in his open carriage, with his faithful *jäger*. He was still a subject for curiosity, as it was so soon after the attempt had been made to assassinate him, June 7, 1878. He was fired on as he drove by in this same open carriage with this same faithful *jäger*. The sight of the old emperor recalled the previous months which had been so full of political stir in Europe. The session of the Berlin Congress, and the occupation of Bosnia by the Austrians had taken place.

To describe Berlin to those who have not visited it, is simply telling, generally, the size of palaces, the number of art collections, the width of streets, the squares occupied by statues, the places of amusement, etc., but even when these objects and in-

erects are put in writing they leave little impression until the place is seen. But there is another aspect of the great Prussian capital. It is a wonderful place just now, attracting so many foreign students to its university, the best musical talent to its conservatories, and the first military genius within its walls. No matter what branch of study one may choose, the instruction and illustration is right at hand. To the student of politics it is a most fruitful field, not only because distinguished statesmen frequent its streets every day, but because grave problems in political science are discussed in the Reichstag or taught in the University. The student of physics or of natural science can work under Helmholtz and others; the student of music can secure Joachim or Clara Schumann, or the student of art, Knaus, or Richter. Berlin has no pulpit orator. The Dom is more frequented because of its tombs than for any living influence it extends. It contains the coffins of Frederick William the great elector, and Frederick I., king of Prussia. The Mendelssohn choir chants its anthems, and the emperor and empress bow at its communion table; but St. Hedwig's Church is better attended. The American Chapel, built by the efforts of Mr. Wright, our American minister to the Prussian court, a devout Methodist, is still occupied and attended by travelers of the American-English type.

The annual exhibition of pictures in the academy, the many fine concerts, the treasures in the old museum, the Royal Library, the palaces, and the lovely drives along "Unter den Linden," are only mentioned to show what Berlin does contain in the way of sights and pleasures. This Unter den Linden, the street so well known, was planned by Frederick William, in the seventeenth century, and is now worn by many royal carriages and busy hurrying mortals. The street about the opera house is crowded every morning by the eager buyers of tickets, which must be secured in the morning.

Surely life in Berlin can be made very attractive, but after a long residence there I am convinced that it has little religious life. The climate is depressing, the expense of living great two other detractions. Potsdam, Sans Souci, Charlottenburg Tegel, and many other places in the suburbs, are, historically and naturally, charming resorts.

It is more compensating in Europe to go from place to place with some special work or subject in view than to go for mere sight-seeing. Your special work brings you nearer the people. If your landlady asks you what it is, and you take the trouble to tell her, she or some of her friends will at once see that you know all their acquaintances who are engaged in the same line of inquiry, and while the new acquaintances may not be socially or intellectually your ideals, yet their conversation will help you in the language and give you many opportunities.

Dresden I only know through hard work in the galleries, as though all its sights are familiar—the Schloss, Green Vaults with their immense treasures, the Military Museum, Museum of Natural History, the Grand Opera House, the Frauenkircho, Japanese Palace, cafés, coinages and statues; yet the picture gallery, with its priceless "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael is to me the starting point of interest and the essence of Dresden life.

From eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon faithful copyists labor in the gallery. The price received for their work scarcely keeps them from starving. To go in among them for a time and work and feel as they do, enlarges one's sympathies, and teaches one to love the masterpieces of the great artists. To the uninitiated in such matters it may be well to explain that before the permission is given to copy a picture in any of the European galleries, a good deal of red tape must be looked after, especially in Germany. The director demands a specimen of the applicant's work, which must be a study from nature, either figure or landscape or still life. It is with considerable trepidation that the office of the "Herr Director" is entered. If the applicant is successful, he or she comes out with an elaborate paper containing the agreement, the

name of picture to be copied, the number, room, etc., with the director's name and the seal attached. One of the *galerie diener*, as they are called in Germany, takes you under his care, arranges an easel, a piece of carpet, a rest-stick and table. You are recognized among the copyists, and the hat of every *galerie diener* is raised at your approach or departure. When you have finished, the inspector is allowed to criticise your work. You must pay the *diener* who has waited upon you some *trink geld*, or a fee, as we would express it. At noon you can eat your cold lunch, in company with the other copyists, in front of a Raphael or a Correggio, a Titian or a Rubens, scrutinize its merits or laugh at its blunders, or speculate on the old master's methods of using their pigments, without being amenable to any court. An artist's life is a life of liberty—of thought, at least. Many of these copyists spend their afternoons in sketching, thus establishing their originality and emancipating themselves from servile observance of other men's methods. In company with these plodding, intelligent artists, I have spent many delightful hours sketching in the "Alt Markt," or the Zwinger, or at Sans Souci or Charlottenburg.

I have often wondered if the little Greek church in the suburbs of Dresden was as attractive to all travelers as to me. It is surrounded on one side by golden wheat fields, with red poppies and dark blue corn flowers growing among it. Its gilded dome, semi-domes, and minarets, shine like blazing lights against the dark blue sky. The style is such pure Byzantine and the inside so perfect in its appointments, and yet so simple; the service conducted in so solemn and devout a spirit, there seems to be much to impress the looker-on. There are no seats. On one side stand the women and on the other side the men, and before the altar the patriarch, or priest. The service is short, consisting almost entirely of singing by the men and boys, without the aid of an instrument. When the plate is passed for the collection it contains a roll of bread, the meaning of which I have never discovered, although James Freeman Clark may give it in the account of the Greek church in his "Ten Great Religions." Their belief that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father, and not from the Father and Son, seems to be the most essential difference in prayer between the English Church and the Greek.

A summer in the Harz Mountains, taking in Weimar and Eisnach, and the "Wartburg," is a charming experience. To find out that one can live in this age in so interesting a retreat as Weimar, for twenty dollars a month, gives back some of the simplicity to German life.

To a student of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland and Herder, no spot offers more pleasure than the quiet, old streets and groves and houses of Weimar. A mere drive through the park, passing Goethe's summer house and on out to "Tiefert," where the Grand Duchess Amelia held her little court, and the open air theater attracted a charming coterie to listen to Goethe or Schiller in some representation, re-awakens the genius of the times and arouses the appetite of the traveler for more acquaintance with the place. The next drive or stroll through the park will prove that every stone contains some rhyme, and every bench some association with those great men. There is a line to Frau Von Stein in the garden of Goethe's country house, an elegy engraved on the stone as one ascends to the Roman house in the park. The front approach to this house is not so attractive, but the back is a fascinating place. It contains on the first floor an open room with round table and benches, where the Duke and his poets sat for hours, looking over the old stone steps into the park. A short stroll from there brings one to the large open space, in the middle of the park, which was laid out by Goethe, and represents precisely the dimensions of St. Peter's in Rome. The immense ground plot of that church is here to be recognized more definitely than when one stands under its dome.

The grand ducal palace at Weimar contains one unique room, while all the others are handsome. The one which differs from

similar palatial apartments is frescoed with scenes from the works of Weimar's great poets. The halls are silent and one longs to see little fat Karl August step out of a *saal* or the Duchess Amelia greet Goethe or Schiller on the stairway as in days of yore. Mr. Lewis, in his life of Goethe, portrays such scenes with a graphic pen.

In 1832 the house in the Goethe-platz was left vacant by its great occupant. Its art treasures, its library, its various collections, showing how comprehensive Goethe's mind was, and how many things he had investigated, were abandoned, as all human efforts must be abandoned, when the silent messenger calls the soul into the presence of its Great Creator. If self-denial is required of those on earth who hope to enter into his rest, then who can answer for Goethe? But surely the choir of angels in "Faust" sing beautifully of it:

"Christ is artsen,
Praised be his name;
His love shared our prison
Of guilt and of shame;
He hath borne the hard trial of self-denial,
And triumphant ascends
To the hills whence he came."

This house still stands as he left it, and is shown every Friday afternoon to visitors. It has been occupied by his grandson for years.

The church in which Lucas Cranach's great picture is to be seen, and in which Herder preached, is a cold, heartless structure to a stranger, but its very stones and walls must respond to the prayers of the old inhabitants. The *brunnen*, or town well, in front of Lucas Cranach's house, when surrounded by a crowd of peasants offers a *genre* picture for an artist. The picture gallery is new and good. A large fresco representing Weimar celebrities is in the front entrance. Bettina Von Arnim is the only woman in the group. Perhaps her correspondence, which is by many considered spurious, will make the artist regret that he has given her so important a position in this fresco. To take an early breakfast in some lovely arbor, overlooking some historic grounds, then spend the morning in the gallery and the afternoon in the park, and the evening at the concert, is about the happiest program one can follow in a small German town.

Eisenach, the capital of Saxe-Weimar, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, will always remain associated with Martin Luther. It is the principal town in the Thuringian forest. The old "Wartburg," one and a half miles south of the town, is famous for its architecture and history. Martin Luther, the Elector of Saxony, who rescued him, and earlier the saintly Elizabeth and her cruel husband, are only a few names which are associated with it. Of course the story of the Elector of Saxony rescuing Luther, after the Diet of Worms, is well known. Yet who can resist dwelling upon this bold character at this period. After the Pope's excommunication Luther defies all threats and starts out on his return journey, with the emperor's promise of a safe-conduct; the decree for arrest follows closely every step. What a picture! to have these armed knights attack him and carry him prisoner to the old Wartburg. Then to discover afterward that a friend's hand, and not an enemy's, had done this thing. There he remained ten months, and there still remain the traces on the wall of the ink he threw at the devil. Perhaps the chapel, where he preached on Sundays, is a more becoming and decorous place to associate him with than this little room, always pointed out first.

The Wartburg has been so beautifully renovated of late at the expense of the government, it is really worth a second visit to those who may have seen it years ago. The banquet hall is certainly superb, and the St. Elizabethengang, with its beautiful frescoes and long narrow proportions, almost enables one to see the good woman walking up and down with her prayer-book, in deep meditation, before starting out through the forest with

her attendants, and her apron full of provisions for the poor. It is told that once, when her liege-lord met her, and inquired what she had in her apron (he had strictly forbidden her taking things to the poor), she, with legendary faith, opened her apron and forthwith the bread became roses.

Taking your faithful donkey which has brought you up the hill, and your Wartburg album collection of photographs, you find yourself soon wandering through the lovely and fantastic *Annenthal*, and finally resting near the depot at Eisenach. There the untiring finger of your old guide points to Fritz Reuter's house, and at last to his own little bill, which he has carefully prepared and which he expects you as carefully to pay. Never goes money from your pocket more liberally!

The Harz Mountains, their legends and songs, have been so often written of there is danger of stupid repetition if one goes over the ground.

A novel experience for an American is to have an attack of rheumatism in the house of an old Polish major in midsummer, in Wernigerode, and be attended by the physician of Count Von Stolberg. To inform those who may be so unfortunate as to meet with a similar fate what will become of them, I would simply remark that the subterfuge of every German doctor, when he finds a case getting beyond his control, is to recommend a water-cure. The one at Magdeburg being the nearest to Wernigerode, is the one which Count Von Stolberg's physician would be best acquainted with, so off to the old city and farewell to the Harz! What rheumatic patient cares for a view of a fine old cathedral from a window, or to be informed that the city has existed since the eighth century? Do these facts lessen the pain or quiet the nerves? After the bath has restored the patient, and he or she can walk out and examine the cathedral, and read of the sufferings of the people in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and again how the Austrian army was resisted by Wallenstein for seven months, and how the French besieged and took it in 1806, and again in 1813—thus there is diversion in finding oneself on such historic grounds and picturesque surroundings.

(To be continued.)

IN FLOWERY FIELDS.

By MARY HARRISON.

Ye flowers in your wonderful silence,
Ye birds with your wonderful sound,
The love of my God are declaring;
For ye are the language he found.

Ye smile to the eye of my spirit,
Ye sing to the ear of my soul;
Ye waken soft echoes of anthems
Which over God's Paradise roll.

Ye bloom as ye bloomed once in Eden,
Make holy and sacred the sod;
Ye sing as you sang when in rapture
Man counted you angels of God.

By you—common things of the desert—
God's love has this miracle wrought:
Ye fill me with exquisite gladness,
With worship which silences thought.

—London Sunday Magazine

REPUBLICS where high birth gives no right to the government of the state, are in that respect the most happy; for the people have less reason to envy an authority which they confer on whom they will, and which they can again take away when they choose.—Montesquieu.

FAILINGS.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

We all have our *failings*, and for the most part we regard them tenderly. They do not count as offences; scarcely are they held to be faults. It is always a probable conjecture that an error of omission has been unintentional; not unfrequently it seems possible it was unavoidable. A sentiment of pity for, and even sympathy with, weakness overpowers the sense of grievance; the voice of the inward monitor is silenced, and the self-excused conscience sleeps. Meanwhile failings are the worst and most mischievous, the deadliest and least curable, of the ills to which the moral nature of man is heir. They are the sources of evil whence spring the blackest vices of human character, the false roots that nourish and sustain its parasites, and steal the sap of its inner life. A failing is not merely negative; its sinister aspect is one of positive wrong-doing, wherein some behest of the will is disobeyed, a measure of moral power wasted, a rebel habit formed or fostered. To compassionate failings in others is to beg the question of fact for the sake of politeness; to look with leniency on the errors which self would fain palliate, by assuming that they are unavoidable, is to play the traitor to Truth, and let the enemy into the citadel; whereas conscience is set to guard the nature of man from treachery not less carefully than to protect it against assault.

Failings may be moral, mental, or physical, as they show themselves in the character, the intellect, or the bodily habit and powers. It generally happens that what strikes the observer as a failing is compounded of errors in feeling, thought, and action combined. The practical question is how the overt evil came into existence; or, if happily the failing should be detected in an earlier stage of growth, before it has betrayed its presence by ugly consequences, we may ask: what are the mischievous forces, where are they at work, how can they be counteracted? Why has this person the "failing" of a tendency to excessive indulgence in drink or the gratification of some unbridled passion; and that individual a seeming inability to recognize and pursue the right and honest course of conduct in the presence of any so-called "temptation" or difficulty?

Some of the most regrettable and injurious failings which disfigure and defame the character run through families, appearing in successive generations and seeming to be inherited. This theory of their perpetuation is well founded; and it has been adduced as conclusive evidence of the truth of the hypothesis that mind, and, of course, character, is the mere outcome of matter. The force of the argument obviously rests on the assumption that nothing more than, or outside, matter can be transmitted from parent to child; that a particular constitution of brain and nerve centres, a special arrangement or combination of the elements which compose the mind-organ, may be reproduced, and, if it is, a similarity of character will be entailed; but as for the independent existence of mind, or spirit, that is a pure figment of the imagination, which science will sooner or later drive beyond the pale of credulity, and to which, even now, only a few thinkers avowedly cling!

Let us examine this proposition at close quarters. It may be stated thus. All we know of mind is expressed, and understood, by physical agencies and in the formulæ of material force. Speech communicates thought, and we think in words. The faculty of forming and employing words is a brain function. If a particular region of the brain be injured or diseased, the power of using language, at least in speech, is *generally* lost. The materialist argues from this and many similar facts that mind is the product of matter. He fails to perceive that the only warrantable deduction from his own data is that mind or spirit, call it what we will, *can only express itself* through the brain as an instrument. As well deny the skill or independent existence of a musician because he can not play the full score of an opera on a flute, as infer the non-existence of a soul from the

fact that man cannot perform intellectual work without the organ of thought—the brain!

The capacity of the instrument doubtless limits the expression, but it supplies no measure of the power or skill of the performer, except in so far as the use he makes of the instrument may be a bad one. This exception is of great significance, and there will be something more to say about it presently. Meantime it is evident that, while the range of brain-power determines the *manifestation* of mind, it neither measures, nor affirms, nor disproves the independent existence of mind. The anatomist, the physiologist, and the chemist declare their inability to discover the traces of a soul in the physical organism. That no more proves the non-existence of a soul than the failure to recognize more than a certain number of planets at any stage in the history of astronomy demonstrated that there was nothing further to find.

The appeal against materialism lies to the instinct of common sense. If mind were the mere outcome of matter, science would long since have discovered some tolerably constant relation between peculiarities of physical development and manifestations of character; whereas every step onward in the progress of research tends to disprove the existence of any certain dependency or connection between morals and matter. Even such links as compose the stock-in-trade of the physiognomist and phrenologist are shown to be illusory, except in so far as they may be the effects, rather than the causes, of character, and are produced by culture—witness the effects of education on facial expression in the case of criminals. The theory of a criminal conformation of cranium has been abandoned like the silly affectation of being able to detect an offender by his "hang-dog" or "murderous" look.

"Failings" must be studied in the light of the lessons these facts and considerations combine to teach. The moral question involved is one of responsibility for the use each individual may make of the brain-power allotted to him. The neglect to employ gifts and capacities is as grave an error, from an ethical point of view, as their application to a bad purpose. The servant who buried his talent in the earth was held accountable for the failure to use it, and thereby increase its value. The parable sets forth a truth of the highest practical interest. We are responsible for the development, by use, of the faculties vouchsafed to us. If they are allowed to remain in abeyance, or a rudimentary state, we are to blame for the deficiencies and the failings to which this neglect gives rise, and are without excuse. The obligation to act up to the level of known duty cannot be avoided. A "failing" is an act of contempt for the law of development by use. It is disobedience to an understood command. The fact that it is recognized makes a failing an offence. There may be short-coming in the performance of a good resolve. Few, if any, merely human efforts are entirely successful; but the failure which occurs when an endeavor is made in the energy of a resolute and well-aimed purpose is not so much a fault as an insufficiency. The rising tide reaches its highest level by successive efforts. Self-improvement is effected in the same fashion. The motive power of persistent good endeavor is accumulative—ever advancing like the great tidal wave of the ocean—though the ground is conquered by short and seemingly only half-successful advances.

Failings, however, as we are now regarding them, are excused faults in the character which the individual makes no serious effort to repair. Some defects, as we have seen, are inherited, and upon them it is the custom to bestow great commiseration and little blame. Now, in truth, these are the least pardonable, because, if they are known to have been transmitted from parent to child, the latter has, generally, the advantage of an example, ever present to memory, by which to correct his personal deficiencies. If the "failing" be a vicious propensity, he can recall its hideousness, and thus stimulate will and conscience to aid him in eradicating the fault. If it be some form of deficiency, as indolence, lack of perseverance,

want of principle, or the like, he can study, as in the pages of history, the evil consequences entailed by the defect, and with diligence order his own conduct in better courses. Inherited failings are the least excusable. Even the materialist, who claims them as the fruit of physical peculiarities, must concede that by special culture they can be remedied, the healthy organism being susceptible of increased development in any particular direction when the proper stimuli are intelligently applied with a view to its improvement. The apologist for failings which have been inherited can find no comfort in the philosophy of materialism.

Failings which are peculiar to the individual may be less easy to detect, and the subject of these defects is, in a measure, dependent upon experience and the monitions of those around him for the information needed to correct them. This should keep the wise teachable and apt to profit by the lessons life is ever reading for their instruction. A self-reliant spirit is manly, and therefore commendable; a self-sufficient spirit is unreasonable, and therefore despicable. It is strange how few of us grow really wiser as we grow older. The work of self-improvement is seldom commenced until forced upon the judgment by some awakening experience, and this is rarely vouchsafed until the ductile period of youth has gone by. Early in the adult age of man his habits become rigidly formulated, and failings are then hard to mend. A world of unhappiness and disappointment might be spared the later years of life if the young would be warned to begin the business of training the character before it is firmly set in the mould of circumstances, with all the coarse elements—inherited and contracted—uneliminated, and the errors of inconsistency and imperfect development uncorrected.

It is in the period of youth and adolescence that the mind may be most hopefully cultivated and the moral character intelligently formed. No greater mistake can be made by a young and vigorous mind than to treat the faculty of reason and the instinct of moral judgment as parts of the being which may be left to their own devices. The young man bestows some thought on his muscular system—he trains his eye, cultivates his ear, and takes credit for prudence when he strives to develop the vigor and to foster the healthy growth of his body. Is it wise—nay, is it not rather the worst of folly and shortsightedness—to neglect the ordinary development of those higher powers which man possesses in a more exalted degree than any of the lower animals? Taking care for the body while the mind is neglected is the worst of failings—the most calamitous and the least excusable.

GONE !

By E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

Alas ! and have I lost thy voice,
Lost the sweet face that in my youth
Shone from my breast on things to be—
Hope-making, changing hope to truth,
Thy face, sweet love,
That madest beautiful the plainest thing
Below, above ?

No ; like the priest in times of old,
Who drew the temple's sacred veil,
Thou art gone into an inner fold ;
And now, thy face turned heaven's way,
A paler face, and yet not pale,
Looks for the sunset in the west ;
Thy form appears with outspread wings,
I hear thee from thine altar say,
With angel-breath o'er former things,
How beautiful is rest !

—London Sunday Magazine.

SOCIAL WRECKAGE.

By ELLICE HOPKINS.

Mr. Francis Peek has recently published a useful but saddening little book, whose title I have attached to this article. Not that it tells anything new to one who has studied deeply the pages of that terrible book of modern life, with its gilded leaves, but its unutterably dark contents ; it only focuses the scattered knowledge into alarmingly clear vision. Indeed, in reading it, it is difficult to resist the old nightmare feeling, that after all this little planet may be the small rotary Vaudeville theater of the universe, where we poor actors in life's scene are playing out a series of farces for the amusement of the angels, or more probably of darker and more distant visitants. The admirably logical social life that religiously shuts all the museums and picture-galleries on the Lord's Day, and opens all the gin-shops ; that is never tired of iterating that the proper sphere of woman is home, and brings up its 20,000 female orphans in large pauper barracks, from which the last touch of home-life has disappeared ; that goes to meetings and loudly preaches thrift to the people, and then gruffly whispers in their ear by guardians of the poor, "Only be drunk and spendthrift enough, and we will house you and provide for your old age ;" that goes to church and preaches that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and leaves the people to litter down like pigs at night—men and women, girls and boys, together in tenements where no rich man would think of stabling his horses ; that goes to school and teaches its children the three R's, and leaves them in dens of infamy to learn a fourth R, by every sight and sound of the day and night, ruin of body and soul ; that virtuously declaims against the harlot, yet leaves its little girls to be brought up in brothels ; that believes a fatal disorder is undermining the national health, and shuts the doors of its hospitals against it, and denies it the public means of cure ; that legally protects the heiress up to twenty-one, and refuses to protect the poor man's daughter, even at sixteen, from the trade of vice ; that holds that the man is the responsible head of the woman, and throws the blame and disgrace on the woman—alas ! alas ! what a heap of anomalies is here—what real cause to complain of the methods of our moral life ! No wonder that the poor Dissenting minister, much entangled in our social difficulties, and led on all sides to contradictory conclusions, threw in a deprecatory clause in his prayer, "Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord, it is nevertheless true."

And what are the results of such methods as these ? What must be the results ?

That we read that in the wealthiest nation in the world, one in every thirty-one of our countrymen is a pauper ; this, moreover, without including any of that vast number of destitute persons who are maintained in charitable institutions or by private benevolence.

That in the richest city in the world there were in one year 101 deaths from actual starvation, in full sight of well-stocked shops.

That there are about 180,000 apprehensions each year for drunkenness, and over 15,000 persons yearly charged with indictable crimes, and over half a million convicted summarily before the magistrates, of which latter nearly 100,000 are guilty of personal assaults, about 2,500 being aggravated assaults upon women and children.

That there are extensive districts in London, Liverpool, and all our large towns, where our people are living in little more than half the area of ground required for a corpse, and which they could claim if they were dead, in tenements which are the graves of all decency and chastity.

That "in Liverpool alone, by a rough estimate, there are some 10,000 or more children who are neither properly fed, clothed nor housed, and surrounded by such evil associations at home, or in the low lodging-houses where they herd, that there is small

chance of their leading afterwards a useful life, and we can predict with certainty that many of them will enter our prisons, penitentiaries and workhouses."

Surely it must create an uneasy feeling in the most careless to realize this mass of misery and sin on which the life of the well-to-do classes in England is based—

"This deep dark underworld of woe,
That underlies life's shining surfaces,
Dim populous pain and multitudinous toil,
Unheeded of the heedless world that treads
Its piteous upturned faces underfoot,
In the gay rout that rushes to its ends."

It is impossible for me to deal adequately with the subject in the narrow space of a short article, but let me touch on three of our greatest problems—overcrowding, pauperism, and the care of the young.

First, as to overcrowding. This is a question that distinctly affects the state, and with regard to which we have to "live in the whole," and to see that the welfare of the community is at stake, and that the state must have an authoritative voice in it. Virtue, sobriety, decency, are physically impossible in the conditions under which a vast number of its citizens are living. The national health and morals are in danger. All the arguments that justified the interference of the state with the rights of the Irish landlord, apply equally to the London landlords, and the artificial forcing up of rents, which has resulted from the necessity many workmen are under of living near their work. Yet this question has been the subject of permissive legislation! The Artisans' Dwellings Improvement Act, an honest attempt on the part of Sir Richard Cross to deal with the problem, was rendered applicable to all towns of 28,000 inhabitants or upward—that is to say, about eighty towns—but it was entrusted to the municipalities to carry it out, the town councils which we have left to be composed chiefly of men of narrow education, largely swayed by self-interest, and probably extensive owners of the very property to be demolished! It is exactly as if the Irish Land Bill had been permissive, and entrusted to the Irish landlords to put it into execution! Can we wonder that in about sixty out of the eighty towns, it remains a dead letter? In eleven it has led to discussion; in two or three it has led to the demolition of buildings, but not to their erection. Is there not a want of ordinary *seeing* in our moral life? Could we hope to solve a single scientific problem on the methods on which we are content to live?

"The commercial success," as Mr. Peek observes, "that has been achieved by several of the Artisans' Dwellings Companies which, while providing good houses, yet pay fair dividends, shows that the poorest pay rents which give a fair interest on capital, so that the municipality will not be compelled to embark in a ruinous undertaking, or one that will not pay in the long run, to say nothing of the gain to the health and morals of the nation."

Secondly, let us take pauperism. First of all let us clearly recognize that no system of paid officials, no mechanical workhouse will take the place of human thought and human care. Nothing will do instead of love. Indeed, there are already signs that we are working out a *reductio ad absurdum* with these portentous and ever-increasing warehouses of the destitute and the vicious that are springing up, throwing the winter support of whole dissolute families on hard-working rate-payers, and systematically discouraging thrift. But the problem has been solved satisfactorily on a small scale, and can be on a larger. The Elberfeld experiment, which in twelve years reduced the number of paupers from 4,800 to 1,800, notwithstanding that the population had increased from 50,000 to 64,000, and that great commercial depression existed, has been too often described not to be familiar to all. But a remarkable parallel movement among the Jews is scarcely so well known as it deserves to be. When "Oliver Twist" was published, the leading

Jews were so mortally ashamed of the picture drawn by the popular novelist of Fagan and the low Jewish quarters in London, that they formed themselves at once into an organization to remedy so disgraceful a state of things. The numbers to be dealt with amounted to those of a populous town, with the additional difficulty afforded by immigrant Jews arriving in large numbers from the Continent in a state of the greatest destitution. The investigation of every case requiring relief was undertaken by volunteer workers, assisted by skilled officers, and was not in the steam pig-killing style, but patient and exhaustive with true human brotherhood; in deserving cases the relief given was sufficient to make a guardian's hair stand on end, but was given with the view to helping the man to a means of livelihood. Especially this wise liberality was shown in the treatment of their widows. Whilst Mr. Peek has no better suggestion to offer than that the widows' children should be removed to the pauper barrack-schools to herd with the lowest children of casuals, a system which Mr. Peek himself strongly condemns, the Jews recognized that the mother, if well conducted, was the proper person to have the care of them, and that her place was at home. They therefore either provided their widows with indoor work, or, when that was impossible, relieved them on a sufficient scale to enable them to look after their children at home; the consequence being that instead of feeding the outcast class, as the neglected children of our widows too often do, they grew up productive and well-conducted members of the community. If, however, a family was found overcrowding, all relief was steadily refused till they consented to live a human life, assistance being given to move into a larger tenement. By these wise and thoughtful methods in the course of a single generation the Jews have worked up the people from a considerably lower level to one decidedly above our own. To be sure the Jew does not drink. Give the most destitute Jew five pounds down, and at the end of the year you will find him a small capitalist, having considerably despoiled the Egyptians meanwhile. But the intemperance of our people is largely caused by overcrowding, and by their amusements and recreation-rooms being in the hands of those who make their profit not by the entertainment but by the drink traffic, and indefinite improvement may be brought about by wiser regulations that have the good of the people, and not the fattening of publicans and brewers at heart. Surely the success of the Jewish and Elberfeld efforts prove that the problem of the reduction of pauperism and the inducing of healthy habits of thrift and self-helping in the people is soluble, and with that army of devoted Christian workers in our midst, to whose untiring efforts we owe it that social disaster has not already overtaken us, it must be possible for us to carry on the same movement, if Birmingham or one of our public-spirited towns would lead the way.

Lastly, we come to the vast, hopeful field, presented by greater care for the young, and better methods of embodying it.

First, let the law protect the young of both sexes up to the legal age of majority from all attempts to lead them into a dissolute life. In most continental countries the corruption of minors is an indictable offense. The English penal code recognizes this principle in property; it is felony to abduct an heiress up to twenty-one, and a young man's debts, except for bare necessities, are null and void till he is of age; but, as usual, our English law leaves the infinitely more precious moral personality unprotected. There is no practical protection at any age for an English child from the trade of vice. An unruly child of fifteen or sixteen, or even younger, quarrels with her mother or with her employer, and runs off in a fit of temper. Even if she leaves her parents' roof, it can not be brought under the law against abduction. No one abducts her; the child abducts herself. Yet the keeper of the lowest den of infamy can harbor that child for an infamous purpose, and he or she commits no indictable offence. It is no wonder, therefore, that the open profligacy of the young forms the very gravest feature of our large towns. Thankful as we are for the honest effort to

deal with this monstrous anomaly in English law, shown by Lord Rôsebery's bill, we can not but regret the extreme inadequacy of its provisions, or that the legislature should refuse to extend legal protection from even the trade of vice, to the most dangerous age of a girl's life, the age of sixteen—the age when, as the medical faculty are agreed, a girl is least morally responsible, and most liable to sexual extravagances, and when we can statistically prove that the greatest number of those who go wrong are led astray. The country will not rest till the legal protection from the trade of vice is extended to twenty-one.

Secondly, let us recognize it as an axiom that parental rights do not exist when wholly severed from parental duties; or, in other words, that the child has its rights as well as the parent, and that its indefeasible right is, in South's strong words, "to be born and not damned into the world." Let it be recognized, then, that no child of either sex is to be brought up in a den of infamy, and to attend school from thence to the contamination of the children of the respectable poor, the magistrates being no longer allowed to defeat this beneficent provision of the Industrial Schools Act, and parental responsibility being recognized by the parent being compelled to pay toward the Christian and industrial training of the child; all children living in, or frequenting, thieves' dens and disorderly houses to be at once removed. Let day industrial schools be formed for the lowest class of children, so as to introduce some classification in our board schools, the want of which is one of their gravest defects. Let us adopt emigration to our colonies for our pauper and destitute children, whenever possible. Any one who has gone into the question can corroborate Mr. Samuel Smith's statement in his able article in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, that "£15 per head covers all expenses, including a few months' preparatory training, outfit, passage, etc." The average cost of each child in the metropolitan district schools is nearly £25 per annum. About 11,000 pauper children are brought up in these large establishments at a cost to the rate-payers of London of £250,000 per annum. Probably each child is kept, on the average, five years, costing, say, £120 in all. Truly Mr. Smith may well add, "with a blindness that is incomprehensible, the guardians have preferred herding them together at a vast expense, and refused till quite lately to allow emigration to be tried." And for those children who through bad health, or any other disability, are unable to emigrate, and can not be boarded out, as well as children whose drunken and dissolute parents are bringing them up to crime, let there be an order of teaching deaconesses instituted, and a state-aided training college, where educated ladies may receive training in the management of an industrial school, and from which the guardians can supply themselves with mothers for cottage homes on the plan of the Village Homes of Ilford, where the cost of a child is £14, instead of £25. By this arrangement the children would come under higher influence than the uneducated workhouse officials. Hundreds of ladies are wanting remunerative employment, and would gladly undertake this, if they could be put in the way of the work by a little preliminary training, and freed from the necessity of "doing the washing" in the cottage home. And, lastly, let it be a recognized theory that every Christian household has one respectable but rough little girl to train under its own upper class servants, to give her a good start in life, that our houses, with all their culture and refinement, may no longer be strongholds of *l'egoïsme à plusieurs*, but centers for teaching good work, high character, and fine manners—organs for the public good.

And those social atomists who raise their vehement cry about personal rights and the liberty of the subject over all compulsory measures for saving children, I would remind that the question is not of compulsion or non-compulsion; but whether the natural guardians of a child shall be compelled to pay toward its Christian and industrial training, or whether they and I, as ratepayers, shall be compelled to pay for its degradation in prisons, in infirmity beds, and workhouses. Compulsion

there is anyhow: but surely no reasonable mind can doubt which compulsion is most in accordance with the true right and true liberty.

And how can I better close than with the impassioned words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, apostrophizing our material splendor, as shown in the great Exhibition of 1851, by the side of our moral squalor:

"O Magi of the East and of the West,
Your incense, gold and myrrh are excellent!
What gifts for Christ, then, bring ye with the rest?
Your hands have worked well: is your courage spent
In handiwork only? Have you nothing best
Which generous souls may perfect and present
And He shall thank the givers for? No light
Of teaching, liberal nations, for the poor
Who sit in darkness when it is not night?
No cure for wicked children? Christ—no cure!
No help for women sobbing out of sight
Because men made the laws? No brothel lure
Burnt out by popular lightnings? Hast thou found
No remedy, my England, for such woes?

* * * * *
Alas! great nations have great shames, I say.
* * * * *

O gracious nations, give some ear to me!
You all go to your fair, and I am one
Who at the roadside of humanity
Beseech your alms,—God's justice to be done!

—*The Contemporary Review.*

AT REST.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

Ah, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry,
And quiet hours glide by
In this deep vale, where once the merry stream
Sang on through gloom and gleam;
Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day
Shines on that tranquil bay,
Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be;
Wild blast and angry sea
Touch not this favored shore, by summer blest,
A home of rest.

Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep
Where thou art laid asleep;
Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gentle showers,
Thou hast thy crown of flowers;
Poor heart, too long in this mad world oppressed,
Take now thy rest.

I, too, perplex'd with strife of good and ill,
Long to be safe and still;
Evil is present with me while I pray
That good may win the day;
Great Giver, grant me thy last gift and best,
The gift of rest!

—*Good Words.*

BUSINESS requires earnestness and strength of character, life must be allowed more freedom; business calls for the strictest sequence, whereas in the conduct of life inconsecutiveness is often necessary—nay, is charming and graceful. If thou art strict in the first, thou mayest allow thyself more freedom in the second; while if thou mix them up, thou wilt find the free interfering and breaking in upon the fixed.—*Goethe.*

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

I.—THE SAILOR, PEDDLER, FARMER, PREACHER.

In mechanics, an eccentric is a wheel that can start all the rest of the machinery with a jerk and a kick, and keep it going. It was the little eccentrics that enabled ten thousand Chautauquans to scatter to every part of the land in a few hours. The cam-motion in human nature starts its machinery and scatters its thought. We ought to thank God for the minds that wobble. Every originator has been counted eccentric—many of them have been pronounced insane. The little Festuses sitting in judgment are always crying to the inspired apostles of truth, "Thou art beside thyself."

It is finite mechanism and finite thought that invent geometry and theology. Men hang, cunningly and truly, their long counter-shafts of creed, of behavior, of thought, of dress, of consistency, of loyalty; they bolt and key thereto immovably all human characters which are round, "line them up" all true and uniform, lubricate with lucre, put on the steam and away they all go beautifully and all alike. Woe be to one who wobbles in this machine-shop of society! But God uses no plumb-lines, right-angles, levels or true circles. "Nature's geometrician," the bee, never made a true hexagon. The old planets go "spinning through the grooves of change" in eccentrics, and never collide. Erratic comets dash through and among them, and never crash. I suppose the most eccentric character that ever walked this earth was that strange boy from Nazareth who confounded the doctors with his unprecedented outgivings. His teachings were indeed so strange that after the world has been for one thousand nine hundred years trying to work its standard up to them, a perfect Christian would to-day be accounted *non compos mentis* by the rest of Christendom.

So it is not a bad idea to study eccentric characters, especially if they are strangely good and oddly useful. One such, at least, we have at hand for the first study of this series—Rev. Edward T. Taylor, "Father Taylor," "The Sailor-Preacher," of Boston and the world.

Born in Virginia, reared on the sea, and adopted by New England. Born a religionist, he preached "play" sermons when a child; born again a Christian, he preached the gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church until all humanity claimed him. Born a poet, for ten years he studied nature in her tragic and her melting moods upon the sea; studied man in the fore-castle, in the prison, upon the farm, in the market. Nature was his university; humanity his text-book; hard experience his tutor. At the age of twenty he had traveled the world over, had sounded the depths of human fortune, passion, misery, and sin; was profoundly learned in his great text-book, and the most inspired interpreter of its unuttered wants—and did not know the alphabet! He had become celebrated throughout New England as a marvelous prodigy in the despised sect of "shouting Methodists" years before he could read a text or "line" a hymn. And to the day of his death his preaching knew no method, his eloquence no logic, his conduct no consistency, and his power no limit or restraint. To this day no one has succeeded in analyzing his genius. He could not himself account for his power, nor could he control it. He seemed to play upon his audiences at will as a master plays upon the harp; yet some unseen, mysterious force played upon him in turn. His brethren in the ministry, who accounted for his strange power by attributing it to the Holy Spirit, were confounded by the rudeness, jocoseness, and at times almost profanity of his speech at its highest flights; and they who undertook to resolve his efforts into the accepted elements of human power were astounded by the more than human resources of a mind uncultured and a nature as wild, as uncontrollable, as bright and as sad as the sea he loved. Surely, if ever man was inspired, Father Taylor was.

His career, like his methods, answered to all the terms that can define eccentricity. Deeply religious as the child was by nature, he ran away to sea at the age of seven. His conversion was characteristic. Putting into port at Boston, he strolled to a meeting-house where a revival was in progress; instead of going in by the door, he listened outside, and when stricken under conviction, with characteristic impulsiveness he climbed in through the window. To use his own sailor words: "I was dragged in through the 'lubber hole,' brought down by a broadside from the seventy-four, Bishop Hedding, and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker." This was at the age of nineteen. Then off to sea as a privateersman in the war of 1812, he was captured and imprisoned at Halifax, and here his preaching of the gospel strangely began. A fellow-prisoner read texts to him till one flashed upon his conception as the cue to his discourse. "Stop!" the boy would cry; "read that again." "That will do;" and he was ready to pour forth a fervid hour of pathos, wit, brilliant imagery, all supported by perfect acting.

Out of prison at last, he returns to Boston, leaves his seafaring forever, and takes to the road with a tin peddler's cart: clad in a sailor's jacket and tarpaulin, talking "sea lingo," religion and poetry in equal proportions, he traveled over New England as attractive a sight as Don Quixote would have been. He came across an old lady who taught him to read (age 21), and he paid her by gratefully holding meetings in her big kitchen, and exhorting wondering crowds of rustics and weeping crowds of penitents. Next he undertook to learn shoemaking, and then worked a farm for a living—all the time concentrating his intense nature on his grand passion for playing upon the human heart; earning little bread for himself, and breaking the bread of life abundantly to farmers, shoemakers, fishermen; in farm houses, school houses, barns, camp-meetings; over a circuit of his own organization. "He was a youthful rustic Whitefield," says Bishop Haven, "thrilling rustic audiences with his winged words and fiery inspiration." He loved to preach from the text, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" Taylor did not know letters, and his speech was rude and coarse, his blunders innumerable: if words failed him out of his limited vocabulary, he manufactured them. Once, completely at fault in his struggle to express the burning thoughts that crowded his brain he cried, with a perplexed but irradiated face: "I have lost my nominative case, but I am on my way to glory!" A few smiled; all wept. His earnestness atoned for many defects; his imagery was even now beautiful, and his magnetism irresistible.

Thus young Taylor preached, unlicensed, for five years. It was the breaking-up and seed-time of New England Methodism. Between the Puritans and Quakers, with their mutual antagonism, the shouting Methodists were as corn between the mill-stones, a despised and persecuted sect.

About the age of twenty-five occurred three notable events in his life. He was licensed by the Methodist Conference to preach. He attended school a short time and began his education. He married one of God's noble-women to complete his education. For ten years he continued the life of a circuit preacher, growing in culture, power, spirit, and fame, under that wise and gentle nurture. No one can say how far short of its fullness Father Taylor's life might have fallen without Deborah Taylor.

All these seventeen years of his ministry he had, as far as possible, kept near to the coast and the haunts of sailors; praying in the fore-castle and preaching on the decks of ships about to sail, wherever he could reach them. The salt air was incense to him, and the music of the surf seemed ever dwelling in the nautilus-chambers of his heart. At last his life-work came in the direction of his longings. At the age of thirty-five he was called to preach to the sailors of Boston. The meetings were a success from the first, and Mr. Taylor went South and solicited the money (\$2,100) to buy a house for them in the South. (More bread cast on the waters to return after many days to the South.) The

work grew, and soon an incorporated society was organized, called the "Boston Port Society;" from the first nondenominational, though a majority of its board were Methodists. The work still grew. Soon the merchants of Boston assumed the burden of the work, and in 1833 "The Seamen's Bethel" was completed at a cost of \$24,000. Soon a Seamen's Savings Bank and then a Seamen's Aid Society, a Seamen's Boarding-house, and then a Mariner's Home (at a cost of \$34,000), an Industrial School for Seamen's Children, and a Seamen's Co-operative Store, sprang up around this nucleus. These collateral enterprises were largely the inspiration of Mother Taylor, but the burden of them fell upon the Unitarians of Boston, who soon assumed entire control of the noble charity and mission. Here Father Taylor fulfilled his life-mission. "From 1829 to 1871 he trod this quarter-deck, its master." The fame of the Bethel and its chaplain, one and the same, went to all quarters of the globe. Edward Everett styled him "The Walking Bethel," and Richard H. Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast," said one of the first inquiries of sailors in foreign ports, from him, was regarding the welfare of Father Taylor, the mariner's preacher in Boston. A sailor declared he had been in ports where the United States had not been heard of, but never where Father Taylor had not. Once, soliciting aid for Bethel before another audience than his own, he glowingly promised: "Drop your gold into this ocean and it will cast a wave on the shores of Europe which will strike back to the islands of the Southern Sea, rebound on the Northwest coast, and so make the circuit of the world and strike this port again." The realization of this prediction was more extravagant than the bold imagery of it. At the dedication of the Bethel he cried: "America is the center of the world, the center of America is Boston, and the center of Boston is the Bethel."

The first place of a returning sailor's thoughts became the Bethel, instead of the groggery. Two of them, seeking it for the first time, spelled out the name on the flag floating above it: "B-E-T, beat, H-E-L, hell; beat-hell! This is Father Taylor's place," and they cast anchor. "There he is, Bill," said an old tar to another, as they entered the Bethel; "there's the old man walking the deck. He's got his guns double-shotted and will give it to us right and left. See how fast he travels—fifteen knots on a taut bowline. When he walks that way he's ready for action."

There were strange scenes in that vast audience room. The body of the church was reserved for sailors always, while the side slips and galleries were for the general public. When the seats were all filled, he would order the sailors forward like a sea captain, and crowd the altar rail, the pulpit stairs, the pulpit, and the pulpit sofas with the weather-beaten mariners, while the grandest in the land stood and listened in the aisles. "Now," he would say, with a beaming face, "we have got the hold full and a deck load, and we'll up anchor and start." Many of the best critics and reporters have tried to describe and analyze a service after such a "start"—Dickens, Harriet Martineau, Fredricka Bremer, Horace Mann, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others—but all fail to give us much comprehension of the method of the man; I suspect because they were all so absorbed they forgot to take notes, mental or otherwise. But they recall the effects of the preaching vividly, each in his own way. So much of the power of Father Taylor was in his presence and action, that no report of one of his sermons has been made and preserved. He said himself, "You might as well try to report chain lightning." Dr. Bellows said, twelve years ago, "Alas! nothing remains of him but his memory and his influence. He will be an incredible myth in another generation." Why need this be so? He has left a wealth of original sayings behind him unequalled by the utterances of few save Abraham Lincoln; and he may furnish the material for many rare studies in character. We may be forgiven the presumption of attempting to help rescue Father Taylor from vanishing into oblivion. What, then, were the characteristics that lay at the foundations of this re-

markable character? I would classify them under four heads:

1. *Intensity.* This gave him concentration of thought, earnestness of belief, courage and aggressiveness in action. He went into everything with an irresistible impulse. His training on the sea and in the circuit gave free growth to this trait. He was never placed where he needed to be politic or conservative; and his combativeness always had free play. He was the champion of his despised sect, but he fought with the polished weapons of a wit, and the impressive presence of a will which the foes of his cause more dreaded than force. And then his spirit was so lovable that there is no instance on record of any one ever having laid hands on him, fierce disputant as he was.

He was a man born to command. His will was imperious. The last conscious act of his life was to shake his fist at his nurse, who refused to let him rise from bed. Peter Cartwright said there were two cataracts in this country—Niagara and Father Taylor. His brethren called him "the breaking-up plow of the Church." Miss Martineau spoke of "the prodigious force which he carries in his magnificent intellect and earnest heart." Another English writer said, "He goes on as energetically as any 'Praise-God Barebones' of the old Covenanter times."

I think one thing all his biographers lost sight of was the fact that his belief became a vital part of him, the very breath of his nostrils. There is a mighty difference between truly believing, and simply accepting a belief second-hand, which latter passes for belief with most people. It is the men who genuinely believe who make others accept and adopt their belief. In the pulpit his action is tremendous. He always comes down wet through with perspiration, and a complete change of wardrobe is necessary with every effort.

2. *Imagination.* To this quality is to be referred his profound religious nature, his poetry, dramatic power, eloquence, and (in conjunction with his earnestness) even his faults. One called him a poet; another, a born actor. James Freeman Clarke said he was the only man he ever heard to whom the much-abused word, "eloquence," could be truly applied. But I think none of these terms so accurately classify his genius as to call him a painter. His earnestness made everything his quick imagination conjured up seem realistic to him; and his dramatic power enabled him to make these images realistic to his hearers. His thoughts were entities to him, and they always took the form of objects real and visible. This differs from the *poetic* imagination, the essence of which is unsubstantiality. The poet sees visions, the artist creates forms. Taylor was an artist, with words for his colors, action for his pencil. One who heard him said: "While he preached the ocean rolled and sparkled, the ship spread her sails, the tempest lowered, the forked lightnings blazed, the vessel struck, her disjointed timbers floated upon the waves. It was all pictured to the eye as positive reality. You could hardly believe afterward you had not actually witnessed the scene."

He describes a shipwreck, and at the climax, as the ship is slowly settling in the water, and every face in the audience is livid with fear, he roars, "Man the life boat!" and every sailor in the house springs to his feet. Now sailors, under the influence of drink, have killed their captain. He describes the deed. They start up before the audience, creeping down the stairs and into the cabin; he raises the imaginary knife, and half the men in the house jump forward to arrest the blow, while women shriek in horror. Once, however, a matter-of-fact, though possessed sailor, confused Father Taylor. He had depicted the impenitent sinner, under the figure of a storm-tossed ship, with her sails split, and driven by the gale toward the rock-bound coast of Cape Ann. "Oh, how," he exclaimed, in tones of despair, "shall this poor sin-tossed sinner be saved?" "Put his helm hard down, and bear away for Squam!" bellowed the old salt, springing excitedly to his feet.

So he painted the Mosaic miracles, "till the brethren saw the snakes squirm, heard the frogs croak, felt the lice bite, brushed

the flies out of their faces and saw the Israelites march out of Egypt."

One of his last sermons, when he was old and feeble, ended thus: "My work is almost done. Where are all my old shipmates—they who lay in hammocks beside me and who have fought at the same guns? Gone, gone—all gone! No, blessed be God! not all; there's one left. [Here he made the picture realistic by pointing to an old salt, gray, bent, and knotty-faced.] Yes, there's old Timberhead. He and I have weathered many a storm together. It is only a little farther we have to sail. Look, look ahead there! It is only to beat just around that point yonder. Now—now! there is the peaceful, blissful haven and home full in view." By this time the audience was weeping, radiant with hope.

Even his isolated sentences are full of this imaginary realism. "Sailors ignorant!" he cried indignantly when one depreciated them; "sailors know everything; they grasp the world in their hand like an orange!" The boldness of this language is wonderful. Of superannuated ministers he said: "They are like camels bearing precious spices and browsing on bitter herbs. They were moral giants. When God made them he rolled his sleeves up to the arm-pits."

It was the activity of his brain, the realism of his imagery and the homely naturalness of his language that made some of his transitions abrupt to grotesqueness and some of his speech border startlingly on impropriety. He really thought aloud—which many a matter-of-fact, heavy speaker would find it unsafe to do. Dissociated from their context and from the earnestness and devout spirit of the man, they sound much worse than when uttered.

It was the combination of these two qualities also which made him extravagant in speech, erratic in sentiment, and inconsistent by himself. He was whatever he thought or imagined for the moment; his genius possessed and controlled him. Thus he was a radical temperance reformer, but he denounced prohibitory legislation and hurled ridicule at those who proposed the use of an unfermented wine in the sacrament; he called it "raisin water." Of rum-sellers he said: "I wonder that the angels in heaven do not tear up the golden pavements and throw them on their heads;" but he conjured those who should succeed him to "Cast out from this church, in my name, any man that comes up to the altar with his glue-pot and dye-stuff."

Dr. Jewett says: "I have heard him at times when I have been amazed at the utter inconsistency of his views, not only with any standard of doctrine recognized as sound by other men, but with his own public utterances of perhaps the week previous. His imagination, once fairly excited, could furnish in thirty minutes material for half-a-dozen speeches of an hour each; and, unfortunately, it frequently happened that different parts of the same speech could be used on opposite sides of the same question."

So he denounced the abolitionists and slavery in the same breath. "Before I would assist one of those Southern devils to catch a nigger," he shouted, after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "I would see them all in hell, and I would shout hallelujah on to the end of it!" "You talk like a rabid abolitionist," said his interlocutor. "No," he cried, with even more vengeance; "no, I despise them. They have cursed the land!" He called Foster, the abolitionist orator, "a devil on the platform." His reverence for the church led him to consign summarily to a hotter climate those who came out on the anti-slavery issue; and he was a vehement advocate of church authority, and evangelical orthodoxy, yet the most of his life he preached for Unitarians; and he openly defied the mandate of the conference regarding Masonry, being a member of the fraternity, and he submitted to church discipline for his contumacy, but refused to withdraw from the order, and prayed in public for the anti-Masons, "O, Lord, make their hearts as soft as their heads are." Plainly, there was no managing such a tempestuous soul, and he was

left to go his own way. Honor be to the church that had the magnanimity and broad charity to let him do his own grand work in his own grand way. It was herein as grand and eccentric as an organization as he was among men.

His sarcasm, wit, terseness, and vigor of speech were the outcome of an energetic and picturesque mind, struggling with a limited vocabulary for its expression. His sentences were explosive. "This fast age," he said, "would be glad to put spurs to lightning, and blow a trumpet in the ears of thunder." Again, "Some people think they are saints. If they could see themselves as the just in glory see them they would n't dare to look a decent devil in the face." "If I owed the devil a hypocrite, and he wouldn't take that man for pay, I'd repudiate the debt." He called another minister, who had preceded him, and infringing on his allotted time, "As selfish as a whale who takes in a ton of herring before breakfast." Again, "It is a great mistake to think of converting the world without the help of sailors. You might as well think of melting a mountain of ice with a moonbeam, or of heating an oven with snow-balls." He called morality, without religion, "Starting a man to heaven with an icicle in his pocket." "I am not two inches off heaven!" he exclaimed, in a moment of religious exaltation. He said to Channing, the Unitarian: "When you die angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders." "Sailors' hearts are big as an ox's; open like a sunflower, and they carry them in their right hands ready to give them away." One of his converts, gifted in prayer, he always called "Salvation-set-to-music." A colored brother, speaking with the simple pathos of his race, drew from Father Taylor the ejaculation, "There is rain in that cloud."

But, whether homely or lofty, whether pathetic or witty, he always talked in dead earnest out of his warm heart, out of his seething brain, and everything was gilded by the magic touch of imagination. "A man," says Stevens, "who could scarcely speak three sentences, in the pulpit or out of it, without presenting a striking poetic image, a phrase of rare beauty, or a sententious sarcasm, whose discourses presented the strangest, the most brilliant exhibition of sense, epigrammatic thought, pathos, and humor, spangled over by an exhaustless variety of the finest images and pervaded by a spiritual earnestness that subdued all listeners." "His splendid thoughts come faster than he can speak them," said Harriet Martineau, "and at times he could be totally overwhelmed by them if a burst of tears, of which he was wholly unconscious, did not aid in his relief." "I have seen a diamond shining," said Dr. Bartol, "but he was a diamond on fire."

3. *Sympathy.* Here was the secret of his power over men. His emotional nature constantly overflowed all else. With a marvelous intuition in reading character, a free-masonry with all phases of human emotions, a magnetism that put him inside of every heart, he became the better self, the ideal longing of each listener. It made no difference how learned or stoical the man was; Father Taylor got hold of him and stirred his heart from the bottom. A man of wit said, "I am always afraid when I am laughing at Father Taylor's wit, for I know he will make me cry before he has done with me." People cry and laugh alternately, and sometimes both together. Laughter is the best preparation for tears. "Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear." [Are we not all inconsistent, eccentric, at the bottom of our natures, *i. e.*, at our very best?] A New York comedian came to study the method of one of whose acting he had heard much report; he was so affected by the unlearned art of this master of the soul that he fairly blubbered behind his handkerchief.

Dr. Wentworth, of another occasion said: "The immense audience swayed in the wealth of his eloquence like a forest of willows. We laughed, we wept, we shouted in turns; and finally, finding myself getting utterly unmanned, and rapidly dissolving into tears and brine, I fled the pulpit and hid myself out of earshot of this extraordinary scene."

Dr. Wakely, of New York, describes the effects of a prayer by Father Taylor, at the New York Conference: "The ministers wept all over the house like little children. Dr. Capers and Dr. Pitman were in the pulpit with me. Dr. Capers wept and trembled exceedingly; and Dr. Pitman laughed and cried alternately—smiles and tears strangely blended."

"His pathos is the most awful of his powers," said Miss Martineau, terrified at his control over her emotions; "I have seen a single clause of a short sentence call up an instantaneous flush on hundreds of hard faces."

Many would not expose their hearts to hear him a second time; they could not bear the overmastering power.

Dr. Bartol very finely said: "What was the secret but a sympathy, raised to the highest power, so as to exceed all that we conceive under that name, so that *he saw out of people as well as into them!* He put on their eyes for his eyeglasses, looking at the world as they did, and they found and felt him in them at the core and center." "He was a master of pathos," said Dr. Bellows; "rough sailors and beautiful and cultivated Boston girls, and men like Webster and Emerson, and shop boys and Cambridge students, and Jenny Lind and Charles Dickens, and Harriet Martineau, and everybody of taste or curiosity who visited Boston were seen weeping together with Father Taylor. Ah, the human heart, down at the bottom, is one."

He loved all little children with all his Master's passion. The baptism of infants was always a baptism of joy and tears with him. He would gather one to his breast and kiss and croon over it like a mother. Taking a beautiful little girl in his arms, he raised her before the whole audience, and said, with streaming eyes, "Look at the sweet lamb! Her mother has brought her to Christ's fold. A baptism of heaven be on thee, my pretty dove." All children recognized him at sight for one of their guild. A ragged little girl walked into the church at his funeral, laid a buttonhole bouquet on the coffin, and said timidly and sweetly, "He was *my* friend," and so departed. Once when he had been called to several children's funerals in succession, he said to a friend whom he met in the street, "There is something wrong somewhere. There are storms brewing when so many doves are flying aloft."

At funerals he was a refuge of consolation. He so entered into the hearts bereaved that he felt their hurt. "Father, look upon us," he once implored, with mighty and tender supplication, "*we are a widow!*" "It is no wonder to me," said Harriet Martineau, "that the widow and orphan are cherished by those who hear his prayers for them."

Drunken sailors or abandoned women, none were left out of reach of his infinite sympathy; and it reached the uttermost parts of the earth. A sailor boy has died and been buried in South America, and he prays that the Comforter may be near the bereaved father "when his aged heart goes forth from his bosom to flutter around the far southern grave of his boy!" Is Shakspeare more dramatic, Shelly more imaginative, Longfellow more pathetic than this?

Out of this fathomless love he preached his gospel of happiness and purity and love; for it was doubtless true, as he declared, that "he never knew the time when he did not love God." Out of it came his sweet charity and tolerance. His lovers were of all denominations and of none—Catholics, Universalists, Unitarians—for he was "altogether lovely." When one at a camp-meeting excluded from salvation all these sects, all men who used tobacco and all women who wore jewelry, Father Taylor broke in indignantly, "If that's true, Christ's mission was a failure. It's a pity he came." "How far apart are heaven and hell?" he was asked. "I tell you," said he, "they are so near that myriads of souls to-day don't know which they are in." "Blessed Jesus," he prayed, "give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction; for we want to look all around the horizon—yea, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean." "When *Bigotry* is buried I hope I shall be at the fu-

neral," he said. His intimacy with the Unitarians, and his remarkable tribute to Channing have been cited. Of Emerson he said: "He has the sweetest soul God ever put into a man. If the devil gets him he will never know what to do with him." A theologian asked him what he was going to do with the Unitarians; "I don't know," he said, confidentially; "if they go to hell they'll *change the atmosphere.*" "Is your son-in-law a Christian?" asked a solicitous brother. "Not exactly," replied Father Taylor, "but he's a very sweet sinner."

4. *His humor.* This kept all cheerful, healthy and bright. He was a "laughing Christian." I do not think he ever used humor merely to make people laugh, but always with an earnest purpose back of it. He was no joker, and rarely thought his own keen thrusts subjects for merriment.

Of his manliness, his good sense, his improvidence, his sweet and beautiful home life, space does not suffice to speak.

If to be an original character among men is to be eccentric, Father Taylor was indeed odd. "He was in all things himself and not any one else; in this generation there has been but one Father Taylor," said Dr. Waterstone; and Dr. Bartol declared that, "No American citizen—Webster, Clay, Everett, Lincoln, Choate—has a reputation more impressive and unique." No one understood his singularity better than himself. "I will not wear a straight-jacket or Chinese shoes," he declared. Having been invited to lecture, he said: "I can't lecture; I would not lecture if I could. Your lectures are all macadamized; they are entertainments where those go who dare not visit the theater. I must cross-plow your fine paths. I am no man's model, no man's copyist, no man's agent; go on my own hook; say what I please, and you may help yourselves."

Like all greatly-eccentric souls, I presume, he felt his own isolation and want of comprehension of himself by others. One who sat far into the night in communion of soul with him, said: "You are a strange mortal!" "Well," said he, pathetically, "I have made up my mind there never was but one E. T. Taylor and, so far as I have anything to do with it, there never shall be another."

When we think of his birth, training, and surroundings—the child of the plantation and the graduate of the fore-castle—and contrast this with his peculiar powers, his strange career, and above all in rarity his wonderful world-wide mission, it is not too much to say that Father Taylor is without a parallel in American history. "An impulsive, untrained, and erratic genius;" there was a fixed purpose and a continuity of effort, such as is seen in few lives. If extravagant in speech and inconsistent in views, his intensity, vividness, and realism, make all sound like plain common-sense. Haughty and tender, imperious and democratic, grand and simple, splendidly uncultured; a strange, terrible power among men always used for leading, driving, persuading to righteousness. He deserves a paraphrase of a higher tribute than Phillips, the Irish barrister, gave to Napoleon. Such a medley of contradictions and at the same time such individual consistency for right were never before united in the same character. In the solitude of his originality, he was always the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—a man without a model and without a shadow.

"When I am dead," he pleaded, "I do not want to be buried in dirt. But bury me rather in the deep salt sea, where the coral rocks shall be my pillow, and the seaweeds shall be my winding-sheet, and the waves shall sing my requiem forever."

And it was not done. Conventionality triumphed in death over the old eccentric, who had defied it as long as he lived.

OBSERVE, the fates of men are balanced with wonderfully nice adjustments. The scale of this life, if it sinks, rises there, while if it rises here, it will sink to the ground there. What was here temporary affliction, will be there eternal triumph; what was here temporary triumph, will be there eternal and enduring despair.—*Schiller.*

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION C. L. S. C.

May the new year work be promptly begun, faithfully prosecuted, satisfactorily completed!

October 1 is Memorial Day—the day of the beginning of our college year. The bell at Chautauqua will ring at high noon. Listen for its echoes.

One member has already nearly finished two of the books since the meetings closed at Chautauqua. He read on the train; he read at the station; he read at the hotel; he read during the odd minutes at home. This is a good example.

The readings for October are: History of Greece,* vol. 2, by Prof. T. T. Timayenis, parts 7 and 8; Chautauqua Text-Books—No. 5, Greek History, by Dr. J. H. Vincent; Primer of American Literature, by C. F. Richardson; required readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Let the members of the Class of '83 who were not graduated in August, now begin to read up the required books, and be ready for graduation in 1884.

In the earliest announcement of the course of study for 1883-84, the little Chautauqua Text-Book No. 22, on Biology, was given. Many members suppose that this is the substitute for "Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology," an altogether different book. The price of Chautauqua Text-Book No. 22 is 10 cents; the price of "Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology" is (in the cheapest edition) 25 cents. If they will return to Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York, the Chautauqua Text-Book and 15 cents additional, they will forward the "Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology."

Students in the Class of 1887 should have Chautauqua Text-Books Nos. 4 and 5, English and Greek History. They have already been read by the other classes. Price, 10 cents each.

Members of the C. L. S. C. are earnestly urged to read Chautauqua Text-Book No. 24, Canadian History. This should have been required in the earlier lists.

All members of the C. L. S. C. should examine carefully the "Popular Education" circular which appears in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, to ascertain if they have the complete list of books for the year.

By the payment of one dollar, all graduates of the C. L. S. C. will be entitled to all communications from the central office for four years, the four white crystal seals, and any additional white seals which they may gain. The one dollar does not, of course, pay for special seals.

The Chautauqua Hand-Book No. 2—known as the "Green Book"—which contains a full account of the C. L. S. C. work, is now ready. Send a two cent stamp to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., and you will receive a copy.

The Class of 1884 should send in their back reports as soon as possible. It is so much better to get all ready in advance, and not wait until the close of the year, when the general office is crowded, the secretaries busy, and mistakes easily possible.

* Students of the new class (1887) to be organized this fall, not having read volume 1 of Timayenis's History of Greece, will not be required to read volume 2, but, instead of volumes 1 and 2 of Timayenis's, will read "Brief History of Greece." Price, paper, 60 cents.

LOCAL CIRCLE NOTICE.

The full accounts of the C. L. S. C. commencement exercises at the summer Assemblies, which we publish this month, take the place of the reports from the local circles. It is only for this month, however. The department will continue to be a regular feature of the magazine. These reports have been of great service to local circles everywhere, and we earnestly request that full and exact accounts of work should be forwarded us by the president or secretary of each local circle. Let any new feature in the program be fully described; give us all the new plans for social work, give everything that will be suggestive and helpful. Several times last year we were asked how to work up a new circle, or to revive a dying one. Where leaders have had experience in building up these circles let them give testimony through the "Local Circle" column. It may help others in similar circumstances. The new and helpful features are what we want for this department. If the members will co-operate, the local circle reports will be very useful.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. STUDIES.

OCTOBER, 1883.

The required readings for October are:

Parts 7 and 8 of the second volume of Timayenis's "History of Greece" for students having read the first volume, but for students of class 1887 the first ninety-one pages of "Brief History of Greece."

Chautauqua Text-book, No. 5, "Greek History," by Dr. J. H. Vincent.

"Primer of American Literature," by C. F. Richardson.

Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

The division is as follows:

First Week (ending October 8)—1. The first three chapters of part 7 of Timayenis's "History of Greece;" or from page 1 to "Age of Pericles," page 23, in "Brief History of Greece."

2. American Literature, the first two chapters.

3. Readings in American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for October 7.

Second Week (ending October 16)—1. Timayenis's "History of Greece," from chapter iv., part 7, to chapter ii, part 8, or in "Brief History of Greece," from "The Age of Pericles," page 23, to "The Civilization," page 46.

2. American Literature, from page 30 to page 55, inclusive.

3. Readings in Physical Science in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for October 14.

Third Week (ending October 24)—1. "History of Greece" (Timayenis's) from chapter ii., page 73, to chapter vi., page 115, or in "Brief History of Greece," from page 46, "The Civilization," to "Manners and Customs," page 71.

2. American Literature, from page 56, section 34, to page 81.

3. Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN on German History and Political Economy.

4. Sunday Readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for October 21.

Fourth Week (ending October 31)—1. "History of Greece." Finish part eighth, or in "Brief History of Greece," from page 71, "Manners and Customs," to "Readings in Greek History," page 91.

2. American Literature, from section 34, page 81, to end of volume.

3. Readings in Art, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for October 28.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

President—Lewis Miller.
Superintendent of Instruction—J. H. Vincent, D.D.
Counselors—Lyman Abbott, D.D.; J. M. Gibson, D.D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D.D.; W. C. Wilkinson, D.D.
Office Secretary—Miss Kate F. Kimball.
General Secretary—A. M. Martin.

I.—AIM.

This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited), so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

2.—METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.

3.—COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study prescribed by the C. L. S. C. shall cover a period of four years

4.—ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.

Each year's Course of Study will be considered the "First Year" for new pupils whether it be the first, second, third, or fourth of the four years' course. For example, "the class of 1887," instead of beginning October, 1883, with the same studies which were pursued in 1882-83 by "the class of 1886," will fall in with "the class of '86," and take for their first year the second year's course of the '86 class. The first year for "the class of 1886" will thus in due time become the fourth year for "the class of 1887."

5.—C. L. S. C. COURSE OF READING, 1883-84

I. REQUIRED.

History of Greece.* By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 2; parts 7, 8, 10 and 11. Price, \$1.15.
Stories in English History by the Great Historians. Edited by C. E. Bishop, Esq. Price, \$1.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 16, Roman History; No. 24, Canadian History; No. 21, American History; No. 5, Greek History. Price, 10 cents each.
Preparatory Latin Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price, \$1.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 23, English Literature. By Prof. J. H. Gilmore. Price, 10 cents.
Primer of American Literature. By C. F. Richardson. Price, 30 cents.
Biographical Stories by Hawthorne. Price, 15 cents.
How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By W. Blaikie. Price, cloth, 80 cents; paper, 50 cents.
Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology. By Dr. J. H. Wythe. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.
Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cts.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 18, Christian Evidences; No. 39, Sunday-School Normal Class Work; No. 43, Good Manners; No. 4, English History. Price, 10 cents each.
THE CHAUTAUQUAN, price, \$1.50, in which will be published:
 Sunday Readings. Selected by Dr. J. H. Vincent.
 Readings in Commercial Law. By Edwin C. Reynolds, Esq.
 Readings in Political Economy. By Prof. George M. Steele, D.D.
 Readings in French History and Literature. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.
 Studies in American History and Literature. By A. M. Martin, Esq.
THE CHAUTAUQUAN will also contain, in the department of Required Readings, brief papers, as follows:
 Readings in German History and Literature.
 Readings in Roman History.
 Readings in American Literature.
 Readings about the Arts, Artists, and their Masterpieces.
 Readings in Physical Science.

ADDITIONAL READINGS FOR STUDENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1884.

Hints for Home Reading. By Dr. Lyman Abbott. Price, cloth, \$1; boards, 75 cts.
The Hall in the Grove. By Mrs. Alden. (A Story of Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.) Price, \$1.50.
Outline Study of Man. By Dr. Mark Hopkins. Price, \$1.50.

II. FOR THE WHITE SEAL.

Persons who pursue the "White Seal Course" of each year, in addition to the regular course, will receive at the time of their graduation a white seal for each year, to be attached to the regular diploma.
History of Greece.* By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 2. Completed. Price, \$1.15.
Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature. Vol. 2. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.
Church History. By Dr. Blackburn. Price, \$2.25.
Bacon's Essays. Price, \$1.25.

III. REQUIRED.—FOR THE WHITE (CRYSTAL) SEAL FOR GRADUATES OF '82 AND '83.

For the benefit of graduates of the C. L. S. C. who, being members of local circles wish to continue in the same general line of reading as undergraduate members, a White Crystal Seal Course is prepared. This consists mainly of books belonging to the current year's study, but not previously read by the graduates. An additional white seal is also offered to the graduates, the books for which are specified under paragraph 4. Some of these books were in the first four year's course, and are therefore to be re-read. The payment of one dollar at one time entitles a graduate to the White Crystal and White Seals for four years. If only fifty cents is paid, it will be credited for but one year.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Required Reading.
History of Greece.* By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 2. Completed. Price, \$1.15.
Preparatory Latin Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price, \$1.
Credo. By Dr. L. T. Townsend. Price, \$1.
Bacon's Essays. Price, \$1.25.

IV. REQUIRED.—FOR ADDITIONAL WHITE SEAL FOR GRADUATES OF '82 AND '83.

Brief History of Greece. By J. Dorman Steele. Price, 60 cents.
Stories in English History by the Great Historians. Edited by C. E. Bishop. Price, \$1.
Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology. By Dr. J. H. Wythe. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.
Biographical Stories. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Price, 15 cents.
How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By W. Blaikie. Price, cloth, 80 cents; paper, 50 cents.
Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cts.
Primer of American Literature. By C. F. Richardson. Price, 30 cents.
Chautauqua Text-Books. Nos. 4, 5, 16, 18, 21, 23, 39 and 43. Price, each, 10 cents.

*Students of the new class (1887) to be organized this fall, and graduates of the classes of 1882 and 1883, not having read volume 1 of Timayenis's History of Greece, will not be required to read volume 2, but instead of volume 2 of Timayenis's, will read "Brief History of Greece." Price, paper, 60 cts.

The following is the distribution of the books and readings through the year:

October.

History of Greece.* Vol. 2. By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Parts 7 and 8.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 5, Greek History. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.
Primer of American Literature. By C. F. Richardson.
Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

November.

History of Greece.* Vol. 2. By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Parts 10 and 11.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 5, Greek History. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.
Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

December.

Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology. By Dr. J. H. Wythe.
Biographical Stories. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

January.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. 14 chapters.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 18, Christian Evidences. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.
Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 39, Sunday School Normal Class Work.
Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

February.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. Completed.

6.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Members of the C. L. S. C. may take, in addition to the regular course above prescribed, one or more special courses, and pass an examination upon them. Pupils will receive credit and testimonial seals to be appended to the regular diploma, according to the merit of examinations on these supplemental courses.

7.—THE PREPARATORY COURSE.

Persons who are too young, or not sufficiently advanced in their studies to take the regular C. L. S. C. course, may adopt certain preparatory lessons for one or more years.

For circulars of the preparatory course, address Miss K. F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, New Jersey.

8.—INITIATION FEE.

To defray the expenses of correspondence, memoranda, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., (by New York or Philadelphia draft, Post-office order on Plainfield, N. J., or the new Postal Note, to be ready about September 1.) Do not send postage stamps if you can possibly avoid it. Three-cent stamps will not be received.
 N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure to state to which class you belong, whether 1884, 1885, 1886, or 1887.

9.—APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Persons desiring to unite with the C. L. S. C. should forward answers to the following questions to Miss K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J. The class graduating in 1887 should begin the study of the lessons required October, 1883. They may begin as late as January 1, 1884.

1. Give your name in full.
2. Your post-office address, with county and State.
3. Are you married or single?
4. What is your age? Are you between twenty and thirty, or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.?
5. If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years?
6. What is your occupation?
7. With what religious denomination are you connected?
8. Do you, after mature deliberation, resolve, if able, to prosecute the four years' course of study presented by the C. L. S. C.?
9. Do you promise, if practicable, to give an average of four hours a week to the reading and study required by this course?
10. How much more than the time specified do you hope to give to this course of study?

10.—TIME REQUIRED.

An average of forty minutes' reading each week-day will enable the student in nine months to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course of reading on the same subjects has been indicated. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes during one's secular toil will lighten labor, brighten life, and develop power.

11.—MEMORANDA.

The annual "examinations" will be held at the homes of the members, and in writing. Duplicate Memoranda are forwarded, one copy being retained by each student and the other filled out and forwarded to the office at Plainfield, N. J.

12.—ATTENDANCE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Persons should be present to enjoy the annual meetings at Chautauqua, but attendance there is not necessary to graduation in the C. L. S. C. Persons who have never visited Chautauqua may enjoy the advantages, diploma, and honors of the "Circle."

13.—MISCELLANEOUS.

For the history of the C. L. S. C., an explanation of the LOCAL CIRCLES, the MEMORIAL DAYS to be observed by all true C. L. S. C. members, ST. PAUL'S GROVE at Chautauqua, etc., etc., address (inclose two-cent stamp) Miss K. F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., who will forward the "Chautauqua Hand-Book, No. 2," sixty-four pages. Blank forms, containing the ten questions given in paragraph 9, will also be sent on application.

14.—CHAUTAUQUA PERIODICALS.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN, organ of the C. L. S. C.; 76 pages; ten numbers; \$1.50 per year. **CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD**, organ of Chautauqua meetings; 8 pages; 48 columns. Daily in August; 10 numbers. Contains the lectures delivered at Chautauqua; \$1 per volume. Both periodicals one year, \$2.50. Address Dr. Theodore L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

15.—BOOKS OF THE C. L. S. C.

For all the books address Phillips & Hunt, New York, or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago.

*Students of the new class (1887) to be organized this fall, not having read volume 1 of Timayenis's History of Greece, will not be required to read volume 2, but instead of volume 2, of Timayenis's, will read "Brief History of Greece." Price, paper, 60 cts.

†We ask this question to ascertain the possible future intellectual and moral influence of this "Circle" on your homes.

[Not required.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

I.—ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "HISTORY OF GREECE," VOL. II., PARTS SEVENTH AND EIGHTH—THEBAN SUPREMACY, AND MACEDONIAN HELLENISM.

1. Q. What was the character of the Thebans in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ? A. They were brave soldiers, and possessed souls, if not always noble, yet ever resolute; bodies, if not prepossessing, yet athletic and well prepared, by exercise and thorough drill from early childhood, for every military duty.

2. Q. What two names are permanently associated with the rise of Theban power? A. Epaminondas and Pelopidas.

3. Q. What was the training and what some of the striking characteristics of Epaminondas? A. He was trained from early youth in all the branches of gymnastics and military duty; was distinguished by the diligent care he took of his intellectual education; was modest and wholly devoid of a boasting spirit, and was indifferent to money.

4. Q. What did Epaminondas, with Pelopidas, organize that filled Hellas with the fame of its achievements, and fell only when the autonomy of Hellas disappeared? A. The famous lochos, or band, composed of three hundred picked men, bound together by the closest ties of friendship, and devoted to each other to the death.

5. Q. What was the effect upon the Spartans of the war against the Thebans, the latter being assisted by the Athenians, during the first part of the fourth century before Christ? A. The Spartans were daily losing their prestige and becoming humbled.

6. Q. What was the most noted of the combats of the Thebans with the Lacedæmonians in Boeotia at this time, which served as a sort of prelude to that of Leuktra? A. The battle of Tegyra, in which the Thebans, led by Pelopidas, achieved a splendid victory.

7. Q. What disastrous visitations heightened the despondency of the Spartans in 372 B. C.? A. The terrible earthquakes and rains which during that year occurred in the Peloponnesus, and which they regarded as tokens of the wrath of the god Poseidon.

8. Q. What was the result of the Athenians having established their new naval dominion on the Ionian Sea? A. They had no longer ground on which to continue the war, and they therefore sent to Sparta for peace.

9. Q. What was the result of the congress of the Hellenic nation which followed in the year 371 B. C.? A. Agesilaus, on behalf of Sparta, caused the names of the Thebans to be struck from the roll, and declared war against them upon the spot.

10. Q. What celebrated battle was fought soon after in Boeotia between the Lacedæmonians and the Thebans? A. The battle of Leuktra.

11. Q. Previous to this time how had Hellenic armies been drawn up in order of battle? A. In parallel lines.

12. Q. What plan did Epaminondas adopt on this occasion? A. He massed upon the center a greater force than his opponent, and concentrated a superior number upon the right wing.

13. Q. What is said of the adoption of this arrangement of the forces of an army afterward by military leaders? A. It was afterward largely adopted by military leaders, and by its successful application some of the greatest battles of the world have been gained by such generals as Frederick of Prussia and Napoleon.

14. Q. What was the result at the battle of Leuktra? A. The right wing of the Spartans was completely driven back to their camp, and the remainder of the army sought safety by retreat.

15. Q. Following immediately upon the defeat at Leuktra what occurred in the Peloponnesus? A. A great revolution broke out against Sparta.

16. Q. What movement was next undertaken by Epaminondas? A. He invaded the Peloponnesus with the Thebans and their allies, and approached almost to the very gates of Sparta.

17. Q. What is said of the appearance of an enemy before Sparta? A. Full six hundred years had elapsed since the first establishment of the Dorians in Lacedæmon, and this was the first time in all that long period that they had seen an enemy in their territory.

18. Q. What two enterprises did Epaminondas now execute which had formed the special purpose of his expedition? A. The re-establishment of Messenia and the consolidation of the Arkadians.

19. Q. Within what space of time had this complete change of affairs occurred in the Peloponnesus? A. Within a space of eighteen months from the time the Thebans were insultingly driven from the national congress by Sparta.

20. Q. On the north what conquest was made by Pelopidas about the same time? A. He invaded Thessaly, and subdued the greater part of the country.

21. Q. What were the terms of the permanent league into which the two states of Athens and Sparta now entered? A. That the command both on land and sea should alternate between Athens and Sparta for periods of five days.

22. Q. Notwithstanding this league what was the ruling city in Hellas? A. Thebes.

23. Q. What countries in Greece acknowledged Thebes as ruler and obeyed her? A. Macedonia, Thessaly, most of the countries between Thermopylæ and the isthmus, and most of the Peloponnesus.

24. Q. About the end of the year 368 B. C., what battle was fought between the Spartans and Arkadians during the absence of Epaminondas from the Peloponnesus? A. What the Spartans called "The Tearless Battle."

25. Q. What does Diodorus say of the slain? A. Ten thousand men were slain, without the loss of a single Lacedæmonian.

26. Q. At the instance of Pelopidas, in 366 B. C., what declaration was made by the Persian king in regard to Thebes? A. Thebes was declared the head city of Hellas, and any city refusing to admit her leadership was menaced with instant compulsion by Persian force.

27. Q. How was this declaration received by the allies of Thebes? A. They collectively refused to adhere to the royal decree.

28. Q. What occurred to Pelopidas while in the execution of his duty as envoy to Thessaly in his efforts to have the supremacy of Thebes there recognized? A. He was seized and detained as prisoner by Alexander of Pheræ.

29. Q. After he had been released through the efforts of Epaminondas, what was the result of an engagement of the forces of Pelopidas with those of Alexander of Thessaly? A. The army of Alexander was routed at the battle of Kynos Kephalæ, but Pelopidas was slain.

30. Q. About the middle of 362 B. C., for what purpose did Epaminondas march again into the Peloponnesus? A. In order to strengthen the adherents of the Thebans and to put down their numerous opponents.

31. Q. What celebrated battle was fought between the forces under Epaminondas and the allied army opposed? A. The battle of Mantinea.

32. Q. What was the result of the engagement? A. The whole army in opposition to Epaminondas was driven from the field.

33. Q. What was the fate of Epaminondas? A. He received a wound in the breast from the thrust of a spear which proved mortal.

34. Q. What is the character of the opinions that have been uniformly expressed, both in ancient and modern times concerning Epaminondas? A. There has ever been for him only praise and admiration.

35. Q. After he fell what prevailed for twenty-five years in Greece? A. Political anarchy, ending only in the Macedonian supremacy.

36. Q. Following the advice of Epaminondas what did the Thebans at once do after the battle of Mantinea? A. They made peace with the enemy.

37. Q. Where did the Spartan king, Agesilaus, soon after die? A. On the march toward home from Egypt, where he unsuccessfully attempted an expedition against the Persian empire.

38. Q. What three islands and city revolted from Athens and her confederacy which led to the three years' "social war" from 358 to 355 B. C.? A. The islands of Chios, Kos and Rhodes, and the city of Byzantium.

39. Q. What war was carried on in Greece for the ten years from 355 to 346 B. C.? A. The second Sacred War.

40. Q. During this war what desecration was committed by the Phokian general Philomelus? A. The sanctuary of the Delphian temple was seized and robbed of its treasures.

41. Q. What noted king of Macedonia first took part in Hellenic affairs during the second Sacred War? A. Philip.

42. Q. What was the result of an engagement by the forces of Philip with the Phokians? A. He became master of Thessaly, and proclaimed himself the avenger of the Delphian god, and the defender of the insulted Hellenic religion.

43. Q. By whom was the advance of Philip into Hellas repelled? A. By the Athenians, who occupied Thermopylae in opposition to Philip.

44. Q. What renowned orator attempted to arouse the Athenians to oppose the advance of Philip in his efforts to reduce all Hellas to his sway? A. Demosthenes.

45. Q. Where does the criticism of the modern world and that of the grandest orators of France and England unanimously place Demosthenes? A. At the head of orators.

46. Q. By what name are the most famous of the orations of Demosthenes known? A. The Philipics.

47. Q. What decisive battle was fought in 338 B. C. between the Macedonian army and the Athenians and their allies? A. The battle of Chæroneia.

48. Q. What was the result of this battle? A. The Greeks were conquered, and the Sacred Band of the Thebans to a man fell in this battle as they stood in a solid phalanx, not one of the three hundred yielding a foot.

49. Q. To whom was the chief credit of this victory due? A. To the youthful Alexander, the son of Philip.

50. Q. At a congress of Hellenic cities Philip soon after convened at Corinth to what position was he chosen? A. General-in-chief of all Hellas.

51. Q. What was the geographical position of Macedonia before its enlargement through the conquests of Philip? A. It was an exclusively inland country lying between two mountain ranges on the north side of the great Kambunian chain.

52. Q. What is said of the language of the Macedonians? A. It was widely different from that of the Thracians on the east and the Illyrians on the west, and was so nearly akin to the Hellenic that the latter tongue was easily acquired by them.

53. Q. In the earliest times how were the inhabitants of Macedonia divided? A. Into a variety of independent tribes, each of which had its own king or chieftain.

54. Q. According to tradition who were the real founders of the greatness of Macedonia? A. Fugitives from Hellas, belonging to the royal Herakleid line of Argos, who are supposed to have arrived in the country during the seventh century before Christ.

55. Q. Who was the first Macedonian sovereign of real historic importance? A. Amyntas.

56. Q. Mention three other sovereigns of Macedonia before Philip? A. Alexander, Perdikkas, and Archelaus.

57. Q. Who was the father of Philip? A. Amyntas II.

58. Q. What mode of life did the immediate predecessors of

Philip seek as much as possible to approach? A. The Attic mode of life.

59. Q. What is said in regard to King Archelaus? A. That he introduced many social improvements after Hellenic models, and was much attached to the youthful Plato and his teacher Sokrates.

60. Q. At the age of fifteen where was Philip taken as a hostage? A. To Thebes.

61. Q. How long did he remain there? A. Three years.

62. Q. Though a hostage how was he welcomed? A. He was honorably and cordially welcomed, received a scientific and oratorical training, and studied philosophy.

63. Q. Almost from the beginning of his reign what income did Philip receive from the gold-producing regions of Mount Pangæus? A. According to Diodorus a yearly income of one thousand talents.

64. Q. How did this income compare with that received by the Athenians and the Spartans? A. It was greater than that which the Athenians and the Spartans obtained in the very acme of their power.

65. Q. What steps did Philip take to make his army more efficient? A. He reorganized the army and effected a complete transformation in their armament and accomplishments.

66. Q. What was the most formidable part of the army as organized by Philip? A. The Macedonian phalanx.

67. Q. What was the principal weapon of the soldiers serving in the phalanx? A. A long pike called the sarissa, twenty-one feet in length.

68. Q. After his return from Corinth in 337 B. C. what did Philip do in regard to the invasion of Asia? A. He made so many preparations for his intended expedition into Asia that he exhausted his accumulated treasures.

69. Q. What steps did he take in the spring of 336 B. C. to begin hostilities against the Persians? A. He sent to Asia a portion of the Macedonian army, under Parmenio and Attalus, to begin hostilities at once until he assumed command of the expedition.

70. Q. What was the result of a quarrel that occurred about this time between Philip and one of his wives, Olympias, the mother of Alexander? A. Olympias went to her brother, the King of Epirus, and Alexander soon followed her, and expressed strong resentment at the treatment of his mother.

71. Q. In what way did Philip seek to reconcile the parties to this quarrel, and at the same time ally himself to the King of Epirus? A. By giving the King of Epirus his daughter by Olympias, Kleopatra, in marriage.

72. Q. How were the nuptials celebrated? A. With many splendid and costly entertainments.

73. Q. During the festivities how did Philip come to his death? A. As he was walking toward the door of the theater he was suddenly assassinated by Pausanias, one of the body-guard of the king.

74. Q. At what age did Philip die, and how long was his reign? A. He died at the age of forty-seven, after a reign of twenty-three years.

75. Q. Who succeeded him to the throne? A. His son, Alexander the Great.

76. Q. When was Alexander born? A. In July, 356 B. C.

77. Q. What is said of Alexander and the Iliad? A. One of the first books that he read was the Iliad, to which he became devotedly attached, and a copy of which, corrected, as it is said, by Aristotle, he carried with him in his military campaigns.

78. Q. What was the effect of the reception of the news of the death of Philip at Athens and elsewhere? A. There was an outbreak, caused especially by Demosthenes, who represented his death as holding forth new hopes of freedom to the city. There was also much disturbance in other Hellenic cities.

79. Q. When Alexander was informed of this crisis of affairs what steps did he take? A. He hastened to Hellas with a con

siderable army, reaching there within two months of the death of his father.

80. Q. What action was taken by a common council of the Greeks that Alexander assembled at Corinth? A. The council gave him, as it had done to Philip two years before, the hegemony of the expedition against Asia. The Lacedæmonians alone stood aloof, refusing all concurrence.

81. Q. After his return to Macedonia, where did Alexander next go to secure his domains? A. Into Thrace and bordering regions where he subdued the tribes and brought them under his subjection.

82. Q. In the meantime what Hellenic city revolted from the rule of Alexander? A. Thebes.

83. Q. What followed Alexander's immediate march from the north to Thebes? A. The city was taken after a desperate resistance, six thousand of the inhabitants slain, thirty thousand sold into slavery, and the houses leveled to the ground.

84. Q. Upon his return to Macedonia what did Alexander institute? A. Magnificent sacrifices to the gods, and scenic contests in honor of the god Zeus and the Muses.

85. Q. Who was now upon the throne of the Persian empire? A. Darius Codomannus.

86. Q. When did Alexander commence his invasion of Asia? A. In the year 334 B. C.

87. Q. What was the size of the Macedonian army that Alexander led into Asia? A. Thirty thousand infantry and forty-five hundred cavalry.

88. Q. Where did he first encounter the Persian army? A. At the river Granicus.

89. Q. What was the result of the engagement that followed? A. The army of Alexander forced the passage of the river in the face of the enemy and entirely routed the Persian forces.

90. Q. What followed Alexander's march through Asia Minor? A. Many cities surrendered without opposition, and the others he reached he subdued.

91. Q. As he was marching further into Asia, who now advanced to meet Alexander? A. Darius himself with an immense army equipped in great splendor.

92. Q. Where did the hostile armies encounter each other? A. On the plains of Issus.

93. Q. What was the result of the battle there fought? A. The Persians were completely routed with great loss, and Darius saved himself only by precipitate flight.

94. Q. What two cities refused to submit to Alexander, and were taken by him only after prolonged sieges? A. Tyre and Gaza.

95. Q. Into what country did Alexander next march, and what great commercial city did he there found? A. Into Egypt, where he founded Alexandria.

96. Q. Where did Alexander again encounter the Persian army, and with what results? A. On the plains of Arbela, eastward of the Tigris. The immense army of the Persians was either cut to pieces, captured, or dispersed, and no subsequent attempt was made to gather together a large regular force.

97. Q. What two great capitals of Persia now surrendered to Alexander without a struggle? A. Babylon and Susa.

98. Q. Into what region did Alexander further extend his conquests? A. Into India.

99. Q. Upon his return from India, when and where did Alexander die? A. At Babylon in the year 323 B. C.

100. Q. What became of the countries subdued by Alexander after his death? A. The empire was subjected to protracted civil wars, and was subsequently separated into numerous small kingdoms.

II.—FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

1. Q. As soon as the English colonists landed on American shores, at Jamestown and Plymouth, for what purpose did they begin to think of the establishment of schools of sound learning? A. In Virginia, for the purpose of educating the Indians,

and in Massachusetts Bay for the supply of church pastors.

2. Q. Until politics began to interest the colonists in a vital manner, what formed the bulk of the issues of the press? A. Religious books and tracts.

3. Q. What was the first book written and printed in New England? A. The Bay Psalm Book.

4. Q. Of all the theological writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who were the most voluminous? A. Increase Mather and his son Cotton. The publications of the former numbered eighty-five, and of the latter no less than three hundred and eighty-two.

5. Q. What is the chief monument of the industry and scholarship of John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians?" A. His translation of the entire Bible into the Indian tongue. This appeared in two parts, the New Testament in 1661, and the whole Bible in 1663, and was the labor of the unaided Eliot.

6. Q. What are the names of three minor writers of the seventeenth century? A. Capt. John Smith, Gov. John Winthrop, and Michael Wigglesworth.

7. Q. Upon what work does the reputation of Jonathan Edwards as philosopher and theologian chiefly rest? A. His great treatise on the "Freedom of the Will," written about the middle of the eighteenth century.

8. Q. Who were the principal leaders in the eighteenth century of the school of philosophy which Edwards shaped? A. Samuel Hopkins, Nathaniel Emmons and Timothy Dwight.

9. Q. What is one of the most remarkable of the names of great Americans in the eighteenth century? A. Benjamin Franklin, who was a master in whatever branch of learning he touched.

10. Q. What is one of the best known of Franklin's works? A. Poor Richard's Almanac.

11. Q. What are the names of three minor writers of the eighteenth century? A. William Stith, David Brainerd and John Woolman.

12. Q. Of what character was a large part of the books and pamphlets written during the revolutionary period? A. It was necessarily of temporary interest, and of little value as literature.

13. Q. In what particular did George Washington excel as a writer? A. As a letter writer.

14. Q. What are some of the most noted productions of Thomas Jefferson? A. Notes on Virginia, his Correspondence, and the Declaration of Independence.

15. Q. What was the Federalist? A. It was a collection of essays published periodically, and arguing in favor of the Constitution of the United States adopted in 1789, and was the concerted work of Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay.

16. Q. What work of Thomas Paine has always had a wide circulation chiefly among the lower classes? A. The Age of Reason. It advocates a pure deism, but its method of criticism and temper of attack are now generally repudiated by more scholarly writers of the same school.

17. Q. Who was the first American poet to attain eminence? A. Philip Freneau, a Huguenot by descent and a New Yorker by birth.

18. Q. Who was the first American novelist and what was his first work? A. Charles Brockden Brown, and his first work called "Wieland" was printed in 1798.

19. Q. For what are the histories written during the last century chiefly useful? A. As authorities for later writers.

20. Q. Who were two biographical writers of the last century? A. William Wirt, who wrote a readable life of Patrick Henry, and Chief Justice John Marshall, who prepared a standard life of Washington.

21. Q. What was incident to the beginning of the present century being marked by a considerable controversial excitement among the New England clergy? A. The spread of Unitarian views in and around Boston.

22. Q. Who were the Unitarian leaders in this controversy? A. William Ellery Channing, the Henry Wares, father and son, and Andrew Norton.

23. Q. By whom were the conservative Congregationalists championed? A. By Noah Worcester, of Salem, and Moses Stewart and Leonard Woods, professors in the theological seminary at Andover.

24. Q. What is the principal theological work that has appeared since Edward's famous treatise? A. The "Systematic Theology" of Charles Hodge, professor in Princeton Seminary.

25. Q. What two college presidents have devoted much thought and ability to mental science? A. Mark Hopkins, of Williams, and Noah Porter, of Yale.

26. Q. What two names are prominent in the literature of Church history? A. Dr. Philip Schaff and Prof. W. G. T. Shedd.

27. Q. To whom is the term "the Knickerbocker writers" applied? A. To certain authors who began to write soon after the beginning of the century, who were for the most part residents of New York, and who were in some cases descendants of the old Dutch stock.

28. Q. What are the names of four prominent writers included under this head? A. Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding, Joseph Rodman Drake, and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

29. Q. What are the names of five poets made celebrated by single pieces? A. Francis Scott Key, Samuel Woodworth, John Howard Payne, Albert G. Greene, and William Augustus Muhlenberg.

30. Q. What are the titles of the pieces for which they are celebrated? A. "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Grimes is Dead," and "I would not live away."

31. Q. What eminent name connected the earlier and later days of our literature? A. William Cullen Bryant.

32. Q. Who are termed the five great American poets? A. William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell.

33. Q. Who was an entirely original figure in American literature? A. Edgar Allen Poe.

34. Q. What are the names of ten persons prominent as orators during the present century? A. Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Everett, Choate, Seward, Sumner, Winthrop, Garrison, and Phillips.

35. Q. What are the names of five prominent American his-

torians of the present century? A. Richard Hildreth, George Bancroft, John G. Palfrey, William H. Prescott, and John Lothrop Motley.

36. Q. What three names are eminent in the literature of Arctic travel? A. Elisha Kent Kane, Charles F. Hall, and Isaac I. Hayes.

37. Q. Who was the first writer of American fiction whose works were extensively read? A. James Fenimore Cooper.

38. Q. What American author has James Russell Lowell called the greatest imaginative writer since Shakspeare? A. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

39. Q. What work has had the greatest success of any American book? A. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a novel directed against slavery. Between five and six hundred thousand copies have been sold in this country alone, and it has been forty times translated.

40. Q. Who is the most distinguished of American essayists? A. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

41. Q. Give the chief among standard editions of Shakspeare that have been edited in this country? A. Those of Richard Grant White and Horace Howard Furness.

42. Q. Who are the authors of three notable histories of the late civil war? A. Horace Greeley, Alexander H. Stephens, and Dr. John W. Draper.

43. Q. What recent American author attained eminence as a writer of travels, of novels, and as a poet? A. Bayard Taylor.

44. Q. What two poets are the chief American kindred of the English pre-Raphaelites? A. Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller; but their kinship is one of nature and not of imitation.

45. Q. Who was the originator of a popular dialect poetry of the time, which has found a troop of imitators? A. John Hay.

46. Q. What author has found a special field in novels of pioneer life in the uncivilized outposts of Western civilization? A. Edward Eggleston.

47. Q. Who is called the best of American writers of juveniles? A. Louisa May Alcott.

48. Q. Give the names of three prominent humorists. A. Charles Farrar Browne, Henry W. Shaw, and David R. Locke.

49. Q. What American writer has devoted the greater part of his literary life to the production of biographies? A. James Parton.

50. Q. Who has enjoyed the acquaintance of more English and American authors than any other of our writers? A. James T. Fields.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE TENTH ASSEMBLY.

Ten years ago the First Assembly offered to the world the Chautauqua Idea. It promised an almost ideal summer life, where health and thought and brotherly love should abound. Ten years have passed, and now the question is, has the scheme been carried out? Is the Assembly a practical idea, and is it a permanency? The answers are most decided. The original plan has not only been put into practice, but, when enlarged an hundred fold, has been proven practicable. Is it a permanency may be a harder question, but the tenth Assembly has, we believe, in many ways proven it so. First, the character and growth of all departments of Chautauqua work show them to be needed institutions, and necessary institutions, as a rule, become permanent. The steady, healthy growth of the different branches of work shows how enduring is the Idea; the Normal department increased its alumni this year to over 1,200; its plans for future work are much more elaborate than ever before, its course of study much superior. The annual report from the School of Languages shows a steady increase. Over

two hundred full tickets were sold in the school this year, and twenty-six different states were represented.

The Teachers' Retreat for 1883 shows a great increase over previous years:

In 1879 there were enrolled 15 members.

In 1880 there were enrolled 133 members.

In 1881 there were enrolled 105 members.

In 1882 there were enrolled 76 members.

In 1883 there were enrolled 223 members.

The C. L. S. C. has reached the enormous membership of nearly 50,000. Besides the advance in the different schools, the attendance at the Assembly was unprecedented. In the earlier years of an institution this might mean very little—a boom, and nothing more—but in the tenth year, when the place has become well-known, it does mean a great deal. These people, too, were not all new friends. Chautauqua has been able to keep its old friends, while every season it has added hosts of new ones. The whole exterior showed it. When streets are lighted by the electric light, and houses are built on stone foun-

dations, lathed and plastered, and furnished with modern improvements, a town has reached a period of durability. Things are built to stay. Chautauqua puts up no more shanties. It has become a city, not of a day but for all time.

The genuine hearty enthusiasm which animates the workers and friends of the movement is, to us, a most excellent reason for believing the institution lasting. There is a feeling among many that enthusiasm is a weakness, a quality not exactly in good form, not in keeping with cultured minds. This is a mistake. Enthusiasm, combined with good sense and industry, is the best equipment for any enterprise. As Emerson says, "A man is at his best when enthusiastic," and we believe Chautauqua is most successful when most enthusiastic—most sure of permanence because capable of always inspiring others with enduring enthusiasm.

The great Assembly opens its doors to every one, but few realize the real value of the idea, or appreciate the conditions of society which make feasible such an idea. Said an eminent German, after having studied the Assembly thoroughly: "You Americans do not appreciate this wonderful plant of yours. In my country we could not have a Chautauqua; no other country under the sun could support such an institution. It is peculiarly American." We do not appreciate the Idea. It is too ideal for the practical minds of the day. But though we may not grasp its full meaning, the Tenth Assembly has proven that people are beginning to understand the practicability, the breadth, and the permanence of the Chautauqua Idea.

THE C. L. S. C. AN EDUCATIONAL NECESSITY OF THE TIMES.

Necessity is a word which in its use depends on circumstances. What is necessary to a people in one age may not have been to their ancestors a generation earlier. Time was when the masses of men were not required to act with intelligence of their own, but to follow the decree of the privileged few or obey the behest of the autocratic individual. Illustrations of such a state of society remain. They are to be found wherever the autocracy or oligarchy, whether political or ecclesiastical, continues its sway.

Under such conditions it is easily seen that the only education required is obedience, blind and unquestioning. All that goes beyond this only makes the individual unhappy and embarrasses authority. Hence, since her ambition has been absolute power, the wisdom of that favorite motto of the Romish church, "keep the people in ignorance," a motto which she has done her best to put in practice.

But our age and civilization have fallen upon other conditions. Obedience is still required, and indeed ever must be, but it is no longer with eyes tight shut, but open; and we are not only encouraged, but by the very conditions of society, are required to ask questions concerning the very grounds of obedience. Something has taken the place of infallible Church and infallible State. That something is enlightened conscience and educated judgment.

In this country the corner-stone of whose stability and permanence must rest on obedience born of intellectual and moral enlightenment, some things have become, and daily are becoming more and more apparent. It is apparent that universal education of a certain kind, a kind that includes to no small degree both head and heart, must go with universal suffrage. It is neither treason nor heresy to say that in the light of experience and of the signs of the times, neither our common schools on the one hand, nor our academies, colleges and universities on the other, are competent to meet and provide for all the educational needs of the American people. Too much can not be said in praise of these institutions. They have been the conservators of our national ideas in the past. But we are growing, and citizenship means higher responsibilities and higher obligations than aforetime. The common school which fits a man for the transactions of ordinary business and pre-

pare the foundation for a higher development, does a great work; but the man who settles down to life without further inspiration and opportunity can hardly be fitted for the higher work and duties of the home and society. Whence then comes, or can come, this inspiration and better preparation? Thus far in our history it has come through the seminary and college. But it is evident that not more than one in twenty of the American youth can have these higher advantages. Reduce the expense to the minimum and there are still insurmountable barriers in the way. It needs no argument, therefore, to show that an organization with the plans, aims and methods of the *Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle* has a mission which bears the sanction of necessity. The wide gap between the common school and the college must be filled, and only can be filled by that which brings the means of education to the home; to the youth learning his trade, to the man or woman in the midst of daily duties and employments. The demand is for that which will fill the atmosphere about life with aspiration and the spirit of inquiry. It is for that which will furnish suggestions, a plan and a guide to lead the inquiring mind. Precisely this is the C. L. S. C. Here is its mission and here its necessity—and the necessity likewise of all kindred similar organizations which are yet to spring up and follow in her course.

THE SHAKSPERE CONTROVERSY.

It is strange how sometimes an opinion altogether untenable, which some one has broached, is taken up by others, and comes in time to be accepted as true by a considerable number. It was some twenty-five years ago that a Miss Delia Bacon published an elaborate argument whose end was to show that not William Shakspeare, but Lord Francis Bacon, was the author of the immortal plays which bear the former's name. She first gave her discovery—unquestionably of the highest importance, if correct—to the world in a magazine article; but afterward embodied it in quite a large volume, to which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote an introduction, though he did not accept the writer's theory. This was the beginning of a controversy which is still alive. Perhaps the number has never been very large of those who believe that the glory of Shakspeare belongs to Bacon; but there have always been some to entertain the preposterous notion, from Miss Bacon to Mrs. Henry Pott.

The latter lady has recently issued a book which has excited some interest. The title—somewhat drawn out—is, "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies (being private notes, circa 1594, hitherto unpublished) of Francis Bacon, illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakspeare." Mrs. Pott's undertaking is one more in the line of Miss Delia Bacon. By a comparison of the Bacon notes, in forms of expression and thought, with passages of the Shakspeare tragedies and comedies, she endeavors to verify the theory that the great English philosopher—author of the "Novum Organum," and characterized by Pope as "the greatest, wisest, and meanest of mankind"—is also author of the works accorded to the Bard of Avon. That she succeeds in her task she herself evidently entertains no doubt, but probably not many will agree with her. She finds correspondences and similarities in passages compared where her readers will try in vain to find them; and it is putting the matter mildly to say that her undertaking is a great failure.

Considerable ingenuity and much enthusiasm have been shown by advocates of the theory which makes Lord Bacon the author of the works of Shakspeare; but the theory is an absurd one, with nothing whatever to support it. The internal evidence, contained in the works of the two authors, not only gives the theory no support, but is alone enough to a sane mind completely to demolish it. The whole cast of Bacon's mind, as shown by his known writings, was as unlike as it could be to that of the person who wrote the Shakspeare dramas and sonnets. And what other evidence is adduced by those who would have us transfer to another the laurels of the man who was eas-

ily the greatest mind in all literature? None whatever. The truth is, it is the improbability from the nature of the case—or, as some would say, the impossibility—that such a person as William Shakspeare, the son of a Stratford yeoman, with limited educational opportunities, whose youth was by no means promising, should have produced the works to which for two centuries his name has been attached, which is at the bottom of the theory which gives the authorship to another. This, and nothing else, originated the idea, and keeps it alive. We are told that to believe in Shakspeare as the author of these works, universally acknowledged as unapproached and unapproachable, is to believe a miracle. "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" it is asked, as was asked of the Divine Man; and we are re-

minded that the stream never rises higher than the fountain. Shakspeare could not have produced the works—the power was not in him, it is reasoned, but the wise Bacon might have done it; therefore people search for the wherewithal to substantiate an assumption giving the authorship to the latter. But we must believe the miracle; there is no escape. Did Milton write the "Paradise Lost," and Lord Bacon the "Novum Organum?" Is the Iliad the work of Homer? It is just as certain that the Shakspeare writings were the offspring of Shakspeare's genius. We admit the marvel, but there is no setting aside of the fact. And when we are asked to explain how this man could have acquired the power to produce these prodigies of human genius, we can only say, the Maker gave it to him.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The C. L. S. C. received special attention at the summer Assemblies. By referring to the reports published elsewhere in this number, our readers will learn how the Chautauqua spirit spreads, and how the organization is being strengthened in all parts of the land.

Recent Presidents of the United States have shown their taste for recreation very positively. Ex-President Grant was fond of good horses and rapid driving; ex-President Hayes visited colleges during the commencement season, and loved his farm as a quiet retreat; President Arthur turns from his arduous labors to the rod and line and long journeys, such as he has made to Florida and the West during the past year.

We can supply complete sets of the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD for 1883, for \$1.00, postage paid by us. Also complete sets of THE CHAUTAUQUAN of volume two and three.

Prophecies are numerous from newspaper men as to who will be the candidates for the presidency in 1884. Ex-Secretary Blaine is reported as having turned his attention to literature, and announces that he is not a candidate; Mr. Tilden has retired to the privacy of Gramercy Park; ex-Secretary Windom, it is said by the wise ones, went out of the succession when he failed of a re-election to the Senate. Reports are rife in influential political circles that the Secretary of War is likely to be one of his martyred fathers' successors, but time alone will show us the true successor.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN opens the fourth volume in a new dress. Our printer does the work on copper-faced type, prepared with especial reference to the neat and attractive typographical appearance of the magazine.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, discusses "Irish Emigration as a remedy for Irish troubles in Ireland." He says: "Of the group of dynamite conspirators who stood in the dock at Newgate the other day—men whose frightful purpose was to bury London in ruins—not one was born on Irish soil. All were the sons or grandsons of men swept away from 'congested districts,' and sent or driven to America 'for the good of those who went, and of those who were left behind.' Whoever has recently traveled in America must have been struck with the fact that animosity toward England often displays itself more strongly in the second and third generations of Irish Americans than in the men who were actually driven forth."

The present administration is not all-powerful in a certain kind of its political movements. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Folger, was defeated for Governor of New York in the

election last fall, and recently Mr. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, failed of an election to the United States Senate in the New Hampshire Legislature.

Chautauqua grows in favor with the public. The Ohio State Teacher's Association held their annual convention there in July last, and with social gatherings, lectures, and discussions on live questions, in the educational world, they made it an interesting and profitable session. The Pennsylvania State Teacher's Association will hold their convocation at Chautauqua Lake for 1884. It is an endorsement of Chautauqua when large bodies of educators go from their own States into another to hold their most important gatherings. The National Teacher's Association met at this center once, and the Ohio people have been there twice. It is this sort of gatherings that the Chautauqua authorities are especially pleased to welcome to the parks, public buildings, and all the privileges of the classic groves.

The Royal Humane Society, in its recently issued report, gives the following advice to swimmers and bathers: "Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness."

The West promises to set a good example to the East in more than one question of morals. The case deserving of mention now is where Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, and Governor Glick, of Kansas, and their Attorney-Generals, notified the two prize-fighters, Slade and Mitchell, that even training for a prize-fight would send them to the State prison. This so alarmed them that they quit the United States and went to Mexico. The laws of the older States are as severe on this brutal practice as those of Missouri and Kansas, but the laxity in the enforcement of the laws is the only license that prize-fighters find to justify their training in New York, Boston, and other old cities. Some of our authorities could profitably "go West" to study how to enforce civil law.

Dr. John Roche, an English physician who has had remarkable experiences, gives as his conclusion that cholera is purely and simply a specific fever, only inferior in its ravages to yellow fever, and closely allied to it. Cholera has a period of incubation varying from two to fourteen days; prone to attack the enervated and those subject to depression from any cause. It

is contagious, and liable to occur periodically about every ten years in some parts of India. It seems to have visited the British Isles about every sixteen years, and as the period has elapsed since the last outbreak, it is more than likely to occur this year. Those persons who indulge in no enervating habits, and take nothing internally which would arrest the secretions nor too drastically stimulate them, and partake of nothing which is highly fermentable, may safely feel that they are cholera-proof during an epidemic.

"The Old South Lectures for Young People" is a pleasing and successful plan for teaching the History of America. Lectures are held Wednesday afternoon at the "Old South Meeting House," Boston, and the subjects illustrate well the tenor of the meeting. Thus for September the topics are "Franklin," "How to Study American History," "The Year 1777," "History in the Boston Streets."

In the C. L. S. C. Commencement report the Lutheran has been omitted from the list of denominations represented in the class of '83.

On Sunday, the ninth day of September, the steamship "Nevada" landed 682 Mormons at New York, being the fourth company that has been brought over this year. H. H. Evans, the secretary, said that there were in the company 269 British, 106 Swiss and Germans, 284 Scandinavians, and 23 returning missionaries. "Every emigrant," he added, "paid his or her passage over. No aid is afforded them by the Mormon Church. The majority have a little money with them, enough to establish themselves in America. They will locate in sixteen towns in Utah. All we do is to protect them while traveling from Liverpool to Utah. Some of these immigrants have been years laying up money to pay their passage to this country." One of the Mormon immigrants did not go through to Utah. Her name is Regina Andersen. She is a Swedish woman, spinster, thirty-five years of age, and is afflicted with blindness. Her brother Leander and her sister Anna, who live in Philadelphia, had heard of her intention to go to Utah and were at Castle Garden to intercept her before the "Nevada" arrived. They insisted upon talking with their blind sister, and soon succeeded in persuading her to abandon the Mormon proselytes and prepare to go with her relatives to Philadelphia. The Mormon missionaries were strongly opposed to the woman leaving the party, but the matter was brought before Superintendent Jackson, and the woman was permitted to go to Philadelphia with her brother. She had prepaid her passage to Salt Lake and did not receive her money back. In conversation with a reporter the woman appeared not to know anything about the peculiar institution of the Mormon Church—polygamy. Congress could quite as consistently, and with better results to the country, enact a law to prevent this kind of emigration, than the one they have leveled against the Chinese. Why not meet Mormonism at New York harbor and prevent this infamous traffic in human lives?

The Rev. Henry A. Powell, in his Congregational church in Williamsburg, on a Sunday in September discussed "The sorrows of the Free Thinkers as revealed at their recent convention," from this suggestive text: "The show of their countenances doth witness against them." He stated that over their platform were hung the pictures of Thomas Paine, R. G. Ingersoll, and D. M. Bennett—Paine author of a book against the Bible—Ingersoll, dispenser of blasphemy—Bennett, who not long since served a term in the penitentiary for sending foul literature through the mails. "How much better than such visionary wanderings is the old story of a living Father in heaven, of a Savior who suffered on the cross, and angel visitants to lead us from the life mortal to the life immortal."

We call the attention of our readers to the notice elsewhere in this number of the "Chautauqua School of Languages," the

different departments of which are to be organized into schools of correspondence, so that students may, at their homes, study Hebrew, German, French, etc., by corresponding with competent teachers. This is a rare opportunity for members of the C. L. S. C., or any others who desire, to study the languages, but are denied the privileges of the schools. Next month we shall introduce the "Normal Work" into THE CHAUTAUQUAN, in a few initial chapters, from the pens of Rev. Dr. Hurlbut and Prof. R. S. Holmes, and thus extend to our readers through the year the privilege of pursuing this course, which is a main feature of the summer assemblies.

The telegraph operators have by their strike provoked a general discussion in the press of the telegraph system of the country, besides exciting the attention of Postmaster-General Gresham, who promises to discuss in his annual report to Congress the practicability of the general government assuming control of all telegraph lines as it does of the postal service. It ought to work as well in the United States as it does in England. Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, reports that "the number of telegraph messages sent in the United Kingdom during the last year was 32,092,026." Mr. Fawcett says that it has been decided that as soon as the necessary increase of plant can be made, the minimum charge for inland telegrams will be reduced from 24 to 12 cents.

A correspondent says, under date of September 9: "The last spike on the Northern Pacific Road was driven this afternoon on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, 2,500 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and 800 miles from the Pacific, and 91 years after the idea of a highway from the Lakes to the Pacific was first suggested by Thomas Jefferson."

Analogous to the Normal Class Bible work of the Chautauqua University is a new movement in Russia. An organization called the *Stundists* bind themselves to devote an hour (*stunde*) every day to the study of the Bible. "The society has grown to immense proportions, and is said to have reclaimed whole villages from drunkenness and crime.

Keshub Chunder Sen, the famous leader of the Brahmo Somaj, is about to visit Europe and America again, to preach a new development of faith, in which Hinduism and Christianity are to be combined. Little good, we fear, will result from the Baboo's advocacy of an eclectic system; for his adherents will be content to stop in that dim twilight instead of advancing into the full glory of the divine day. The teaching of the leader himself seems latterly to have degenerated into ceremonialism, and he attributes marvelous influence to external things; while some of his followers are giving themselves up with the wildest enthusiasm to perfect a sacred dance of a complex kind, organized with rotating rings of participants dressed in garbs of varied hue. All this mummery is a sad disappointment for those who hoped that Chunder Sen might destroy heathenism besides purifying it.

The Louisville *Courier* of August 9, referring to the great Exposition, speaks thus of one of the exhibitions: "Last night the electric railway was in operation, and the locomotive with two cars attached made the tour of the park. To-day it will be running constantly, and visitors will see what is the latest achievement of science. It is an event of extraordinary interest. It is the practical demonstration of the power of electricity applied as a motor. Without fire or smoke, with no visible agent to propel it, moved by an unseen and even as yet an almost unknown influence, it follows the path marked out with all the celerity and certainty demanded by the most cautious and practical."

The directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company have made a concession to their employes by issuing the following

order: "Commencing to-day (September 1), seven and a half hours actual service in this office during week nights will constitute a day's work, or, in other words, the hours of the night force will be from 5:30 p. m. till 1:30 a. m., allowing thirty minutes for lunch. Sunday service will be paid for the same as other over-time services, at the rate of one-seventh of a day's pay for each hour. All payments for over-time, including Sunday service, or for a fractional part of a month, will be based upon the number of week days in the month.'

Professor Bell is reported as saying in a recent conversation that there are more than 500,000 telephones in use in the United States, and the manufacturers are unable to supply the demand so as to keep abreast of orders. He said that the progress of the telephone would have been greater but for the opposition of the telegraph companies, who regarded it as, in part, a competitor instead of an ally. In other countries the telegraph companies had very generally adopted the telephone as an auxiliary, especially at city branch offices and at small offices in the country.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, is in this country, a guest of the American bar. English judges may be aristocrats, but they are generally above corruption. It is to be hoped that American ideas of judicial dignity and honor will be raised by what they may observe in this chief of the English bench.

Not a few Americans were astonished at the display of local manufactures which Ireland exhibited in the Boston "Foreign Art and Industrial Exhibition." Among the objects were bogwood ornaments, hair ornaments, furniture, marbles, sculpture, etc. The variety of work suggests that in the not distant future

the distressed country will have manufactures and arts to employ its people. Its resources are particularly fitted to certain arts. Thus few countries boast so great a variety of marbles; its clay is particularly suitable for modeling: osiers grow readily on its soil, and the natural woods are incomparably fine. With these industries developed, and a system of railroads through the country, much would be done toward settling the Irish question.

When a woman marries, and learns that in the race of life she is better qualified to earn the family living than her husband, it will be helpful to have a precedent at hand by which to govern her husband. Here is one, taken from the communication of a successful working woman to a Boston exchange. She says: "I am a milliner, and have made between \$1,500 and \$2,500 a year in my business for some time past. I married four years ago. My husband is kind and good looking, but he never learned any trade, had no profession and could not average \$500 a year. I loved him, however, but I saw that it would not do to depend upon him, so I kept on with my business. After a time I think he got a little lazy, and as we were both away during the day, we could not keep house and got sick of boarding. Finally I proposed that he should keep house and I would run the business and find the money. We have now lived very happily in this way for two years. My husband rises and builds the fire, gets breakfast, and I leave at 7:45 for my place of business. He does the washing, ironing, and cleaning, and I do not know of any woman who can beat him. He is as neat as wax, and can cook equal to any one in town. It may be an isolated case, but I think the time has now come when women who have husbands to support should make them do the work; otherwise they are luxuries we must do without."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Q. What is the meaning of boycotting?

A. Boycott was the name of an Irish landlord whose tenants refused to gather his crops, and endeavored to prevent his doing it. To withhold help and patronage, or in any way to obstruct or hinder the business of another—a meanness that is despicable—is to treat him as the tenants treated Mr. Boycott.

Q. Was General Grant the author of the expression, "We have met the enemy and they are ours?"

A. The above is very like to Cæsar's "*veni, vidi, vici*," and as a general's report of a great victory just won, is remarkable for its comprehensive brevity. The words, though in harmony with the character and sayings of General Grant, were not, if used, original with him, but should be credited to Commodore Perry.

Q. Why was the son of Edward III. called the Black Prince?
A. Because of his black armor.

Q. Was Alexander of Macedon, who informed the Greeks before the battle of Platea of the intended attack, their ally?

A. Not openly; but secretly he was, or the information would not have been given.

Q. Where is the mountain lake Shawangunk?

A. The Shawangunk (Shon-gum) mountain is properly a continuation of the Appalachian, or Allegheny chain in New York. Like the Adirondacks and Catskills, south of the Mohawk, also outliers of the chain, it seems separated by intervening lands of lower elevation, and the relationship is shown by similarity of the geological formation. Look for the lake in the same region. It is probably small, and may not be found on most maps.

Q. Was it not Leonidas who, before the battle of Thermopy-

læ, said, "The Persians are so numerous that their arrows will darken the sun?"

A. No. Those words may intimate fear of the overwhelming force of the enemy, and the Greek historian does not mention their author, but says that on hearing them, a brave Spartan replied: "All the better, as we will then fight in the shade."

Q. Which construction? "Thus were music and poetry born in the same family, and we shall notice how that they have clung to each other, or "how they have clung?"

A. The latter is preferred. The conjunctive particle is not needed, and though occasionally thus used by a good writer, only encumbers the sentence.

Q. Who was Caius Cestius?

A. A wealthy Roman citizen of the Augustan age, a client of Cicero, of not much distinction, though rich. A part of his estate was employed in building for him a fine mausoleum, which remains to the present day, though most of the contemporaneous surrounding structures have long been in ruins. Near it lie the ashes of Keats and Shelly. After the death of Keats, Shelly wrote of his friend: "He lies in the lovely, romantic cemetery of the Protestants of Rome, near the tomb of Caius Cestius, and within the mossy walls and towns, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think of being buried in so sweet a place."

Q. Can you give the date of Mrs. Browning's birth in 1809?

A. We can not. No records now at hand give the day or month. It is not best to be greatly troubled over our want of information on the subject, as it is quite safe to conclude she was "well born" some time during the year mentioned. Many

other eminent writers have gone into history with the same uncertainty as to the day of their birth.

Q. In whose hands was the government of the United States from 1783 to 1789?

A. Nominally in the Continental Congress—a kind of quasi central government. Practically in the hands of the colonists and their legislators. The war was ended and the United States acknowledged a free, sovereign, and independent nation. But they were, as yet, united only by the “articles of confederation” adopted in 1778; a bond of union that was soon found inadequate to secure a strong, permanent government amidst the perils that threatened the new republic. The regulation of commerce, the adjustment of difficulties between States, and the public defense were not sufficiently provided for. Congress could devise and recommend measures, but had little power to legislate, even on subjects that concerned the whole. There was still more need of an efficient executive department. Feeling that the articles of confederation were, in the changed state of the country, no longer sufficient, the leading statesmen wisely framed, and the country adopted the American Constitution, giving us a strong central government, with the least possible surrender of rights by the States thus united.

Q. Was there any reason for calling Alexander the Great a Greek?

A. Alexander was not a Greek, though educated by Greek teachers, and, as other Macedonians, using the Greek language. Macedon was not a part of Greece, but held Greece as a dependency, and used her power in expelling the Persians.

Q. After the confusion of tongues and the dispersion of mankind, into what families lingual were they divided?

A. Into *Shemetic*, *Hametic*, and *Japhetic*. The descendants of Shem peopled central Asia, particularly the parts about the Euphrates. The dialect or language called Aramaic prevailed in their northern and northeastern territory, the Arabic in their southern, and in their central and western the Hebrew. These are cognate languages, and profitably studied in connection. The descendants of Japheth spread over Europe and the north-west of Asia. Those of Ham occupied the southern part of the globe, particularly Africa. The languages spoken in these sections, respectively, may also be grouped together, and, however different, give evidence of a common origin. The general division into the above three classes has been found convenient, though the patronymics are used only to indicate remote origin and kinship.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR OCTOBER.

HISTORY OF GREECE.

Instead of indicating the sounds of the vowels in the Greek and Latin names given in the notes, we follow the plan of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, giving rules for pronouncing the vowels and consonants. As the two principal marks (˘) are in Greek and Latin used differently from what they are in English, indicating the *quantity* instead of *quality*, it will be found less confusing to adopt this method.

RULES FOR THE VOWELS.

1. Any vowel at the end of an accented syllable, and *e*, *o*, and *u*, at the end of an unaccented syllable, have the long English sound.
2. *A*, ending an unaccented syllable, has the sound of *a* in *father*, or in *last*.
3. *I*, ending a final syllable, has the long sound. At the end of an initial unaccented syllable it varies between *i* long and *i* short (like *i* in *pin*). In all other cases *i*, ending an unaccented syllable, is short.
4. *Y* is like *i* in the same situation.
5. *Æ* and *æ* like *e* in the same situation.
6. If a syllable end in a consonant the vowel has the short English sound.
7. *E*, in final *es*, like *e* in *Andes*.

RULES FOR CONSONANTS.

1. *C*, before *e*, *i*, *y*, *æ*, *α*, is pronounced like *s*; before *a*, *o*, and *u*, and before consonants, like *k*.
2. *G*, before *e*, *i*, *y*, *æ*, and *α*, or another *g* followed by *e*, has the sound of *j*; before *a*, *o* and *u*, and consonants other than *g*, the hard sound.
3. *Ch* is like *k*, but is silent before a mute at the beginning of a word.
4. Initial *x* is like *z*.
5. *T*, *s*, and *c*, before *ia*, *iz*, *ii*, *io*, *iv*, and *ev*, preceded immediately by the accent, change into *sh* and *zh*; but when the *t* follows *s*, *t*, or *z*, or when the accent falls on the first of the vowels following, the consonant preserves its pure sound.
6. Initial *ph*, before a mute, is silent.
- P. 1—“Autonomy,” au-tón’o-my. The word is formed from the Greek words for *law* and *self* and means a law unto one’s self, or self-government.
- P. 1—“Koroneia” or Coronea, cor’o-ni’a.
- P. 2—“Antalkidas,” an-tal’ci-das.
- P. 2—“Phœbidas,” phœb’j-das. A Lacedæmonian of whom nothing of importance is known save his part in the seizure of Thebes. Phœbidas was slain in battle by the Thebans in 378.
- P. 2—“Leontiades,” le-on-ti’a-des; “Ismenias,” is-me’ni-as; “Pelopidas,” pe-lop’i-das; “Mellon,” mel’lon; “Charon,” ka’ron; “Gorgias,” gor’gi-as; “The’o-pom’pus.”
- P. 3—“Hegemony,” he-gém’o-ny. Leadership. Formed from the Greek word for guide or leader.
- P. 3—“Polymnis,” po-lym’nis.

P. 3—“Sparti,” spar’ti; the sown-men. The dragon from which these ancestors of the Theban patricians sprung guarded a well near the site of the Cadmeia. The men whom Cadmus had sent there to draw water had been killed by the monster, and in return Cadmus had slain it, sowing its teeth as Minerva advised. Fearing the armed men which sprang forth he caused a quarrel among them, in which all but five were slain.

P. 3—“Kadmus,” cad’mus. The mythical founder of Thebes, the son of a king of Phœnicia and the brother of Europa.

P. 3—“Simmias,” sim’mi-as. The two principal speakers, besides Socrates, in Plato’s “Phædon” are Simmias and his brother.

P. 3—“Tarentine,” ta-ren’tine; “Spin’ta-rus.”

P. 3—“Grote.” (1794-1871.) An English historian, famous chiefly for his History of Greece.

P. 4—“Lysis,” ly’sis. An eminent philosopher driven out of Italy about 510 B. C., during the persecution of the Pythagorean club. He spent the remainder of his life in Thebes, where he was held in the greatest honor.

P. 4—“Pythagorean Brotherhood,” pyth’a-gō’re-an. See p. 119, Vol. I, Timayenis. As a political and social power the brotherhood died out before the death of Pythagoras, though the sect still lived and kept up their religious observances.

P. 4—“Kadmeia,” cad-me’a.

P. 5—“Polybius,” po-lyb’i-us. (204-122 B. C.) A Grecian historian.

P. 6—“Leuktra,” luke’tra; “Mantineia,” man’ti-nei’a; “Megalopolis,” meg’a-lop’o-lis; “Kleombrotus,” kle-om’bro-tus; “Agesilaus,” a-ges-i-la’us; “Kithæron,” ci-thæ’ron; “Naxos,” nax’os; “Chabrias,” cha’bri-as.

P. 7—“Timotheus,” ti-mo’the-us. The son of the famous general Conon.

P. 7—“Tegyra,” te-gy’ra; “Harmost,” har’most; “Orchomenus,” or-chom’e-nus; “Polemarch,” pól’e-march.

P. 8—“Chæroneia,” chæ’ro-ne’a.

P. 8—“Eurotas,” eu-ro’tas. The largest river of Laconia.

P. 9—“Zacynthus,” za-cyn’tus. Now Zante; called by Homer the “Woody Zacynthus.”

P. 9—“Korkyra,” cor-cy’ra. Now the island of Corfu, one of the Ionian islands belonging to the nomarchy Corfu of the kingdom of Greece.

P. 9—“Periplus,” pēr’i-plūs. A rare word from the Greek, meaning to sail around a sea or coast.

P. 9—“Iphikrates,” i-phic’ra-tes.

P. 9—“Poseidon,” po-si’don. The Neptune of Roman mythology, the god of the sea.

- P. 9—"Helike," hel'i-ce; "Bu'ra."
- P. 10—"Kallias," cal'li-as. An Athenian family famous through several generations for its wealth.
- P. 10—"Autokles," au'to-cles; "Kallistratus," cal-lis'tra-tus.
- P. 10—"Boeotarch," bæ-o'tarch. One of the chief civil officers of Boeotia.
- P. 10—"Xenophon," xen'o-phon.
- P. 11—"Philo-Laonian." Friendly to Laconia.
- P. 12—"Ephors," ef'or.
- P. 14—"Helikon," hel'i-con.
- P. 14—"Kopais," cop'a-is. The largest lake of Greece.
- P. 14—"Kreusis," creu'sis. The harbor of the city of Thespiæ.
- P. 14—"Krissæan," cris-sæ'an; "Thespiæ," thes'pi-æ.
- P. 16—"Deimon," dei'mon; "Sphodrias," spho'dri-as.
- P. 16—"Kleonimus," cle-on'y-mus. The dearest friend of Archidamus, the son of Agesilaus.
- P. 17—"Ægospotami," æ'gos-pot'a-mi.
- P. 17—"Peiræus," pi-ræ'us. The principal harbor of Athens, situated about five miles southwest of the city.
- P. 18—"Archidamus," ar-chi-da'mus.
- P. 18—"Pheræ." A city of Thessaly, the site of the modern Velesino.
- P. 18—"Ægosthena," æ-gos'the-na.
- P. 19—"Aristotle," ar'is-to-tle.
- P. 19—"Epiknemidian," e-pic'ne-mid'ian; "O-pun'tian." The inhabitants of Eastern Locris were divided into two tribes: the Locri Epicnemidii, inhabiting the northern and the Locri Opuntii the southern part.
- P. 20—"Panarkadian," pan-ar-ca'di-an. Belonging to all Arcadia.
- P. 20—"Tegea," te'ge-a; "He-ræ'a."
- P. 21—"Dorians," do'ri-ans; "Lacedæmon," lac'e-dæ'mon; "Kephissus," ce-phi'sus. There are four rivers in Greece which bore this name. *One the chief river of Boeotia, two in Attica (one of which is its chief river, and the one here referred to), and a fourth in Argolis.
- P. 22—"Phliasiens," phli-a'si-ans; "Helots," he'lots, or hel'ots; "Kinadon," cin'a-don.
- P. 22—"Perieci," per-i-æ'ci. From the same derivation we have the word "perieciens," or "perieciens," meaning those who dwell on the opposite side of the globe, in the same parallel of latitude.
- P. 22—"Ithome," i-tho'me. A strong fortress had stood on the mountains for centuries.
- P. 23—"Peltasts," pel'tasts; "Pol'y-phron"; "Pol'y-do'rus."
- P. 24—"Larissa," la-ris'sa.
- P. 24—"Pharsalus," phar-sa'lus, now "Phersala." Chiefly celebrated for the battle fought there between Cæsar and Pompey in 48 B. C.
- P. 24—"Aleuadæ," a-leu'a-dæ; "Amyntas," a-myn'tas; "Krannon," cran'non; "Eurydike," eu-ryd'i-ce; "Perdikkas," per-dic'cas; "Pausanias," pau-sa'ni-as.
- P. 25—"Alorus," a-lo'rus; "Oneium," o-nei'um.
- P. 26—"Pammenes," pam'me-nes. A Theban general, and a friend of Epaminondas.
- P. 26—"Dyonysius," di'o-nys'i-us.
- P. 28—"Susa," su'sa. The Shushan of the Old Testament; the winter residence of the Persian kings.
- P. 28—"Rescript." The answer of the Roman emperor when consulted on any question was called the *rescript*.
- P. 29—"Drachmæ," dräch'mæ. A silver coin of the Greeks, worth about eighteen cents.
- P. 30—"Chersonese," cher'so-nese; "Chalkidike," chal-cid'i-ce;
- P. 30—"Byzantium," by-zan'ti-um. Now Constantinople.
- P. 31—"Kynos Kephale," cy'nos cep'h-a-læ.
- P. 31—"Magnesians." The inhabitants of Magnesia, the most easterly of the Thessaly. It contained the two mountains, Ossa and Pelion.
- P. 31—"Phthiotæ," phthi-o'tæ.
- P. 32—"Ænians," æ'ni-a'nes. An ancient race originally near Ossa, but afterwards in Southern Thessaly.
- P. 32—"Pallantium," pal-lan'ti-um; "A'se-a." Towns of Arcadia.
- P. 33—"Isidas," is'i-das.
- P. 34—"Kephisodorus," ce-phis'o-do'rus; "Gryllus," gryl'lus; "Euphranor," eu-phra'nor; "Mænalian," mæ-na'li-an.
- P. 35—"Tripolitza," tre-po-lit'sa.
- P. 36—"Diodorus," di'o-do'rus. A contemporary of Cæsar and Au-

gustus. He wrote "The Historical Library," consisting of forty books, not half of which are extant.

- P. 37—"Iolaidas," i-o-la'i-das.
- P. 38—"Status quo." The state in which.
- P. 39—"Tachos," ta'chos; "Nectanabis," nec-tan'a-bis.
- P. 39—"Kyrene," cy-re'ne. The chief city of Cyrenaica, in Northern Africa.
- P. 40—"Klerouchi," kle-rou'chi.
- P. 41—"Thebe," the'be; "Timoleon," ti-mo'le-on.
- P. 42—"Amphiktyonic," am-phic'ty-on'ic.
- P. 43—"Kirrhæan," cir-rhæ'an; "Delphi," del'phi.
- P. 43—"Magnetes," mag-ne'tes. The same as the Magnesians.
- P. 43—"Perrhæbians," per-rhæ'bi-ans; "Athamans," ath'a-ma'nes; "Dolopes," dol'o-pes.
- P. 44—"Philomelus," phil'o-me'lus; "Thracidæ," thra'ci-dæ; "Pythian," py-thi-an.
- P. 45—"Onomarchus," on'o-mar'chus.
- P. 46—"Illyrians," il-lyr'i-ans; "Pæonians," pæ-o'ni-ans; "Eupatridæ," eu-pat'ri-dæ; "Lykophron," lyc'o-phron. The brother-in-law of Alexander, and his assistant in his murder.
- P. 47—"Æschines," æs'chi-nes. The Athenian orator.
- P. 47—"Kleobule," cle-o-bu'le; "Gylon," gy'lon.
- P. 47—"Bosporus," bos'po-rus. Literally the *ox-ford*. The name given to any straits by the Greeks, but particularly to that uniting the Sea of Azof with the Black Sea. The country on both sides this latter was called Bosporus. Its cities became important commercial centers, and from them large supplies of corn were annually sent to Athens. It was in this country that Gylon made his money.
- P. 47—"Demochares," de-moch'a-res.
- P. 48—"Aphobus," aph'o-bus; "O-ne'tor."
- P. 48—"Palæstra," pa-læs'tra. In Greece a place for wrestling was called *palestra*.
- P. 48—"Plato." The philosopher. After having been instructed by the best teachers of his time Plato became a follower of Socrates. After the death of the latter he traveled in many countries, seeking knowledge, and at last returned to Athens to open a school in his garden, near the academy. Here Plato taught and wrote almost continuously until his death, about 348 B. C. His works have come down to us very complete and perfect. They are mainly in the form of dialogues, Socrates being one of the chief characters. His most important doctrines are the existence of the soul before entering the body, its independence of the body, and its immortality.
- P. 48—"Isokrates," i-soc'ra-tes. (436-338 B. C.) One of the ten Attic orators. He was carefully educated, but as he was too timid to come forward as an orator, he devoted himself to teaching the art and writing speeches for others. Although he took no part in public affairs he loved his country, and despairing of its freedom after the battle of Chæroneia, he took his own life. His style was artificial and labored, but exercised immense influence upon oratory at Athens.
- P. 49—"Isæus," i-sæ'us. One of the ten Attic orators. Instructed by Lysias and Isokrates. We have no particulars of his life. Eleven of his orations in existence are remarkable for their vigor and purity of style.
- P. 49—"Thucydides," thu-cyd'i-des. (471?-400?) The historian. Little more is known of his life than is related by Timayenis (vol. i., p. 337). The accounts of his death are uncertain. The work which gives him his place in history is his account of the Peloponnesian war.
- P. 49—"Lysias," lys'i-as. (B. C. 458-378.) An Attic orator. When a youth, Lysias emigrated to a colony in Italy, where he finished his education. After the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily he returned to Athens, but only to be imprisoned as an enemy of the government. He escaped, and on the overthrow of the tyranny of the thirty tyrants went back to Athens, where he wrote speeches. Only thirty-five are now extant, but they are said to be specimens of the best Attic Greek.
- P. 49—"Bema," be'ma. The Greek for the stage on which speakers stood.
- P. 50—"Phalerum," pha-le'rum. The most easterly of the harbors of Athens.
- P. 50—"Eunomus," eu'no-mus; "Perikles," per'i-cles; "Satyrus," sat'y-rus.
- P. 50—"Euripides," eu-rip'i-des. (B. C. 480-406.)

P. 50—"Sophocles," *soph'o-cles*. (B. C. 495?-406). The chief of the trio of Greek dramatists. In 468 he defeated Æschylus in a dramatic contest. His character is said to have been that of a complete Greek, combining symmetry of person, skill in music and gymnastics, self-possession, genius, taste. Only seven of his dramas have been preserved.

P. 51—"Dionysius of Halicarnassus." A rhetorician who came from Halicarnassus, a city in Asia Minor, about B. C. 29. His most ambitious work is a history of Rome in twenty-two books.

P. 52—"Herodotus," *he-rod'i-tus*.

P. 53—"Phokion," *pho'ci-on*.

P. 54—"Olynthians," *o-lyn'thi-ans*.

P. 55—"Perinthus," *pe-rin'thus*. An important town in Thrace on the Propontis.

P. 55—"Chares," *cha'res*.

P. 56—"Amphissa," *am-phis'sa*. Now Salona; though destroyed by Philip, it was afterward rebuilt.

P. 56—"Elateia," *el'a-te'a*. Its ruins still exist near the town of Elephtha.

P. 58—"Solon," *so'lon*; "The-og'nis"; "Alkæus," *al'ce-us*; "Pindar," *pin'dar*.

P. 59—"Æschylus," *Æs'chy-lus*. The great tragic poet. The Athenians called Æschylus the father of tragedy because of the changes he made in the representation of plays. He introduced a second actor, provided scenic effects, gave his actors better costumes, and introduced new figures into the choral dances. Only seven of his plays are in existence.

P. 59—"Iktinus," *ic-ti'nus*. A contemporary of Phidias and Pericles, and the architect of the Parthenon or temple of Minerva, on the Acropolis.

P. 59—"Polygnotus," *pol'yg-no'tus*.

P. 59—"Aristophanes," *ar'is-toph'a-nes*. The great comic poet of Athens, born about B. C. 444, but of whose private life almost nothing is known. His comedies are a series of caricatures on Athenians and their follies.

P. 61—"Skardus," *skar'dus*; "Ber'mi-us"; "Kam-bu'ni-an"; "Ægæ," *Æ'gæ*; "E-des'sa."

P. 62—"Thermaic," *ther-ma'ic*. See *Sinus Thermaicus* on map. "Pisistratidæ," *pis'is-trat'i-dæ*.

P. 62—"Strymon," *stry'mon*. The boundary between Thrace and Macedonia down to the time of Philip. "Archelaus," *ar'che-la'us*.

P. 63—"L'Etat, c'est moi." "The State, it is I."

P. 63—"Orestes," *o-res'tes*; "Aëropus," *a-er'o-pus*.

P. 65—"Nichomachus," *ni-chom'a-chus*.

P. 66—"Argæus," *ar-gæ'us*; "Amphipolis," *am-hip'o-lis*.

P. 67—"Mantias," *man'ti-as*; "Pangæus," *pan-gæ'us*.

P. 68—"Anthemus," *an'the-mus*.

P. 69—"Potidæa," *pot'i-dæ'a*; "Thasians," *tha'si-ans*.

P. 69—"Neoptolemus," *ne'op-tol'e-mus*; "Molossi," *mo-los'si*; "Æakidæ," *æ-ac'i-dæ*; "Samothrake," *sam'o-thra'ce*.

P. 70—"Sarissa," *sa-ris'sa*.

P. 71—"Phalangites," *fal'an-gi-tes*; "Hypaspists," *hy-pas'pists*; "Hetæri," *het'æ-ri*.

P. 72—"Paulus Æmilius," *pau'lus æ-mil'i-us*. (B. C. 230-160.) A Roman general.

P. 74—"Pagasæ," *pag'a-sæ*. Now Volo; also, the Pagasæan Gulf is now the Gulf of Volo.

P. 76—"Charidemus," *char-i-de'mus*.

P. 78—"Dionysia," *di-o-nys'i-a*. A festival in honor of the god Bacchus, celebrated in Athens in the spring, and with greater splendor than any other festival of the god.

P. 78—"Choregus." The Greek word for a leader of the chorus.

P. 78—"Apollodorus," *a'pol-lo-do'rus*.

P. 79—"Kritobulus," *crit-o-bu'lus*.

P. 81—"Phalækus," *pha-læ'cus*; "Tenedos," *ten'e-dos*.

P. 82—"Elaphebolion," *el'a-phe-bo'li-on*. The Greeks divided their year into twelve lunar months.

P. 84—"Prytaneium," *pryt-a-ne'um*. The common hall of the Senate, in which they met daily.

P. 86—"Parmenio," *par-me'ni-o*. Of whom Philip said "I have never been able to find but one general, and that is Parmenio."

P. 86—"Attalus," *at'ta-lus*.

P. 88—"Leonnatus," *le'on-na'tus*.

P. 89—"Ambrakiot," *am-bra'ci-ot*.

P. 90—"Eurymedon," *eu-rym'e-don*.

P. 91—"Leonidas," *le-on'i-das*. The hardy habits of self-denial which Alexander displayed were attributed by him to the teachings of the austere Leonidas.

P. 91—"Lysimachus," *ly-sim'a-chus*.

P. 93—"Hæmus," *hæ'mus*; "Triballi," *tri-bal'li*.

P. 94—"Onchestus," *on-ches'tus*; a town a little south of Lake Copias.

P. 94—"Lychnitis," or Lychnidus, *lych'ni-tis*; "Kleitus," *clei'tus*.

P. 94—"Glaukias," *glau'ki-as*. The king of one of the Illyrian tribes.

P. 95—"Phœnix," *phœ'nix*; "Proch'y-tes," "Ephialtes," *eph'i-al'tes*.

P. 95—"Sinope," *si-no'pe*. The most important of all the Greek colonies on the Black Sea in Asia Minor.

P. 95—"Diogenes," *di-og'e-nes*.

P. 96—"Artaxerxes," *ar'tax-er'xes*; "Mnemon," "O'chus," "Bagoas," *ba-go'as*; "Codomannus," *cod-o-man'nus*.

P. 97—"Abydos," *a'by-dos*. It was from Abydos to Sestus that Leander swam to Hero.

P. 98—"Philotas," *phi-lo'tas*; "Har'pa-lus," "Er'-i-gy'i-us" (*ji'yus*).

P. 99—"Zeleia," *ze-li'a*.

P. 99—"Arrian," *ar'ri-an*, (100-170 A. D.) A native of Bithynia. One of the best writers of his time. He strove to imitate Xenophon, attached himself to the philosopher Epictetus, as Xenophon to Socrates; wrote the lectures of Epictetus to correspond to the *Memorabilia*. His best work is a history of Alexander's Asiatic expedition, which, both in style and matter, is similar to the *Anabasis*. He wrote numerous other works, many of which are lost.

P. 100—"Justin." Lived in the third or fourth century. Justin left a history of the Macedonian empire, compiled from a work now lost by Trogus Pompeius, who lived in the time of Augustus.

P. 100—"Granicus," *gra-ni'cus*; "Skepsis," *scep'sis*; "Adrasteia," *ad'ras-ti'a*; "Pri-a'pus"; "Pa'ri-um"; "A-ris'be."

P. 101—"Meleager," *me'le-a'ger*; "Nikanor," *ni-ca'nor*.

P. 101—"Arrhibæus," *ar'ra-bæ'us*; "Ag'a-thon."

P. 101—"Baktrians," *bac'tri-ans*. The warlike inhabitants of Bactria, a northeast province of the Persian Empire.

P. 101—"Paphlagonians," *paph'la-go'ni-ans*. A district on the north of Asia Minor between Bithynia and Pontus.

P. 101—"Hyrcanians," *hyr-ka'ni-ans*. Hyrcania, the country of these people, is on the southern and southwestern shores of the Caspian Sea.

P. 101—"Arsites," *ar-si'tes*; "Spith'ra-da'tes"; "Ar-sam'e-nes."

P. 103—"Demaratus," *dem'a-ra'tus*; "Drop'i-des."

P. 104—"Lysippus," *ly-sip'pus*.

P. 104—"Sardis." One of the most famous cities of Asia Minor. This citadel had always been considered impregnable from its situation.

P. 105—"Miletus," *mi-le'tus*.

P. 106—"Tralles," *tral'les*; "Lycia," *lyc'i-a*; "Pam-phyli'a"; "Pi-sid'i-a"; "Gordium," *gor'di-um*; "San-ga'ri-us"; "Phrygia," *phryg'i-a*.

P. 108—"Mesopotamia," *mes'o-po-ta'mi-a*.

P. 108—"Sogdiana," *sog'di-a'na*. The northeastern portion of the Persian Empire, including portions of the present country of Turkistan and Bokhara.

P. 109—"Gates of Kilikia." See on map, p. 108, *Pyla Kilikia*. "Amanus," *a-ma'nus*.

P. 110—"Beylan," *ba'lan*.

P. 112—"Kardakes," *car'da-ces*.

P. 113—"Seleukis," *se-leu'cis*.

P. 116—"Kœle-Syria," *coel'e-syr'i-a*. Hollow Syria. The name given to the valley between the two ranges of Mount Lebanon, in the south of Syria, and bordering on Palestine.

P. 117—"Persepolis," *per-sep'o-lis*. A treasure city of the Persians situated on the north of the river Araxes.

P. 119—"Pelusium," *pe-lu'si-um*; "Hephæstion," *he-phæ'sti-on*.

P. 119—"Apis," *a'pis*. The name given to the Bull of Memphis, worshipped by the Egyptians as a god. There were certain signs by

which the animal was recognized to be the god: he must be black, a white, square mark must be on his forehead, etc. When found he was worshiped with greatest honors. Gradually the bull came to be regarded as a symbol, and Apis was identified with the sun.

P. 119—"Kanopus," *ka-no'pus*.

P. 119—"Pharos." The island is mentioned by Homer. Alexander united it to his new city by a mole. Ptolemy II. built a lighthouse here. Hence we have the name Pharos often given to such buildings. The translators of the Septuagint are said to have been confined here until they finished their task.

P. 119—"Mareotis," *ma-re-o'tis*.

P. 120—"Ammon." Originally an Ethiopian god, afterward adopted by the Egyptians. The Greeks called him Zeus Ammon, and the Romans, Jupiter Ammon. The god was represented under the form of a ram, and this seems to indicate that the original idea in the worship was that of a protector of flocks.

P. 121—"Arbela," *ar-be'la*; "Gaugamela," *gau-ga-me'la*.

P. 123—"Albanians." These people came from Albania, a country on the west of the Caspian and in the southeast of Georgia.

P. 123—"Karians," from Karia; "Menidas," *men'i-das*.

P. 124—"Bessus," *bes'sus*.

P. 125—"Aretas," *ar'e-tas*.

P. 127—"Curtius," *cur'ti-us*. The Roman historian of Alexander the Great. Nothing is known of his life. His history is fairly reliable.

P. 128—"Eulæus," *eu-læ'us*. The Old Testament Ulai, rises in Media, and uniting with the Pasitigris, flows into the Persian Gulf.

P. 128—"Pasitigris," *pa-sit'i-gris*.

P. 129—"Tænarus," *tæn'a-rus*. Now Cape Matapan.

P. 131—"Drangiana," *dran'gi-a'na*; "Ar'a-cho'si-a," "Ge-dro'si-a," "Par'o-pa-mis'i-dæ," "Seistan," *sā-stan'*; "Candahar," *can-da-har'*; "Zurrah," *zur'rah*.

P. 132—"Ecbatana," *ec-bat'a-na*.

P. 135—"Dioskuri," *di'os-cu'ri*. Literally the sons of Jupiter. The heroes Castor and Pollux.

P. 136—"Oxyartes," *ox'y-ar'tes*.

P. 137—"Telestes," *te-les'tes*; "Phi-lox'e-mus," "Bukephalia," *bu'ce pha-li'a*; "Akesines," *ac'e-si'nes*; "Hyd-ra-o'tes," "Hyph'a-sis."

P. 139—"Arabitzæ," *ar'a-bi'tæ*; "O-ri'tæ," "Ich'thy-oph'a-gi."

BRIEF HISTORY OF GREECE.

The "Brief History of Greece" has not been annotated as the pronunciation of the Greek and Latin names is marked, and its foot notes are sufficient.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 9—"Sandys," *sān'dis*.

P. 11—"Magnalia Christi Americana." The great deeds of Christ in America.

P. 14—"Fox." (1624-1690.) The founder of the sect of the Quakers.

P. 14—"Ipswich," *ips'wich*, "Ag-a-wam'." The latter was the first name given to Ipswich.

P. 15—"Yale Library." These forty books have increased to over 112,000, exclusive of pamphlets.

P. 18—"Hopkinsianism," *hop-kins'i-an-ism*.

P. 20—"Philomath," *phil'o-math*. A lover of learning.

P. 21—"Brainherd," *brā'nerd*.

P. 25—"Publius," *pūb'li-us*.

P. 27—"Freneau," *fre-nō'*.

P. 27—"Huguenot," *hū'ge-not*. Diminutive of Hugo, a heretic and conspirator. The name was afterwards given to the French Protestants of France.

P. 27—"Columbiad," *co-lūm'bi-ad*.

P. 28—"DeFoe," *de-fō'*. (1661?-1731.)

P. 30—"Hollis professorship." Established in 1721 by Thomas Hollis. Being a Baptist, he required that the candidate for the professorship should be of orthodox principles.

P. 31—"Trinitarian," *trin-i-ta'ri-an*. Pertaining to the Trinity.

P. 31—"Arian," *a'ri-an*. A follower of Arius, who held Christ to be a created being.

P. 36—"Schaff," *shāf*.

P. 36—"Swedenborgian," *swē-den-bōr'gi-an*.

P. 39—"Pseudonym," *sū'do-nīm*. A fictitious name.

P. 39—"Salmagundi," *sāl-ma-gūn'di*. Originally a mixture of chopped meats, fish with pepper, etc.; hence, a medley, a *pot-pourri*.

P. 42—"Granada," *gra-na'da*; "Al-ham'bra."

P. 45—"Guildford," *gil'ford*.

P. 46—"Marco Bozzaris," *mar'cō bot'sā-ris*. A Greek patriot, born in 1790, killed at Missolonghi in 1823.

P. 46—"Buccanneer," *būc'ca-neer'*.

P. 47—"Muhlenburg," *mu'len-berg*.

P. 47—"Hadaḍ," *hā'dād*.

P. 48—"Thanatopsis," *than-a-top'sis*. A view of death.

P. 49—"Phi Beta Kappa Society." A prominent Greek letter society, founded in the College of William and Mary in 1776.

P. 49—"Verplanck," *ver-plānk'*.

P. 51—"Lope de Vega," *lo'pā da vā'gā*. (1562-1635.) A Spanish poet and dramatist.

P. 52—"Bruges," *brūzh*.

P. 54—"Morturi Salutamus." Literally, We about to die, salute you.

P. 54—"Aftermath," *aft'er-māth*. The second crop of grass mown in a year.

P. 54—"Ostre-mer." Beyond the sea.

P. 54—"Hyperion," *hy-pe'ri-on*; "Kavanagh," *kav'a-nāh*.

P. 61—"Launfal," *laun'fal*.

P. 63—"Baudelaire," *bō-de-lar*.

P. 67—"Göttingen," *get'ting-en*.

P. 70—"Barneveld," *bar'ne-vēlt*.

P. 72—"Mohicans," *mo-hi'cans*.

P. 74—"Surinam," *soo-ri-nam'*. Dutch Guiana.

P. 76—"Thoreau," *thō-ro*.

P. 78—"Aurelian," *au-re'li-an*; "Ju'li-an," "Ze-no'bia."

P. 78—"Yemassee," *ye-mas-see'*. The Yemassee were the tribe of Indians afterwards called Savannahs.

P. 78—"Beauchampe," *bō'shōn'*.

P. 81—"Potiphar," *pot'i-phar*.

P. 84—"Audubon," *aw'du-bon*; "Agassiz," *āg'a-see*; "Guyot," *gē'o'*.

P. 87—"Pre-Raphaelites," *pre-rāph'a-el-ites*. Following the style before the time of Raphael.

P. 89—"Improvisatori," *im-prō'vi-sa-tō'ri*. Those who compose extemporaneously.

P. 92—"Rossetti," *ros-sēt'te*.

P. 94—"Toujours amour." Always love.

P. 94—"Piatt," *pī'at*.

P. 103—"Azarian," *az'a-ri'an*.

P. 103—"Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen," *h-a-jal-mer h-a-jorth bo-yay-sen*.

P. 110—"Litterateur," *le-tā'rā-tur*. A literary man.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

GERMAN HISTORY.

P. 1, c. 1—"Clovis," *klō'vis*; "Charlemagne," *shar'le-mān'*; "Rudolphus," *roo-dōl'fus*; "Swabian," *swā'bi-an*; "Hohenstaufen," *hō'en-stow'fen*; "Westphalia," *west-phā'lī-a*.

P. 1, c. 1—"Maas." The Flemish name for the Meuse.

P. 1, c. 1—"March," or "Morawa." A river of Austria. Its position as a boundary of Hungary, and proximity to Vienna, have often made it of historical importance.

P. 1, c. 1—"Mur," or "Muir," *moor*.

P. 1, c. 2—"Prona," *pro'sna*; "Nieman," *net'man*.

P. 1, c. 2—"Teutoburg," *toi'to-boorg*. A range of mountains in Western Germany, about eighty miles in length. It was in this forest that the German Arminius defeated the Romans in A. D. 9.

P. 1, c. 2—"Erz," *erts*. The Erzgebirge, or Ore Mountains, are on the boundary between Bohemia and Saxony, extending about 100 miles. There are several granite peaks in the range. These mountains have long been famous for their mineral products of silver, tin, iron, cobalt, copper, etc. Coal is found also and porcelain clay.

P. 1, c. 2—"Riesen," *ree'zen*. Giant mountains. A continuation of the Erzgebirge, lying east of the river Elbe. The range extends about seventy-five miles. It is of the same geological formation as the Erz.

P. 1, c. 2—"We'ser," *Vistula*, *vist'yu-la*.

P. 1, c. 2—"Magyar," *mod'jor*. A tribe which came from the far East. In 887 they came into Hungary and soon conquered it and the adjoining country. For one hundred years their conquests were extended, but at last they consolidated the power within their own country. The Magyars possessed an independent kingdom until the present century, but now constitute one of the two leading divisions of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The Emperor of Austria is the King of Hungary.

P. 1, c. 2—"Turanians," *tu-ra'ni-ans*. The tribes of the Turanians are the Finns, the people of Siberia, the Tartars, the Mongols, and the Mantchoos.

P. 1, c. 2—"Aryan," *ar'yan*. The tribes speaking the Germanic, Slavic, Celtic, Italic, Greek, Iranian, and Sanskrit languages belong to this family.

P. 1, c. 2—"Teutonic," *teu-ton'ic*. The Teutonic dialects were the languages spoken by the ancient Germans, so-called from one of the tribes, the Teutons.

P. 1, c. 2—"Pytheas," *pyth'e-as*. He is said to have made two voyages, one to Britain and Iceland, another to the northern coast of Europe.

P. 1, c. 2—"Tuisko," *too-is'ko*. The German legends describe the god as a gray-haired man, clad in skins of animals, and with a scepter in his right hand.

P. 2, c. 1—"Tacitus," *tac'i-tus*. (A. D. 55-117.) A Roman historian. His histories of the condition and customs of the Britains and Germans are trustworthy accounts, written in a clear and concise style. A history of Rome is his most ambitious work.

P. 2, c. 2—"Suetonius," *swe-to'ni-us*. A Roman historian, living in the latter half of the first century. His writings were very voluminous.

P. 2, c. 2—"Kelt," or "Celt." A race of Asiatic origin, which in very early time passed into Europe and gradually worked their way to the present countries of France, and Great Britain. The Irish, Welsh, and the Scotch of the Highlands are descendants of the Celts.

P. 2, c. 2—"Eagle." From the time of Marius the eagle was the principal emblem of the Roman Empire, and the standard of the legions. In the fourteenth century the Germans adopted it, and afterwards Russia. The arms of Prussia bear the black eagle, those of Poland bore the white.

P. 2, c. 2—"De Moribus Germanorum." Treatise concerning the customs of the Germans.

P. 2, c. 2—"Titus." (A. D. 40-81.) Roman Emperor. Titus had opportunities of observing the Germans when he was young, being military tribune in Germany.

P. 2, c. 2—"Wo'dan," The same as Odin, Wuotan, and Wotan. See "Notes on Scandinavian Literature," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April.

P. 2, c. 2—"Hertha," also written Ærtha, or Nerthus. As goddess of the earth Hertha was believed to bring fertility. In the spring festivities were held to celebrate her arrival, all feuds were suspended and the greatest rejoicing prevailed.

P. 2, c. 2—"Runes." The Norsemen had a peculiar alphabet of sixteen letters, or signs. It was not used as we use our alphabet; indeed, as the word *rune* (mystery) signifies, its meaning was known to but few. The letters were carved on rocks, stones, utensils, etc. Also, as in the case alluded to, on smooth sticks for divination. A mysterious power was supposed to reside in these characters.

The article on "Air," in the Physical Science series, is abridged from the "English Science Primer on Physical Geography," by Archibald Geikie. The clear, simple style of the article make annotations unnecessary. The same is also true of the paper on "Political Economy."

SUNDAY READINGS.

P. 6, c. 2—"Archæology," *ar-chæ-ol'o-gy*. The science of antiquities.

P. 7, c. 1—"Guadaloupe," *gaw'da-loop'*. An island of the West Indies.

P. 7, c. 2—"Owen," (1807-1860.) An American geologist. He made geological surveys of several States of the West and published reports of his labors.

P. 8, c. 1—"Lamartine," *lä-mar-ten'*. (1790-1869.) A French poet. After several years of writing and travel Lamartine, in 1835, was chosen a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Here his oratory won him laurels. He was a Liberalist, and in 1848, during the establishment of the republic, Lamartine's eloquence and boldness prevented open attack upon the aristocracy. He occupied several positions under the new government, but finally retired to literary work.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 11, c. 1—"Glyptics," *glyp'tics*. Carving on precious stones.

P. 11, c. 1—"Bas relief," *bä-re-leef'*. "Michael Angelo," *me-kël an'ja-lo*. (1474-1562). The Italian painter and sculptor.

P. 11, c. 2—"Lapidary," *läp'i-da-ry*. One who cuts, polishes, and engraves stones. "Vitreous," *vit're-ous*, glassy; "Ter'ra cot'ta;" "Chryselephantine," *chrys'el-e-phänt'ine*; "To-reu'tic;" "Ar'ma-ture."

P. 12, c. 1—"Galvano-plastique," *gal-vä'no-pläs-teek*; "Bäs'so-re-lie'vo;" "Stiacciato," *ste-ät-chä'to*; "Mezzo-relievo," *méd'zo-re-lie'vo*; "Al'to-re-lie-vo;" "Ca-vo-re-lie'vo."

P. 12, c. 1—"Renaissance," *rüh-nä'söngs'*. The awakening or new birth, that took place in architecture, literature, and the fine arts from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. Men's minds during the middle ages had been under the influence of the church. Freedom of thought and action became almost extinct. Reaction revived all branches of art and literature, producing the period called the "Renaissance."

P. 12, c. 1—"Polycleitus," *pol'y-clei'tus*. A Greek sculptor who lived about 430 B. C. His statues of men are said to have surpassed those of Phidias. The Spear-bearer was a statue so perfectly proportioned that it was called the canon or rule.

P. 12, c. 2—"Vitruvius Pollio," *vi-tru'vi-us pol'i-o*. A Roman architect who served under Caesar. His treatise on architecture is a compendium of Greek writers on the subject.

P. 12, c. 2—"Mem'phis." Meaning the abode of the good one. Once the most magnificent city of Egypt, the capital of the kingdom, and residence of several Egyptian deities. It is only of late that its site has been known.

P. 12, c. 2—"Cheops," *ke'ops*.

P. 12, c. 2—"Renan," *ree'nan*. A French orientalist, author and critic.

P. 12, c. 2—"Mariette," *mä're'ët'*. French Egyptologist.

P. 12, c. 2—"Ghizeh," *jee'zeh*, or *gee'zeh*. A village of Egypt three miles from Cairo. The three great pyramids are but five miles from Ghizeh.

P. 12, c. 2—"Amosis," *a-mo'sis*; "A-mu'nothph;" "Thoth'mo-sis;" "Ni-to'cris."

P. 13, c. 1—"Karnak," *kar'nak*. A modern village of Egypt, in which has been found a portion of the ruins of Thebes.

P. 13, c. 1—"Mem'non." A statue of a hero of the Trojan war. It is called musical because at sunrise a sound comes from it like the twang of a harp string. It has been conjectured that this tone was caused by the expansive effect of the sun's rays upon the stone.

P. 13, c. 1—"Ram'ses;" "Tu'rin."

P. 13, c. 1—"Osiris," *o-si'ris*. One of the chief divinities of the Egyptians.

P. 13, c. 1—"Louvre," *loovr*; "Abou Simbel," *äboo-sim'bel*; "Coptic," *cöp'tic*.

P. 13, c. 2—"Edfou," *ed'foo'*; "Denderah," *den'der-äh*.

P. 13, c. 2—"Hadrian," *ha'dri-an*, or Adrian. (76-138.) Roman Emperor.

P. 13, c. 2—"Botta," *bot'tä*; "Mo'sul."

P. 14, c. 1—"Sarcophaguses," *sar-cöph'a-güses*. Literally the word means *eating flesh*, and was named from the peculiar kind of limestone used by the Greeks for making coffins which consumed the body in a short time. Now a coffin or tomb made from stone of any kind

P. 14, c. 1—"Cambyzes," kam-bi'séz. The second king of Persia, and probably the Ahasuerus mentioned in Ezra.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 14, c. 2—"Sandys." The extract here given is taken from the dedication of one of Sandys's works to Prince Charles, afterward King Charles I. The work bears the ambitious title, "A Relation of a Journey begun in A. D. 1610; Four Bookes containing a description of the Turlish Empire, of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the remote parts of Italy and Islands adjoining." Of this work a traveler of the times says. "The descriptions are so faithful and perfect that they leave little to be added by after-comers, and nothing to be corrected."

P. 15, c. 2—"Mogul," mo-gul'. A person of the Mongolian race.

P. 15, c. 2—"Cateris paribus." Other things being equal.

P. 15, c. 2—"Boyle," boil. (1626-1691.) An Irish chemist and philosopher. He has been called the inventor of the air pump, and by it he demonstrated the elasticity of the air. His charity and philanthropy gave him the reverence of his associates and his philosophical experiments placed him among scientists. He has been called "the great Christian philosopher."

P. 15, c. 2—"Bodleian," bód'le-an. Pertaining to Sir Thomas Bodley, who founded a celebrated library in Oxford in the sixteenth century.

P. 15, c. 2—"Vat'i-can." An assemblage of buildings in Rome, including the Pope's palace, museum, library, etc.

P. 16, c. 1—"Edwards." This selection is taken from Edwards's treatise on the "Religious Affections."

CHAUTAUQUA CHILDREN'S CLASS, 1883.

The grades of the written examination are given upon the standard of 100. The three receiving 98 $\frac{3}{4}$ in the full-course list are entitled to the prizes. No prizes are given to those passing only on the lessons of the first series, but their standards are given showing good work.

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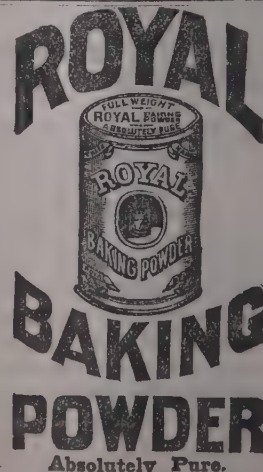
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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.

NOVEMBER.

GERMAN HISTORY.

By Rev. W. G. WILLIAMS, A.M.

II.

From the time of Julius Cæsar to the fall of the Roman Empire, a period of more than four hundred years, the greater part of the Germans were subject to Roman rule, a rule maintained only by military force. But the struggle against Rome never entirely ceased—and as Roman power gradually declined the Germans seized every opportunity to recover their liberty and in their turn became conquerors. To trace the succession of their vicissitudes during this period would be to give the narrative of a bold, vigorous, war-like people in their rude barbaric condition. We should discover even in those early times those race characteristics of strength, bravery and persistence which became so marked in later centuries; we should recognize in Hermann, the first German leader, the prophecy of the Great Charles who steps upon the scene nearly eight centuries later.

HERMANN, THE FIRST LEADER.

He it was (Hermann Arminius) who, with a power to organize equal to that of William of Orange, bound the German tribes in a secret confederacy, whose object it was to resist and repel the Roman armies. While still himself serving as an officer in the Roman army, he managed to rally the confederated Germans and to attack Varus's army of forty thousand men—the best Roman legions—as they were marching through the Teutoburger Forest, where, aided by violent storms, the Germans threw the Romans into panic and the fight was changed to a slaughter. When the news of the great German victory reached Rome the aged Augustus trembled with fear; he let his hair and beard grow for months as a sign of trouble, and was often heard to exclaim: "O, Varus, Varus, give me back my legions." Though Rome, under the able leadership of Germanicus, soon after defeated the Germans, yet she had been taught that the Germans possessed a spirit and a power sufficient to make her tremble for her future supremacy.

Hermann seems to have devoted himself to the creation of

a permanent union of the tribes he had commanded. We may guess, but can not assert, that his object was to establish a national organization like that of Rome, and in doing this he must have come into conflict with laws and customs which were considered sacred by the people. But his remaining days were too few for even the beginning of a task which included such an advance in the civilization of the race. We only know that he was waylaid and assassinated by members of his own family in the year 21. He was then 37 years old and had been for thirteen years the leader of his people.*

He was undoubtedly the liberator of Germany, having dared to grapple with the Roman power, not in its beginnings, like other kings and commanders, but in the maturity of its strength. He was not always victorious in battle, but in war he was never subdued. He still lives in the songs of the barbarians, unknown to the annals of the Greeks, who only admire that which belongs to themselves—nor celebrated as he deserves by the Romans, who, in praising the olden times, neglect the events of the later years.†

GERMAN NATIONALITIES AT THE CLOSE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

When we meet the Germans at the close of the third century we are surprised to find that the tribal names which they bore in the time of Hermann have nearly all disappeared, and new names of wider significance have taken their places. Instead of thirty to forty petty tribes, they are now consolidated into four chief nationalities with two or three inferior, but independent branches. Their geographical situation is no longer the same, migrations have taken place, large tracts of territory have changed hands, and many leading families have been overthrown and new ones arisen. Nothing but the constant clash of arms could have wrought such change. As each of these new nationalities plays a prominent part in the following centuries, a short description of them is given:

1. *The Alemanni*.—The name of this division (*Alle Mannen*, signifying "all men") shows that it was composed of fragments of many tribes. The Alemanni first made their appearance along the Main, and gradually pushed southward over the Tith lands, where the military veterans of Rome had settled, until they occupied the greater part of southwestern Germany, and eastern Switzerland to the Alps. Their descendants occupy the same territory to this day.

2. *The Franks*.—It is not known whence this name is derived, nor what is its meaning. The Franks are believed to have been formed out of the Sicambrians in Westphalia, a portion of the Chatti and the Batavi in Holland, together with other tribes. We first hear of them on the Lower Rhine, but they soon extended their territory over a great part of Belgium and Westphalia. Their chiefs were already called kings, and their authority was hereditary.

3. *The Saxons*.—This was one of the small original tribes settled in Holstein. The name "Saxon" is derived from their peculiar weapon, a short sword, called *saxs*. We find them

* Bayard Taylor.
† Tacitus.

occupying at the close of the third century nearly all the territory between the Harz Mountains and the North Sea, from the Elbe westward to the Rhine. There appears to have been a natural enmity—no doubt bequeathed from the earlier tribes out of which both grew—between them and the Franks.

4. *The Goths.*—Their traditions state that they were settled in Sweden before they were found by the Greek navigators on the southern shore of the Baltic in 330 B. C. It is probable that only a portion of the tribe navigated, and that the present Scandinavian race is descended from the remainder. They came in contact with the Romans beyond the mouth of the Danube about the beginning of the third century.*

INFLUENCE OF THE ROMANS ON THE GERMANS.

The proximity of the Romans on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Neckar, had by degrees effected alterations in the manners of the Germans. They had become acquainted with many new things, both good and bad. By means of the former they became acquainted with money, and even luxuries. The Romans had planted the vine on the Rhine, and constructed roads, cities, manufactories, theaters, fortresses, temples, and altars. Roman merchants brought their wares to Germany, and fetched thence amber, feathers, furs, slaves, and the very hair of the Germans; for it became the fashion to wear light flaxen wigs, instead of natural hair. Of the cities which the Romans built there are many yet remaining, as Salzburg, Ratisbonne, Augsburg, Basle, Strasburg, Baden, Spires, Worms, Metz, Treves, Cologne, Bonn, etc. But in the interior of Germany, neither the Romans nor their habits and manners had found friends, nor were cities built there according to the Roman style.†

INVASION OF THE HUNS—ATTILA.

The fourth century of our era and the first half of the fifth were characterized by the spirit of migration among all the peoples beyond the Rhine. Representatives of every German village and district went to Rome, and each brought back stories of the wealth and luxury that existed there. They had the keen perception and the strength to recognize the increasing weakness of the government, and also to despise the enervation and corruption of its citizens. The German was ambitious and restless as daily he regarded Rome more and more as his prey. The Romans themselves saw the danger of the Empire and lived in apprehension of overwhelming incursions long before they came. In the latter part of the fourth century the great impulse was given to the people of northern and eastern Europe by successive invasions from Asia; and a vast and general movement began among them which resulted in the disintegration of the Roman Empire, and the transfer of the principal arena of history from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to the countries in which the great powers of modern Europe afterward grew up. The first impulse to this series of events was given by disturbances and migrations in central Asia, of whose cause hardly anything is known. Long before the Christian era there was a powerful race of Huns in north-eastern Asia who became so dangerous to the Chinese that the great wall of China was built as a defense against them (finished B. C. 244).‡

These Huns, a Mongol race, had migrated from the center of Asia westward three-quarters of a century previously (A. D. 375), carrying death and devastation on their path. They had nothing in common with the peoples of the West, either in facial features or habits of life. Contemporary historians describe them as surpassing by their savagery all that can be imagined. They were of low stature, with broad shoulders, thick-set limbs, flat noses, high cheek-bones, small eyes deeply sunk in the sockets, and yellow complexion. Ammianus Marcellinus com-

pares them, in their monstrous ugliness, to beasts walking on two legs, or the grinning heads clumsily carved on the posts of bridges. They had no beard, because from infancy their faces were hideously scarred by being slashed all over, in order to hinder its growth. Accustomed to lead a wandering life in their native country, these wild hordes traversed the Steppes, or boundless plains which lie between Russia and China, in huge chariots, or on small hardy horses, changing their stations as often as fresh pasture was required for their cattle. Except constrained by necessity, they never entered any kind of house, holding them in horror as so many tombs. They were accustomed from infancy to endure cold, hunger, and thirst. As the great boots they were deprived them of all facility in marching, they never fought on foot; but the skill with which they managed their horses and threw the javelin, made them more formidable to the Germans than even the disciplined, but less ferocious, legions of Rome.

This was the rude race which, bursting into Europe in the second half of the fourth century, shook the whole barbarian world to its center, and precipitated it upon the Roman Empire. The Goths fled before them, when they passed the Danube, the Vandals when they crossed the Rhine. After a halt of half a century in the center of Europe, the Huns put themselves again in motion.

Attila, the king of this people, constrained all the tribes wandering between the Rhine and the Oural to follow him. For some time he hesitated upon which of the two empires he should carry the wrath of heaven. Deciding upon the West, he passed the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Seine, and marched upon Orleans. The populations fled before him in indescribable terror, for the *Scourge of God*, as he was called, left not one stone upon another wheresoever he passed. Metz and twenty other cities had been destroyed. Troyes alone had been saved by its bishop, Saint Loup. He wished to seize upon Orleans, the key of the southern provinces; and his innumerable army surrounded the city. Its bishop, St. Aignan, sustained the courage of the inhabitants by promising them a powerful succor. Ætius, in fact, arrived with all the barbarian nations encamped in Gaul, at the expense of which the new invasion was made. Attila for the first time fell back; but in order to choose a battle-field favorable for his cavalry, he halted in the Catalaunian plains near Méry-sur-Seine. There the terrible shock of battle took place. In the first onset the Franks, who formed the vanguard of Ætius, fought with such animosity that 15,000 Huns strewed the plain. But next day, when the great masses on both sides encountered, the bodies of 165,000 combatants were left on that field of carnage. Attila was conquered. The allies, however, not daring to drive the wild Huns to despair, suffered Attila to retreat into Germany (451). In the year following he made amends for his defeat by an invasion of northern Italy, ravaging Aquileia, Milan, and other cities in a frightful manner, but died of an apoplectic stroke (453), soon after his return, and his empire fell with him, but not the terrible remembrance of his name and of his cruelties. The Visigoths, whose king had perished in the fight, and the Franks of Meroveus, had had, with Ætius, the chief honor of that memorable day in the Catalaunian plains. For it had become a question whether Europe should be German or Mongolian, whether the fierce Huns or the Germans should found an empire on the ruins of that which was then crumbling.*

FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE—MANNERS AND MORALS OF THE GERMANS IN THIS AGE.

The Western Empire had now but a short time to live. The dastardly emperor Valentinian III., suspicious of the independent position of Ætius, recalled the conqueror of Attila from Gaul, and slew him with his own hand (A. D. 454). He was himself murdered soon after, and his widow, Eudoxia, though forced to

*Bayard Taylor.

†Sime.

*Lewis.

*Sime.

marry the assassin, determined to avenge her husband. She invited the Vandals, for this purpose, from Africa across the sea to Rome. This German tribe, still ruled by the aged Genserich, was the only one which possessed a fleet; and by this means the Vandals had already made themselves masters of the great islands of the Mediterranean, of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. The "sea-king" eagerly obeyed the summons (A. D. 455), and now "golden Rome" was given up for fourteen days to his soldiers, and was sacked with such horrors that the name of Vandal has ever since been a proverb for barbarity and destruction. Yet the mediation of Leo the Great, then Bishop of Rome, saved the city from utter ruin. From this time onward the emperors, who followed one another in quick succession, were mere tools of the German generals, and symbols of power before the common people; for the whole imperial army now consisted of the remnants of various German nations, who had sought service for pay. These too, at last, like their kindred in the provinces, demanded lands in Italy, and would have no less than one-third of the soil. When this was refused, Odoacer, at the head of his soldiers—Heruli, Sciri, Turcilingi, and Rugii, who forced their way thither from the Danube—put an end to the very name of the Roman Empire, stripping the boy Romulus Augustulus, the last emperor, of the purple, and ruling alone in Italy, as German general and king. Thus the Western Empire fell by German hands, after they had already wrested from it all its provinces, Africa, Spain, Gaul and Britain. This occurred in the year 476. Ancient history ends with this event; but in the history of the Germans it is merely an episode.

At the time of the great migrations, the German tribes were barbarians, in that they were destitute alike of humanity toward enemies and inferiors, and of scientific culture. Neither the pursuit of learning nor the practice of mercy to the vanquished could seem to them other than unmanly weakness. Their ferocity spread misery and ruin through the whole arena of history, and made the fifth and sixth centuries of our era the crowning epoch in the annals of human suffering; while their active, passionate contempt for learning destroyed the existing monuments of intelligence and habits of inquiry and thought, almost as completely as they swept away the wealth, prosperity, and social organization of the Roman world. Their ablest kings despised clerical accomplishments. Even Theodoric the Great could not write, and his signature was made by a black smear over a form or mould in which his name was cut. Nevertheless these nations were not what we mean by savages. Their originally beautiful and resonant language was already cultivated in poetical forms, in heroic songs. There was intercourse and trade among the several nations. Minstrels, especially, passed from one royal court to another, and the same song which was sung to Theodoric in Ravenna could be heard and understood by the Vandals in Carthage, by Clovis in Paris, and by the Thuringians in their fastnesses. A common language was a strong bond of union among these nations. Messengers, embassies, and letters were sent to and fro between their courts; gifts were exchanged, and marriages and alliances entered into. Thus the nations were informed concerning one another, and recognized their mutual relationship. It was this international intercourse that gave rise to the heroic minstrelsy—a faithful relation of the great deeds of German heroes during the migrations; but the minstrel boldly transforms the order of events, and brings together things which in reality took place at intervals of whole generations. Thus they sing of Hermanric, of Theodoric the Great (Dietrich the Strong, of Berne), and of his faithful knight Hildebrand; then of the fall of the Burgundian kings, of the far-ruling Attila, and of Sigurd, or Siegfried, who was originally a Northern god of spring, but here appears as a youthful hero, faithful and child-like, simple and unsuspicious, yet the mightiest of all—the complete image of the German character.

These wild times of warfare and wandering could not, of course, favorably affect morals and character. They did much to root out of the minds and lives of the people their ancient

heathen faith and practices. Their old gods were associated with places, scenes, features of the country and the climate; and, with these out of sight, the gods themselves were easily forgotten. Moreover, the local deities of other places and nations were brought into notice. The people's religious habits were broken up, their minds confused, and thus they were better prepared than before to embrace the new and universal doctrines of Christianity. But the wanderings had a bad effect on morality in all forms. The upright German was still distinguished by his self-respect from the false, faithless, and cowardly "Welshman," whose nature had become deformed through years of servitude. But Germans, too, were now often guilty of faithlessness and cruelty; and some tribes grew effeminate and corrupt, especially the Vandals in luxurious Africa. They imitated the style of the conquered in dress, arms, and manner of life; and some adopted their language also. For instance, even Theodoric the Great corresponded in Latin with foreign monarchs; and as early as the sixth and seventh centuries, the Germans recorded their own laws in Latin, the West Goths and Burgundians introducing the practice, which was followed by the Franks, Alemanni, Bavarians, and Langobards. These laws, and the prohibitions they contain, are the best sources of information upon the manners of the time, and especially upon the condition of the lower orders, the peasants, and the slaves. The most frequent cases provided are of bodily injuries, murder, wounds, and mutilations, showing that the warlike disposition had degenerated into cruelty and coarseness. For all these injuries, the wergeld, or ransom, was still a satisfaction. The life of a nobleman, that of a freeman, of a slave, and the members of the body—the eye, ear, nose, and hand—were assessed each at a fixed money valuation, to be paid by the aggressor, if he would not expose himself to the vengeance of the wronged man or his family. But crimes committed by peasants and slaves were punished by death, sometimes at the stake, where freemen might escape by paying a fine. The oaths of parties and witnesses were heard; and they were sustained by the oaths of others, their friends, relations, or partisans, who swore that they were to be believed. If an accused party swore that he was innocent, it was only necessary for him to obtain a sufficient number of compurgators, or jurors, of his own rank to swear that they believed him, in order to secure acquittal. But the number required was much larger for men of low rank than for the nobles; and the freedmen and slaves had no rights of the kind, but were tortured at will to compel them to confess or testify. The slaves were often tried by an ordeal, and were held guilty of any accusation if they could not put their hands into boiling water without harm. For freemen, if no other evidence were accessible, a trial by battle was adopted, as an appeal to God's judgment. The heathen tribes in Germany proper—the Frisi, Saxons, Thuringians, and Alemanni—lived on in their old ways; yet they too failed to maintain the spotless character assigned them by Tacitus. It was a time of general ferment. The new elements of civilization had brought with them new vices, and the simplicity of earlier days could not survive.*

[To be continued.]

* Lewis.

RIGHT well I know that improvement is a duty, and as we see man strives ever after a higher point, at least he seeks some novelty. But beware! for with these feelings Nature has given us also a desire to continue in the old ways, and to take pleasure in that to which we have been accustomed. Every condition of man is good which is natural and in accordance with reason. Man's desires are boundless, but his wants are few. For his days are short, and his fate bounded by a narrow span. I find no fault with the man who, ever active and restless, crosses every sea and braves the rude extremes of every clime, daring and diligent in pursuit of gain, rejoicing his heart and house by wealth.—Goethe.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Among the Germans, as among all other nations, the earliest literature is poetical. Little is preserved of their ancient poetry, but Tacitus tells us that the Germans of his time had ancient songs relating to Tuisco and Mannus, and to the hero Arminius. It is the opinion of many critics that the stories of "Reynard, the Fox," and "Isengrim, the Wolf," may be traced back to these remote times. The legends of the "Nibelungenlied" have many marks of antiquity which would place them in this pre-historic age. The first definite period, however, is:

I. THE EARLY MIDDLE AGE.—When the German tribes accepted Christianity, the clergy strove to replace the native poetry by the stories of the gospel. In the fourth century Bishop Ulphilas prepared a clear, faithful and simple translation of the Scriptures, which has since been of value in the study of the Teutonic languages. Charles the Great overpowered the effort the priests had made to check poetry by issuing orders to collect the old German ballads. But few of these treasures of Old High and Low German literature have come down to us. Later the Church still further counteracted the influences of pagan literature by a religious poetry in which the life of Christ was sung in verse. Scholastic learning was also zealously cultivated in the monasteries and schools.

II. THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.—Under the Hohenstaufen dynasty during the period of Middle High German the country passed through one of the greatest epochs of its literature. The most characteristic outcome of this active era is a series of poetical romances produced in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In these romances the subject of whatever epoch it might be, was treated wholly in the spirit of chivalry, the supreme aim was to furnish an idealized picture of the virtues of knighthood. Wolfram von Eschenbach was one of the most brilliant of these writers; "Parzival," his chief poem, is purely imaginative. The hero is made to pass from a life of dreams to one of adventure, finally to become lord of the palace of the Holy Grail. Its object is to show the restless spirit of the Middle Ages, which, continually discontent with life, sought a nobler place.

Gottfried, of Strasburg, was a complete contrast to Wolfram and his greatest contemporary. Tristram and Isolde is his theme. Mediæval romance bore its richest fruit in these two poets, and most of their successors imitated either one or the other. To this age belongs the famous epic, the "Nibelungenlied," in which many ancient ballads have been collected and arranged. "Gudrun" is another epic in which a poet of this period has given form to several old legends. But lyrics as well as romances and epics mark the age of chivalry. The poets of this class were known as *minnesänger* because their favorite theme was *minne* or love. Of all the *minnesänger* the first place belongs to Walther von der Vogelweide. He wrote poems of patriotism as well as on the usual subjects of lyric verse.

To this epoch belong the beginnings of prose in German literature. Latin was the speech of scholars, and prose works were almost uniformly in that language. The "Sachsenspiegel" and "Schwabenspiegel," two collections of local laws, aroused interest among Germans in their language. The preachers, however, were the chief founders of prose style. Dissatisfied with the abuses and mere forms under which genuine spiritual life was crushed, they strove to awaken new and truer ideas of religion. A Franciscan monk, Berthold, and Eckhart are the two to whom most is due.

III. THE LATER MIDDLE AGE.—After the fall of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, chivalry died out in Germany, and with it the incentive to poetry. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, attempts were made to produce poetry by rule. As every trade has its guild, so there was formed a guild of poetry, in which the members made their verses by the "tabulatur," and were obliged to pass through successive stages up to the "*meistersänger*." More important were the efforts at dramatic com-

position. They were crude representations of scriptural subjects, with which the clergy sought to replace the pagan festivals. Out of these representations grew the "mysteries," or "miracle plays," in which there was an endeavor to dramatize sacred subjects. "Shrove Tuesday plays" were dialogues, setting forth some scene of noisy fun, and were the first attempts at comedy.

During the latter part of the fifteenth century there was in Germany, as in other European countries, a great revival of intellectual life. It was due to two things—the re-discovery of Greek literature and the invention of printing. In the universities a broader culture took the place of scholastic studies. Many books found their way to the people, but these were mainly on social questions. The tyranny of princes and abuses of the clergy were the topics for the times, and multitudes of books were written ridiculing princes, priests, nobles, and even the Pope. The greatest of these satires was "Reineke Vos," by Barkhusen, a printer of Rostock. During this stirring period Maximilian I. was emperor, and attempted to revive the mediæval romance. His success was not great, and in no sense affected popular taste.

IV. THE CENTURY OF THE REFORMATION.—While the Renaissance brought about a great literary movement in England and France, and an artistic movement in Italy, in Germany the Reformation agitated the nation. Luther was the commanding spirit of the age in literature, as in religion. His greatest achievement was his translation of the Bible. For the first time a literary language was given to the nation. Luther gave to the men of all the countries of Germany a common speech, so that it is to him that the Germans owe the most essential of all the conditions of a national life and literature. Next to Luther stands Ulrich Von Hutten, an accomplished defender of the new culture and of the Reformation. Hans Sachs, the *meistersänger* of Muremburg, is now acknowledged to be the chief German poet of the sixteenth century. He wrote more than six thousand poems. His hymn, "Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz," was soon translated into eight languages. The religious lyrics of this age were of superior worth. Indeed, next to the translation of the Bible, nothing did so much to unite the Protestants. During this century the drama made considerable progress.

V. THE PERIOD OF DECAY.—This period is in many respects the most dismal in German history. During the seventeenth century little poetry of worth was produced. No progress was made in the formation of the drama, and few prose works were written that are now tolerated. The one brilliant thinker of the age was Leibnitz.

VI. THE PERIOD OF REVIVAL.—With the accession of Frederick the Great, a stronger national life sprung up in Germany, and literature shared the growth. Several causes contributed to the advance of literature; the revival of classical learning, and a knowledge of English literature were chief. Several literary schools grew up. Important as were many of the writers in them, they exercised slight influence on the national mind compared with founders of the German classical literature—Klopstock, Wieland, and Lessing. Klopstock's fame mainly rests on the "Messiah," a work now little read, and if defective, yet full of striking and beautiful images. Klopstock's odes are superior to his dramas, the latter showing knowledge neither of the stage nor of life. His influence upon intellectual life in Germany was very marked.

Wieland was one of the most prolific of writers. "Oberon" is the most pleasing of his poems to modern readers, and by far most famous. "Agathon" is his best prose romance. Although at first a strong pietist, Wieland eventually became a pronounced epicurean. Lessing, the third of these great poets, is the only writer before Goethe that Germans now read sympathetically. As an imaginative writer he was chiefly distinguished in the drama, and his most important dramatic work is "Minna Von Barnhelm." Superior to his imaginative works were his labors as a

thinker. His style ranks with the greatest European writers, and his criticisms are of great value.

VII. THE CLASSICAL PERIOD.—About 1770 there began in German literary life a curious movement called "*Sturm und Drang*" (storm and pressure). Almost all young writers were under its influence. Its most prominent quality was discontent with the existing world. The critical guide of the movement was Herder. To him is due the impulse which led to a collection of the songs and ballads of the people. His most important prose work was "Ideas Toward the Philosophy of the History of Humanity." To Herder belongs the honor of stimulating the genius of Goethe, who holds in German literature the place of Shakspeare in English. His extraordinary range of activity is his most wonderful characteristic. Goethe's first published work placed him among the writers of the "*Sturm und Drang*" school, as was true of the earlier works of Schiller. The lyrics of Goethe have perhaps the most subtle charm of all his writings, but "*Hermann und Dorothea*," "*Wilhelm Meister*," "*Faust*," etc., are his great productions. Schiller, Goethe's great rival, divided with him the public attention and interest. Schiller's literary career began when he was only twenty-two. "*The Robbers*" and "*Don Carlos*" are his principal early works. It was in 1794 that Goethe and Schiller began that acquaintance which ripened into one of the most beautiful friendships in the history of literature. They wrote in common on Schiller's journal "*Die Horen*," and many of Schiller's works were influenced by the larger life of his friend. This is particularly true of his dramas, "*Wallenstein*," "*Die Jungfrau von Orleans*," "*Maria Stuart*," and "*Wilhelm Tell*."

In 1781 one of the most important works of German literature was published—Kant's "*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*." The philosophical systems of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel followed, and excited even greater interest than the writings of the imaginative writers.

Each of the leading writers of the classical period had numerous followers, but the most important band was that which at first grew up around Goethe—the romantic school. The aim of the school was to revive mediævalism—to link daily life to poetry. The writer known as the prophet of the school was Frederick von Hardenburg, generally called Novalis. The critical leaders were Wilhelm and Friedrich von Schlegel. Tieck, Nackenroder, Fouqué, and Schleiermacher were the chief writers.

VIII. THE LATEST PERIOD.—In 1832, with the death of Goethe, a new era began in German literature. In philosophy the school of Hegel, who wrote during the lifetime of Goethe, has had many enthusiastic adherents; among these were Strauss, Ruge and Feuerbach. Schopenhauer, although he wrote his chief book during the time of Goethe at present stirs deeper interest than any other thinker.

In imaginative literature the greatest writer of the latest period is Heinrich Heine, whose lyrics have attracted general attention. The novel has acquired the same important place in Germany as in England. Among the chief novelists are Freytag, the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, Paul Heyse, Spielhagen and Reuter.

EVERYTHING that regards statesmanship and the interest of the world is in all outward respects of the greatest importance; it creates and destroys in a moment the happiness, even the very existence, of thousands, but when the wave of the moment has rushed past, and the storm has abated, its influence is lost, and even frequently disappears without leaving a trace behind. Many other things that are noiselessly influencing the thoughts and feelings often make far deeper and more lasting impressions on us. Man can for the most part keep himself very independent of all that does not trench on his private life—a very wise arrangement of Providence, since it gives a much greater security to human happiness.—*William von Humboldt*.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

II.—THE CIRCULATION OF WATER ON THE LAND.

Although air is continually evaporating water from the surface of the earth, and continually restoring it again by condensation, yet, on the whole and in the course of years, there seems to be no sensible gain or loss of water in our seas, lakes, and rivers; so that the two processes of evaporation and condensation balance each other.

It is evident, however, that the moisture precipitated at any moment from the air is not at once evaporated again. The disappearance of the water is due in part to evaporation, but only in part. A great deal of it goes out of sight in other ways.

The rain which falls upon the sea is the largest part of the whole rainfall of the globe, because the surface of the sea is about three times greater than that of the land. All this rain gradually mingles with the salt water, and can then be no longer recognized. It thus helps to make up for the loss which the sea is always suffering by evaporation. For the sea is the great evaporating surface whence most of the vapor of the atmosphere is derived.

On the other hand, the total amount of rain which falls upon the land of the globe must be enormous. It has been estimated, for example, that about sixty-eight cubic miles of water annually descend as rain even upon the surface of the British Isles, and there are many much more rainy regions. If you inquire about this rain which falls upon the land, you will find that it does not at once disappear, but begins another kind of circulation. Watch what happens during a shower of rain. If the shower is heavy, you will notice little runs of muddy water coursing down the streets or roads, or flowing out of the ridges of the fields. Follow one of the runs. It leads into some drain or brook, that into some larger stream, the stream into a river; and the river, if you follow it far enough, will bring you to the sea. Now think of all the brooks and rivers of the world, where this kind of transport of water is going on, and you will at once see how vast must be the part of the rain which flows off the land into the ocean.

But does the whole of the rain flow off at once into the sea in this way? A good deal of the rain which falls upon the land must sink underground and gather there. You may think that surely the water which disappears in that way must be finally withdrawn from the general circulation which we have been tracing. When it sinks below the surface, how can it ever get up to the surface again?

Yet, if you consider for a little, you will be convinced that whatever becomes of it underneath, it can not be lost. If all the rain which sinks into the ground be forever removed from the surface circulation, you will at once see that the quantity of water upon the earth's surface must be constantly and visibly diminishing. But no such changes, so far as can be seen, are really taking place. In spite of the rain which disappears into the ground, the circulation of water between the air, the land, and the sea continues without perceptible diminution.

You are driven to conclude, therefore, that there must be some means whereby the water underground is brought back to the surface. This is done by springs, which gush out of the earth, and bring up water to feed the brooks and rivers, whereby it is borne into the sea. Here, then, are two distinct courses which the rainfall takes—one below ground, and one above. It will be most convenient to follow the underground portion first.

A little attention to the soils and rocks which form the surface of a country is enough to show that they differ greatly from each other in hardness, and in texture or grain. Some are quite loose and porous, others are tough and close-grained. They consequently differ much in the quantity of water they allow to pass through them. A bed of sand, for example, is pervious; that is, will let water sink through it freely, because the little grains of sand lie loosely together, touching each other only at

some points, so as to leave empty spaces between. The water readily finds its way among these empty spaces. In fact, the sand-bed may become a kind of sponge, quite saturated with the water which has filtered down from the surface. A bed of clay, on the other hand, is impervious; it is made up of very small particles fitting closely to each other, and therefore offering resistance to the passage of water. Wherever such a bed occurs, it hinders the free passage of the water, which, unable to sink through it from above on the way down, or from below on the way up to the surface again, is kept in by the clay, and forced to find another line of escape.

Sandy soils are dry because the rain at once sinks through them; clay soils are wet because they retain the water, and prevent it from freely descending into the earth.

Now the rocks beneath us, besides being in many cases porous in their texture, such as sandstone, are all more or less traversed with cracks—sometimes mere lines, like those of a cracked window-pane, but sometimes wide and open clefts and tunnels. These numerous channels serve as passages for the underground water. Hence, although a rock may be so hard and close-grained that water does not soak through it at all, yet if that rock is plentifully supplied with these cracks, it may allow a large quantity of water to pass through. Limestone, for example, is a very hard rock, through the grains of which water can make but little way; yet it is so full of cracks or "joints," as they are called, and these joints are often so wide, that they give passage to a great deal of water.

In hilly districts, where the surface of the ground has not been brought under the plow, you will notice that many places are marshy and wet, even when the weather has long been dry. The soil everywhere around has perhaps been baked quite hard by the sun; but these places remain still wet, in spite of the heat. Whence do they get their water? Plainly not directly from the air? for in that case the rest of the ground would also be damp. They get it not from above, but from below. It is oozing out of the ground; and it is this constant outcome of water from below which keeps the ground wet and marshy. In other places you will observe that the water does not merely soak through the ground, but gives rise to a little run of clear water. If you follow such a run up to its source, you will see that it comes gushing out of the ground as a spring.

Springs are the natural outlets for the underground water. But, you ask, why should this water have any outlets, and what makes it rise to the surface?

Let us suppose that a flat layer of some impervious rock, like clay, underlies another layer of a porous material, like sand. The rain which falls on the surface of the ground, and sinks through the upper bed, will be arrested by the lower one, and made either to gather there, or find its escape along the surface of that lower bed. If a hollow or valley should have its bottom below the level of the line along which the water flows, springs will gush out along the sides of the valley. The line of escape may be either the junction between two different kinds of rock, or some of the numerous joints already referred to. Whatever it be, the water can not help flowing onward and downward, as long as there is any passage along which it can find its way; and the rocks underneath are so full of cracks, that it has no difficulty in doing so.

But it must happen that a great deal of the underground water descends far below the level of the valleys, and even below the level of the sea. And yet, though it should descend for several miles, it comes at last to the surface again. To realize clearly how this takes place, let us follow a particular drop of water from the time when it sinks into the earth as rain, to the time when, after a long journey up and down in the bowels of the earth, it once more reaches the surface. It soaks through the soil together with other drops, and joins some feeble trickle, or some more ample flow of water, which works its way through crevices and tunnels of the rocks. It sinks in this way to perhaps a depth of several thousand feet, until it reaches some

rock through which it can not readily make further way. Unable to work its way downward, the pent-up water must try to find escape in some other direction. By the pressure from above it is driven through other cracks and passages, winding up and down until at last it comes to the surface again. It breaks out there as a gushing spring.

Rain is water nearly in a state of purity. After journeying up and down underground it comes out again in springs, always more or less mingled with other materials, which it gets from the rocks through which it travels. They are not visible to the eye, for they are held in what is called chemical solution. When you put a few grains of salt or sugar upon a plate, and pour water over them, they are dissolved in the water and disappear. They enter into union with the water. You can not see them, but you can still recognize their presence by the taste which they give to the water which holds them in solution. So water, sinking from the soil downward, dissolves a little of the substance of the subterranean rocks, and carries this dissolved material up to the surface of the ground. One of the important ingredients in the air is carbonic acid gas, and this substance is both abstracted from and supplied to the air by plants and animals. In descending through the atmosphere rain absorbs a little air. As ingredients of the air, a little carbonic acid gas, particles of dust and soot, noxious vapors, minute organisms, and other substances floating in the air, are caught up by the descending rain, which in this way washes the air, and tends to keep it much more wholesome than it would otherwise be.

But rain not merely picks up impurities from the air, it gets a large addition when it reaches the soil.

Armed with the carbonic acid which it gets from the air, and with the larger quantity which it abstracts from the soil, rainwater is prepared to attack rocks, and to eat into them in a way which pure water could not do.

Water containing carbonic acid has a remarkable effect on many rocks, even on some of the very hardest. It dissolves more or less of their substance, and removes it. When it falls, for instance, on chalk or limestone, it almost entirely dissolves and carries away the rock in solution, though still remaining clear and limpid. In countries where chalk or limestone is an abundant rock, this action of water is sometimes singularly shown in the way in which the surface of the ground is worn into hollows. In such districts, too, the springs are always hard; that is, they contain much mineral matter in solution, whereas rainwater and springs which contain little impurity are termed soft.

When a stone building has stood for a few hundred years, the smoothly-dressed face which its walls received from the mason is usually gone. Again, in the burying-ground surrounding a venerable church you see the tombstones more and more mouldered the older they are. This crumbling away of hard stone with the lapse of time is a common familiar fact to you. But have you ever wondered why it should be so? What makes the stone decay, and what purpose is served by the process?

If it seem strange to you to be told that the surface of the earth is crumbling away, you should take every opportunity of verifying the statement. Examine your own district. You will find proofs that, in spite of their apparent steadfastness, even the hardest stones are really crumbling down. In short, wherever rocks are exposed to the air they are liable to decay. Now let us see how this change is brought about.

First of all we must return for a moment to the action of carbonic acid, which has been already described. You remember that rainwater abstracts a little carbonic acid from the air, and that, when it sinks under the earth, it is enabled by means of the acid to eat away some parts of the rocks beneath. The same action takes place with the rain, which rests upon or flows over the surface of the ground. The rainwater dissolves out little by little such portions of the rocks as it can remove. In the case of some rocks, such as limestone, the whole, or almost the whole, of the substance of the rock is carried away in solution. In

other kinds, the portion dissolved is the cementing material whereby the mass of the rock was bound together; so that when it is taken away, the rock crumbles into mere earth or sand, which is readily washed away by the rain. Hence one of the causes of the mouldering of stone is the action of the carbonic acid taken up by the rain.

In the second place, the oxygen of the portion of air contained in rainwater helps to decompose rocks. When a piece of iron has been exposed for a time to the weather, in a damp climate, it rusts. This rust is a compound substance, formed by the union of oxygen with iron. What happens to an iron railing or a steel knife, happens also, though not so quickly nor so strongly, to many rocks. They, too, rust by absorbing oxygen. A crust of corroded rock forms on their surface, and, when it is knocked off by the rain, a fresh layer of rock is reached by the ever-present and active oxygen.

In the third place, the surface of many parts of the world is made to crumble down by means of frost. Sometimes during winter, when the cold gets very keen, pipes full of water burst, and jugs filled with water crack from top to bottom. The reason of this lies in the fact that water expands in freezing. Ice requires more space than the water would if it remained fluid. When ice forms within a confined space, it exerts a great pressure on the sides of the vessel, or cavity, which contains it. If these sides are not strong enough to bear the strain to which they are put, they must yield, and therefore they crack.

You have learned how easily rain finds its way through soil. Even the hardest rocks are more or less porous, and take in some water. Hence, when winter comes the ground is full of moisture; not in the soil merely, but in the rocks. And so, as frost sets in, this pervading moisture freezes. Now, precisely the same kind of action takes place with each particle of water, as in the case of the water in the burst water-pipe or the cracked jar. It does not matter whether the water is collected into some hole or crevice, or is diffused between the grains of the rocks and the soil. When it freezes it expands, and in so doing tries to push asunder the walls between which it is confined.

Water freezes not only between the component grains, but in the numerous crevices or joints, as they are called, by which rocks are traversed. You have, perhaps, noticed that on the face of a cliff, or in a quarry, the rock is cut through by lines running more or less in an upright direction, and that by means of these lines the rock is split up by nature, and can be divided by the quarrymen into large four-sided blocks or pillars. These lines, or joints, have been already referred to as passages for water in descending from the surface. You can understand that only a very little water may be admitted at a time into a joint. But by degrees the joint widens a little, and allows more water to enter. Every time the water freezes it tries hard to push asunder the two sides of the joint. After many winters, it is at last able to separate them a little; then more water enters, and more force is exerted in freezing, until at last the block of rock traversed by the joint is completely split up. When this takes place along the face of a cliff, one of the loosened parts may fall and actually roll down to the bottom of the precipice.

In addition to carbonic acid, oxygen, and frost, there are still other influences at work by which the surface of the earth is made to crumble. For example, when, during the day, rocks are highly heated by strong sunshine, and then during night are rapidly cooled by radiation, the alternate expansion and contraction caused by the extremes of temperature loosen the particles of the stone, causing them to crumble away, or even making successive crusts of the stone fall off.

Again, rocks which are at one time well soaked with rain, and at another time are liable to be dried by the sun's rays and by wind, are apt to crumble away. If then it be true, as it is, that a general wasting of the surface of the land goes on, you may naturally ask why this should be. Out of the crumbled stones all soil is made, and on the formation and renewal of the soil we depend for our daily food.

Take up a handful of soil from any field or garden, and look at it attentively. What is it made of? You see little pieces of crumbling stone, particles of sand and clay, perhaps a few vegetable fibers; and the whole soil has a dark color from the decayed remains of plants and animals diffused through it. Now let us try to learn how these different materials have been brought together.

Every drop of rain which falls upon the land helps to alter the surface. You have followed the chemical action of rain when it dissolves parts of rocks. It is by the constant repetition of the process, drop after drop, and shower after shower, for years together, that the rocks become so wasted and worn. But the rain has also a mechanical action.

Watch what happens when the first pattering drops of a shower begin to fall upon a smooth surface of sand, such as that of a beach. Each drop makes a little dint or impression. It thus forces aside the grains of sand. On sloping ground, where the drops can run together and flow downward, they are able to push or carry the particles of sand or clay along. This is called a mechanical action; while the actual solution of the particles, as you would dissolve sugar or salt, is a chemical action. Each drop of rain may act in either or both of these ways.

Now you will readily see how it is that rain does so much in the destruction of rocks. It not only dissolves out some parts of them, and leaves a crumbling crust on the surface, but it washes away this crust, and thereby exposes a fresh surface to decay. There is in this way a continual pushing along of powdered stone over the earth's surface. Part of this material accumulates in hollows, and on sloping or level ground; part is swept into the rivers, and carried away into the sea. As the mouldering of the surface of the land is always going on, there is a constant formation of soil. Indeed, if this were not the case, if after a layer of soil had been formed upon the ground, it were to remain there unmoved and unrenewed, the plants would by degrees take out of it all the earthy materials they could, and leave it in a barren or exhausted state. But some of it is being slowly carried away by rain, fresh particles from mouldering rocks are being washed over it by the same agent, while the rock or sub-soil underneath is all the while decaying into soil. The loose stones, too, are continually crumbling down and making new earth. And thus, day by day, the soil is slowly renewed.

Plants, also, help to form and renew the soil. They send their roots among the grains and joints of the stones, and loosen them. Their decaying fibers supply most of the carbonic acid by which these stones are attacked, and furnish also most of the organic matter in the soil. Even the common worms, which you see when you dig up a spadeful of earth, are of great service in mixing the soil and bringing what lies underneath up to the surface.

One part of the rain sinks under the ground, and you have traced its progress there until it comes to the surface again. You have now to trace, in a similar way, the other portion of the rainfall which flows along the surface in brooks and rivers.

You can not readily meet with a better illustration of this subject than that which is furnished by a gently sloping road during a heavy shower of rain. Let us suppose that you know such a road, and that just as the rain is beginning you take up your station at some part where the road has a well-marked descent. At first you notice that each of the large heavy drops of rain makes in the dust, or sand, one of the little dints or rain-prints already described. As the shower gets heavier these rain-prints are effaced, and the road soon streams with water. Now mark in what manner the water moves.

Looking at the road more narrowly, you remark that it is full of little roughnesses—at one place a long rut, at another a projecting stone, with many more inequalities which your eye could not easily detect when the road was dry, but which the water at once discloses. Every little dimple and projection affects the

flow of the water. You see how the raindrops gather together into slender streamlets of running water which course along the hollows, and how the jutting stones and pieces of earth seem to turn these streamlets now to one side and now to another.

Toward the top of the slope only feeble runnels of water are to be seen. But further down they become fewer in number, and at the same time larger in size. They unite as they descend; and the larger and swifter streamlets at the foot of the descent are thus made up of a great many smaller ones from the higher parts of the slope.

Why does the water run down the sloping road? why do rivers flow? and why should they always move constantly in the same direction? They do so for the same reason that a stone falls to the ground when it drops out of your hand; because they are under the sway of that attraction toward the center of the earth, to which, as you know, the name of gravity is given. Every drop of rain falls to the earth because it is drawn downward by the force of this attraction. When it reaches the ground it is still, as much as ever, under the same influence; and it flows downward in the readiest channel it can find. Its fall from the clouds to the earth is direct and rapid; its descent from the mountains to the sea, as part of a stream, is often long and slow; but the cause of the movement is the same in either case. The winding to and fro of streams, the rush of rapids, the roar of cataracts, the noiseless flow of the deep sullen currents, are all proofs how paramount is the sway of the law of gravity over the waters of the globe.

Drawn down in this way by the action of gravity, all that portion of the rain which does not sink into the earth must at once begin to move downward along the nearest slopes, and continue flowing until it can get no further. On the surface of the land there are hollows called lakes, which arrest part of the flowing water, just as there are hollows on the road which serve to collect some of the rain. But in most cases they let the water run out at the lower end as fast as it runs in at the upper, and therefore do not serve as permanent resting places for the water. The streams which escape from lakes go on as before, working their way to the seashore. So that the course of all streams is a downward one; and the sea is the great reservoir into which the water of the land is continually pouring.

The brooks and rivers of a country are thus the natural drains, by which the surplus rainfall, not required by the soil or by springs, is led back again into the sea. When we consider the great amount of rain, and the enormous number of brooks in the higher parts of the country, it seems, at first, hardly possible for all these streams to reach the sea without overflowing the lower grounds. But this does not take place; for when two streams unite into one, they do not require a channel twice as broad as either of their single water-courses. On the contrary, such an union gives rise to a stream which is not so broad as either of the two from which it flows. But it becomes swifter and deeper.

Let us return to the illustration of the roadway in rain. Starting from the foot of the slope, you found the streamlets of rain getting smaller and smaller, and when you came to the top there were none at all. If, however, you were to descend the road on the other side of the ridge, you would probably meet with other streamlets coursing down-hill in the opposite direction. At the summit the rain seems to divide, part flowing off to one side, and part to the other.

In the same way, were you to ascend some river from the sea, you would watch it becoming narrower as you traced it inland, and branching more and more into tributary streams, and these again subdividing into almost endless little brooks. But take any of the branches which unite to form the main stream, and trace it upward. You come, in the end, to the first beginnings of a little brook, and going a little further you reach the summit, down the other side of which all the streams are flowing to the opposite quarter. The line which separates two sets of streams in this way is called the water-shed. In England, for

example, one series of rivers flows into the Atlantic, another into the North Sea. If you trace upon a map a line separating all the upper streams of the one side from those of the other, that line will mark the water-shed of the country.

But there is one important point where the illustration of the road in rain quite fails. It is only when rain is falling, or immediately after a heavy shower, that the rills are seen upon the road. When the rain ceases the water begins to dry up, till in a short time the road becomes once more firm and dusty. But the brooks and rivers do not cease to flow when the rain ceases to fall. In the heat of summer, when perhaps there has been no rain for many days together, the rivers still roll on, smaller usually than they were in winter, but still with ample flow. What keeps them full? If you remember what you have already been told about underground water, you will answer that rivers are fed by springs as well as by rain.

Though the weather may be rainless, the springs continue to give out their supplies of water, and these keep the rivers going. But if great drought comes, many of the springs, particularly the shallow ones, cease to flow, and the rivers fed by them shrink up or get dry altogether. The great rivers of the globe, such as the Mississippi, drain such vast territories, that any mere local rain or drought makes no sensible difference in their mass of water.

In some parts of the world, however, the rivers are larger in summer and autumn than they are in winter and spring. The Rhine, for instance, begins to rise as the heat of summer increases, and to fall as the cold of winter comes on. This happens because the river has its source among snowy mountains. Snow melts rapidly in summer, and the water which streams from it finds its way into the brooks and rivers, which are thereby greatly swollen. In winter, on the other hand, the snow remains unmelted; the moisture which falls from the air upon the mountains is chiefly snow; and the cold is such as to freeze the brooks. Hence the supplies of water at the sources of these rivers are, in winter, greatly diminished, and the rivers themselves become proportionately smaller.

[To be continued.]

SUNDAY READINGS.

Selected by REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[Sunday, November 4.]

MORAL DISTINCTIONS NOT SUFFICIENTLY REGARDED IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*Proverbs xiii: 20.*

That "a man may be known by the company he keeps," has passed into a proverb among all nations, thus attesting what has been the universal experience. The fact would seem to be that a man's associates either find him, or make him like themselves. An acute but severe critic of manners, who was too often led by his disposition and circumstances to sink the philosopher in the satirist, has said: "Nothing is so contagious as example. Never was there any considerable good or ill action, that hath not produced its like. We imitate good ones through emulation; and bad ones through that malignity in our nature, which shame conceals, and example sets at liberty."

This being the case, or anything like it, all, I think, must agree that moral distinctions are not sufficiently cared for in social intercourse. In forming our intimacies we are sometimes determined by the mere accident of being thrown together; sometimes by a view to connections and social position; sometimes by the fascination of what are called companionable qualities; seldom, I fear, by thoughtful and serious regard to the influence they are likely to have on character. We forget that other attractions, of whatsoever nature, instead of compensating for moral unfitness in a companion, only have the effect to make such unfitness the more to be dreaded.

Let me introduce what I have to say on the importance of paying more regard to moral distinctions in the choice of friends, by a few remarks on what are called, by way of distinction, companionable qualities, and on the early manifestation of a free, sociable, confiding turn of mind. Most parents hail the latter, I believe, as the best of prognostics; and in some respects it is. It certainly makes the child more interesting as a child, and more easily governed; it often passes for precocity of talent; at any rate, men are willing to construe it into evidence of the facility with which he will make his way in the world. The father is proud of such a son; the mother idolizes him. If from any cause he is brought into comparison with a reserved, awkward, and unyielding boy in the neighborhood, they are ready enough to felicitate themselves, and others are ready enough to congratulate them, on the difference. And yet I believe I keep within bounds, when I say that, of the two, there is more than an even chance that the reserved, awkward, and unyielding boy will give his parents less occasion for anxiety and mortification, and become in the end the wiser and better man. The reason is, that if a child from natural facility of disposition is easily won over to good courses, he is also, from the same cause, liable at any time to be seduced from these good courses into bad ones. On the contrary, where a child, from rigor or stubbornness of temper, is peculiarly hard to subdue or manage, there is this hope for a compensation: if by early training, or the experience of life, or a wise foresight of consequences, he is once set right, he is almost sure to keep so.

It is not enough considered, that, in the present constitution of society, men are not in so much danger from want of good dispositions, as from want of firmness and steadiness of purpose. Hence it is that gentle and affectionate minds, more perhaps than any others, stand in need of solid principle and fixed habits of virtue and piety, as a safeguard against the lures and fascinations of the world. A man of a cold, hard, and ungenial nature is comparatively safe so far as the temptations of society go: partly because of this very impracticableness of his nature, and partly because his companionship is not likely to be desired or sought even by the bad: he will be left to himself. The corrupters of innocence in social intercourse single out for their prey men of companionable qualities. Through his companionable qualities the victim is approached, and by his companionable qualities he is betrayed.

Let me not be misunderstood. Companionable qualities are not objected to *as such*. When they spring from genuine goodness of heart, and are the ornament of an upright life, they are as respectable as they are amiable; and it would be well if Christians and all good men cultivated them more than they do. If we would make virtue and religion to be loved, we must make *ourselves* to be loved *for* our virtue and religion; which would be done if we were faithful to carry the gentleness and charity of the gospel into our manners as well as into our morals. Nevertheless, we insist that companionable qualities, when they have no better source than a sociable disposition, or, worse still, an easy temper and loose principles, are full of danger to their possessor, and full of danger to the community; especially where, from any cause, but little regard is paid to moral distinctions in social intercourse. We also say, that in such a state of society the danger will be most imminent to those whom we should naturally be most anxious to save—I mean, persons of a loving and yielding turn of mind.

[Sunday, November 11.]

And this brings me back again to the position taken in the beginning of this discourse. The reason why companionable qualities are attended with so much danger is, that society itself is attended with so much danger; and the reason why society is attended with so much danger is, that social intercourse is not more under the control of moral principles, moral rules, and moral sanctions.

My argument does not make it necessary to exaggerate the evils and dangers of modern society. I am willing to suppose that there have been times when society was much less pure than it is now; and again, that there are places where it is much less pure than it is here; but it does not follow that there are no evils or dangers now and here. On the contrary, it is easy to see that there may be stages in the progressive improvement of society, where the improvement itself will have the effect, not to lessen, but to increase the danger, *so far as good men are concerned*. In a community where vice abounds, where the public manners are notoriously and grossly corrupt, good men are put on their guard. They will not be injured by such society, for they will have nothing to do with it. A broad line of demarcation is drawn between what is expected from good men, and what is expected from bad men; so that the example of the latter has no effect on the former except to admonish and to warn. But let the work of refinement and reform go on in general society until vice is constrained to wear a decent exterior, until an air of decorum and respectability is thrown over all public meetings and amusements, and one consequence will be that the distinction between Christians and the world will not be so clearly seen, or so carefully observed, as before. The standard of the world, from the very fact that it is brought nearer to the standard of the gospel, will be more frequently confounded with it; Christians will feel at liberty to do whatever the world does, and the danger is, that they will come at length to do it from the same principles.

Besides, are we sure that we have not formed too favorable an opinion of the moral condition of general society—of that general society in the midst of which we are now living, and to the influence of which we are daily and hourly exposed? We should remember that in pronouncing on the character of public opinion and public sentiment, we are very likely to be affected and determined ourselves, not a little, by the fact that we share in that very public opinion and public sentiment which we are called upon to judge. I have no doubt that virtue, in general, is esteemed by the world, or that, *other things being equal*, a man of integrity will be preferred on account of his integrity. But this is not enough. It shows that the multitude see, and are willing to acknowledge, the dignity and worth of an upright course; but it does not prove them to have that *abhorrence for sin*, which it is the purpose and the tendency of the gospel to plant in all minds. If they had this settled and rooted abhorrence for sin, which marks the Christian, and without which a man can not be a Christian, they would not prefer virtue to vice, “other things being equal,” but they would do so whether other things were equal or not; they would knowingly keep no terms with vice, however recommended or glossed over by interest or worldly favor, or refined and elegant manners.

Now, I ask whether general society, even as it exists amongst us, will bear this test? Is it not incontestable that very unscrupulous and very dangerous men, if they happen to be men of talents, or men of fashion, or men of peculiarly engaging manners, find but little difficulty in insinuating themselves into what is called good society; nay, are often among those who are most courted and caressed? Some vices, I know, are understood to put one under the social ban; but it is because they offend, not merely against morality and religion, but against taste, against good-breeding, against certain conventions of the world. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to observe that the same, or even a much larger amount of acknowledged criminality, manifested under other forms, is not found to be attended with the same result. The mischiefs of this state of things are felt by all; but especially by those who are growing up in what are generally accounted the most favored walks of life. On entering into society they see men of known profligacy mingling in the best circles, and with the best people, if not indeed on terms of entire sympathy and confidence, at least on those of the utmost possible respect and courtesy. They

see all this, and they see it every day; and it is by such flagrant inconsistencies in those they look up to for guidance, more perhaps than by any other one cause, that their own principles and their own faith are undermined. And besides, being thus encouraged and countenanced in associating with dissipated and profligate men in what is called good society, they will be apt to construe it into liberty to associate with them *anywhere*. At any rate the intimacy is begun. As society is constituted at present, corrupting intimacies are not infrequently begun amidst all the decencies of life, and, it may be, in the presence and under the countenance and sanction of parents and virtuous friends, which are afterward renewed and consummated, and this too by an easy, natural, and almost necessary gradation, amidst scenes of excess—perhaps in the haunts of ignominy and crime.

[Sunday, November 18.]

If one should propose a reform in this respect, I am aware of the difficulties and objections that would stand in his way.

Some would affirm it to be impracticable in the nature of things. They would reason thus: "The circle in which a man visits and moves is made for him, and not by him: at any rate, it is not, and can not be, determined by moral considerations alone. Something depends on education; something on family connections or mere vicinity; something on similarity in tastes and pursuits; something also on equality or approximation in wealth and standing. A poor man, or a man having a bare competency, if he is as virtuous and industrious, is just as *respectable* as a rich man; but it is plain that he can not pitch his style of living, or his style of hospitality, on the same scale of expense. It is better for both, therefore, that they should visit in different circles." Perhaps it is; but what then? I am not recommending an amalgamation of the different classes in society. I suppose that such an amalgamation would neither be practicable nor desirable in the existing state of things. All I contend for is, that in every class, open and gross immorality of any kind should exclude a man from reputable company. Will any one say that this is impracticable? Let a man, through untoward events, but not by any fault or neglect of his own, be reduced in his circumstances,—let a man become generally odious, not in consequence of any immorality, but because, perhaps, he has embraced the unpopular side in politics or religion—let a man omit some trifling formality which is construed into a vulgarity, or a personal affront, and people do not appear to find much difficulty in dropping the acquaintance. If, then; it is so easy a thing to drop a man's acquaintance for other reasons, and for no reason,—from mere prejudice, from mere caprice,—will it still be pretended that it can not be done at the command of duty and religion?

Again, it may be objected that, if you banish a man from general society for his immoralities, you will drive him to despair, and so destroy the only remaining hope of his reformation. What! are you going to *keep society corrupt* in the vain expectation that a corrupt state of society will help to reform its corrupt members? Besides, I grant that we should have compassion on the guilty; but I also hold that we should have compassion on the innocent too. Would you, therefore, allow a bad man to continue in good society, when the chances are a thousand to one that he will make others as bad as himself, and not more than one to a thousand that he himself will be reclaimed? Moreover, this reasoning is fallacious throughout. By expelling a dissipated and profligate man from good society, instead of destroying all hope of his recovery, you do in fact resort to the only remaining means of reforming one over whom a fear of God, and a sense of character, and the upbraidings of conscience have lost their power. What cares he for principle, or God, or an hereafter? Nothing, therefore, is so likely to encourage and embolden him to go on in his guilty course, as the belief that he will be allowed to do so without the forfeiture of the

only thing he does care for, his reputable standing in the world. On the other hand, nothing is so likely to arrest him in these courses, and bring him to serious reflection, as the stern and determined threat of absolute exclusion from good society, if he persists.

Another objection will also be made which has stronger claims on our sympathy and respect. We shall be told that the innocent as well as the guilty will suffer—the guilty man's friends and connections, who will probably feel the indignity more than he does himself. God forbid that we should needlessly add to the pain of those who are thus connected! But we must remember that the highest form of friendship does not consist in blindly falling in with the feelings of those whom we would serve, but in consulting what will be for their real and permanent good. If, therefore, the course here recommended has been shown to be not only indispensable to public morals, but more likely than any other to reclaim the offender, it is clearly not more a dictate of justice to the community, than of Christian charity to the parties more immediately concerned. Consider, also, how much is asked, when a good man is called upon to open his doors to persons without virtue and without principle. Unless the social circle is presided over by a spirit which will rebuke and frown away immorality, whatever fashionable names and disguises it may wear,—unless your sons and daughters can meet together without being in danger of having their faith disturbed by the jeers of the infidel, or their purity sullied by the breath of the libertine, neither they nor you are safe in the most innocent enjoyments and recreations. Parents at least should take a deep interest in this subject, if they do not wish to see the virtue, which they have reared under the best domestic discipline, blighted and corrupted before their eyes by the temptations to which their children are almost necessarily exposed in general society—a society which they can not escape except by going out of the world, and which they can not partake of without endangering the loss of what is of more value than a thousand worlds.

[Sunday, November 25.]

I have failed altogether in my purpose in this discourse if I have not done something to increase your distrust of mere companionable qualities, when not under the control of moral and religious principle; and also of the moral character and moral influence of general society, as at present constituted. Still you may ask, "If I associate with persons worse than myself, how can it be made out to be more probable that they will drag me down to their level, than that I shall lift them up to mine?" The answer to this question, I hardly need say, depends, in no small measure, on the reason or motive which induces the association. If you mix with the world, not for purposes of pleasure or self-advantage—if you resort to society, not for society as an end, but as a means to a higher end, *the improvement of society itself*—you do but take up the heavenly mission which Christ began. For not being able to make the distinction, through the hollowness and corruption of their hearts, the Pharisees thought it to be a just ground of accusation against our Lord, that he was willing to be accounted the friend of publicans and sinners. Let the same mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus, and we can not doubt that the spirit which inspires you will preserve you wherever you may go. It is of such persons that our Lord has said: "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means harm you." Very far am I, therefore, from denying that we may do good in society, as well as incur danger and evil. Even in common friendships frequent occasions will present themselves for mutual service, for mutual counsel and admonition. Let me impress upon you this duty. Perhaps there is not one among you all, who has not at this moment companions on whom he can confer an infinite blessing. If there is a weak

place in their characters, if to your knowledge they are contemplating a guilty purpose, if they are on the brink of entering into dangerous connections, by a timely, affectionate, and earnest remonstrance you may save them from ruin. *Remember, we shall all be held responsible, not only for the evil which we do ourselves, but for the evil which we might prevent others from doing; it is not enough that we stand; we must endeavor to hold up our friends.*

Very different from this, however, is the ordinary commerce of society; and hence its danger. If we mix with the world for the pleasure it affords, we shall be likely to be among the first to be reconciled to the freedom and laxity it allows. The world is not brought up to us, but we sink down to the world; the drop becomes of the consistence and color of the ocean into which it falls; the ocean remains itself unchanged. In the words of an old writer: "Though the well-disposed will remain some good space without corruption, yet time, I know not how, worketh a wound in him, which weakness of ours considered, and easiness of nature, apt to be deceived, looked into, they do best provide for themselves that separate themselves as far as they can from the bad, and draw as nigh to the good, as by any possibility they can attain to." "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By G. M. STEELE, D.D.

II.

PRODUCTION, CONTINUED — CAPITAL — COMBINATION AND DIVISION OF LABOR.

5. We have already seen that an essential to any considerable production is *capital*. We have seen the nature of capital and how it comes to exist. We have also learned that though capital implies saving, mere saving is not the sole condition of capital; indeed, a narrow penuriousness prevents the rapid accumulation of capital. The man who is accustomed to bring his water from a spring a quarter of a mile from his house instead of digging a well at the cost of a few dollars, or a few days' work, acts uneconomically. In the long run the bringing of the water from the spring costs him much more than the digging of the well. The man who has extensive grain-fields, and who, for the sake of saving the expense of a reaper, or even a cradle, continues to use the sickle, will find that his saving results in a loss instead of a gain.

A man does not need to be rich in order to be a capitalist. When the savage has invented a bow and arrows he has the rudiments of capital. The laborer who has reserved out of his earnings enough to buy him a set of tools, or a few acres of land, is as really a capitalist as the owner of factories or railroads. Whatever property is used for production is capital.

Capital exists in many forms. It has been generally divided into *fixed* and *circulating*, though the limits of these divisions are not very precisely defined. The main difference consists in this, that while certain kinds of capital are used only once in the fulfillment of their purposes, other kinds are used repeatedly. Fuel can be burned but once. An axe may serve for years. Circulating capital is of two kinds:

(1) There are the stock and commodities which are to be consumed in reproduction; (a) the material out of which the new product is to be made, as lumber for cabinet ware, leather for shoes, etc.; (b) food and other provisions for the sustenance of the laborers.

(2) There is the stock of completed commodities on hand and ready for the market. The chairs that are finished and ready for sale in the chair factory are of this character. It is to be observed that the same article may be at one time circulating and at another fixed capital. Thus the chairs just spoken of, while they are in the hands of the manufacturer, or passing

through those of the dealers, are circulating capital. It is only when they become *fixed in use* that their character changes.

Fixed capital consists (1) of all tools, implements, and machinery, used in the trades. Here, too, belong all structures of every sort for productive purposes; (2) all beasts of burden and draft; (3) all improvements of land implied in clearing, fencing, draining, fertilizing, terracing, etc.; (4) all mental acquisitions gained by labor and which give man power for productive results.

Obviously capital, by whomsoever owned, is an advantage to the laborer. But such capital is useless to the owner unless he can unite it with labor. So, too, the ability to labor is of no benefit to the laborer unless he can employ it in connection with capital. Generally the more capital there is in a community, other things being equal, the better it is for the laborer; and the more laborers there are, other things being equal, the better it is for the capitalist. When a factory burns down it may destroy only a small part of the wealth of the owners, and they may not palpably suffer; but it is very likely to deprive the laborers, who are connected with it, of the means of securing their daily sustenance.

There is no natural antagonism of interests between capital and labor, but rather the utmost concord and interdependence. Whatever conflicts arise between the laborers and the capitalists come from the unnatural selfishness and jealousy of the parties concerned.

6. As has been intimated, it is only by application of principles underlying political economy that we come to the conditions of the highest production, or, in other words, find how to satisfy the largest range of desires to the greatest extent at the smallest cost of labor. One of the chief means of effecting this is by *the combination and division of labor*. Recalling what was said concerning association and individuality, we shall see what principles are involved here, and how naturally they came into operation. As there was seen to be no antagonism between the two latter conceptions when carefully analyzed, so there is none, but rather the opposite, between combination and division of labor. It is true that there are instances where combination may take place without division, as when men unite to effect purposes which one could not accomplish except in much more than the proportionate time; as also in some cases to affect purposes which the individual could not effect in any length of time, such as the moving and placing of heavy timbers and stones, the management of ships and railway trains, etc. But for the most part men divide their labor in the process in order that they may combine the result. This is done in two ways:

(1) Men divide up the work of supplying human wants into different trades and occupations, according to their several tastes and aptitudes. Each man needs nearly the same that every other needs. But while each provides for only one kind of want, he provides more than enough to satisfy his own desire in that particular respect, and contributes the overplus to meet that same want in others. As all others do the same, each is contributing to meet the desires of one and all to each. The shoemaker, the tailor, the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the blacksmith, the weaver, the paper-maker, the tin-man, the miner, the smelter, the painter, the glazier, etc., are all contributing to supply the farmer's needs, and the farmer is contributing to all their needs. The wants of all are many times more fully met in this way than if each one should undertake to supply all his own wants.

(2) In some complicated trades the work is divided into a number of processes. There are men who could do every one of these parts; but such men are few, and their labor very costly, because some of the parts require rare skill and talent. What is needed is to organize several grades of laborers, so that the physically strong, the intelligent and skillful may have the work that only they can do; the less strong and skillful may find employment in the lighter and easier parts, and so all grades of ability down to the delicate woman or the little child,

and up to the most powerful muscle and most advanced intelligence, can find their place. It is almost incredible how great is the increase of productiveness from the mere economical arrangement of workers. It is said that in so simple a matter as the making of pins, where the work is divided into ten processes and properly distributed, that the production will be *two hundred and forty times* as much as if each man did the whole work on each pin.

This connects itself with another important condition of large production. I mean the diversification of employment in a community. It is only in such a varied industry that all the varied tastes, aptitudes and abilities of society can find scope and adaptation; and without this, production must fall far short of its possibilities. This, too, is required to develop those differences which constitute individuality, and on which association depends.

There are other conditions of enlarged production, such as are implied in freedom, good government, and the moral character of the community, the influence of each of which will easily suggest itself to thoughtful minds.

III.—CONSUMPTION.

1. Consumption is the destruction of values. Production implies consumption. In general, all material is destroyed in entering into new forms of wealth. Thus, leather must be destroyed in order to the production of shoes. Flour must disappear in the manufacture of bread, and wheat in the making of flour. Every kind of implement, or machine or structure is consumed by use. This consumption is immediate, or by a single use; or it is gradual. The food that we eat and the fuel that we burn are examples of the former; tools, bridges, buildings and aqueducts are examples of the latter. It is accomplished in a few months or years; or is protracted through centuries.

2. Consumption is either *voluntary* or *involuntary*. Of the latter kind we have instances in the *natural decay* of objects, as in wood and vegetables; the rusting of iron, the mildew and the moth-eating of cotton and woolen fabrics, and the wearing away by attrition of gold, silver, and other metals; also the destruction caused by vermin. Much of this may be prevented by the prudent foresight which sound economy enjoins; yet much loss will inevitably take place. A great deal of consumption is *accidental*. Great destruction is caused by fires, steam-boiler explosions, floods and tornadoes, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

3. Voluntary consumption is either *productive* or *unproductive*. The former is when the material appears in new form and with a higher value, as cloth made into garments and iron into hardware and cutlery. Unproductive consumption occurs, both in the cases before mentioned of natural and accidental consumption, and in cases where gratification of desire is the sole object sought and achieved, as when one eats and drinks simply for the enjoyment, and without reference to the waste of nature or the nourishment of the system.

It is not altogether easy to discriminate between these two kinds of consumption. We readily see the difference between a man's drinking a quantity of whiskey, not because it will help him in the performance of any duty, but because he likes it, and the scattering of a quantity of seed over the ground in spring. There is no doubt that one act is productive and the other unproductive. But there are cases where the distinction is less clear.

It is not necessarily a case of unproductive consumption when one destroys value for the sake of gratifying some desire. Probably a majority of men eat and drink simply because they desire food and drink, having no thought of any ulterior object. Yet this eating and drinking is absolutely essential to productive labor. The wealth consumed in this way reappears, to a large extent, in the products of human industry.

Still there is much really unproductive consumption; a de-

struction of value, in the place of which no other value ever appears. There are, for instance, men and women—

* * * "who creep
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why they 're born,
But simply to consume the corn."

Vast quantities of wealth are consumed in riotous living, in greedy and vulgar extravagance, and unmeaning magnificence. There is also much consumption designed to be productive, but failing of its end through misdirection. Large amounts of property are sometimes invested in enterprises which prove failures. This occurs partly from miscalculation or negligence, and partly from a disposition to trust to chances—the gambler's calculation. In these ways much wealth is consumed with no consequent product.

4. It is not easy to draw the line between the ordinary conveniences of life and its luxuries; nor can it be stated to what extent the latter in any sense of the term are economically allowable. What to one class of persons may be a luxury to another class may be almost a necessity. So what might in one age have been a rare and expensive indulgence, is in a more advanced period among the cheaper and more ordinary commodities. I call special attention to three kinds of consumption:

(1) There is the consumption necessary to life and the performance of productive labor. The word *necessary* here is used in its liberal rather than its restricted sense. The absolute necessities of human life are very few. It does not even require much to keep a man in working condition. But to keep him where there is a larger kind of living, and where his energies of both body and mind, together with the moral qualities which render him most efficient, are at their best, the consumption must be more generous.

Besides subsistence there must be materials, tools, machines, and a variety of conditions involving the destruction of value. It is desirable to sustain man not as a mere savage, but to give him the largest volume of human life; and the civilized man, it will be admitted, lives a broader life than the savage. We are not to forget that Political Economy aims at the increase of the value of man, more than at the multiplication of material wealth, or the increase of commerce, except as the latter are conditions of the former.

(2) A second kind of consumption is of such articles as minister to bodily enjoyment and meet certain mental appetencies of a lower order. They are not necessary to sustain life, nor to render it more efficient. On the contrary, they often impair the vigor and competence of the person. At the best they simply gratify certain desires without adding anything to the value of the man. To this category belong mere dainty food, gold and jewels, and other ornaments, valued solely because of their showiness and not for any artistic excellence; gay and costly apparel, in which the gayety and the costliness are the main features. These constitute a class of luxuries that are in nearly every sense non-productive. They favorably affect neither the individual nor society, and are for the most part hurtful to both.

(3) But not all consumption, the object of which is to gratify desire, is to be reckoned in this category. There are certain pleasures which ennoble and really enrich those who participate in them. There are desires the gratification of which enlarges the volume of one's being. They are related not so much to man's productive capability as to that which is the final cause of all production, and to which all wealth is only a means. The labor, material, implements, and whatever else is consumed in the production of the works or effects of genuine art, result in the most *real wealth* that exists. By this is meant not merely pictures, statues, books, carved work, tasteful tapestries, and similar objects which can be bought and sold, but also oratorics which you may hear but once; magnificent parks to which you may be admitted, but may never own; great actors and singers

whose genius may be exhibited to others, but not possessed by them. It is true that much which properly belongs here may be so consumed as to deserve only a place in the second class; but it may also have those higher and nobler uses which imply production in the best sense.

5. *Public consumption* is the expenditure of means for society in its aggregate capacity. It has reference principally to the support of those agencies which are implied in the term *government*. The reasons for the necessity of such expenditures have already been given. The purposes to which such consumption is properly applied may be grouped as follows:

(a) The support and administration of government. This embraces compensation to executive, legislative and judicial officers, and expenditure for public buildings. (b) For works of public convenience. Here are included the paving and lighting of streets, water-works and sewerage. (c) For advancing science and promoting intelligence, by means of exploring expeditions, geological surveys, meteorological and astronomical observations, etc. (d) For the promotion of popular education. (e) For the support of the poor and the relief of the afflicted. (f) For national defense.

6. The general law of economical consumption, both individual and public, is that only so much and such a quality should be consumed as is necessary to effect the purpose designed, whether that be further production or individual gratification. It is nearly the same in the case of labor. In relation to the work to be done, the character, ability and skill of the laborer should be considered.

READINGS IN ART.

II. SCULPTURE: GRECIAN AND ROMAN

While Egyptian sculpture was losing its individuality, and Assyrian was wearing itself out in excessive ornamentation, there was a new art growing up in the isles and on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The early centuries of its growth are hidden from our knowledge. The remains are so scanty, so imperfect, that it is with difficulty that we trace the influences which were molding the art, and the extent to which it was taking hold of the people. Of this primitive period but one single work of sculpture is preserved.

"At Mycenæ, once perhaps in the days of Homer (850-800? B. C.) the most important city of Greece, there are sculptural works in the remains of two lions over the entrance gate. The height of these is about ten feet, and the width fifteen feet. The stone is a greenish limestone. The holes show where the metal pins held the heads, long since decayed. Fragments as they are, they show an Assyrian rather than an Egyptian influence in the strong marking of the muscles and joints, softened though it is by decay, and in the erect attitude, which denotes action, such as is not seen in Egyptian art of this kind. Of this gate of the lions, which has long been known as the most ancient work of early Greek sculpture, it must be noticed that it is not in the round, but only in high relief. And this is the case with all the earliest works, just as it is with the Assyrian sculptures. They tend to show therefore that the Greek sculptor had not yet learnt to model and carve in the round in marble and stone."

In the objects found by Cesnola in Cyprus, and consisting of statues and other sculptures, incised gems, and metal work of the hammered-out kind, the resemblance to the art of Assyria is remarkable. Three hundred years later than the "gate of lions" are the reliefs discovered at Xanthus in Lycia. "They belong to the Harpy monument—a pier-shaped memorial, along the upper edge of which is a frieze ornamented in relief." The archaic is still visible in the figures. The drapery falls in long straight folds, with zigzag edges. There is the stiff, inevitable smile of the Egyptian statue. The figures are in motion, but both feet are set flat on the ground. Though in profile the eyes

are shown in full. In spite of these primitive absurdities, and the fact that the subjects represent foreign myths, the statues are Greek.

In the fifth century various art schools were founded. "In Argos lived Argeladas (515-455 B. C.), famous for his bronze statues of gods and Olympic victors, and still more famous for his three great pupils, Phidias, Myron, and Polycleitus. In Sicyon there lived, at the same time, Canachus, the founder of a vital and enduring school. He executed the colossal statue of Apollo at Miletus, and was skilled not only in casting bronze but in the use of gold and ivory and wood carving. Ægina, then a commercial island as yet not subjected, was rendered illustrious by the two masters Callon and Onatas, the latter especially known by several groups of bronze statues and warlike scenes from heroic legends. Lastly, Athens possessed among other artists Hegias, the teacher of Phidias and Critius. But all of these old masters were severe, hard, archaic in their treatment."

But a period approaches when by a freer, happier treatment of their work the way was led to the highest Athenian sculpture. We can but mention the leading sculptors, Calamis of Athens, Pythagoras of Rhegium, and, greatest of all, Myron of Athens. They do not belong to the epoch of the finest Grecian art, but they were the immediate forerunners.

"Now, for the first time in opposition to the barbarians, the national Hellenic mind rose to the highest consciousness of noble independence and dignity. Athens concentrated within herself, as in a focus, the whole exuberance and many-sidedness of Greek life, and glorified it into beautiful utility. The victory of the old time over the new was effected by the power of Phidias, one of the most wonderful artist minds of all times. He lived in the times of Athens' greatest prosperity, and to him Pericles gave the task of executing the magnificent works he had planned for adorning the city. Among the famous statues which Phidias wrought in carrying out these plans was that of Athene, the patron goddess of the Athenians. The booty which had been taken at Salamis was set aside for this purpose, and forty-four talents, equal to \$589,875 of our money, was spent in adorning the statue. The virgin goddess was standing erect; a golden helmet covered her beautiful and earnest head; a coat of mail, with the head of the Medusa carved in ivory concealed her bosom; and long, flowing, golden drapery enveloped her whole figure—a statue of Niké, six feet high, stood on the outstretched hand of the goddess. The undraped parts were formed of ivory; the eyes of sparkling precious stones; the drapery, hair, and weapons of gold. In it Phidias portrayed for all ages the character of Minerva, the serious goddess of wisdom, the mild protectress of Attica."

Still more than in this statue the austere maidenliness of the goddess was elevated into noble, intellectual beauty in a figure of Athene placed on the Acropolis by the Lemnians; so much so that an old epigram instituted a comparison with the Aphrodite of Praxiteles of Cnidus, and calls Paris "a mere cow-driver for not giving the apple to Athene."

The still more famous colossal statue by Phidias, the Zeus at Olympia in Elis, was his last great work. It was made between B. C. 438, the date of the consecration of the Parthenon statue, and B. C. 432, the year of his death, at Elis.

This was a seated statue of ivory and gold, 55 feet high, including the throne. Strabo remarks, that "if the god had risen he would have carried away the roof," and the height of the interior was about 55 feet; the temple being built on the model of the Parthenon at Athens, which was 64 feet to the point of the pediment.

The statue was seen in its temple by Paulus Æmilius in the second century B. C., who declared the god himself seemed present to him. Epictetus says that "it was considered a misfortune for any one to die without having seen the masterpiece of Phidias." In the time of Julian the Apostate (A. D. 361-363) "it continued to receive the homage of Greece in spite of

every kind of attack which the covert zeal of Constantine had made against polytheism, its temples, and its idols." This is the last notice we possess giving authentic information of this grand statue. Phidias is said to have executed many other statues: thirteen in bronze from the booty of Marathon, consecrated at Delphi under Cimon—statues of Apollo, Athene, and Miltiades, with those ten heroes who had given their names to the ten Athenian tribes (Eponymi); an Athene for the city of Pellene in gold and ivory; another for the Plataeans, of the spoils of Marathon, made of wood gilt, with the head, feet, and hands of Pentelic marble. "These," M. Rochette says, "may be considered the productions of his youth."

The great national work of the time, however, was the Parthenon, and the ornamentation was entrusted to Phidias. Not that all the wonderful statues were executed by him alone. He had his pupils and associates. The most famous of these seems to have been Alcámenes, a versatile and imaginative disciple of his master. After him were Agoracritus and Pæonius. There were many others who assisted in the work. The outside of the temple was ornamented with three classes of sculpture: (1) The sculptures of the pediments, being independent statues resting on the cornices. (2) The groups of the metopes, ninety-two in number. These were in high relief. (3) The frieze around the upper border of the cella of the Parthenon contained a representation in low relief of the Panathenaic procession. All these classes of sculpture were in the highest style of the art.

The influence of the sculptures of the Parthenon is seen in many directions in the temple of Apollo at Phigalia, the temple of Niké-Apteros on the Acropolis at Athens, at Halicarnassus, etc.

"The works which are known to have been executed by the sculptors contemporary with Phidias, and by others who formed what is spoken of as 'the later Athenian school,' did not approach the great examples of the Parthenon. Sculpture then reached the highest point in the grandest style, whether in the treatment of the statue in the round, or of bas-relief as in the frieze, or alto-relievo as in the metopes. As to the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, it may be concluded without hesitation that though we are compelled to rely upon descriptions only, they must have been works of the great master even more beautiful than the marbles."

At Argos during the time of Phidias, a somewhat younger school flourished under the leadership of Polycleitus. "The aspiration of Polycleitus was to depict the perfect beauty of the human form in calm repose." His Amazon and Juno represent best his style; so perfect are all his works in their proportions that the invention of the canon has been assigned to him.

In the works of the later Athenian school, at the head of which were Scopas and Praxiteles, the sublime ideal of Greek art was no longer sustained by any new creations that can be compared with those of the Phidian school; no rivalry with those great masters seemed to be attempted. The severe and grand was beyond the comprehension, or probably uncongenial to the spirit of the age, which inclined toward the poetic, the graceful, the sentimental and romantic. The whole range of the beautiful myths found abundant illustration in forms entirely different from the ancient archaic representations, and in these the fancy of the sculptor was allowed the fullest and freest indulgence. Nymphs, nereids, mænads, and bacchantes occupied the chisel of the sculptor in every form of graceful beauty.

After this epoch, to which so many of the fine statues belong—repetitions in marble of famous originals in bronze—Greek sculpture took another phase in accordance with the social life and the taste of the age, which inclined toward the feeling for display that arose with the domination of the Macedonian power, brought to its height by the conquests and ambition of Alexander the Great. Lysippus, a self-taught sculptor of Sicyon, was the leading artist of his time. He was evidently a

student of nature and individual character, as he was the first to become celebrated for his portraits, especially those of Alexander. He departed from the severe and grand style, and in the native conceit of all self-taught men sneered at the art of Polycleitus in the well-known saying recorded of him, "Polycleitus made men as they were, but I make them as they ought to be." He seems to have been the first great naturalistic sculptor.

Rhodes had unquestionable right to give her name to a school of sculpture, both from the great antiquity of the origin of the culture of the arts in the island, and from the number, more than one hundred, of colossal statues in bronze. The Rhodian school is also distinguished by those remarkable examples of sculpture in marble of large groups of figures—the Toro Farnese and the Laocoon. In these works there is the same feeling for display of artistic accomplishment that has been noticed as characteristic of the Macedonian age, with that effort at the pathetic, especially in the Laocoon, which belongs to the finer style of the later Athenian school as displayed in the works of Scopas and Praxiteles, in the Niobe figures and others.

At Pergamus, another school allied in style to that of Ephesus arose, of which the chief sculptor was Pyromachus, who, according to Pliny, flourished in the 120th Olympiad, B. C. 300–298. A statue of Æsculapius by Pyromachus was a work of some note in the splendid temple at Pergamus, and is to be seen on the coins of that city. It is also conjectured that the well-known Dying Gladiator is a copy of a bronze by Pyromachus. The vigorous naturalistic style of these statues, surpassing anything of preceding schools in the effort at expression, may be taken as characteristic of the school of Pergamus, then completely under Roman influence, and destined to become more so. But all question as to the nature of the sculptures was set at rest by the discovery of many large works in high relief by the German expedition at Pergamus in 1875. These are now in the Museum at Berlin. They are of almost colossal proportions, representing, as Pliny described, the wars of Attalus and the Battles with the Giants. The nude figure is especially marked by the effort to display artistic ability as well as great energy in the action. In these points there is observable a connection with the well-known and very striking example of sculpture of this order—the Fighting Gladiator, or more properly the Warrior of Agasias, who, as is certain from the inscription on his work, was an Ephesian.

The equally renowned statue of the Apollo Belvedere, finely conceived and admirably modeled as it undoubtedly is, bears the stamp of artistic display which removes it from the style of the great classic works of sculpture.

The history of Roman sculpture is soon told. If it have any real roots, they are to be traced in the ancient Etruscan; for all that was really characteristic in it as art is associated with that style, in that intense naturalism which became developed so strikingly in the production of portrait statues and busts, and in those great monumental works in bas-relief which are marked by the same strong feeling for descriptive representation of the most direct and realistic kind, upon their triumphal columns and arches.

As has already been stated, early Roman sculpture, if such it can be called, was entirely the work of Etruscan artists, employed by the wealth of Rome to afford the citizens that display of pomp in their worship of the gods and the triumphs of their warriors which their ambition demanded. All important works were made of colossal size. Some of the early Roman (quasi Etruscan) statues spoken of by the historians are a bronze colossus of Jupiter, an Etruscan bronze colossus of Apollo, eighty feet high, in the Palatine Library of the temple of Augustus. A portrait statue of an orator in the toga, and a chimæra, both of bronze, are in the Florence Museum. Sculpture, from the love of it as a means of expressing the beautiful in the ideal form of the deities or the heroic and the pathetic of humanity, never ex-

isted as a growth of Roman civilization. The inclination of the Roman mind was toward social, municipal, and imperial system and ordering; in this direction the Romans were inventors and improvers upon that which they borrowed from the Greeks. But in art they began by hiring, and they ended by debasing the work of the hired.

They took away the bronze statues of Greece as trophies of conquest, covered them with gold, and set them up in the palaces and public places of Rome. They subsidized the sculptors of Greece, who under Roman influence had fallen away from their high traditions; they did nothing for the sake of art, but simply manufactured, as it were, copies and imitations of Greek statues for their own use. Happily we have to be grateful for the fact, though we can not honor the motive. Had it not been for this bestowal of their wealth in the gratification of their taste for luxury and display, many of the renowned statues of ancient Greek art would have been known only by the vague mention of them by Pausanias and Pliny, or the early Christian writers of the Church, or the poetic allusions of the Greek anthologists and the Latin epigrammatists.

The Column of Trajan was the great work of Apollodorus, the favorite architect of the emperor, dedicated A. D. 114. It is 10½ feet in diameter and 127 feet high, made of thirty-four blocks of white marble, twenty-three being in the shaft, nine in the base, which is finely sculptured, and two in the capital and torus. The reliefs at the base are smaller than those toward the top, being two feet high, increasing to nearly four as they approach the summit; this was, of course, to enable the more distant subjects to be seen equally well with the others, a singular illustration of the intensely practical turn of Roman art in its application. There are about 2,500 figures, not counting horses, representing the battles and sieges of the Dacian war. The column of M. Aurelius Antoninus, erected A. D. 174, is similar in height, but the sculptures, although in higher relief, are not so good. They represent the conquest of the Marcians.

The Augustan age (B. C. 36–A. D. 14), favorable as it was to literature, only contributed to the multiplying of copies of the Greek statues, such as we see in so many instances, some of which are of great excellence, and inestimable as reliable evidence of fine Greek sculpture. These copies were sometimes varied by the sculptor in some immaterial point of detail.

Nero (A. D. 54–68) is said to have adorned his Golden House with no less than 500 statues, brought from Delphi. In the Baths of Titus, still in existence (they were built on the ground of the house and gardens of Mæcenas), many valuable statues have been discovered. The Arch of Titus furnishes an excellent example of bas-relief of that time, in it the golden candlestick and other spoils from the temple of Jerusalem are shown.

Hadrian (A. D. 117–138) encouraged the reproduction of the Greek statues, with great success as regards execution, for his famous villa at Tivoli, and besides these are the statues of his favorite Antinous, which are the most original works of the time. Hadrian's imperial and liberal promotion of sculpture, gave an immense impetus to the production of statues of every form. All the towns of Greece which he favored made bronze portrait statues of him, which were placed in the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, and the enclosure round more than half a mile in extent was filled with its many statues.

The learned Varro speaks of Arcesilaus as the sculptor of Venus Genetrix, in the forum of Cæsar, and of a beautiful marble group of Cupids playing with a lioness, some leading her, others beating her with their sandals, others offering her wine to drink from horns.

Under the Antonines arose the outrageous fashion of representing noble Romans and their wives as deities, and this was carried so far that the men are not unfrequently nude as if heroic. The bas-reliefs on the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome, and that which goes by the name of Constantine—though made

chiefly of reliefs belonging to one raised in honor of Trajan—show the poor condition of sculpture at that time. The numerous sarcophagi, some made by Greek sculptors for the Roman market, and others by those working at Rome, are other examples of the feeble style of imitators and workmen actuated by no knowledge or feeling of art. Some of these are still to be seen in the collections at Rome, with mythological subjects, the heads being left unfinished, so that the portraits of the family could be carved when required.

The rule of Constantine was, however, far more disastrous to art as the seat of the Empire was removed to Byzantium. Most of the finest statues accumulated in Rome were removed there only to be lost forever in the plundering of wars and the fanatical rage of the Christian iconoclasts. While destroying the statues of the gods, they may have spared those which commemorated agonistic victors; but we may be sure that nearly all the works in metal which the Christians spared were melted down by the barbarous hordes of Gothic invaders, who under Alaric occupied the Morea about A. D. 395.

With this glance at the complete decadence of art and the coming darkness that preceded its revival, we approach the subject of sculpture as connected with the rise of ecclesiastical religious art, which is necessarily reserved for further consideration.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

I recommend the study of Franklin to all young people; he was a real philanthropist, a wonderful man. It was said that it was honor enough to any one country to have produced such a man as Franklin.—*Sydney Smith*.

A man who makes a great figure in the learned world; and who would still make a greater figure for benevolence and candor were virtue as much regarded in this declining age as knowledge.—*Lord Kames*.

He was a great experimental philosopher, a consummate politician, and a paragon of common sense.—*Edinburgh Review*.

He has in no instance exhibited that false dignity by which science is kept aloof from common application; and he has sought rather to make her an useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces.—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

His style has all the vigor, and even conciseness of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively.—*Lord Jeffrey*.

When he left Passy it seemed as if the village had lost its patriarch.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

Extracts From Poor Richard's Almanac.

"Love well, whip well." "The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, a woman." "There is no little enemy." "Necessity never made a good bargain." "Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead." "Deny self for self's sake." "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee." "Here comes the orator, with his flood of words and his drop of reason." "Sal laughs at everything you say; why? because she has fine teeth." "An old young man will be a young old man." "He is no clown that drives the plow, but he that does clownish things." "Diligence is the mother of good luck." "Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it." "He that can have patience can have what he will." "Good wives and good plantations are made by good husbands." "God heals, the doctor takes the fee." "The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?" "There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." "Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?" "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you." "Hast thou virtue? Acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue." "Keep your eyes wide open before

marriage; half shut afterward." "As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence." "Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices." "Grace thou thy house, and let not that grace thee." "Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt." "Let thy discontents be thy secrets." "Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting." "There are lazy minds, as well as lazy bodies." "Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools, who have not wit enough to be honest." "Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee, to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas."

"Altho' thy teacher act not as he preaches,
Yet ne'ertheless, if good, do what he teaches;
Good counsel failing men may give, for why?
He that's aground knows where the shoal doth lie.
My old friend Berryman, oft when alive,
Taught others thrift, himself could never thrive.
Thus like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others while themselves are blunt."

Poetry for December, 1834.

"He that for the sake of drink neglects his trade,
And spends each night in taverns till 'tis late,
And rises when the sun is four hours high,
And ne'er regards his starving family,
God in his mercy may do much to save him,
But, woe to the poor wife, whose lot it is to have him."

An Astronomical Notice.

During the first visible eclipse *Saturn* is retrograde: for which reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope-makers backward. Mercury will have his share in these affairs, and so confound the speech of the people, that when a *Pennsylvanian* would say *panther*, he shall say *painter*. When a *New Yorker* thinks to say *this*, he shall say *diss*, and the people in *New England* and *Cape May* will not be able to say *cow* for their lives, but will be forced to say *keow*, by a certain involuntary twist in the root of their tongues. No *Connecticut man* nor *Marylander* will be able to open his mouth this year but *si* shall be the first or last syllable he pronounces, and sometimes both. Brutes shall speak in many places, and there will be about seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year if grammar don't interpose. Who can help these misfortunes? This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but poorly; and the dumb sha'n't speak very plain. As to old age, it will be incurable this year, because of the years past. And toward the fall some people will be seized with an unaccountable inclination to roast and eat their own ears: Should this be called madness, doctors? I think not. But the worst disease of all will be a most horrid, dreadful, malignant, catching, perverse, and odious malady, almost epidemical, inasmuch that many shall seem mad upon it. I quake for very fear when I think on't; for I assure you very few shall escape this disease, which is called by the learned Albomazer—*Lacko'mony*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

His papers which have been preserved show how he gained the power of writing correctly—always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity and grace.—*George Bancroft*.

No one who has not been in England can have an idea of the admiration expressed among all parties for General Washington.—*Rufus King*, 1797.

* * * The great central figure of that unparalleled group, that "noble army" of chieftains, sages, and patriots, by whom the revolution was accomplished.—*Edward Everett*.

He had in his composition a calm which gave him in moments of

highest excitement the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience.—*Bancroft*.

Account of the Battle of Trenton.

HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, Dec. 27, 1776.

To the President of Congress:

SIR—I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the twenty-fifth I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice made that night impeded the passage of the boats so much that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over; and near four before the troops took up their line of march.

This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered, and harassed on re-passing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock: and in three minutes after I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act.

Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way; which immediately checked them. Finding, from our disposition, that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many they had killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed—only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

I find that the detachment consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Lanspach, Kniphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light horse; but immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken pushed directly down toward Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands could my plan have been completely carried into execution.

General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town; but the quantity of ice was so great that, though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwallader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over; but finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist.

I am fully confident that, could the troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwallader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance, to have driven the enemy from

all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

In justice to the officers and men, I must add that their behavior upon this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardor; but when they came to the charge each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward; and were I to give a preference to any particular corps I should do great injustice to the others.

Colonel Baylor, my first aid-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behavior upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

G. W.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

As a composition, the Declaration [of Independence] is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him clearly and absolutely. To say that he performed his great work well would be doing him an injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say that he so discharged the duty assigned him that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him.—*Daniel Webster.*

After Washington and Franklin there is no person who fills so eminent a place among the great men of America as Jefferson.—*Lord Brougham.*

Washington.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that

could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

THOUGHTS FROM WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

ON BOOKS.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

ON LABOR.—Manual labor is a great good, but only in its just proportions. In excess it does great harm. It is not a good when made the sole work of life. It must be joined with higher means of improvement or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation should be mixed up with his physical toil. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles; and he is grievously wronged when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence.

ON POLITICS.—To govern one's self (not others) is true glory. To serve through love, not to rule, is Christian greatness. Office is not dignity. The lowest men, because most faithless in principle, most servile to opinion, are to be found in office. I am sorry to say it, but the truth should be spoken, that, at the present moment, political action in this country does little to lift up any who are concerned in it. It stands in opposition to a high morality. Politics, indeed, regarded as the study and pursuit of the true, enduring good of a community, as the application of great unchangeable principles to public affairs, is a

noble sphere of thought and action, but politics, in its common sense, or considered as the invention of temporary shifts, as the playing of a subtle game, as the tactics of party for gaining power and the spoils of office, and for elevating one set of men above another is a paltry and debasing concern.

ON SELF-DENIAL.—To deny ourselves is to deny, to withstand, to renounce whatever, within or without, interferes with our conviction of right, or with the will of God. It is to suffer, to make sacrifice, for duty or our principles. The question now offers itself: What constitutes the singular merit of this suffering? Mere suffering, we all know, is not virtue. Evil men often endure pain as well as the good and are evil still. This, and this alone, constitutes the worth and importance of the sacrifice, suffering, which enters into self-denial, that it springs from and manifests moral strength, power over ourselves, force of purpose, or the mind's resolute determination of itself to duty. It is the proof and result of inward energy. Difficulty, hardship, suffering, sacrifices, are tests and measures of moral force and the great means of its enlargement. To withstand these is the same thing as to put forth power. Self-denial then is the will acting with power in the choice and prosecution of duty. Here we have the distinguishing glory of self-denial, and here we have the essence and distinction of a good and virtuous man.

ON PLEASURE.—The first means of placing a people beyond the temptations to intemperance is to furnish them with the means of innocent pleasure. By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting, the system; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community. A gloomy state of society in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried, because in losing consciousness of his condition and his existence he loses little which he wishes to retain. The laboring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man, who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of the man to take up those of the brute.

[End of Required Reading for November.]

AUTUMN SYMPATHY.

By E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

The primrose and the violet,
The bloom on apricot and peach,
The marriage-song of larks in heights,
The south wind and the swallow's nest;
All born of spring, I once loved best.

But now the dying leaf and flower,
The frost wind moaning in the pane,
The robin's plaintive latter song,
The early sunset in the west;
All born of autumn, I love best.

Tell me, my heart, the reason why
Thy pulse thus beats with things that die;
Is it thine own autumnal sheaves?
Is it thine own dead fallen leaves?

—London Sunday Magazine.

REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.

By JOSEPH REINACH.

On the very morrow of Gambetta's death, and when that catastrophe had been interpreted by the immense majority of European opinion, as also by many Frenchmen, as the certain presage of the approaching triumph of advanced Radicalism—triumph to be followed by violent interior discords that would infallibly bring about the fall of the Republic and the re-establishment either of Empire or of Royalty—I said that these predictions would not be realized, and, moreover, that Gambetta's death would but serve to hasten the triumph of his political ideas and party. I will cite, word for word, what I wrote at the end of January in a paper that appeared in this Review on February 1:

"We even believe we may predict that the realization of several of Gambetta's ideas will meet with fewer obstacles, at least among a certain fraction of public opinion, to-morrow than yesterday. A formidable reaction will take place in favor of the great statesman whom we weep, a reaction in favor of his theories and his principles. In short, we shall most likely witness the contrary of what has taken place for some years. It was enough that Gambetta should defend a theory for it to be attacked with fury. From henceforth it will often suffice that an idea was formerly held up by Gambetta for it to be enthusiastically acclaimed. As in the story of Cid Campeador, it is his corpse that leads his followers to victory."

What I foretold six months ago has been fulfilled in every point. Those very Castilians who during Cid's lifetime suspected him of the darkest designs and reviled him as a criminal—what did they do after his death? They put the hero's corpse in an iron coffin, and the black gravecloth on the bier was the standard which, in the front rank of battle, led the Spanish army to victory. And so has it been, or nearly so, with French Republicans and Gambetta. The political history of our country during the last six months may be thus summed up: Out of Gambetta's death-bed has arisen a first (not complete) victory for his ideas and friends; from the party more specially organized by him have been chosen most men now in office, that they may execute his will.

As a matter of fact, just after the excitement of the first few days, as soon as it became necessary for the Republicans to unite and stop the Royalists who thought the fruit already ripe, what ministers did the President of the Republic call for? M. Jules Ferry, who for the last five years had been, if not the direct coadjutor, at least the most invariable and faithful political ally of Gambetta, was made Prime Minister; M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the late Minister for Home Affairs under Gambetta, and M. Raynal, the late Minister of Public Works, were both recalled to the same offices. M. Challemel-Lacour, Gambetta's most esteemed and devoted friend, was named Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Martin Feuillée, Under-Secretary of State for Justice on November 14, Minister of Justice; M. Margue, Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, resumed the same post. General Camponon could have been Minister of War had he wished it. And a great pity it is he declined his friends' proposals. Thus, in its general bearings, the Ferry Ministry is the Gambetta Ministry without Gambetta.

Except some secondary modifications made necessary by the change of circumstances, the political program is about the same. Abroad an active and steady diplomacy, the regular development of our colonial politics, the consolidation of the protectorate in Tunis; at home the constitution of a strong government, the methodical realization of social and democratic reforms, the policy of *scrutin de liste*, whilst awaiting the abolition of *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The principal bills adopted last session, except the Magistracy bill, are but legacies from the Gambetta Cabinet. Both cabinets are animated by the

same national spirit—national above all, but also progressist and governmental. The halo imparted by the presence of a man of genius is certainly wanting; but Carlyle's *hero-worship* is by no means a democratic necessity. There is certainly reason for rejoicing when a nation acknowledges and appreciates in one of its sons, sprung from its midst, an intellect of the highest order. But when Alexander leaves lieutenants profoundly imbued with his spirit, formed in his school, most desirous and capable of continuing his work—when these men, instead of being at variance, remain, on the contrary, more strongly bound together than ever—there is certainly no reason for complaining and giving way to discouragement.

Then it is not only in parliament that the *opportunist* policy is again getting the upper hand. Throughout the whole country it has regained the ground it had lost by the intrigues of hostile parties. The great majority of Republicans have now recovered from a number of diseases for which Gambetta had always prescribed the remedy—remedy, alas! that too many refused to stretch out their hand for. The mania for decentralization is forgotten. The necessity for a strongly constituted and vigorous central power is almost universally understood and acknowledged. Demagogue charlatans are for the most part unmasked. Our foreign policy is steadier—we are no longer afraid of Egyptian shadows. Intransigents of the Right and Left still continue to see in our colonial enterprises but vulgar jobbing, and to denounce and revile them in every possible way. But the great mass of the nation is no longer to be made a fool of, and has understood the necessity of extending France beyond the seas. There is a story of an English peasant who locked the stable door after the horse had been stolen. Happily for France she has several horses in her stables. If she has lost, at least for a time, her beautiful Arabian steed on the borders of the Nile, that is but an additional reason for taking jealous care of the others.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

IN 404 Honorius was emperor. At that time, in the remote deserts of Lybia, there dwelt an obscure monk named Telemachus. He had heard of the awful scenes in the far-off Coliseum at Rome. Depend upon it, they lost nothing by their transit across the Mediterranean in the hands of Greek and Roman sailors. In the baths and market-places of Alexandria, in the Jewries of Cyrene, in the mouths of every itinerant Eastern story-teller, the festive massacres of the Coliseum would doubtless be clothed in colors truly appalling, yet scarcely more appalling than the truth.

Telemachus brooded over these horrors till his mission dawned upon him. He was ordained by heaven to put an end to the slaughter of human beings in the Coliseum. He made his way to Rome. He entered the Coliseum with the throng, what time the gladiators were parading in front of the emperor with uplifted swords and the wild mockery of homage—"Morituri te salutant." Elbowing his way to the barrier, he leapt over at the moment when the combatants rushed at each other, threw himself between them, bidding them, in the name of Christ, to desist. To blank astonishment succeeded imperial contempt and popular fury. Telemachus fell slain by the swords of the gladiators. Legend may adorn the tale and fancy fill out the picture, but the solid fact remains—*there never was another gladiatorial fight in the Coliseum*. One heroic soul had caught the flow of public feeling that had already begun to set in the direction of humanity, and turned it. He had embodied by his act and consecrated by his death the sentiment that already lay timidly in the hearts of thousands in that great city of Rome. In 430 an edict was passed abolishing forever gladiatorial exhibitions.—*Good Words*.

ALL merit ceases the moment we perform an act for the sake of its consequences. Truly in this respect "we have our reward."—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*.

CHAUTAUQUA TO CALIFORNIA.

By FRANCES E. WILLARD, President N. W. C. T. U.

I.

I.—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In one thing Chautauqua and California are alike—each is a climax, and both are "made up of every creature's best." My sufficient consolation for missing one of them this year is, that I saw the other. Let us speed onward, then, taking Chautauqua as our point of departure, in a Pickwickian sense only, unless for the further reason that it has the high prerogative of making all its happy denizens believe it to be the center of gravity (and good times) for one planet at least; the meridian from which all fortunate longitude is reckoned and all lucky time-pieces set. Our swift train, "outward bound," races along through the old familiar East and the West no longer new.

"Through the kingdoms of corn,
Through the empires of grain,
Through dominions of forest;
Drives the thundering train;
Through fields where God's cattle
Are turned out to grass,
And his poultry whirl up
From the wheels as we pass;
Through level horizons as still as the moon
With the wilds fast asleep and the winds in a swoon."

From a palace car with every eastern luxury, we gaze out on the dappled, pea-green hills of New Mexico and the wide, empty stretches of Arizona, stopping in Santa Fe—Columbia's Damascus, in Albuquerque—a pocket edition of Chicago, and in Tucson—the storm-center of semi-tropic trade. But the "W. C. T. U." is a plant of healing as indigenous to every soil for good as the saloon for evil, and in the first city the Governor's wife has accepted leadership; in the second that place is held by a lovely Ohio girl, the wife of a young lawyer; and in the third a leading woman of society and church work, whose husband is one of Arizona's most honored pioneers, consents to be our standard-bearer. These way-side errands, with their delightful new friendships and tender gospel lessons over, we hasten on to California. Some token of its affluent beauty comes to us on Easter Sabbath in the one hundred calla-lilies sent from Los Angeles, five hundred miles beyond, to adorn the church where we worship in Tucson, that marvelous oasis in the desert. "Go on, and God be with you," says the friend who escorts us to the train; "you'll find Los Angeles a heaven on earth." And so, indeed, we did, coming up out of the wilderness on a soft spring day, between fair, emerald hills that stood as the fore-runners of the choicest land on which were ever mirrored the glory and the loveliness of God.

We visited the thirty leading centers of interest and activity in the great Golden State during the two months of our stay, but when the courteous mayor of this "city of the angels" welcomed us thither, and children heaped about us their baskets of flowers, rare, save in California, we told "His Honor" that of all the towns we had yet visited—and they number a thousand at least—his was the one most fitly named.

Southern California, and this its exquisite metropolis, have been a terra incognita even to the intelligent, until the steam horse lately caracoled this way. Now it is thronged by emigrants and tourists, men and women of small means reaping from half a dozen acres here what a large farm in Illinois could hardly yield, and invalids hitherto only an expense to their friends, finding the elixir of life in this balmy air, and joyously joining once more the energetic working forces of the world. Flowers are so plenty here that banks and pyramids alone can satisfy the claims of decorative art; baskets of roses are more frequent than bouquets, or even *boutonnieres* with us. Heliotropes and fuchsias climb to the apex of the roof, while the

common garden trees are oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, figs, olives and pomegranates. Strawberry short-cake can be had all the year round from the fresh fruit of one's own garden, and oranges at the rate of nine thousand to one tree, and in some cases fifteen inches in circumference, have been raised in this vicinity. Riverside and Pasadena are adjacent colonies and bear a stronger resemblance to one's ideal Garden of Eden than any other places I ever expect to see. Through groves of rarest semi-tropic fruit trees you ride for miles, in the midst of beautiful, modern homes, for the American renaissance is not more manifest in the suburbs of Boston or Chicago than in Southern California. Fences are nowhere visible, the Monterey cypress furnishing a hedge which puts to blush the choicest of old England; the pepper tree with drooping branches, and the Australian gum tree, tall and umbrageous, outlining level avenues whose vistas seem unending. Above all this are skies that give back one's best Italian memories, and for a background the tranquil amplitude of the Sierra Madre Mountains. What would you more? "See Naples and die" is an outworn phrase. "See California and live" has been the magic formula of how many restored and happy pilgrims! The tonic of cold water has electrified this soil, seven years ago an utter desert, so that now three years of growth will work a transformation that fifteen would fail to bring about east of the Mississippi. To my thinking this result is but a material prototype of the heavenly estate that shall come to our America when its arid waste of brains and stomachs, usurped by alcohol, shall learn the cooling virtues of this same cold water. In Riverside my host planted in May of 1880, two thousand grape cuttings (not roots, remember), and in September, 1881, gathered from them two hundred boxes of grapes. Pasadena was founded by a good man from Maine, and is exempt from saloons by the provisions of its charter. Here, from six acres, a gentleman realized thirteen hundred dollars, clear of all expenses, last year, by drying and sacking his grapes, instead of sending them to the winery. "The profits were so much larger that hereafter his pocket-book will counsel him, if not his conscience, to keep clear of the wine trade," said the wide awake temperance woman who gave me the item. In Pasadena, Mrs. Jennie C. Carr, whose fruit ranche and gardens, largely tilled by her own hands, disclose every imaginable variety which the most extravagant climate can produce, sells at three thousand dollars per acre, land purchased by her for a mere song six years ago. In Santa Ana and San Bernardino, also near Los Angeles, there is the same luxuriance and swift moving life. A county superintendent of schools told me he had one school district that includes 160 miles of railroad, and has a town of 800 people, where three months ago there was silence and vacancy. At San Diego, the most southerly town in California, we found the *ne plus ultra* of climate for consumptives, its temperature ranging from fifty-five to seventy-five degrees, and its air dry. San Diego is the oldest town in the State, having been established as a Catholic "Mission" in 1769. It is now altogether modernized and is Nature's own sanitarium, besides being a lovely land-locked harbor of the Pacific. Santa Barbara, which we missed seeing, has a grape vine sixty years old, and a foot through, which in 1867 bore six tons of grapes, some of whose clusters weighed five pounds each. The railroad will soon make this beautiful town accessible to rapid tourists to whom the ocean is unkind. Twenty-one missions were founded over a century ago by Franciscan friars in Southern California. They brought with them from Spain the orange and the vine. They were conquerors, civilizers, subduers of the soil. They brought cattle, horses, sheep, and—alas! hogs. They conquered the land for Spain without cruelty, baptizing the Indians into the church and teaching them the arts of peace. Then followed the Mexican, then our own conquest of their territory, and now the Anglo-Saxon reigns supreme in a land on which Nature has lavished all she had to give. Upon his victory over the alcohol habit, depends the future

of this goodly heritage. If he raises grapes he will survive; if he turns them into wine he must succumb.

II.—SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

We crossed the famous and dangerous "Tehachapi Pass" at night, and wended our way slowly through this notable valley, three hundred miles in length by thirty-five in width, stopping to found the W. C. T. U. in its four chief towns, Fresno, Tulare, Merced, and Modesto.

Irrigation is the watchword here, and as it takes capitalists to carry this through on a scale so immense, large farms are now the rule. For instance, we passed over one seventy-three miles in length by twenty in width. Later on, it is to be hoped these immense proprietaries may be settled by men whose primary object is to establish and maintain homes. At present, in the agricultural line, "big enterprises" are alone attractive. "Alfalfa," a peculiarly hardy and luxuriant clover—imported by Governor Bigler from Chili—is the first crop, and grazing precedes grain. This plant "strikes its roots six feet or more into the soil, and never requires a second planting, while every year there are five crops of alfalfa and but two of wheat and barley."

Varied indeed is the population of this valley. One day we dine with a practical woman from Massachusetts, who declares that the sand storms, which most people consider the heaviest discount on the valley, are "really not so bad, for they polish off the house floors as nothing else could." The next we meet a group of earnest, motherly hearts from a dozen different States, and almost as many religious denominations, united to "provide for the common defense" of home against saloon. Next day a lawyer from Charleston invites us to his cozy residence, "because his wife knows some of our Southern leaders in the W. C. T. U." The next we make acquaintance with half a dozen school ma'ams from the East, who have taken a ranche and set up housekeeping for themselves; and in the fourth town visited an Englishman born in Auckland, New Zealand, the leading criminal lawyer of the county, and instigator of the woman's crusade in Oakland, who gives us a graphic description of that movement, which was a far-off echo of the Ohio pentecost.

So we move on at the rate of two meetings a day, with the hearty support of the united clergy (except the Episcopal, and often they helped us, too), and the warm coöperation of the temperance societies, emerging in San Francisco, Monday, April 16, 1883.

III.—SAN FRANCISCO.

I am glad we did not so far forget ourselves as to arrive on Sunday, for it appears that certain good, gifted, and famous persons, who shall be nameless, telegraphed to certain Christian leaders of their intended arrival on that day, and received answer: "The hour of your coming will find us at church. The Palace is the best hotel." Now on an overland trip, an absent-minded traveler might fail to note the precise date of his arrival in the metropolis of the Pacific, but that would be no excuse to our guid folk yonder, whose Sunday laws have been smitten from their statute books, and Christians hold themselves to strict account for their example, which now alone conserves the Christian's worship and the poor man's rest.

San Francisco is probably the most cosmopolitan city now extant. Its three hundred thousand people sound the gamut of nationality in the most varying and dissonant chorus that ever greeted human ears. The struggle for survival is an astonishing mixture of fierceness and good-nature. Crowding along the streets, Irish and Chinaman, New Englander and Negro, show kind consideration, but in the marts of trade and at the polls "their guns are ballots, their bullets are ideas." Old-time asperities are softening, however, even on these battle-grounds. The trend is upward, toward higher levels of hope and brotherhood. Eliminate the alcohol and opium habits, and all these would (and will ere long) dwell together in unity. Lives like those of Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, and Mrs. Captain Goodall, invested for the Christianizing of the Chinese, or like that of Mrs.

Sarah B. Cooper, devoted to kindergartening the embryo "hoodlum," or that of Dr. R. H. McDonald, the millionaire philanthropist, consecrated to the temperance reform, are mighty prophecies of the good time coming.

San Francisco is the city of bay windows, and its people, beyond any other on this continent, believe in sunshine and fresh air. In like manner, they are fond of ventilating every subject, are in nowise afraid of the next thing simply because it is the next, but have broad hospitality for new ideas. Rapid as the heel taps of its street life is the movement of its thought and the flame of its sympathy. Much as has been said in its dispraise, Mount Diablo—the chief feature of its environs—is not so symbolic of its spirit as the white tomb of Thomas Starr King, which, standing beside one of its busiest streets, is a perpetual reminder of noble power conserved for noblest use. Everybody knows San Francisco's harbor is without a rival save Puget Sound and Constantinople. Everybody has heard of its "Palace Hotel," the largest in the world, and one that includes "eighteen acres of floor;" of its "endless chain" street cars, the inevitable outgrowth of dire necessity in its up-hill streets; of its indescribable "Chinatown;" of "Seal Rock," with its monster sea-lions, gamboling and howling year out and year in, for herein are the salient features of the strange city's individuality. For a metropolis but thirty-four years old, the following record is unrivaled: Total value of real and personal property, \$253,000,000; school property, \$1,000,000; 130,000 buildings; 11,000 streets; 12 street car lines; 33 libraries and reading-rooms; 38 hospitals; 316 benevolent societies; 168 newspapers, and—the best fire department in the world!

The two drawbacks of this wonderful city are its variable climate and its possible earthquakes. A witty writer warns the intending tourist thus: "Be sure to bring your *summer* clothes. Let me repeat: be sure to bring your *winter* clothes." To state the fact that in August one may see fur cloaks any day, and in January a June toilet is not uncommon, is but another way of stating that the galloping sea breeze, unimpeded by mountains, rushes in moist squadrons on the shore, and has all seasons for its own, in which to battle with the genial warmth of this most lovely climate. As to earthquakes, there have been but three since 1849, and these were insignificant calamities compared with one year of our domesticated western tornadoes. Less than fifty lives have been lost in California by earthquakes, thirty-seven of these occurring in the country outside of San Francisco, and less than a hundred thousand dollars worth of property has been destroyed, while two millions would not cover our loss by cyclone in a single year, to say nothing of the number of victims. Civilization seems to have a naturalizing effect on fleas, snakes and earthquakes, west of the Sierras, but acts as a tonic upon hurricanes east of the Rockies. Will our scientists please "rise to explain" this mystery so close in its relation to human weal and woe?

[To be continued.]

TO MY BOOKS.

By LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought:
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

EARTHQUAKES—ISCHIA AND JAVA.

PHENOMENA AND PROBABLE CAUSES.

These violent convulsions that from time to time shake and rend the earth, are among the most terrible calamities that come upon men, causing immense destruction of property and of life. Their occurrence is often most unexpected.

Villages, cities, and whole districts of densely populated countries sink beneath a sudden stroke, overwhelmed in a common ruin. If any warning is given, the alarming premonitions rather confuse and paralyze effort, because, with the appalling certainty of disaster, there is nothing to show in what form it will come, or to indicate a place of refuge.

While the recent horrors at Ischia and in Java excite much painful interest in the public mind, they naturally recall similar scenes of other years. Earthquakes of less destructive violence are very frequent, and suggest greater power than is exerted. Even the slight trembling, or vibratory motions, that produce no material injury, remind us of the prodigious forces that may at any moment burst their barriers with great violence.

In every perceptible shock we feel the mighty pulsations of the agitated molten mass whose waves dash against the walls that restrain them; or the struggling of compressed elastic gases, that must have vent, though their escape rend the earth. The crust between us and the seas of fire, whose extent no man knoweth, may be in places weakening, cut away, as the inner walls of a furnace by the molten metal; so the danger may be nearer and greater than is known or feared. A devout man finds refuge and a comfortable assurance in the truth, "The Lord reigneth; in his hands are the deep places of the earth. The strength of the hills is his also."

There are records of earthquakes more ancient than any books written by men. They antedate the earliest chapters of human history, and probably belonged to the pre-adamite earth. If no human ear heard their tread, the footprints are still visible. In all mountainous regions the evidence of their upheaval by some mighty force is too plain to be doubted. The marine fossils found far up on their heights, the position of strata, often far from horizontal, with immense fissures, and chasms of unknown depth, all tell of disturbances that may have taken place before the historic period. If in those primitive times mountains were literally carried into the midst of the sea, and vast tracts of the ocean's bed shoved up thousands of feet, it was only a more terrible display of the gigantic powers still in action, and of whose workings the centuries have borne witness.

No country seems to have escaped these terrible visitations, though some suffer more than others. Volcanoes being of the same origin, they are more frequent in volcanic regions, and perhaps by their shocks the seething caldrons have been uncovered.

The same localities, as Southern Italy, and the neighboring island of Sicily, have, from a remote period, at times been terribly shaken. From 1783 to 1786 a thousand shocks were made note of, five hundred of which are described as having much force. Lyell considers them of special importance, not because differing from like disturbances in other places, but because observed and minutely described by men competent to collect and state such physical facts in a way to show their bearing on the science of the earth. The following, collected from Lyell, Gibbon, Humboldt, and the encyclopædias, are facts respecting some of the principal earthquakes on record. Their statements, much condensed, are not given in chronological order, but as we find them:

In 115, of the Christian era, Antioch in Syria, "Queen of the East," beautiful in itself, and beautiful for situation, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, was utterly ruined by earthquake. Afterward rebuilt, in more than all its ancient splendor, by Trajan, the tide of life and wealth again flowed into it, and for centuries we read of no serious disasters of the kind. All apprehension of danger removed, the people became famous for

luxurious refinements, and, strangely enough, seem to have united high intellectual qualities with a passionate fondness for amusements. In 458 the city was again terribly shaken, and twice in the sixth century. Each time the destruction was nearly complete; but each time, in less than a century, the city was restored again, but only to stand until 1822, and from that overthrow it has never recovered, being now a miserable town of only six thousand inhabitants. The destruction of five populous cities, on one site, involved a fearful loss of life. Probably more than half a million thus perished. The most destructive earthquake in that, or any other locality, of which we find any mention, was in 562. An immense number of strangers being in attendance at the festival of the Ascension, added to the multitudes belonging to the city. Gibbon estimates that two hundred and fifty thousand persons were buried in the ruins.

Among the earliest accounts of earthquakes having particular interest, is the familiar one of that which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii in the year 63—about sixteen years before those cities were buried in scoria and ashes from Vesuvius.

Of modern earthquakes three or four are here mentioned as presenting some interesting phenomena. That of Chili, in 1822, caused the permanent elevation of the country between the Andes and the coast. The area thus raised is estimated at one hundred thousand square miles, and the elevation from two to seven feet. Shore lines, at higher levels, indicate several previous upheavals of the same region, along about the same lines. The opposite of this, a depression of land, was occasioned in the island of Jamaica in 1692, when Port Royal, the capital, was overwhelmed. A thousand acres or more thus sank in less than one minute, the sea rolling in and driving the vessels that were in the harbor over the tops of the houses.

The earthquake of New Madrid, below St. Louis, on the Mississippi, was in 1811, and interesting as an instance of successive shocks, and almost incessant quaking of the ground for months, and at a distance from any volcano. The agitation of the earth in Missouri continued till near the time of the destruction of the city of Caracas, in South America, and then ceased. One evening, about this time, is described by the inhabitants of New Madrid as cloudless, and peculiarly brilliant. The western sky was a continual glare from vivid flashes of lightning, and peals of thunder were incessantly heard, apparently proceeding, as did the flashes, from below the horizon. Comparatively little harm was done in Missouri, but the beautiful city of Caracas, with its splendid churches and palatial homes, was made a heap of ruins, beneath which twelve thousand of its inhabitants were buried. Just how these events were related we know not. Whether the same pent-up forces that were struggling in vain to escape in the valley of the Mississippi, found vent in that distant locality, God only knows. The supposition allowed may account for the relief that came to the greatly troubled New Madrid. The evils they dreaded came but in part—enough only to suggest the greater perils they escaped. Over an extent of country three hundred miles in length fissures were opened in the ground through which mud and water were thrown, high as the tops of the trees. From the mouth of the Ohio to the St. Francis the ground rose and fell in great undulations. Lakes were formed and drained again, and the general surface so lowered that the country along the White River and its tributaries, for a distance of seventy miles, is known as "the sunk country." Flint, the geographer, seven years after the event, noticed hundreds of chasms then closed and partially filled. They may yet, in places, be traced, having the appearance of artificial trenches.

Fissures are occasionally met in different parts of the country, which extend through solid rock to a great depth. "The Rocks" at Panama, N. Y., have been elsewhere described, and furnish a profitable study.

A more remarkable chasm of this kind extends from the western base of the Shawangunk Mountain, near Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y., for about a mile to the summit. At first

one can easily step across the fissure, but further up it becomes wider, till the hard vertical walls of sandstone are separated by a gorge several feet wide, and of great depth. At the top an area of a hundred acres or more is rent in every direction, the continuity of the surface being interrupted by steps of rocks, presenting abrupt walls. The gorge traced up the mountain becomes a frightful abyss, more than a hundred feet wide. Among the loose stones at the bottom large trees are growing, whose tops scarce reach half way to the edge of the precipice. Most such disruptions of rocks and mountains were doubtless caused by earthquakes at some unknown period.

The great earthquake at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was in 1755. "The ominous rumbling sound below the surface was almost immediately followed by the shock which threw down the principal part of the city; in the short space of six minutes, it is believed, 60,000 perished. The sea rolled back, leaving the bar dry, and then returned, in a great tidal wave, fifty feet, or more, in height. The mountains around were shaken with great violence, their rocks rent, and thrown in fragments into the valley below. Multitudes of people rushed from their falling buildings to the marble quay, which suddenly sank with them, like a ship foundering at sea; and when the waters closed over the place no fragments of the wreck—none of the vessels near by, that were drawn into the whirlpool, and not one of the thousands of the bodies that were carried down ever appeared again. Over the spot occupied by the quay, the water stood six hundred feet deep; and beneath it, locked in fissured rocks, and in chasms of unknown depth, lie what was the life and wealth of the place, in the middle of the eighteenth century."

Earthquakes, of especial interest, from their recent occurrence and destructive effects, are those of 1857-58, in the kingdom of Naples, and in Mexico; but we have not room to more than mention them. The past summer will be remembered as the period of at least two terrible disasters from earthquakes, in localities distant from each other. The first, July 28, was at Ischia, a beautiful island at the north entrance of the bay of Naples. The principal town, Cassamicciola, was mostly destroyed, and much injury done at other places. The town was a noted health resort, and it is feared many distinguished strangers perished in it. The shocks began in the night, when a majority of the citizens, who frequent such places, were in the theater, and the scene there was terrible. Lamps were overturned; clouds of dust arose, and then the walls of the building opened, and fell, giving no opportunity for escape. The ground opened in many places, and houses and their inhabitants were swallowed up. The hotel Piccola Sentinella sank into the earth, with all its inmates. The number destroyed, first estimated at three thousand, was much larger, but how much is not yet certainly known. Years must elapse before the town is restored, when it will be with a new class of inhabitants.

The sad tidings of disaster in Italy were soon followed by still more startling intelligence from Java, where, as in regions bordering on the Mediterranean, earthquakes are not a new experience with the inhabitants. A recital of the calamities occurring in Java during the last century would make a gloomy chapter in history, suggesting the insecurity and transitory nature of all earthly possessions. The island is one of the largest and, commercially, most important, in the Indian archipelago, six hundred and sixty miles in length, and the width varying from forty to one hundred and thirty miles. It is densely populated, and governed by a Dutch viceroy. In the mountain range extending through the center, with a mean elevation of seven thousand feet, are many volcanoes; and earthquakes are of frequent occurrence, as in other volcanic regions. In 1878 record was made of some sixteen, in different parts of the island. One of the most famous, accompanied by a vast eruption of Papandayang, the largest of the volcanoes, took place a hundred years ago, overwhelming an area of a hundred

square miles, and destroying three thousand people—the island at that time having fewer inhabitants. There were two similar eruptions from volcanoes at the same time, respectively one hundred and thirty-four and three hundred and fifty-two miles from Papandayang, suggesting the fact that the power of producing them, and the earthquakes, may operate through a field of vast extent, and breaks through where the barriers give way. It is safe to say both have the same origin.

Ischia and Java, though almost antipodes, are companions in disaster, and possibly felt the dashing of the same billows, striking with violence here or there, according as some mighty impulse drove them on. The great calamities of the past summer, besides their appeal to our humanity, will be of interest to scientific men, and may throw light on the relations of earthquakes and volcanoes, and their cause, after which they have been searching a good deal in the dark, and with results not yet satisfactory.

The accounts of the last fearful disaster are yet incomplete, and may not all be verified. The latest, and apparently most reliable reports, place it among the most terrible calamities known in the history of the race, since the deluge. The earth trembled and shook—rocks were rent—buildings tumbled in ruins. A large part of the city, full of wealth and life, sank out of sight. Tidal waves carried destruction along the coast. Volcanoes belched forth smoke, ashes and lava, overspreading fertile valleys; and when the sulphurous clouds that hung over them, black as night, were lifted, turbulent waters rolled over fifty square miles of pasture lands that the day before were covered with flocks, and the homes of men. It is estimated that seventy-five thousand people perished. It may be a few thousand less, or more, as there are yet no data from which to form more than a proximate estimate. The whole number will not be known till the graves and the sea give up their dead.

LOW SPIRITS.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

There is enough in the daily experience of life to depress the feelings and rob the mind of its buoyancy, without having to encounter lowness of spirits as a besetting mental state or malady. Nevertheless, it so frequently assumes the character of an affection essentially morbid, attacks individuals who are not naturally disposed to despondency, and gives so many unmistakable proofs of its close relations with the health of the physical organism, that it must needs be included in the category of disease. The constitutional melancholy which distinguishes certain types of character and development, is a setting in the minor key rather than depression. Within the compass of a lower range, individuals of this class exhibit as many changes of mood as those whose temperament is, so to say, pitched higher, and who therefore seem to be capable of greater elation.

It is important to ascertain at the outset whether a particular person upon whom interest may be centered is not naturally characterized by this restrained or reserved tone of feeling! Unhealthy conditions of mind are generally to be recognized by the circumstance that they offer a contrast to some previous state. The movable, excitable temperament may become fixed and seemingly unimpressionable, the self-possessed begin to be irritable, the calm, passionate. It is the *change* that attracts attention, and when low spirits come to afflict a mind wont to exhibit resilience and joyousness, there must be a cause for the altered tone, and prudence will enjoin watchfulness. Mischievous may be done unwittingly by trying to stimulate the uncontrollable emotions.

There are few more common errors than that which assumes

lowness of spirits to be a state in which an appeal should be made to the sufferer. We constantly find intelligent and experienced persons, who show considerable skill in dealing with other mental disorders and disturbances, fail in the attempt to relieve the pains of melancholy. They strive by entreaty, expostulation, firmness, and even brusqueness, to coerce the victim, and prevail upon him to shake off his despondency. They urge him to take an interest in what is passing around, to bestir himself, and put an end to his broodings. This would be all very well if the burden that presses so heavily on the spirit simply lay on the surface, but the lowness of which I am speaking is something far deeper than can be reached by "rallying." It is a freezing of all the energies; a blight which destroys the vitality, a poison which enervates and paralyzes the whole system.

It is no use probing the consciousness for the cause while the depression lasts—as well look for the weapon by which a man has been struck senseless to the earth, when the victim lies faint and bleeding in need of instant succor. If the cause were found at such a moment, nothing could be done to prevent its further mischief. Supposing it to be discovered that the malady is the fruit of some evil-doing or wrong management of self, the moment when a crushed spirit is undergoing the penalty of its error is not that which should be selected for remonstrance. It is vain to argue with a man whose every faculty of self-control is at its lowest ebb. The judgment and the will are dormant. The show of feeling made by the conscience in the hour of dejection is in great part emotional, and the purposes then formed are sterile. The tears of regret, the efforts of resolve, elicited in the state of depression, are worse than useless; they are like the struggles of a man sinking in the quicksand—they bury the mind deeper instead of freeing it.

The state of mental collapse must be allowed to pass; but here comes the difficulty; the moment reaction takes place, as shown by a slight raising of the cloud, it will be too late to interfere. The mind will then have entered on another phase not less morbid than the depression which it has replaced. There is no certain indication of the right moment to make the effort for the relief of a sufferer from this progressive malady. The way to help is to watch the changes of temperament narrowly, and, guided by time rather than symptoms, to present some new object of interest—a trip, an enterprise, a congenial task—at the moment which immediately precedes the recovery. The soul lies brooding—it is about to wake; the precise time can be foreknown only by watching the course of previous attacks; whatever engrosses the rousing faculties most powerfully on waking, will probably hold them for awhile. It is a struggle between good and healthy influences on the one hand, and evil and morbid on the other. If it be earnestly desired to rescue the sufferer, the right method must be pursued, and wrong and mischief-working procedures—among which preaching, persuading, moralizing, and rallying are the worst and most hurtful—ought to be carefully avoided. When the thoughts are revived and the faculties rebound, they must be kept engaged with cheering and healthful subjects.

There is no greater error than to suppose good has been accomplished when a melancholic patient has been simply aroused. The apparently bright interval of a malady of this class is even more perilous than the period of exhaustion and lowness. The moment the mind resumes the active state, it generally resumes the work of self-destruction. The worst mischief is wrought in the so-called lucid interval. The consciousness must be absorbed and busied with healthful exercise, or it will re-engage in the morbid process which culminates in depression. The problem is to keep off the next collapse, and this can be accomplished only by obviating the unhealthy excitement by which it is commonly preceded and produced. Healthy activity promotes nutrition, and replenishes the strength of mind and body alike; all action that does not improve the quality of the organ acting, deteriorates it and tends to prevent normal function.

VEGETABLE VILLAINS.

By R. TURNER.

THE LARGER FUNGI.

To become acquainted with the bulkier of these villains, we must visit their favorite haunts. An occasional one may occur in any kind of place, as has already been explained. A good many, especially of the edible sort, and notably the common mushroom, grow in open pastures. To get among crowds of them, however, we must resort to close woods, especially of fir and pine. There they grow on tree-stumps, fallen trunks, and on the ground, in great variety and abundance. If we go at the proper season their profusion will astonish us. This time of plenty varies from early to late autumn with the character of the weather. Clad in waterproof wraps and with leather gloves on hand, we may make a fungus foray into the dripping woods amid russet and falling leaves with comparative comfort; and even on a "raw rheumatic day" there will likely be much enjoyment for us and still more instruction. It will be strange, indeed, if we do not find some kinds to eat and very many to think over. We ought to get examples, at least, of nearly all the different families. Let us consider them in a general way as novices do. A host of them have gills like the mushroom; and so we may take that best known of them all as a type of the whole class. Mushroom spawn runs through the soil in a rootlike way, absorbing the organic matter it falls in with and every here and there swelling out into roundish bodies, each consisting of a tubercle enclosed in a wrapper. The tubercle bursts through the wrapper as growth goes on, and soon above ground appears the well-known form of the mushroom, with a stalk supporting a fleshy head by the center, and on the under surface of this head radiating gills, which are at first covered by a veil that finally gives way and leaves only a ring round the stem. These gills are originally flesh-colored, but afterward become brown and mottled with numerous minute purple spores. If we were to investigate further by means of the microscope, we should find that the spores are not contained in any case, and that they are produced in fours on little points at the tips of special cells. Of the other kinds belonging to this order of agarics, some differ from the mushroom in being poisonous and others in being parasitic. There is much variety, also, in the tints of gill and spore, different kinds having these white, pink, rosy, salmon-colored, reddish, or yellowish, or darkish brown, purple or black. Again, in some the stem is not central, but attached more or less laterally to the head; in others there is no stem, and the gills radiate out from the substance on which the agaric grows. The ring round the stalk, too, often varies, or is sometimes wanting. There are many other differences, and it is by these that we are able to distinguish the one kind from the other: but, of course, little more can be done here than merely to indicate this infinite variety. Dr. Badham, in his admirable work on the "Esculent Funguses of England," puts this quaintly, as he does many other facts. "These are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand on; some are shell-shaped, many bell-shaped; and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig."

These gill-bearers, are, however, but one order in this extensive division of plants. Nature's plastic hand is never weary of shaping fresh forms. It is lavish of variety, and never works in a stinted or makeshift way. In place of gills we find in another order tubes or pores in which the spores are produced. These tubular kinds are sometimes fleshy, as in the edible boletus, or woody, as in the polypores, popularly called sap-balls, which every one who knows anything about woods and their wonders must have seen on old tree-stumps, often growing to a great size. In yet another order, spines, or bristles, or teeth, take the place of gills and tubes. In the puff-balls the spores ripen inside a roundish leatheren case, which afterward bursts and discharges them as a fine dust. Then there

is an extensive class in which the spores are not produced in this offhand way at all, but are carefully enclosed in little cases, or rather, I should say, loaded into microscopic guns, as in the pezizas; and very beautiful objects these are under the microscope.

Poisonous, putrescent, strange in shape, or color, or odor, as many of the larger fungi are, it is little to be wondered at that contempt has been a common human feeling with respect to most of them, and a crush with disdainful heel on occasion the lot of a good many. The popular loathing has run out into language. Under the opprobrious term "toadstool," a whole host of kinds is commonly included. The puff-balls are known in Scotland as "de'il's sneeshin'-mills" (devil's snuff-boxes), an epithet which expresses with a certain imaginative humor, and a dash of superstition, the idea of something so utterly base that it ministers to the gratification of demons, tickling their olfactory organs with satanic satisfaction. Indeed, in this country the mushroom is almost the only favored exception to the popular verdict of loathing. It has gained the hearts of the people through their stomachs, and ketchup has overcome popular prejudice by its fine flavor. But there are many others on which cultured palates dote. Truffles are dear delicacies, which few but rich men taste, for fine aroma and flavor command a high price. The Scotch-bonnets of the fairy rings, besides possessing a certain bouquet of elfin romance, cook into delicacies full of stomachic delight. Then there are chantarells and morels and blewitts, and poor-men's-beef-steaks, over which trained appetites rejoice. A score of dainty little rogues at least there are, and a still greater number of kinds that are nutritive and fairly palatable. In some European countries the edible ones are a really valuable addition to the food of the people—not from being more plentiful than with us, but from being more eagerly gathered and diligently cultivated. One sort or other is used as food by every tribe of men. Not only does the edible mushroom occur in all habitable lands, but in certain foreign parts—as in Australia—there are forms of it very much superior in quality to our English ones. Then, of course, every clime has its own peculiar edible kinds. The native bread of the Australians is an instance in point; it looks somewhat like compressed sago, and is a fairly good article of diet. The staple food of the wild Fuegians for several months each year is supplied by a kind which they gather in great abundance from the living twigs of the evergreen beech. Then there are some not very pleasant, according to our ideas, which can be safely used, and are thus available in times of scarcity, as, for instance, the gelatinous one which the New Zealand natives know as "thunder-dirt," and one somewhat similar that the Chinese are said to utilize. A curious trade has of late years sprung up between New Zealand and China. A brown semi-transparent fungus, resembling the human ear, grows abundantly in the North Island. This the Maoris and others collect, dry, and pack into bags, for export to China, where it is highly prized for its flavor and gelatinous qualities as an ingredient in soup. It is a species nearly related to our Jew's-ear. The value of this fungus exported from New Zealand in 1877 was stated at over £11,000.—*Good Words*.

When we reflect how little we have done
And add to that how little we have seen,
And furthermore how little we have won
Of joy or good, how little known or been,
We long for other life, more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with those
Who well have run.

—Jean Ingelow.

A TALENT for any art is rare; but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living.—*Plato*.

FROM THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC.

By the author of "German-American Housekeeping," etc.

[Continued.]

Travelers are like conchologists, vying with one another in picking up different shells, and herein lies the unending interest of their records.

In the roundabout route from the Baltic to the Adriatic and Mediterranean, Cassel, the electorate in former years of Hesse-Cassel, afforded a most suggestive visit. To be sure, its history is not altogether pleasant to an American, for the fact that the old elector hired his troops to England to fight us during the Revolutionary war, is not a savory bit of German history. Even Frederick the Great saw the meanness of it, for when he heard they were to take their route to England by Prussian roads, he sent word, "if they did so, he would levy a cattle tax on them." Perhaps some of the money paid by England at that time was laid up in the public treasury and expended afterward upon the extravagant ornamentation of the grounds of the elector's summer residence, "Wilhelmshöhe." The palace is in itself one of the most magnificent in Europe. Above the cascades in front of it is the highest fountain on the continent. One stream, twelve inches in diameter, is thrown to the height of two hundred feet. The colossal Hercules which crowned the summit of this artificial grandeur was thirty feet high, and the cascades are nine hundred feet long. The whole arrangement is said to have kept two thousand men engaged for fourteen years, and to have cost over ten million dollars! Jerome Napoleon occupied this palace of Wilhelmshöhe when he was king of Westphalia.

A walk of three miles under the straight and narrow road shaded by lime trees, leads one back to Cassel, after this visit to Wilhelmshöhe. The town is beautifully situated on either side of the river Fulda, and has a population of thirty-two thousand. The beautiful terrace overlooking the *angarten*, crowned by its new picture gallery, offers as delightful promenades as the celebrated Dresden Terrace. The strains of sweet music coming up from the *angarten* (meadow) while one is looking at the beautiful Rembrandts and Van Dykes in the gallery, give the enchantment which one never fails to find in a German town. Napoleon carried away many of the most valuable pictures from the Cassel gallery—but it is redeemed from the number of horrible Jordaens and Teniers by possessing the "pearl of Rembrandts," a portrait of "Saskia," his wife.

Chemical products, snuff included, are manufactured in Cassel, and it is quite a wide-awake business place—the old town preserved for picturesque effect; and the new town building up for enterprising manufacturers.

Leaving Cassel any day at one o'clock, one can reach Coblenz at half-past seven in the evening, and the Bellevue Hotel will shelter one delightfully for the night, provided a room on the *hof*, or court, is not given. Four hundred feet above the river at Coblenz stands the old fortress of "Ehrenbreitstein." How fine its old gray stone and its commanding situation is! No wonder Auerbach, the novelist, in his "Villa on the Rhine," devoted so many pages to Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It cost the government five million dollars. With its four hundred cannon, and capacity to store provision for ten years for eight thousand men in its magazine, well may it scorn attacks "as a tempest scorns a chain."

Instead of driving up to see this monstrous fortress, one may prefer to wander into St. Castor's Church in the early morning, and, like a devout Catholic, kneel and pray. It may be more restful to thus "commune with one's own heart and be still," than to keep up a perpetual sight-seeing. Charlemagne divided his empire among his grandchildren in this very church. It dates to the eighth century, and is one of the best specimens of Lombard architecture in all the Rhine provinces. Coming out

in the morning about ten o'clock, the sun will light up the severe outlines of the great old Ehrenbreitstein across the river, and the thought comes to one, did Luther compose his celebrated hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (A mighty fortress is our God), while in such a moment of inspiration as this scene produces upon the mind?

We left Coblenz at ten o'clock on the steamer "Lorlei" for Mainz. This romantic name for our boat, the waters we were plying, St. Castor's Church on the left, and Ehrenbreitstein on the right, brought a strange combination of war, romance and religion to the mind. The only prosaic moment which seized me was in passing the Lorlei Felsen on the Rhine—when instead of remembering Lorlei, I exclaimed, so my companions told me: "O! here is where they catch the fine salmon!" Rheinstein was to my mind the most beautiful and picturesque castle of all, and being owned by the Crown Prince is kept in becoming repair. The little "*panorama des Rheins*" is a troublesome little companion, for it leaves one not a moment for calm enjoyment and forgetfulness, constantly pointing out the places of interest and crowding their history and romance upon one.

The Dom at Mainz is a curious study for an architect—combining as it does so many styles and containing such curious old tombs.

Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, and the native place of the Rothschilds family, has too much history to detail in an article like this. When it was a free city it had, and still retains, I believe, the reputation of being the commercial capital of that part of Germany.

Goethe preferred little Weimar for the development of his poetical life. His father's stately house in Frankfort, still to be seen, was not equal to his own in Weimar.

But let us leave the river Main and the river Rhine and look up Nuremberg and Munich before we follow our southern course to the Adriatic. An erratic journey this, but have we not found some shells which the other conchologists overlooked?

Nuremberg seems to have lost more in population than any German city we know of. Having once numbered 100,000, it now claims only 55,000. It is a curious fact that Nuremberg toys which were so celebrated formerly, have been surpassed in this country, and now American manufactures in this line are taken to Nuremberg and actually sold as German toys. This was told me by a gentleman interested in the trade. But buy a lead-pencil in Nuremberg if you want a good article very cheap—perhaps you can learn to draw or sketch with one, being inspired with the memory of Albert Dürer.

Nuremberg is Bavaria's second largest city, and attracts more foreigners or visitors than Munich, perhaps, yet to the mind of the Bavarian Munich is Bavaria, as to the Frenchman Paris is France, and to the Prussian Berlin is Prussia! No traveler can be contented, however, without some time in Nuremberg, although I dare say many go away disappointed. The old stone houses with their carved gables, the walls and turrets, St. Sebald Church, and the fortress where Gustavus Adolphus with his immense army was besieged by Wallenstein, are things which never grow tedious to the memory. In this fortress now they keep the instruments of torture used in the middle ages to extract secrets from the criminal or the innocent, as it might chance to be. A German in Berlin laughingly told me when I described the rusty torturous things, that they were all of recent manufacture, and were not the genuine articles at all! But new or old, genuine or reproduced, they make one shudder as does Fox's "Book of Martyrs." I know of no church in Germany more worthy of study than St. Sebald's. In it one finds a curious old gold lamp, which swings from the ceiling about half way down one aisle of the church. It is called *die ewige lampe*, because it has been always burning since the twelfth century. It is related of one of Nuremberg's respectable old citizens that he was returning in the darkness one stormy night to his home, and finally almost despairing of finding his way, when a faint

light from the St. Sebald's Church enabled him to arrive safe at his own door. He gave a fund to the church afterward for the purpose of keeping there a perpetual light. When the Protestants took St. Sebald's, as they did so many Catholic churches in Germany after the Reformation, the interest money which the old man gave had still to be used in this way according to his will. So *die ewige lampe* still swings and gives its dim light to the passer-by at night. Our American consul told me a characteristic story of an American girl and her mother, whom he was showing about Nuremberg, as was his social duty, perhaps. They were in St. Sebald's Church, and he related the story of the lamp as they stood near it. Underneath stands a little set of steps which the old sexton ascends to trim the lamp. "Oh!" said this precocious American girl, "I shall blow it out, and then their tradition that it has never been out will be upset." So she climbed the steps fast, and as she was about to do this atrocious thing our consul pulled her back, and said she would be in custody in an hour, and he would not help her out. The mother merely laughed, and evidently saw nothing wrong about the performance. It is just such smart acts on the part of American girls abroad which induce a man like Henry James to write novels about them. The fine, intelligent, self-poised girls travel unnoticed, while the "Daisy Millers" cause the judgment so often passed upon all American girls by foreigners, that they are "an emancipated set."

It was our good fortune while in Munich to board with most agreeable people. The *Herr Geheimrath* (privy counselor) had retired from active life of one kind, to enjoy the privilege of being an antiquarian and art critic. He had his house full of most valuable and curious treasures. The study of ceramics was his hobby, and fayence, porcelain, and earthenwares of the rarest kinds were standing around on his desk, on cabinets, and on the floor. He edited *Die Wartburg*, a paper which was the organ of *Münchener Alterthum-Verein*, and wrote weekly articles *Ueber den Standpunkt unserer heutigen Kunst*. His wife was formerly the *hof-singerin* (court-singer) at the royal opera in Munich, but was then too old to continue. Every Saturday evening she would give a home concert, and would sing the lovely aria from "Freischütz," or Schumann's songs.

St. Petersburg never looked whiter from snow than did Munich that winter. The galleries were cold, but the new and old Pinakothek were too rich to be forsaken. Fortunately the new building was just across the street from the *Herr Geheimrath's*. If it had only been the old Pinakothek I found myself continually saying, for who cares for Kaulbachs, and modern German art, compared with the rich Van Dykes, the Rubens, the Dürers, and the old Byzantine school? I should say the Munich gallery is superior to the Dresden in numbers, but not in gems. But they have fine specimens from the Spanish, the Italian, and German schools.

The Glyptothek is Munich's boast. There is a stately grandeur in this building that suggests Greece and her art. On a frosty morning, to wander out beyond the Propylæum and enter through the great bronze door of the Glyptothek, one feels like a mouse entering a marble quarry. I presume there is no such collection of originals in any country but Italy. Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, Benvenuto, Cellini, Peter Vischer, Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, Schwanthaler, are all represented by original works. But it needs a warm climate to make such a collection of statuary altogether attractive.

Going from Germany to Italy, one takes the "Brenner Pass," generally, over the Alps—the oldest way known, and used by Hannibal. After winding around the side of these snowy peaks, and being blinded by the mists enveloping the landscape, trembling with admiration or fear, as the case may be, a glimpse of sunny Italy is most encouraging.

To reach the Adriatic and Venice is enough earthly joy for some souls. Elizabeth Barrett Browning felt so; and all people feel so, perhaps, who, as Henry James and W. D. Howells, give themselves up to Venice, and write about her until she becomes

identified with their reputation. But let Venice and the Adriatic be silent factors in this article, and let Verona, Florence, and Rome substitute them.

We alighted at Verona at midnight, and in the pale moonlight, which gave a ghastly appearance to the quaint old place. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" were not to be seen that night. The streets were silent, yet I thought perhaps they might greet us in the morning; but their shadowy old cloaks are only to be seen thrown around a thousand beggars, who are as thick as bees and as ugly as bats.

"The tomb of Juliet" is also a deception—a modern invention; but the house of Juliet's parents (the Capuletti), an old palace, stands as it did in the days when Shakspeare represents its banquetting halls and good cheer.

The scenery from Verona to Florence, with the exception of a few views of the Apennines, is very tedious—nothing beyond almond orchards, which in March, the time of the year I saw them, resembled dead apple trees. You will be surprised to hear that the Italian gentlemen wore fur on their coats. They were, I imagine, traveled gentlemen, for the genuine Italian, whether count or beggar, has a cloak thrown over his shoulders in bewitching folds. When he pulls his large felt hat over his magnificent eyes so that it casts a dark shadow over his mysterious face, and stands in the sunshine, he looks simply a picture.

Verona is more Italian in appearance than Florence. The principal street runs along either side of the river Arno, and is crowded for some distance with little picture and jewelry shops; but farther on toward the *cascine*, or park, the street widens, and is enriched with handsome modern buildings, most of which are hotels. This drive to the *cascine* and the grand hotel was made when Victor Emmanuel allowed the impression to exist that Florence would remain the capital of Italy. This drive is thronged with carriages about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was here I remember to have had the carriage of the Medici family pointed out to me. Within sat two ladies with dark, lustrous eyes, jet hair, and a great deal of lemon color on their bonnets. The livery was also lemon color, and the carriage contained the coat of arms on a lemon-colored panel. The Italians are very partial to this shade of yellow. The beds are draped with material of this same intense hue—very becoming to brunettes, but ruinous, as the young ladies would say, to blondes.

Every one knows of the old Palazzo Vecchio, which rises away above every object in the city of Florence. Its walls are so thick that in them there are places for concealment—little cells—and in one of these the great reformer of Florence, Savonarola, was kept until they burned him at the stake in front of the palace.

"Santa Croce" is the name of the church which contains the tombs of Michael Angelo, Alfieri Galileo, and Machiavelli. Byron, moved with this idea, writes:

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality."

Every American goes to Powers's studio to see the original of the Greek Slave. Next to the Venus of Milo it seems the loveliest study in marble of the female figure. But "our lady of Milo," as Hawthorne calls her—there is no beauty to hers!

The Baptistery in Florence is a curious octagonal church, built in the twelfth century, and has the celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti, representing twelve eventful scenes from the Bible. Those to the south are beautiful enough, said Michael Angelo, to be the gates of paradise.

As often as I had reflected upon Rome and her seven hills, on arriving there the hills seemed to be a new revelation to me, and the rapid driving of the Italians up and down the steep and narrow streets bewildered me not a little. I found myself on the way from the depot, constantly asking, can this be Rome?

Everything looks so new. The houses are light sandstone, like the buildings in Paris. I was informed that this portion of Rome was calculated to mislead me, and that I would find our hotel quite like Paris and New York houses. The next morning, instead of making a pilgrimage to the Roman forum, the Colosseum, and the palace of the Cæsars, we drove to St. Peter's, which kept me still quite in the notion that Rome had been whitewashed, or something done to destroy her ancient classic aspect. We spent four hours in the great church wandering around and witnessing a procession of priests, monks, and gorgeous cardinals. There is no gewgaw, no tinsel in St. Peter's as one sees in so many other Catholic churches; although gold is used in profusion, yet it is kept in subjection to the tone of the walls. The bronze altar over St. Peter's tomb is wonderfully effective in the way of concentrating color and attention. It is almost necessary to find a niche in the base of some pillar and sit there awhile before plunging into the immensity of this great building, just as a bird gets ready before darting into space. But after all, the feeling of immensity which St. Peter's gives is not so grateful to the religious sense as the Gothic style of architecture, with its stained window, and deep recesses,

"Its long drawn aisles and fretted vaults."

There is little solemnity in St. Peter's, little shade and no music, only from side chapels; but there are grand proportions, perfect simplicity, and the pure light of heaven sending a beam upon a golden dove above St. Peter's tomb, which radiates in a thousand streams of light over the marble pavement.

Nothing impressed me so much in Rome or suggested the ancient glory so much as the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The magnificence of this building must have been unparalleled. It accommodated sixteen hundred bathers at once, and some of its walls are so thick one fears to estimate the depth. What would the old Romans have thought of the buildings of the present generation, which fall down or burn up without much warning. Here is solid masonry standing since the year 212.

The different arches and columns of Rome constitute one of the most attractive features to almost every traveller. Let those who enjoy them climb their steps or strain their eyes to decipher in a scorching Italian sun the dates, the seven golden candlesticks, the shew bread, and Aaron's rod, on Titus's arch for example. I shall wander off while they are so occupied into the old capitol—into the room where Rienzi stood and exhorted the people to recover their ancient rights and into the basement below where St. Paul was imprisoned.

The present king had just been crowned at that time. I saw the king and queen in a procession where they were driving to gratify the people, and again we saw him unattended driving with his brother through the grounds of the Borghese Villa. The carnival was forbidden that year in Rome on account of the death of the King and Pope, but there were out-croppings of it on the streets. The tinsel finery and humbug of it seem so incongruous in ancient classic Rome. I was glad to escape it.

The old Pantheon is too important in its history for any one to write of it, but I have always liked the following paragraph from James Freeman Clarke concerning it: "The Romans in this church, or temple, worshiped their own gods, while they allowed the Jews, when in Rome, to worship their Jewish god, and the Egyptians to worship the gods of Egypt, and when they admitted the people of a conquered state to become citizens of Rome their gods were admitted with them; but in both cases the new citizens occupied a subordinate position to the old settlers. The old worship of Rome was free from idolatry. Jupiter, Juno, and the others were not represented by idols. But there was an impassable gulf between the old Roman religion and modern Roman thought, and Christianity came to the Roman world not as a new theory but as a new life, and now her churches stand by the side of the ruins of the Temple of Vesta and the old empty Pantheon."

ELECTRICITY.

What is it? and what some of its manifestations? The name was given to an occult, but everywhere present, property of material things. First discovered by the ancients in amber (Gr. *electron*) and brought into evidence by friction. It is generally spoken of as a highly elastic, imponderable fluid, or fluids, with which all matter is supposed to be in a greater or less degree charged. Though such fluids have never been discovered as entities, and their existence may be but imaginary, it was asserted to account for facts that otherwise seemed inexplicable.

Definitions of electricity are at hand, and could be easily given; but they do not define or accurately point out that which they designate. All that can be said, with confidence, is that certain phenomena which come within our observation suggest the presence of such fluids, and are not otherwise explained. The answer to the question, "What is it?" must be the honest confession, we do not know. But, if ignorant of what it is, we may yet intelligently study its manifestations. The phenomena are not less capable of satisfactory discussion because the efficient agent producing them is unknown.

The theory of two imponderable fluids or electricities having strong attractive and repellant forces, is adopted because probable, and it helps make the discussion intelligible.

The awakened interest now so widely felt in this branch of natural science is more than just the desire to know what is knowable of the world we live in. At first, and indeed for ages, only the curious studied electricity, and practical men asked "*Cui bono?*" But in the present century it has become an applied science. In no other field have our studies of nature been more fruitful of discoveries practically affecting the multi-form industries, and improving the rapidly advancing civilization of the age.

Some of the skillful inventions for controlling and utilizing this power lying all about us will be mentioned hereafter.

It will be well first to state a few facts that are known and mostly established by experimental tests:

(1) The earth, and all bodies on its surface, with the atmosphere surrounding it, are charged with electricity of greater or less potency. This seems their permanent state, though in some cases, its presence is not easily detected.

(2) In quantity or intensity it is very different in different bodies, as also in the same under different conditions. In some portions of vast objects, as the earth and its atmosphere, it accumulates, immense currents being poured into them, while others are perhaps to the same extent drained.

(3) Through some bodies the subtle fluid may pass with but slight obstruction—and they are called *conductors*. In others the hindrance is greater, and we call them *insulators*. But the difference is only of degrees; as the best conductors offer some obstruction, and the most perfect insulators do not completely insulate. The metals, charcoal, water, and most moist substances, as the earth and animal bodies, offer but little resistance. The atmosphere, most kinds of glass, sulphur, india rubber, vulcanite, shellac, and other resins, with dry silk and cotton, are our best insulators. Friction used to secure electrical manifestations is the occasion rather than the cause of the electricity thus developed or set free. That it does not cause it, even in the sense that it causes heat is evident, since the quantity of electricity bears no proportion to the amount of friction used to produce it.

Though, really, there are not several distinct kinds of electricity, as statical, dynamic, magnetic, frictional, and atmospheric, the nomenclature of the science is at least convenient, and will not mislead. It indicates the methods of production, and makes the discussion of the subject more intelligible. And then the electricity developed or set free by the different methods of excitement, though of the same kind, differs much in degree and intensity.

What is called static electricity is the condition of the subtle force in a state of electrical quiescence; and all electricity in motion, however excited by friction, heat, chemical action, or otherwise, is dynamic.

Perpetual modifications are taking place in electrical condition of all matter, that when made apparent, at first may seem quite inexplicable. The excited currents flow with amazing rapidity. Their actions and re-actions baffle our calculations, and the imagination itself is bewildered by their extent and complexity. Yet by electrical tests and laboratory experiments, carefully employed, the laws of electricity are now as well known as those of any other branch of physical science, and the phenomena, if more startling, are no more mysterious than the manifestations of heat, light and gravitation.

Atmospheric electricity is not different in kind from that brought into evidence by the methods of the experimenter in the laboratory, subject to his control, and much used in the arts and industries of life. The lightning that shineth from the one part under heaven to the other part under heaven, a bright light in the cloud, is the same as the electric spark from the moderately charged receiver, when the positive and negative poles are brought into contact—the same as the less intense spark excited by passing the hand rapidly over the fur on the cat's back when the electrical conditions are favorable.

The storm cloud is a vast receiver and by induction becomes at times highly charged with electricity. If the cloud is at rest, and the heated air grows moist, that which is known as sheet or heat lightning appears in frequent flashes. The imprisoned electricity leaps forth from the bosom or edge of the cloud, but as instantly gathers itself back to its source, and apparently without tension or force enough to crash through the atmosphere to any distant object. The flashes are unaccompanied by the noise of thunder, and may be but reflections on the cloud from a source far beyond. We watch them without fear of danger, and the subdued impression is that of the beautiful.

Amidst the terrific grandeur of the violent thunder storm another form of lightning is seen; either the vivid flash that seems to envelop us, or zigzag, sometimes forked lines that dash across the cloud earthward, and occasionally, as in a return stroke, from the earth to the cloud.

In about the middle of the eighteenth century the identity of lightning with electricity was fully ascertained, and since then the most sublime and startling phenomena of our thunder storms are better understood. Under certain contingencies they must occur. Since the different clouds or portions of the same cloud are charged with different electricities, positive and negative, when these by the winds are brought near each other, or rolled together, fierce explosions follow, and great electrical changes take place in the clouds. Vast supplies of the imprisoned fiery fluid leap from strata to strata, or, if the distance is not too great, and the earth is at the same time strongly electrified, crash down to it through whatever sufficient conductors are found. If those not sufficient to receive and convey the charge be in the path they are dashed aside; men and beasts are killed by the shock, trees and other less perfect conductors are scattered in fragments.

Usually the more prominent objects as masts of ships, trees, and buildings are struck in the lightning's course from the cloud, but occasionally those lowest down, near trees, and even in cellars receive the shock. In these cases the current is probably from the earth, whose electric condition is negative with respect to the clouds that pass over it. In either case the opposite electricities that strongly attract each other, and whose concurrence produces the destructive discharge near the earth's surface are held apart by the stratum of air between them. When the attraction becomes too strong to be resisted by the insulating medium they rush together, in their fiery embrace, the flash and concussion being in proportion to the intensity of the charge.

Do lightning rods protect? Yes; but not perfectly. If

properly constructed, and of sufficient conducting capacity, they are a source of safety, and to discard them as useless is not wise.

The instances in which buildings provided with rods have been struck do not prove them useless; or, as some say, that the rods do harm by attracting the lightning that they are unable to conduct to the earth without injury to the building. The point does not attract, but only catches the electricity that sweeps over it. When violent shocks or explosions occur the rod may be of little service. Its office is to prevent these by silently conducting the excess of electricity from the air. The rod, rightly placed, conducts to the earth all it can, lessening the evil it does not entirely prevent. But all danger is not removed. The position of the opposite poles in the immense battery may be such as to give the stroke a horizontal direction, and far below the point of the rod; such currents have been known to pass long distances through atmosphere and smite with destructive violence objects lying in their path. Against these lateral attacks rods above our roofs are probably little or no protection. Still the more good conductors there are in any locality the less danger, as they prevent the accumulation of electricity.

POACHERS IN ENGLAND.

By JAMES TURVES.

It is somewhat surprising that none of our present-day novelists, like Charles Reade or Thomas Hardy, who are always on the outlook for romantic realism, whether it be in incident or in fact, have had their eyes directed to the rural poachers who abound in every shire. Poachers, though neither quite respectable members of the church nor of society, are more interesting characters than burglars or ticket-of-leave men, who figure frequently in the novelist's pages. And, very strange to say, it has been left to a lady to write the first accounts of poaching episodes, episodes remarkable for their masculine touches and their wonderful grip of open-air reality; Harriet Martineau, in her "Forest and Game Law Tales," astonishes us by her graphic realism and her delicacy of treatment; Charles Kingsley wrote one or two of his pathetic ballads on the subject of a poacher and his wife; Norman Macleod made a Highland poacher the subject of a character sketch; and in our own times Mr. Richard Jefferies, a writer who finds pleasure in minute description and vivid realism, has in his own style of exact word-painting given us a pleasant book about his own experiences as an amateur poacher. But the real poacher, the rural vagabond, the parish character, the ne'er-do-weel, whose life is a living protest against the game-laws, is of more lasting interest than any amateur can ever be.

Viewed from the serene vantage-ground of the philosophy of life, poaching is mean and ignoble, and demoralizing sport to you or me, and is not worth the powder and shot, while the fines and punishments are out of all proportion to the joys; yet there are not wanting apologists for it in this apologetic century. "Poaching! Man, there's no sin in catching a rabbit or snaring a hare. They belong to naebody. Bless you! it's a gentleman's trick, shooting." This is the opinion of any Northern lowland ploughman's wife, as she looks from her red-tiled cottage-door out upon the face of the corn-growing mother earth, which has given her sweet memories and a host of country neighbors and friends.

Sixty years ago peasants could use their guns without let or hindrance, and it was then a common thing for a farm-laborer to go out and have a shot when no sportsman was in the way. Taking an odd shot now and then was never, and is not even now, looked upon by them as poaching. But a noted poacher, nicknamed the Otter, tells me, with a sigh, "Poaching is not what it once was!" And it is true. Not so very long ago it was a very profitable occupation, and comparatively respect-

ble, before railways and telegraph wires and penny newspapers stereotyped metropolitan ideas into all and sundry. An old farmer is pointed out as having made all his money by systematic poaching, and an influential city official is said to have laid his early nest-egg by no other means than being a good shot where he had no invitation to be. To-day even rural society would look down upon a young farmer engaged in poaching. It is no longer sport to gentlemen, says the Otter, and is left to moral vagabonds, the waifs and strays, the parish loafers. The great strides of agriculture, the game-laws, and the artificial breeding of game have driven it into sneaking ways, and robbed it of its robust picturesque adventures. To excel in it a man must give up his nights and days to it—in short, he must become a specialist, and even then it hardly pays.

A genuine poacher has great force of character; he has a genius for field and woodcraft. He is the eldest survivor of rustic romance. His wild life is tinged with the love of adventure, the love of moon and stars, the knowledge of the seasons, the haunts and habits of game, and the power of trapping rabbits in dark woodland glades. No man knows more intimately the night-side of Nature between the chilly hours of midnight and sunrise. In this cold-blooded age there are always some Quixotic individuals, born in the outwardly sleepy villages and lifeless farmsteads, with the love of midnight adventure, who wage long warfare against the game-laws, and who only knuckle under to the law's severity when their health gives way or an enemy turns informer. "Rheumatics plays the mischief with poaching!" exclaims the Otter, referring to the long night-watches in wet ditches and beside hedges for hares on the lea fields. Irrespective of all thought of gain, there is an infatuation to eager spirits in this midnight sport. It appeals to strong, healthy, brave men. Charles Kingsley, in "The Bad Squire," with its strong sympathy and feeling, and its cry of "blood" on all the squire owned, from the foreign shrub to the game he sold, gives us the poacher's wife view, a view we are too apt to ignore or forget, with the weary eyes and heavy heart, that grow light only with weeping, and go wandering into the night. We forget too often that in the hearts of common folk there is the glamor of poetic romance about poaching, and a bitter hatred toward the game-laws. Like Rizpah's son, many a lad has had no other incentive than that "The farmer dared us to do it," and that he found it sweetened by the secret sympathy of the people. Too often, I fear, the game-laws dare a brave rustic into poaching: he has only this one way left to satisfy the insatiable British thirst for field sport. It is gravely whispered that some of the most striking men have tasted its romance; and if all stories be true, the master of the English drama owes to an unlucky deer-poaching incident the lucky turn in his career which sent him to London and to writing plays, and poachers may reasonably claim Shakspeare as their patron saint.

When the strong, sweet ale warms his heart, the poacher boasts of dreadful adventures in the night, of leaping broad mill-dams when chased, of giving fight in the dark, and discomfiting gamekeepers by clever tricks. He paints his exploits in such heroic glory, that the seat next the fire in the ale-house is given him by admiring and fearing rustics. Honesty he ascribes to practicedness in the world's ways, and he looks upon keeping out of jail as the greatest victory that man can achieve. He is the type of man that makes our best soldiers, or, as he phrases it, is paid to stop the gun-shots. He requires no almanac to tell him when the moon is to rise to-morrow, and he could give the gamekeepers lessons. He is to be envied for his quick feeling of life and his sympathy for field and forest sport, and that wild exuberance of spirits which he seems to catch with his hares. It is this rural vagabond—and not Mr. Commonplace Respectability—who rivets young folks' attention; his energy anywhere would achieve success; and he is free from that unpardonable fault, dulness. In the rustic drama of life he is the character that takes hold of us in our best im-

pulses—and is not that the best world of the ideal? He disdains to shoot starlings or black-birds; he is too much a sportsman to pay attention to such small game. He can put his hands to various ways of living; he can collect bird's eggs, shoot wild rock-pigeons for a farmers' club, gather blackberries, or, as they say in Scotland, "brambles," pull young ash-saplings in plantations, and sell them to grooms in the livery stables in town.—*The Contemporary Review*.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

"The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters."

This is the graphic opening of "The Talisman." The steel clad pilgrim was entering upon that great plain, once watered even as the Garden of the Lord, now an arid and sterile wilderness, sloping away to the Dead Sea, which hides beneath its sluggish waves the once proud cities of Sodom and Gomorrah;—a dark mass of water "Which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and sends no tribute to the ocean." It was a scene of desolation still testifying to the just wrath of the Almighty. As in the days of Moses, "The whole land was brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon." The first sentence of the chapter revealed the descriptive and artistic power of the novelist, for the desolation is made more desolate by the introduction of the solitary horseman, journeying slowly through the flitting sand, under the noontide splendor of the eastern sun.

Almost a century has passed since the triumph of the first crusade. The Latin Kingdom, founded by its leaders, had lasted only eighty-eight years. Jerusalem is again in the hands of the Saracens. The crescent gleams on the Mosque of St. Omar. The cross has been torn from her temples, her shrines profaned, and the worshipers of the Holy Sepulcher murdered or exiled. The second crusade had been a failure, and its history a series of disasters. Thousands perished in the long march across Asia Minor. Those who reached Palestine undertook the siege of Damascus, but the attempt was disastrous. In 1187 a powerful leader of the East appeared in the high-souled and chivalrous Saladin. By wise counsel he united the factions of the Mohammedans, which had been at variance for two hundred years; and on the arrival of the third crusade, with which event we are now dealing, he was enabled to present a solid front of warriors "like unto the sand of the desert in multitude."

The land, where "peace and good will to men" had been proclaimed by the voices of angels, and emphasized by the blessed words of the Son of God, was again converted into a vast tournament field for the armies of Europe and Asia: aye more, even in the mountain passes that guard the Holy City, the mission of the crusaders was sacrificed to petty insults and rivalries. Richard the Lion-hearted and King Philip of France were repeating the old story of Achilles and Agamemnon. The military orders of the Knights of the Temple and the Knights of St. John, which had grown up in Jerusalem, founded as fraternities devoted to works of mercy in behalf of poor pilgrims, had become powerful rivals of each other and the clergy; and by intrigue and dissension purposely fomented the discord. According to the historian Michaud, "On the one side were the French, the German, the Templars and the Genoese; on the other the English, the Pisans, and the Knights of St. John."

These are the historical circumstances with which Scott has to deal; and it is on a mission from such a council, made up of discordant factions, convened during the sickness of Richard, that we find the Knight of the Red Cross, or as he is afterward styled, Kenneth the Scot, bearing a message to the celebrated Hermit of Engaddi. His adventures by the way are as romantic as any recorded in the Knights of the Round-Table; for, as he directed his course toward a cluster of palm trees, he saw suddenly emerge therefrom a Saracen chief mounted on a fleet Arabian horse. As they drew near each other they prepared for battle, each after the manner of his own country. "On the desert," according to an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The heavy armor of the crusader and his powerful horse are more than an even match for the wily Saracen. The Scottish knight might have been likened in the conflict to a bold rock in the sea, and the swift assaults of the Eastern warrior to the waves dashing against it only to be broken into foam. After a long struggle, which was worthy of a larger audience, the Saracen calls a truce, and the Mohammedan and Christian, so lately in deadly conflict, make their way side by side, each respecting the other's courage, to the well under the clustered palms.

The student of history will find in the description of this hand-to-hand conflict an object-lesson of the garb and manners of the Eastern and Western races; and will learn more in the conversation that follows, as they partake of their scanty meal, of the sentiments and customs of the hostile races than can be gathered from the pages of any history with which I am acquainted: for Sir Walter had the marvelous faculty of absorbing history. He saw everything so vividly that he was able to reproduce it in living forms. As we read his description, we sit with them under the palms; we hear them now responding in courtesy, and again in sharp discussion, as allusion is made to their respective religions or modes of life; and, as they resume their journey, we feel grateful to the novelist for the beautiful figure which he puts in the mouth of the Scottish knight in answer to the Saracen's boast of harem-life as contrasted with a Christian household.

"That diamond signet," says the knight, "which thou wearest on thy finger, thou holdest it doubtless of inestimable value?" "Bagdad can not show the like," replied the Saracen; "But what avails it to our purpose?" "Much," replied the Frank, "as thou shalt thyself confess. Take my war-axe and dash the stone into twenty shivers; would each fragment be as valuable as the original gem, or would they, all collected, bear the tenth part of its estimation?"

"That is a child's question," answered the Saracen; "the fragments of a stone would not equal the entire jewel in the degree of hundreds to one."

"Saracen," replied the Christian warrior, "the love which a true knight binds on one only, fair and faithful, is the gem entire; the affection thou flingest among thy enslaved wives, and half-wedded slaves, is worthless, comparatively, as the sparkling shivers of the broken diamond."

We find both soldiers courteous in conversation, and their example teaches a good lesson to modern controversy; but the "courtesy of the Christian seemed to flow rather from a good natured sense of what was due to others; that of the Moslem, from a high feeling of what was to be expected from himself. The manners of the Eastern warrior were grave, graceful and decorous;" he might have been compared to "his sheeny and crescent-shaped saber, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen, Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was slung unbuckled on the same sod."

They pursue their march to the grotto of the Hermit of Engaddi; a man respected alike by Christian and Mohammedan; revered by the Latins for his austere devotion, and by the Arabs on account of his symptoms of insanity, which they ascribed to inspiration. The hermit, once a crusader, was the

man whom Kenneth was to meet. He delivers his message; but at night, while the Saracen slept, Kenneth is conducted to a subterraneous, but elegantly carved chapel, where he meets by chance with the noble sister of King Richard, who with Richard's newly wedded wife, had come hither to pray for the king's recovery. She drops a rose at the knight's feet confirming the approbation which her smiles had already expressed to him in camp, and the story of true love, not destined to run smoothly, is fairly commenced. But as with "Count Robert of Paris," "The Talisman" is not so much a romance as a picture of the strife and jealousy of haughty and rival leaders. Its value, as a historical novel, lies in the portrayal of these discordant elements.

We may read the best history of the crusades, page by page, line by line, only to forget the next month, or the next year, everything save the issue of the long struggle; but "The Talisman," by its wondrous reality, makes a lasting impression upon our minds. We see Richard tossing upon his couch, impatient of his fever and protracted delays. We see the Marquis of Montserrat, and the Grand Master of the Knights Templar walking together in close-whispered conspiracy. We see Leopold, the Grand Duke of Austria, lifting his own banner, with overweening pride, by the side of England's standard. We see Richard dashing aside the attendants of his sick bed, half-clad, rushing forth to avenge the insult, splintering the staff, and trampling upon the Austrian flag. We stand with Kenneth under the starlight, guarding alone the dignity of England's banner, but decoyed away in an unlucky hour by the ring of King Richard's sister, which had been obtained by artifice. We see the flag stolen in that fatal absence, and the noble knight condemned to death, to be saved only by miracle from the fierce wrath of Richard. He is given as a present to the Arabian physician whose art had restored the king to health. We see him again with Richard in the disguise of a Nubian slave. We see a strolling Saracen with poisoned dagger attempting the life of Richard, but saved by the faithful Kenneth. We find Richard considering in his mind the giving of his royal sister in marriage to Saladin; an affair which fortunately needed the lady's consent, who had in her veins too much of the proud Plantagenet blood to know the meaning of compulsion. We see the tournament which decided the treachery of Conrad, and the triumph of Kenneth, who turns out to be no other than the Earl of Huntingdon, heir of the Scottish throne. The comrade of Kenneth, and the physician who waited upon the king, chances to be the same person, and no less renowned a hero than the Emperor Saladin, who sends as a nuptial present to Kenneth and Edith Plantagenet the celebrated talisman by which he had wrought so many notable cures; which, according to Scott, is still in existence in the family of Sir Simon of Lee.

This tale of the crusaders is so complete that we need after closing the volume only a few lines of history to complete the record. The city of Ptolemais was captured after a three years' siege. More than one hundred skirmishes and nine great battles were fought under its walls. Both parties were animated by religious zeal. It is said that the King of Jerusalem marched to battle with the books of the Evangelists borne before him; and that Saladin often paused upon the field of battle to recite a prayer, or read a chapter from the Koran. Philip finally returns to France. Richard remains in command of one hundred thousand soldiers. He conquers the Saracens in battle, repairs the fortifications of Jaffa and Ascalon, but in the intoxication of pleasure forgets the conquest of Jerusalem. His victories were fruitless. He obtained from Saladin merely a truce of three years and eight months, "which insured to pilgrims the right of entering Jerusalem untaxed," and, without fulfilling his promise of striking his lance against the gates of the Holy City, sets off on his homeward journey, to be taken captive and held a prisoner in a Tyrolese castle. In brief the history of the Third Crusade is that of a house divided against itself.

As "The Betrothed" brought us back from Constantinople and

Palestine to Merrie England, so "Ivanhoe" transports the reader, and some of the prominent actors of the drama, from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean to the pleasant district of the West Riding of Yorkshire, watered by the river Don, "where flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song."

The prominent historical features which Scott illustrates in the romantic story of "Ivanhoe" are the domestic and civil relations existing between the Saxon and the Norman about the year 1196, when the return of Richard the First from Palestine and captivity was an event rather hoped for than expected; and an event *not* hoped for by King John and his followers.

The Saxon spirit had been well nigh subdued by the strict and unjust laws imposed by the Norman kings. For one hundred and thirty years Norman-French had been the language of the court, the language of law, of chivalry and justice. The laws of the chase and the curfew,—and many others unknown to the Saxon constitution,—had been placed upon the necks of the inhabitants of the soil. With few exceptions the race of Saxon princes had been extirpated; and it was not until the reign of Edward III. that England became thoroughly united as one people. The English language at the close of the twelfth century was not yet born. The Saxon mother and Norman father were not yet wedded; the two languages were gradually getting acquainted with each other; or, as Scott has logically expressed it, "the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished has been so happily blended together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe." In the first chapter—and it is always well to read carefully the first chapter of Scott—we are introduced to a swine-herd, born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood, one of the few powerful Saxon families existing in England at the time of our story. He is attended by a domestic clown, or iester, maintained at that time in the houses of the wealthy. With an art and unity like Shakspeare, Scott emphasizes at the very outset the chief historic feature of his story, by putting the following conversation in the mouths of these Saxon menials:

"How call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba, the jester.

"Swine," said the herd.

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester; "but how call you it when quartered?"

"Pork," answered the cow-herd.

"And pork," said Wamba, "is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called *pork*, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles. Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone, "there is Alderman Ox, who continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes *beef*, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de *Veau* in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

The third chapter brings together a strange gathering under the roof of the hospitable Cedric: Brian de Bois Gilbert, a haughty Templar; Prior Aymer, of free and jovial character; a poor Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land, and a Jew known as Isaac of York; all journeying on their way to a tournament to be held a few miles distant at Ashby de la Zouche. Lady Rowena, descended from the noble line of Alfred, graced the table with her presence, a ward destined by Cedric, but not by

fate, to be the wife of Athelstane,—a Saxon descended from Edward the Confessor: in the furtherance of which idea his only son had been exiled, when it became known that he aspired to the hand of the Saxon beauty.

At the tournament the remaining characters of the drama are introduced: King John, with his retinue; Richard the Lion-Hearted, under the disguise of the "Black Knight;" Rebecca, the Jewess; the proud baron Front de Bœuf; Robin Hood, the brave outlaw, under the name of Loxley; and Ivanhoe, the poor pilgrim, who wins the prize at the tournament and crowns Rowena Queen of Beauty. At the close of the second day's tournament, in which Ivanhoe is again successful, a letter is handed to King John with the brief sentence, "Take heed to yourself, for the devil is unchained." It was like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, and proclaimed the end of his kingdom.

Cedric, Rowena, Isaac, Rebecca, Athelstane and Ivanhoe depart their several ways from the tournament, but are captured and taken to Front de Bœuf's castle. Cedric escapes in the guise of a monk. The castle is stormed, and now occurs one of the most dramatic pictures in the pages of romantic literature, destined to reveal to all time the undying hate between the Saxon and the Norman. A Saxon woman, by name Ulrica, had lived for years in Front de Bœuf's castle. She had seen her father and seven brothers killed in defending their home, but she "remained to administer ignominiously to the murderers of her family. She used the seductions of her beauty to arm the son against the father; she heated drunken revelry into murderous broil, and stained with a parricide the banqueting hall of the conquerors." She had sold body and soul to obtain revenge for Norman cruelties; and now, grown old in servitude, incensed by the contempt of her masters, she determines upon a deed, which will make the ears of men tingle while the name of Saxon is remembered. She fires the castle and appears on a turret in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song. "Her long, dishevelled grey hair flows back from her uncovered head; the inebriated delight of gratified vengeance contends in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandishes the distaff which she holds in her hand, as if she were one of the fatal sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gives way, and she perishes in the flames which consume her tyrant."

There is another historic feature of the times emphasized in this romance: the oppression of the Jews in England during these cruel and adventurous times. The character of the race is vividly portrayed in Isaac of York, in which masterly delineation Scott seems truer to nature than Shakspeare in the character of Shylock. Rebecca, his noble and beautiful daughter, is the type of all that is pure and womanly. Her words have the eloquence of the poets and prophets of old: "Know proud knight," she says, "we number names amongst us to which your boasted Northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names that ascend far back to those high times when the Divine Presence shook the mercy seat between the cherubim, and which derive their splendor from no earthly prince, but from the awful Voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the vision; such were the princes of the house of Jacob; now such no more. They are trampled down like the shorn grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways; yet there are those among them who shame not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac, the son of Adonikam. Farewell! I envy not thy blood-won honors; I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens; I envy not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice."

The description of Friar Tuck entertaining King Richard in disguise is in Scott's happiest vein; and Robin Hood, with his bold outlaws, shares the honors gracefully with knights and nobles. But it is alike unnecessary and unprofitable to attempt

a condensation of "Ivanhoe." No outline can convey the beauty of a finished picture. It is not to be taken at second hand. It is only for us to indicate its relation to history; and it will suffice to say that King Richard was gladly welcomed by the English people, and that Ivanhoe was wedded to the beautiful Rowena.

But, do I hear the reader ask, what becomes of the fair Jewess? Scott has answered the question so beautifully in his preface that I borrow his own words—a passage to my mind unsurpassed in English prose: "The character of the fair Jewess found so much favor in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, 'Verily, virtue has had its reward.' But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial and the sacrifice of passion to principle are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense in the form of that peace which the world can not give or take away."

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FRIBOURG.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

After thoroughly "doing" Berne in most approved guide-book fashion; feeding the bears—hot, dusty looking creatures; standing in the middle of the street, heads thrown back at the risk of dislocating our necks to watch the celebrated clock strike, we stand one evening on the hotel terrace and take our farewell look at the Bernese Alps. Sharply defined against a sunset-flushed sky, as if cut from alabaster, glittering fair and white like the pinnacles and domes of a city celestial, rise the Mönch, Eiger, Wetterhorn, and, serene and august in her icy virgin beauty, the Jungfrau.

"Too soon the light began to fade,
Tho' lingering soft and tender;
And the snow giants sank again
Into their calm dead splendor."

Leaving Berne, we take our way to Fribourg, to see its wonderful gorges and skeleton bridges, and hear its more wonderful organ. On our arrival at this quaint old Romanesque town, we are driven to the most delightful little hotel, hanging on the very edge of the great ravine, upon the sides of which the town is built. Through the more closely-built region of the town runs the old stone wall with its high watch-towers. Spanning the great gulf are the bridges—mere phantoms of bridges they seem from our windows. A dreary, drizzling rain sets in soon after we arrive, and some American lads across the court-yard from time to time send forth in their sweet untrained voices the refrain of that mournful ballad, the "Soldier's Farewell,"

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love."

A prevalent tone of *heimweh* is in the air; eyes are filling,

and memory is stretching longing hands over the ocean, when fortunately comes the summons to *table d'hôte*. At our plates we find programs in very bad English of a concert to be given this evening upon the great organ in the cathedral. Thither we go at dusk, pausing a moment to look at the grotesque carving of the last judgment over the great door. Thereon the good, with most satisfied faces, are being admitted to heaven by St. Peter, a stout old gentleman in a short gown, jingling a bunch of keys; while the wicked are being carried in Swiss baskets to a great cauldron over a blazing fire, therein to be deposited, and to be stirred up by devils armed with pitchforks for that purpose. We enter. Without, the ceaseless drip of the rain; within, gloom, darkness—save for the never-ceasing light before the altar, decay. The air is chill and damp. Around us stretch dark, shadowed aisles. Tombs of those long dust are on every hand. The air seems peopled with ghosts. We are seated, and patiently wait for life to be breathed into that mighty monster looming up in the darkness, above our heads. Suddenly, with a crash that shakes the building, the organ speaks. Silenced, overwhelmed, we listen, possessing our souls in patience for the "Pastorale," representing a thunder storm among the Alps, which is to close the evening's entertainment. We have but recently come from the everlasting hills, and our souls are still under their magic enchantment. At last the moment comes. A pause, and there steals upon the ear a light, sweet refrain. It is spring, the old, ideal spring; the trees are budding; flowers are smiling from the meadows; we feel warm south winds blowing; afar in the woods we hear the sylvan pipe of the shepherd and the songs of birds. A peace is upon everything. Nature is calm, happy, and full of promise of glad fruition. To this succeeds a languid, dreary strain—it is a drowsy summer afternoon. A delicious languor pervades the air; we hear the trees whispering to each other of their perfect foliage; we hear the laughing waters leaping and calling to each other through their rocky passes; the flocks are asleep in the shade; the shadows are stealing and playing over the sides of the mountains, and the whole world swims in a misty, golden haze. Now listen closely. Do not we catch the mutter of distant thunder? And again, do not we hear that clear, bell-like bird-call for rain? The distant muttering grows louder, a stronger breeze sways the trees; still we hear distinctly that bird-call. Now louder rolls the thunder, the wind has arisen, the trees are bending to meet it, and in rage are tossing their boughs to the overcast sky; and ah! here comes the rain. Patter, patter, at first, now fast and faster, and now with a mad rush down it comes in one tremendous, outpouring sheet, and now with a terrific rumble and crash,

"From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder:
Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps who call on her aloud."

The wind shrieks and howls, and yet above all this tumult and roar of the elements, clearly and unmistakably rings that sweet flute-like bird-call. The storm rages, spends its fury, and dies away, and from a neighboring cloister come the voices of an unseen choir, raising a "Te Deum" to him who holds the storms in his hands. Silently we rise and go, a great peace upon us, for divine notes from the soul of the organ have entered into ours.

It is not the nature of man to be always moving forward; it has its comings and goings. Fever has its cold and hot fits, and the gold shiver proves the height of the fever quite as much as the hot fit. The inventions of man from age to age proceed much in the same way. The good nature and the malice of the world in general have the same ebbs and flows. "Change of living is generally agreeable to the rich."—*Pascal*.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

II.—THE STATESMAN IN A STATE OF NATURE.

David Crockett was born in the wilds of Tennessee, August 17, 1786. He toughened rapidly, like a bear's cub, but he showed in addition to the usual woodsman's instincts the unusual qualities of great tenderness of feeling and generosity, with a remarkable gift of wit and love of fun. The incredible stories of his hardships at the age of twelve and thereafter we have not room to recount. In the best sense he was a tough boy. The closing scene of his home life—if a hut presided over by a drunken father, and a mother who left no impression on the boy's character that showed itself in after years can be by any courtesy called a home—was a dissolving view of a ragged, bare-footed urchin of fourteen chased through the brush by a father with a large goad and a large load of liquor. Thus David Crockett set out upon the world for himself.

With Crockett's story as a bear-hunter, nomadic woodsman, soldier and Indian-fighter, exciting and marvelous as are these incidents of the first thirty years of his life, we shall not much concern ourselves. But I do wonder that his life-like, quaint narrative of these has not become standard juvenile literature, along with Robinson Crusoe and Mayne Reid's stories of adventure. Through all these exciting though isolated years, the young woodsman picked up a good deal of practical knowledge, not one scrap of which he ever forgot; and withal was developing a strange quality of unpretentious self-esteem. "The idea seemed never to have entered his mind that there was any one superior to David Crockett, or any one so humble that Crockett was entitled to look down upon him with condescension. He was a genuine democrat, and all were in his view equal. And this was not the result of thought, of any political or moral principle. It was a part of his nature, like his stature or complexion. This is one of the rarest qualities to be found in any man."*

He also was developing oratorical powers. He acquired unbounded popularity at musters and frolics, in camp and in the chase by his fun-making qualities, his homely, kindly, keen wit. His retentive memory was an inexhaustible store-house of anecdote, and he always had an apt illustration for any point he wanted to make. He began to taste the sweet consciousness of power over his fellows, and to easily fall into the position of leadership, for which nature designed him.

His first official position came to him at about the age of thirty. There were a good many outlaws in the region where he at that time had his cabin and claim, and society began to cohere for self-protection. The settlers convened and appointed Crockett and others to be justices of the peace, and a corps of stalwart young men to be constables. These justices were really provost-marshal in power. There were no statute laws nor courts; but there was authority enough, and Crockett says everybody made laws according to his own notions of right. For shooting and appropriating a hog running at large, for instance, the sentence was to strip the thief, tie him to a tree and give him a flogging, burn down his cabin and drive him out of the country. Soon after, the new territory was organized into counties and Crockett was regularly commissioned a justice by the legislature. His account of his administration is interesting:

"I was made a squire according to law; though now the honor rested on me more heavily than before. For, at first, whenever I told my constable, says I, 'catch that fellow and bring him up for trial!' away he went, and the fellow must come, dead or alive. For we considered this a good warrant, though it was only in verbal writings. But after I was appointed by the Assembly, they told me my warrants must be in real

writing and signed; and that I must keep a book and write my proceedings in it. This was a hard business on me, for I could just barely write my own name. But to do this, and write the warrants too, was at least a huckleberry over my persimmon. I had a pretty well informed constable however, and I told him when he should happen to be out anywhere and see that a warrant was necessary and would have a good effect, he needn't take the trouble to come all the way to me to get one, but he could just fill one out, and then on the trial I could correct the whole business if he had committed any error. In this way I got on pretty well, till by care and attention I improved my handwriting in such a manner as to be able to prepare my warrants and keep my record-books without much difficulty. My judgments were never appealed from: and if they had been they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural born sense, and not on law learning, to guide me; for I had never read a page in a law-book in all my life."

Crockett made his first stump speech when he was about thirty-four years old. A militia regiment was to be organized, and a Captain Mathews, after promising Crockett the majority of the regiment if he would support him for its colonel, turned against Crockett in favor of his own son. At a great muster prepared by Mathews, he made a stump speech in his own and his son's favor. Crockett, entirely unabashed, mounted the stump as soon as Mathews finished, and on the captain's own grounds proceeded to expose his duplicity and argue the total unfitness of both him and his son for the command. The speech was fluent, witty, full of anecdote, and carried the rude audience by storm. It effectually beat both father and son. The fame of this maiden effort traveled ~~fast~~ in a community where oratory was the great, if not the ~~only engine of~~ popular control, and the result was that a committee soon waited on Crockett and asked him to stand for the legislature ~~then about to be elected~~ (1821). Some of his first electioneering adventures illustrate the frankness and tact so ~~queerly combined in~~ him, and also show how he got his education in politics. Hickman county wanted to change its county seat. He says: "Here they told me that they wanted to move their town nearer to the center of the county, and I must come out in favor of it. I did not know what this meant, or how the town was to be moved, and so I kept dark, going on the same identical plan that I now find is called *non-committal*."

On one occasion the candidates for governor of the State, Congress, and several for legislature, some of them able stump-speakers, were announced. As he listened, a sense of inferiority for the first time, probably, penetrated him; he drank in all they said, and remembered it. He says:

"The thought of having to make a speech made my knees feel mighty weak, and set my heart to fluttering almost as bad as my first love scrape with the Quaker's niece. But as luck would have it, these big candidates spoke nearly all day, and when they quit the people were worn out with fatigue, which afforded me a good apology for not discussing the government. But I listened mighty close to them, and was learning pretty fast about political matters. When they were all done I got up and told some laughable story and quit."

He was elected, and in the legislature proved a good storyteller, a formidable antagonist in repartee, and above all a good listener. He says the first thing that he took pains to learn was the meaning of the words "judiciary" and "government," as up to that time he had "never heard that there was any such thing in all nature as a judiciary." The halls of the Tennessee legislature were again brightened in 1823-24 by the wit and good sense of "the gentleman from the cane" as an opponent derisively dubbed him, very much to his subsequent regret.

Crockett was now so well known that he was put forward for Congress. His rapid advancement staggered even his self-sufficiency, and he objected, saying he "knew nothing about Congress matters." Fortunately, perhaps, he was given time to learn more, for he was beaten at the polls this time. It was

claimed by his supporters the result was obtained by fraud, and as the adverse majority was small, he was urged to contest the election; but he declined, saying he did not care enough for office to take it unless the clearly expressed will of the people called him thereto. From hunting for men he turned with zest to hunting for bears; his endurance, hardihood and success, and the never-failing benevolence with which he divided the fruits of the hunt with poor settlers, or lent a helping hand in many other ways, made him more political capital than the best stump speeches could have done. He killed one hundred and five bears one season. Two years later (1827) he ran for Congress again and was triumphantly elected over two strong opponents. Thus the bear-hunting, Indian-fighting "gentleman from the cane," barely able to write his name, so poor that he had to borrow money to pay his traveling expenses to Washington, became a law-maker of a great nation by sheer force of native talent and goodness of heart.

His fame preceded him to Washington. His prowess in arms, his dexterity in politics, and his quaint wit had been in the papers; all his sayings had been, as is the style of American journalism, exaggerated and embellished and distorted, until the general impression of him was that of a coarse, outlandish, swaggering yahoo. His appearance in Washington dispersed these illusions thence, but the misrepresentations did not cease in the prints. As in the case of Lincoln, every profane and vulgar thing that cheap wit could invent was attributed to Crockett, and received as his. Many of these false impressions survive to this day; it is therefore proper here to give a picture of the man as he was seen at home. It is thus reported by an intelligent gentleman who visited his cabin just after his election. The visitor penetrated to Crockett's cabin eight miles through unbroken wilderness by a path blazed on the trees. He says:

Two men were seated on stools at the door, both in their shirt-sleeves, engaged in cleaning their rifles. As the stranger rode up, one of the men came forward to meet him. He was dressed in very plain homespun attire, with a black fur cap upon his head. He was a finely proportioned man, about six feet high, apparently forty-five years of age, and of very frank, pleasing, open countenance. He held his rifle in his hand, and from his right shoulder hung a bag made of raccoon-skin, to which there was a sheath attached containing a large butcher-knife.

"This is Colonel Crockett's residence, I presume," said the stranger.

"Yes," was the reply, with a smile as of welcome.

"Have I the pleasure of seeing that gentleman before me?" the stranger added.

"If it be a pleasure," was the courteous reply, "you have, sir."

"Well, Colonel," responded the stranger, "I have ridden much out of my way to spend a day or two with you, and take a hunt."

"Get down, sir," said the Colonel, cordially. "I am delighted to see you. I like to see strangers. And the only care I have is that I can not accommodate them as well as I could wish. I have no corn, but my little boy will take your horse over to my son-in-law's. He is a good fellow, and will take care of him."

Leading the stranger into his cabin, Crockett very courteously introduced him to his brother, his wife, and his daughters. He then added:

"You see we are mighty rough here. I am afraid you will think it hard times. But we have to do the best we can. I started mighty poor, and have been rooting 'long ever since. But I hate apologies. What I live upon always, I think a friend can for a day or two. I have but little, but that little is as free as the water that runs. So make yourself at home."

He seemed to have a great horror of binding himself to any man or party. "I will pledge myself to no administration," he said. "When the will of my constituents is known, that will be my law; when it is unknown my own judgment shall be my guide." So clear and lofty an idea had this unlearned man formed of the duties of a representative! Well for the country if as high a standard of political duty even now prevailed among the best and wisest legislators!

Nothing is recorded of his first term in Congress except that he "brought down the house" every time he spoke, and once so discomfited a colleague that a duel was talked of; upon which Crockett gave out that if any one challenged him he should select as their weapons *bows and arrows*.

He was re-elected in 1829. This was the Jackson tidal wave—the inauguration of that craze of hero-worship and spoils-grabbing which entailed its curse upon our politics, even to this day. During this term came the turning point in Crockett's career and a triumphant test of the strength of his character. At first he supported Jackson's administration and acted with the party. But when that "constitutional democrat" blossomed out into an unconstitutional autocrat, one man of his party was found manly enough to act upon his own convictions. One of these unconstitutional measures was an act to vote half a million of dollars for disbursements made without color of law, and Crockett opposed it. The result is best told in his own words:

"Soon after the commencement of this second term, I saw, or thought I did, that it was expected of me that I would bow to the name of Andrew Jackson, and follow him in all his motions, and mindings, and turnings, even at the expense of my conscience and judgment. Such a thing was new to me, and a total stranger to my principles. I know'd well enough, though, that if I didn't 'hurrah' for his name, the hue and cry was to be raised against me, and I was to be sacrificed, if possible. His famous, or rather I should say his *infamous* Indian bill was brought forward, and I opposed it from the purest motives in the world. Several of my colleagues got around me, and told me how well they loved me, and that I was ruining myself. They said this was a favorite measure of the President, and I ought to go for it. I told them I believed it was a wicked, unjust measure, and that I should go against it, let the cost to myself be what it might; that I was willing to go with General Jackson in everything I believed was honest and right; but, further than this, I wouldn't go for him or any other man in the whole creation.

"I had been elected by a majority of three thousand five hundred and eighty-five votes, and I believed they were honest men, and wouldn't want me to vote for any unjust notion, to please Jackson or any one else; at any rate, I was of age, and determined to trust them. I voted against this Indian bill, and my conscience yet tells me that I gave a good, honest vote, and one that I believe will not make me ashamed in the day of judgment. I served out my term, and though many amusing things happened, I am not disposed to swell my narrative by inserting them.

"When it closed, and I returned home, I found the storm had raised against me sure enough; and it was echoed from side to side, and from end to end of my district, that I had turned against Jackson. This was considered the unpardonable sin. I was hunted down like a wild varment, and in this hunt every little newspaper in the district, and every little pin-hook lawyer was engaged. Indeed, they were ready to print anything and everything that the ingenuity of man could invent against me."

It proved as he had anticipated; he failed of re-election, but only by a majority of seventy votes. Two years of bear-hunting followed, during which Crockett thirsted for the nobler pursuit of ambition of which he had had a taste. Some of his predictions as to Jackson's course had been verified, and many things conspired to open his constituents' eyes to the high character of their representative's course. In the canvass of 1833 he was elected the third time, winning one of the most remarkable political triumphs ever known in this country. He had against him all the education, talent and wealth of his district; the administration made it a test vote, and all that promises of reward, threats of punishment, political and social, unlimited money, the influence of the national banks, and every appliance that the most tyrannical disposition ever dominant in our affairs could bring to bear were used. Men of genius, eloquence, influence and fortune rode the district; whiskey was free as water. The entire press opposed Crockett with the ingenuity and abandon which only "patronage" can inspire. More than all this the common people of the district, with whom lay Crockett's influence, if he had any, wor-

shipped "Old Hickory," under whom many of them had fought. Against these odds the impoverished, uneducated hunter, with no aid but his natural gifts and a clean record, canvassed the district of seventeen counties and 100,000 inhabitants and won. This remarkable victory in Jackson's own State, when his popularity was at its height, gave Crockett a new and better title to respect than any he had before presented; and it increased the mystery hanging about this strange, uncultured genius. The world abandoned its preconceived notions of the back-woodsman when it saw his power; but it was at loss to conceive a true idea of him.

During this session of Congress (1833-34) Crockett wrote his autobiography. As might be expected, it is a very unique work. Its style is simple and vigorous; the language is Shaksperian in its monosyllables and short sentences, but the *ensemble* is graphic, and as the events narrated are of the most extraordinary kind, it makes very exciting reading. On the title page appears his famous motto:

"I leave these words for others when I'm dead;
Be always sure you're right, then GO AHEAD!"

Crockett submitted the manuscript of this work to a critic for revision; but he declared afterward that the reviser had not improved the work—probably because he toned down its vigorous language. Such expressions as "my son and me went," occur, and spelling like this: "haw," "tuff," "scaffled," "clomb" (for climbed); "flower" (for flour). But he positively objected to some of the orthographical corrections, as he said "such spelling was contrary to nature." He brought the narrative of his life up to the date, and concluded it as follows:

"I am now here in Congress, this 28th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1834; and, what is more agreeable to my feelings, as a free man. I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to be right, without the yoke of any party on me or the driver at my heels with the whip in hand commanding me to 'gee-wo-haw!' just at his pleasure. Look at my arms: you will find no party handcuffs on them! Look at my neck: you will not find there any collar with the engraving,

MY DOG.—ANDREW JACKSON.

But you will find me standing up to my rack as the people's faithful representative, and the public's most obedient, very humble servant,

"DAVID CROCKETT."

What would not senators and representatives of to-day give for the same independence? What health and manliness it would impart to public life, if every legislator were thus free of handcuffs and collars!

In the spring of 1834, Crockett made his famous "starring tour" through the East. From Philadelphia to Portland, and back to Washington, it was a continuous ovation. Crockett and the populace were mutually astonished; he at his receptions, and they at the actions, appearance, and utterances of the man who had been represented to them by his political opponents as a buffoon and semi-savage. He was more than all impressed with the developments of wealth and enterprise in the North; he frankly confessed the prejudices he had formed against the Yankees, and praised their thrift and principles. He spoke well and appropriately on each occasion, though—strange change in him!—with evident confusion at the lionizing. He wrote of the ovation he received on landing in Philadelphia:

"It struck me strangely to hear a strange people huzzaing for me; it took me so uncommon unexpected, as I had no idea of attracting attention. The folks came crowding around me, saying, 'Give me the hand of an honest man.' I thought I had rather be in the wilderness with my gun and dogs, than to be attracting all that fuss."

In a happy little speech here, from the hotel balcony, he said:

"I am almost induced to believe this flattery—perhaps a burlesque. This is new to me, yet I see nothing but friendship in your faces."

At a grand banquet in New York City, Crockett having been toasted as "The undeviating supporter of the constitution and

the laws," made this neat and characteristic hit, as he reports it:

"I made a short speech, and concluded with the story of the red cow, which was, that as long as General Jackson went straight, I followed him; but when he began to go this way, and that way, and every way, I would n't go after him; like the boy whose master ordered him to plough across the field to the red cow. Well, he began to plough, and she began to walk; and he ploughed all forenoon after her. So when the master came, he swore at him for going so crooked. 'Why, sir,' said the boy, 'you told me to plough to the red cow, and I kept after her, but she always kept moving.'"

Most enthusiastic of all was his reception in Boston, where President Jackson's policy was most unpopular. It was even proposed to confer on Crockett the degree of LL.D., an honor that had been awarded to Jackson: but, unlike Jackson, Crockett had the wit to decline an honor which neither of the two deserved.

The more he saw and heard the more humble he became. When called up for an after-dinner speech in Boston he burst out in his honest way—"I never had but six months' schooling in all my life, and I confess I consider myself a *poor tyke* to be here addressing the most intelligent people in the world." If he had not culture, he had what was far more rare in that age of truckling to one-man power—*manhood*. It seemed as if unlettered David Crockett was the only man in public life to stand up straight, and people acknowledged the power of true character. The culture and wealth of the East bowed to unspoiled manhood; it was a revelation fresh from Nature's hand.

A few extracts from one of his more sustained and dignified efforts will illustrate the development Crockett had attained by simple observation. After praising New England he said:

"I don't mean that because I eat your bread and drink your liquor, that I feel so. No; that don't make me see clearer than I did. It is your habits, and manners, and customs; your industry; your proud, independent spirits; your hanging on to the eternal principles of right and wrong; your liberality in prosperity, and your patience when you are ground down by legislation, which, instead of crushing you, whets your invention to strike a path without a blaze on a tree to guide you; and above all, your never-dying, deathless grip to our glorious Constitution. These are the things that make me think you are a mighty good people.

"I voted for Andrew Jackson because I believed he possessed certain principles, and not because his name was Andrew Jackson, or the 'Hero,' or 'Old Hickory.' And when he left those principles which induced me to support him, I considered myself justified in opposing him. This thing of man-worship I am a stranger to; I don't like it; it taints every action of life.

"I know nothing, by experience, of party discipline. I would rather be a raccoon-dog, and belong to a Negro in the forest, than to belong to any party, further than to do justice to all, and to promote the interests of my country. The time will and must come, when honesty will receive its reward, and when the people of this nation will be brought to a sense of their duty, and will pause and reflect how much it cost us to redeem ourselves from the government of one man. It cost the lives and fortunes of thousands of the best patriots that ever lived. Yes, gentlemen, hundreds of them fell in sight of your own city.

"Gentlemen, if it is for opposing those high-handed measures that you compliment me, I say I have done so, and will do so, now and forever. I will be no man's man, and no party's man, other than to be the people's faithful representative: and I am delighted to see the noble spirit of liberty retained so boldly here, where the first spark was kindled; and I hope to see it shine and spread over our whole country."

He took his seat in Congress, a central object in the political field. His position was anomalous. Party ties were closely drawn, and party rancor bitter as it can be only when nothing but plunder is at stake between parties. The Democrats could not claim Crockett so long as he antagonized their god, Jackson; and the alliance of the Whigs he most distinctly repudiated. He was an independent, an "unattached statesman;" the prototype of an element which has now become formid-

able in our politics, but a character for whom there was no place in those times. He was, like all eccentrics, ahead or apart from his age, and was at first feared, then shunned, and then called crazy by the great body of public men, whose standard of sanity was to sacrifice manhood to party, to betray the Republic for spoils.

It was during this Congress that he created a sensation by antagonizing benevolence of representatives at government expense. A bill had been reported and was about to pass, appropriating a gratuity to a naval officer's widow. Crockett made an unanswerable argument on the unconstitutionality of this and other such appropriations, and closed by offering, with other friends of the widow, to give her a week of his salary as congressman. Not a member dared to answer or to vote for the bill, and not one followed Crockett's example of charity at his own expense.

But the independent, honest eccentric had reached the end of his public career. In the next congressional election he was beaten by tricks such as would not be tolerated at this time. One of these devices was to announce fictitiously a large number of public meetings in Crockett's name on the same day. When he failed to appear, as announced, speakers of the Jackson party, who would always arrange to be present, denounced Crockett as afraid to face his constituents upon his "treacherous and corrupt record in Congress." The defeat was a surprise to him; more, it almost broke his heart. He wrote, manfully, but pathetically, "I have suffered myself to be politically sacrificed to save my country from ruin and disgrace." I may add, like the man in the play, "Crockett's occupation 's gone."

Shortly after he made a farewell address to his constituents, into which he compressed a good deal of plain speaking, or as he says, "I put the ingredients in the cup pretty strong, I tell you: and I concluded by telling them that I was done with politics for the present, and that they might all go to hell and I would go to Texas."

"When I returned home," he adds, "I felt sort of cast down at the change that had taken place in my fortunes; sorrow, it is said, will make even an oyster feel poetical. Such was my state of feeling that I began to fancy myself inspired; so I took my pen in hand, and as usual, I went ahead." This is

CROCKETT'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

"Farewell to the mountains whose mazes to me
Were more beautiful far than Eden could be;
No fruit was forbidden, but Nature had spread
Her bountiful board, and her children were fed.
The hills were our garners—our herds wildly grew
And Nature was shepherd and husbandman too.
I felt like a monarch, yet thought like a man,
As I thanked the Great Giver, and worshiped his plan.

"The home I forsake where my offspring arose;
The graves I forsake where my children repose.
The home I redeemed from the savage and wild;
The home I have loved as a father his child;
The corn that I planted, the fields that I cleared,
The flocks that I raised, and the cabin I reared;
The wife of my bosom—Farewell to ye all!
In the land of the stranger I rise or I fall.

"Farewell to my country! I fought for thee well,
When the savage rushed forth like the demons from hell.
In peace or in war I have stood by thy side—
My country, for thee I have lived, would have died!
But I am cast off, my career now is run,
And I wander abroad like the prodigal son—
Where the wild savage roves, and the broad prairies spread,
The fallen—despised—will again go ahead."

We can not follow our hero—for he was a moral hero—in his adventures while going across the country to Texas. Only one

incident have we room for. On the way he rode apace with a circuit preacher, a man not less a hardy adventurer than himself. He narrates this:

"We talked about politics, religion, and nature, farming, and bear-hunting, and the many blessings that an all-bountiful Providence had bestowed upon our happy country. He continued to talk on this subject, traveling over the whole ground, as it were, until his imagination glowed, and his soul became full to overflowing; and he checked his horse, and I stopped mine also, and a stream of eloquence burst forth from his aged lips, such as I have seldom listened to: it came from the overflowing fountain of a pure and grateful heart. We were alone in the wilderness, but as he proceeded, it seemed to me as if the tall trees bent their tops to listen; that the mountain stream laughed out joyfully as it bounded on like some living thing; that the fading flowers of autumn smiled, and sent forth their fresher fragrance, as if conscious that they would revive in spring; and even the sterile rocks seemed to be endued with some mysterious influence. We were alone in the wilderness, but all things told me that God was there. The thought renewed my strength and courage. I had left my country, felt somewhat like an outcast, believed that I had been neglected and lost sight of. But I was now conscious that there was one watchful eye over me; no matter whether I dwelt in the populous cities, or threaded the pathless forests alone; no matter whether I stood in the high places among men, or made my solitary lair in the untrodden wild, that eye was still upon me. My very soul leaped joyfully at the thought. I never felt so grateful in all my life. I never loved my God so sincerely in all my life. I felt that I still had a friend.

"When the old man finished, I found that my eyes were wet with tears. I approached and pressed his hand, and thanked him, and says I, 'Now let us take a drink.' I set him the example, and he followed it, and in a style too that satisfied me, that if he had ever belonged to the temperance society, he had either renounced membership, or obtained a dispensation."

Crockett reached Texas just in time to take part with the American filibusters in the famous defense of the fortress of the Alamo, against Santa Anna's army. On the 6th of March, 1836, the citadel was carried by the Mexicans by assault, only six of the little garrison surviving, of whom Crockett was one. When captured he stood at bay in an angle of the fort, his shattered rifle in one hand and a bloody bowie-knife in the other; twenty Mexicans, dead or dying, were at his feet. His face was covered with blood flowing from a deep gash across his forehead. Santa Anna ordered the prisoners to be put to the sword. Crockett, hearing the order, though entirely unarmed, sprang like a tiger at the throat of the Mexican general, but a dozen swords interrupted him and cut off his life.

Thus in its prime was thrown away a life that in many respects was one of the most extraordinary in our annals. If he had enjoyed early advantages, he would have been one of the greatest of Americans. Nay, it is possible that if he had not been so deeply wounded by ingratitude, treachery and defeat, and had remained at home, he, instead of General Harrison, would have been the one to lead the popular revolution, when came the reaction from the unlicensed *regime* of Jackson and Van Buren.

David Crockett's courage, independence, honesty, goodness of heart, made him shine "like a good deed in a naughty world." He ought not to be forgotten by his countrymen, for a noble illustration of the capabilities that may be found among the common people, and of the career possible to even the lowliest-born American citizen.

WHEN a man is called feeble, what is meant by the expression? Feebleness denotes a relative state; a relative state of the being to whom it is applied. He whose strength exceeds his necessities, though an insect, a worm, is a strong being; he whose necessities exceed his strength, though an elephant, a lion, a conqueror, a hero, though a god, is a feeble being. *Rousseau.*

ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette is from the French word for ticket, and its present use in English suggests the old custom of distributing tickets or cards on which the ceremonies to be observed at any formal proceedings are fully set forth—a kind of program for important social gatherings of distinguished persons. Modern usage has given the word a much wider significance. It means the manners or deportment of cultured people; their bearing toward, or treatment of others.

The suggestions in a recent number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, respecting "street etiquette," or things proper to be observed in riding, driving and walking, will not now be repeated, though many of our younger readers might profit by having, on so familiar a subject, "line upon line, precept upon precept."

The etiquette proper for the home and every-day life, in town and country, is quite as important, and embraces more things than there is space to notice.

CALLS AND CARDS.

Home, the dearest spot on earth, would be no fit abode for social beings if closed against the entrance and friendly offices of those without. The courtesies and kindness of neighbors must be received and reciprocated to make the home comforts complete. By simple methods the most important amicable relations in society are established and maintained.

Calls may be distinguished as ceremonious or friendly. The latter among intimate friends may, and ought to be quite informal, and for them no rules need be prescribed. Common-sense may be safely trusted, as to their manner, frequency, and the time spent in making them. But well-disposed, cultured people will usually have friendly relations with a much larger number than can be received on terms of close intimacy. As a means of establishing and maintaining such relations, mere formal calls are made. In the country and in small towns residents are expected to call on new-comers without having any previous acquaintance with them, or even having met them before. Ordinarily the new-comer, of whatever rank, should not call formally on a resident first, but wait till the other has taken the initiative. If after the first meeting, for any reason, the resident does not care to pursue the acquaintance, it will be discontinued by not leaving cards or calling again. The new-comer in like manner if not wishing to extend or continue the acquaintance, will politely return the first call, leaving cards only if the neighbors are not at home.

In some sections of the country calling on newcomers is done rather indiscriminately and with little regard to the real, or supposed social standing of the persons. This accords best with our American ideas of equality, and is consistent for those whose friendships are decided by character and personal accomplishments, rather than by the accidents of birth or wealth. The good society for which all may rightly aspire claims as among its brightest jewels some who financially rank with the lowly—rich only in the nobler qualities of mind and heart. The etiquette that, in any way, closes the door to exclude them is more nice than wise.

Those in high esteem in their community and most worthy will naturally, if circumstances permit, take the responsibility of first calls on strangers who come to reside among them. The call itself is a tender of friendship, and friendly offices, even though intimacy is not found practicable or desirable.

Custom does not require the residents of large cities to formally call on all new-comers in their neighborhood, which would be impracticable, only those quite near and having apparently about the same social status are entitled to this courtesy. Some discrimination is not only allowable but necessary.

A desirable acquaintance once formed, however initiated, is maintained by calls more or less frequent, as circumstances may decide, or by leaving cards when for either party that is more convenient.

Visiting cards must be left in person, not sent by mail or by

the hand of a servant, unless in exceptional cases. Distance, unfavorable weather or delicate health might be sufficient reasons for sending the cards, but, as a rule, ladies leave their cards themselves, this being found more acceptable.

A lady's visiting card should be plain, printed in clear type, with no ornamental or old English letters. The name printed on the middle of the card. The place of residence on the left-hand corner.

A married lady would never use her christian name on a card, but that of her husband after Mrs., before her surname.

In most places it is customary and considered in good taste for husbands and wives to have their names printed on the same card: "Mr. and Mrs.," but each would still need separate cards of their own.

The title "Honorable" is not used on cards. Other titles are, omitting the "The" preceding the title.

It is not in accordance with etiquette in most places for young ladies to have visiting cards of their own. Their names are printed beneath that of their mother, on her card, either "Miss" or "the Misses," as the case may be. If the mother is not living, the daughter's name would be printed beneath that of her father, or of her brother, in case of a brother and sister residing alone.

If a young lady is taken into society by a relative or friend, her name would properly be written in pencil under that of her friend.

If a lady making calls finds the mistress of the house "not at home" she will leave her card and also one of her husband's for each, the mistress and her husband; but if she have a card with her own and her husband's name on it, she leaves but one of his separate cards.

If a lady were merely leaving cards, and not intending to call she would hand the three cards to the person answering at the door, saying, "For Mrs. ———," without asking whether she is at home or not.

If a lady is sufficiently intimate to call, asks for and finds her friend at home, she should, on leaving the house, leave two of her husband's cards in a conspicuous place on the table in the hall. She should not drop them in the card-basket or hand them to the hostess, though she might silently hand them to the servant in the hall. She will on no account leave her own card, having seen the lady which removes all occasion for leaving her card.

If the lady were accompanied by her husband and the lady of the house at home, the husband would leave one of his own cards for the master of the house, but if he also is at home no cards are left. A lady leaves her card for a lady only, while a gentleman leaves his for both husband and wife.

A gentleman when calling takes his hat in his hand into the room and holds it until he has met the mistress of the house; he may then either place it on a chair or table near him, or hold it in his hand till he takes his leave.

DREAMS, books, are each a world : and books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear ;
Two shall be named, preëminently dear,—
The gentle lady married to the Moor ;
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

—Wordsworth's "Personal Talk."

NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS.

Napoleon's marshals were twenty-six in number, of whom seven only were born in a rank which would have entitled them to become general officers under the old Monarchy. These were Kellermann, Berthier, Davoust, Macdonald, Marmont, Grouchy, and Poniatowski, a Pole. Of the others, Murat was the son of an innkeeper, Lefèbvre of a miller, Augereau of a mason, Bernadotte of a weaver, and Ney of a cooper. Masséna's father, like Murat's, kept a village wine-shop: Lannes was the son of an ostler, and was himself apprenticed to a dyer; Victor, whose real name was Perrin, was the son of an invalided private soldier, who after leaving the service became a market-crier; while Soult's mother kept a mercer's shop, and Oudinot's a small *café* with a circulating library. The marshals sprung from the *bourgeoisie* or middle class were Serrurier, whose father was an officer, but never rose above the rank of captain; Bessières, whose father, though a poor clerk in a lawyer's office, was the son of a doctor; Suchet, who was the son of a silk-merchant; Moncey, the son of a barrister; Gouvion, who assumed the name of Saint-Cyr, and whose father practiced as an attorney; and Brune, who started in life as a journalist. It is curious to trace through the lives of the different men the effect which their earliest associations had upon them. Some grew ashamed of their parentage; whilst others bragged overmuch of being self-made men. Only one or two bore their honors with perfect modesty and tact.

The noblest character among Napoleon's marshals was beyond doubt Adrien Moncey, Duc de Conéglano. He was born at Besançon in 1754, and enlisted at the age of fifteen, simply that he might not be a charge to his parents. From his father, the barrister, he had picked up a smattering of education, while Nature had given him a talent for drawing. He looked so small and young when he was brought before the colonel of the Franche Comté regiment for enrollment, that the latter, who was quite a young man—the Count de Survilliers—asked him, laughing, whether he had been tipsy from “drinking too much milk” when he fell into the hands of the recruiting sergeant. The sergeant, by way of proving that young Moncey had been quite sober when he had put on the white cockade (which was like taking the king's shilling in England), produced a cleverly executed caricature of himself which the boy had drawn; upon which M. de Survilliers predicted that so accomplished a recruit would quickly win an epaulette. This promise came to nothing, for in 1789, after twenty years' service, Moncey was only a lieutenant. It was a noble trait in him that in after years he never spoke resentfully of his slow promotion. He used to say that he had been thoroughly well-trained, and he alluded kindly to all his former officers. After Napoleon's overthrow, Moncey's conduct was most chivalrous; he privately blamed Ney's betrayal of the Bourbons, for it was not in his nature to approve of double-dealing, but he refused to sit in judgment upon his former comrade. Marshal Victor was sent to shake his resolution, but Moncey repeated two or three times: “I do not think I should have acted as Ney did, but I believe he acted according to his conscience and did well; ordinary rules do not apply to this case.” He eventually became governor of the Invalides, and it fell to him in 1840 to receive Napoleon's body when it was brought from St. Helena. It was remarked at the time that if Napoleon himself could have designated the man who was to discharge this pious duty, he would have chosen none other than Moncey, or Oudinot, who by a happy coincidence became governor of the Invalides in 1842 after Moncey's death.

Nicolas Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, was surnamed the Modern Bayard. He was born in 1767, and like Moncey enlisted in his sixteenth year. He was wounded thirty-two times in action, but was so little of a braggart that in going among the old pensioners of the Invalides he was never heard to allude to his own cars. At Friedland a bullet went through both his cheeks,

breaking two molars. “These Russians do not know how to draw teeth,” was his only remark, as his wound was being dressed.

After Friedland he received with the title of count a grant of £40,000, and he began to distribute money at such a rate among his poor relations, that the emperor remonstrated with him. “You keep the lead for yourself, and you give the gold away,” said His Majesty in allusion to two bullets which remained in the marshal's body.

Macdonald comes next among the marshals for nobility of character. He was of Irish extraction, born at Sancerre in 1765, and served under Louis XVI. in Dillon's Irish Regiment. Macdonald won his colonelcy at Jemmapes. In 1804, however, all his prospects were suddenly marred through his generous espousal of Moreau's cause. Moreau had been banished on an ill-proven charge of conspiracy; and Macdonald thought, like most honest men, that he had been very badly treated.

But by saying aloud what most honest men were afraid even to whisper, Macdonald incurred the Corsican's vindictive hatred, and during five years he was kept in disgrace, being deprived of his command, and debarred from active service. He thus missed the campaigns of Austerlitz and Jéna, and this was a bitter chagrin to him. He retired to a small country-house near Brunoy, and one of his favorite occupations was gardening. He was much interested in the projects for manufacturing sugar out of beetroot, which were to render France independent of West India sugar—a matter of great consequence after the destruction of France's naval power at Trafalgar: and he had an intelligent gardener who helped him in his not very successful efforts to raise fine beetroots. This man turned out to be a police-spy. Napoleon in his jealousy of Moreau and hatred of all who sympathized with the latter, had thought it good to have Macdonald watched, and he appears to have suspected at one time that the hero of Otricoli contemplated taking service in the English army. There were other marshals besides Macdonald who had reasons to complain of Napoleon; Victor's hatred of him was very lively, and arose out of a practical joke. Victor was the vainest of men; he had entered Louis XVI.'s service at fifteen as a drummer, but when he became an officer under the Republic he was weak enough to be ashamed of his humble origin and assumed his Christian name of Victor as a surname instead of his patronymic of Perrin. He might have pleaded, to be sure, that Victor was a name of happy augury to a soldier, but he does not appear to have behaved well toward his Perrin connections. He was a little man with a waist like a pumpkin, and a round, rosy, jolly face, which had caused him to be nicknamed *Beau Soleil*. A temperate fondness for red wine added occasionally to the luster of his complexion. He was not a general of the first order, but brave and faithful in carrying out his master's plans; he had an honorable share in the victory of Friedland, and after this battle was promoted to the marshalate and to a dukedom. Now Victor would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo; but Napoleon's sister Pauline suggested that his services in the two Italian wars could be commemorated as well by the title of Belluno—pronounced in French, Bellune. It was not until after Napoleon had innocently acceded to this suggestion that he learned his facetious sister had in choosing the title of Bellune (Belle Lune) played upon the sobriquet of Beau Soleil. He was at first highly displeased at this, but Victor himself took the joke so very badly that the emperor ended by joining in the laughter, and said that if the marshal did not like the title that had been given him, he should have no other. Wounds in vanity seldom heal, and Victor, as soon as he could safely exhibit his resentment, showed himself one of Napoleon's bitterest enemies. During the Hundred Days he accompanied Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and he figured in full uniform at the *Te Deum* celebrated in the Cathedral of Saint Bavon in honor of Waterloo.

Augereau, Duc de Castiglione, was of all the marshals the one in whom there is least to admire; yet he was for a time the

most popular among them, having been born in Paris and possessing the devil-may-care impudence of Parisians. He was the son of a mason and of a street fruit-vendor, and he began life as apprentice to his father's trade. Soon after he enlisted, and proved a capital soldier; but his character was only good in the military sense. He was thirty-two when the Revolution broke out, and was then wearing a sergeant's stripes; in the following year he got a commission; in 1793 he was a colonel; in 1795 a general. His rapid promotion was not won by valor only, but by sending to the war office bombastic despatches in which he magnified every achievement of his twenty-fold, and related it with a rigmarole of patriotic sentiments and compliments to the convention.

There was one great point of resemblance between Augereau and Masséna: they were both inveterate looters. In 1798, when Masséna was sent to Rome to establish a republic, his own soldiers were disgusted by the shameless way in which he plundered palaces and churches, and he actually had to resign his command owing to their murmurs. Augereau was a more wily spoiler, for he gave his men a good share of what he took, and kept another share for Parisian museums, but he always reserved enough for himself to make his soldiering a very profitable business.

It was politic of Napoleon to make of Augereau a marshal-duc, for apart from the man's intrepidity, which was unquestionable (though he was a poor general), the honors conferred upon him were a compliment to the whole class of Parisian *ouvriers*. Augereau's mother, the costerwoman, lived to see him in all his glory, and he was good to her, for once, at a state pageant, when he was wearing the plumed hat of a senator, and the purple velvet mantle with its *semis* of golden bees, he gave her his arm in public. This incident delighted all the market-women of Paris, and helped to make Napoleon's court popular; but in general respects Augereau proved an unprofitable, ungrateful servant. He was one of the first marshals to grumble against his master's repeated campaigns, and he deserted him in 1814 under circumstances which looked suspicious. Napoleon accused him of letting himself be purposely beaten by the Allies. After the escape from Elba, Augereau first pronounced himself vehemently against the "usurper;" then proffered him his services, which were contemptuously spurned. The Duc de Castiglione's career ended then, for he retired to his estate at Houssaye, and died a year afterward, little regretted by anybody.

Masséna, who had been born the year after Augereau, died the year after him, in 1817. He too had enlisted very young, but finding he could get no promotion, had asked his friends to buy his discharge, and during the five years that preceded the Revolution, he served as potman in his father's tavern at Leven. Re-enlisting in 1789, he became a general in less than four years. After Rivoli, Bonaparte dubbed him "The darling of victory;" but it was a curious feature in Masséna that his talents only came out on the battle-field. Usually he was a dull dog, with no faculty for expressing his ideas, and he wore a morose look. Napoleon said that "the noise of cannon cleared his mind," endowing him with penetration and gaiety at the same time. The din of war had just the contrary effect upon Brune, who, but for his tragic death, would have remained the most obscure of the marshals, though he is conspicuous from being almost the only one of the twenty-six who had no title of nobility. Brune was a notable example of what strong will-power can do to conquer innate nervousness. He was the son of a barrister, and having imbibed the hottest revolutionary principles, vapored them off by turning journalist. He went to Paris, and was introduced to Danton, for whom he conceived an enthusiastic admiration. He became the demagogue's disciple, letter-writer, and boon companion, and it is pretty certain that he would eventually have kept him company on the guillotine, had it not been for a lucky sneer from a woman's lips which drove him into the army. Brune had written a pamphlet on military

operations, and it was being talked of at Danton's table, when Mdle. Gerfault, an actress of the Palais Royal, better known as "Eglé," said mockingly, "You will be a general when we fight with pens." Stung to the quick, Brune applied for a commission, was sent into the army with the rank of major, and in about a year, through Danton's patronage, became a brigade-general; meanwhile poor Eglé, having wagged her pert tongue at Robespierre, lost her head in consequence.

The marshal on whom ducal honors seemed to sit most queerly was François Lefèvre, Duc de Dantzig. He was born in 1755, the son of a miller, and was a sergeant in the French guards at the time of the Revolution. He had then just married a *vivandière*. The anecdotes of Madame Lefèvre's incongruous sayings at the consular and imperial courts are so many as to remind one of the proverb, "We yield only to riches." Everything that could be imagined in the way of a *lapsus lingua* or a bull was attributed to this good-natured Mrs. Malaprop, whose oddities amused Josephine, but not always Napoleon.

Once Lefèvre fell ill of ague, and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured; but the fever clung to the marshal until it occurred to his energetic duchess that the doctor had blundered by giving to a marshal the same doses as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted on her fingers the different rungs of the military ladder. "Here, drink, this suits your rank," she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips, and the duke having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. "You have much to learn, my friend," was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.

Napoleon was a great stickler for appearances, and for this reason loathed the dirtiness and slovenliness of Davoust. Madame Junot, in her amusing "Memoirs," relates that the Duc d'Auerstadt, having some facial resemblance to Napoleon, was fond of copying him in dress and manners; but she adds that Napoleon himself was very neat. A marshal had no excuse for being untidy. Davoust had been at Brienne with Bonaparte, and had thus a longer experience of his master's character than any of the other marshals. Had he been wise he would have turned it to account, not only by cultivating the graces, but by giving the emperor that ungrudging, demonstrative loyalty which Napoleon valued above all things, and rewarded by constant favor. But Davoust was a caballer, a grievance-monger, and a *grognard*; and it must have been rather diverting to see him aping the manners of a master at whom he was always carping in holes and corners. On the other hand, it must be said that Davoust proved faithful in the hour of misfortune, and did not rally to the Bourbons till 1818; that is, when all chances of an imperial restoration were gone; moreover, every time he held an important command he did his duty with courage, talent, and fidelity. His affected brusqueness of speech was an unfortunate mannerism, for it made him many enemies, and sometimes exposed him to odd reprisals. The roughness of tongue which was affected in Davoust was natural in Soult. This marshal had an excellent heart, but he could not, for the life of him, refrain from snarling at anybody whom he heard praised. The proverb about bite and bark might have been invented for him, as the men at whom he grumbled most were often those whom he most favored.

Soult was born in the same year as Napoleon, 1769, and outlived all his brother marshals, dying in 1852, when the second empire was already an impending fact. He had been a private soldier under Louis XVI., he passed through every grade in the service, he became prime minister, and when he voluntarily resigned office in 1847, owing to the infirmities of age, Louis Philippe created him marshal-general—a title which had only been borne by three marshals before him, Turenne, Villars, and Maurice de Saxe. But these honors never quite consoled Soult for having failed to become king of Portugal. He could not stomach the luck of his comrade Bernadotte, the son of a weaver, who was wearing the crown of Sweden.

Bernadotte, whom Soult envied, has some affinities with M. Grévy. This president of the republic first won renown by a parliamentary motion to the effect that a republic did not want a president; so Bernadotte came to be a king, after a long and steadfast profession of republican principles. Born in 1764, he enlisted at eighteen, and was sergeant-major in 1789. He was very nearly court-martialed at that time for haranguing a crowd in revolutionary terms. Five years later he was a general, and in 1798 ambassador at Vienna. He was an able, thoughtful, hardy, handsome man, who, having received no education as a boy, made up for it by diligent study in after years; and no man ever so well corrected, in small or great things, the imperfections of early training. Tallyrand said of him, "He is a man who learns and *unlearns* every day." One thing he learned was to read the character of Napoleon and not to be afraid of him, for the act which led to his becoming king of Sweden was one of rare audacity. Commanding an army sent against the Swedes in 1808, he suspended operations on learning the overthrow by revolution of Gustavus IV., against whom war had been declared. The Swedes were profoundly grateful for this, and Napoleon dared not say much, because he was supposed to have no quarrel with the Swedes as a people; but Bernadotte was marked down in his bad books from that day, and he was in complete disgrace when in 1810 Charles XIII. adopted him as crown prince with the approval of the Swedish people. Bernadotte made an excellent king, but remembering his austere advocacy of republicanism, it is impossible not to smile and ask whether there is not some truth in Madame de Girardin's definition of equality as *le privilège pour tous*.

Napoleon always valued Kellerman as having been a general in the old royal army. Born in 1735, he was a *maréchal de camp* (brigadier) when the war broke out. The emperor would have been glad to have had more of such men at his court; but it was creditable to the king's general officers that very few of them forgot their duties as soldiers during the troublous period when so many temptations to commit treason beset men holding high command. Grouchy, who in 1789 was a lieutenant in the king's body-guard, hardly cuts a fine figure as a revolutionist accepting a generalship in 1793 from the convention which had beheaded his king. He was an uncanny person altogether; the convention having voted that all noblemen should be debarred from commissions, he enlisted as a private soldier, and this was imputed to him as an act of patriotism; but he had friends in high quarters who promised that he should quickly regain his rank if he formally renounced his titles; and this he did, getting his generalship restored in consequence. In after years he resumed his marquissate, and denied that he had ever abjured it. Napoleon created him marshal during the Hundred Days for having taken the Duc d'Angoulême prisoner; but the Bourbons declined to recognize his title to the *bâton*, and he had to wait till Louis Philippe's reign before it was confirmed to him. Grouchy was never a popular marshal, though he fought well in 1814 in the campaign of France. His inaction on the day of Waterloo has been satisfactorily explained, but somehow all his acts have required explanation; he was one of those men whose records are never intelligible without footnotes.

But how many of the marshals remained faithful to their master when his sun had set? At St. Helena Napoleon alluded most often to Lannes and Bessières, who both died whilst he was in the heyday of his power, the first at Essling, the second at Lützen. As to these two Napoleon could cherish illusions, and he loved to think that Lannes especially—his brave, hot-headed, hot-hearted "Jean-Jean"—would have clung to him like a brother in misfortune. Perhaps it was as well that Lannes was spared an ordeal to which Murat, hot-headed and hot-hearted too, succumbed. It is at all events a bitter subject for reflection that the great emperor found among his marshals and dukes no such friend as he had among the hundreds of humbler officers, captains, and lieutenants, who threw up their commissions sooner than serve the Bourbons.—*Temple Bar*.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION C. L. S. C.

The Class of '84 rules the year.

The readings for November are: "History of Greece," Timayenis, volume II, parts 10 and 11, or (for the new Class of 1877) "Brief History of Greece;" Chautauqua Text-Book No. 5, "Greek History;" Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Memorial Day for November, Special Sunday, November 11. Read Job, twenty-eighth chapter. One of the finest passages in all literature.

Talk much about the subject of your reading. You know what you have by your speech caused others to know.

Have you ever tried to control conversation at a table in the interest of some sensible subject? It will be a curious study for you to see how this mind and that will run away with or from the topic you have proposed. It will tax your ingenuity to bring the company back to the original topic. The measures of your success will be the interest you can awaken in others, the amount of information on the subject which you can elicit from them, and the amount, also, which you can give them without seeming to be a lecturer or preacher for the occasion.

We must insist upon the observance of the Memorial Days. Put up your list of Memorial Days in plain sight, so that you may not forget them. Order a copy of the little volume of "Memorial Days" from Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York, or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, 10 cents.

It is proposed that "the C. L. S. C. as a body organize a lecture bureau, to be entirely or partially sustained by small contributions from each member, thereby enabling weak circles to obtain one or two good lectures during the year at reasonable prices." A proposition to be considered.

"Will I be required to read the 'Preparatory Latin Course in English' next year? I have studied the same thing in the original very lately." Answer: You will be required to read the "Preparatory Latin Course in English." You can not have studied, except under such a teacher as Dr. Wilkinson, the Latin Course in English as we require it under the C. L. S. C. The book must be read.

"Does the C. L. S. C. confer a degree? If so, what is it?" Answer: The C. L. S. C. is not a university or college. It has no charter, consequently it has no power to confer degrees. There is a university charter in the hands of the Chautauqua management—a university to be. In this university there will be non-resident courses of study, with a rigid annual examination, to be followed by degrees and diplomas. There may sometime in the future be a permanent Chautauqua University at Chautauqua. Further than this I can say nothing now. It is to be hoped the Chautauqua University will never confer honorary degrees.

Correspond with some one on the studies of the C. L. S. C. Make your letter a means of self-improvement. Congratulate yourself if your friend, in reply, shows where you made two or three mistakes in your letter.

Will you find out the names of the latest graduating class of the high school in your town, and send them to me? I may interest them in the C. L. S. C. course of study, by sending a "Popular Education Circular." Address Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.

Are you willing wisely to distribute from ten to a hundred copies of the "Popular Education Circular," and would you

scatter copies of the tiny C. L. S. C. advertisement, if they were sent you?

The most indefatigable worker in the C. L. S. C., next to our worthy secretary, Miss Kimball, is the secretary of the new class—the Class of 1887—Mr. Kingsley A. Burnell, who is making a remarkable record as he travels to and fro in the far West, visiting editors of papers, offices of railroad superintendents, cabins of employes, and on the cars, urging persons to adopt this new plan of self-culture.

C. L. S. C. STATIONERY.

A promise was made at the Round-Table at Chautauqua that in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November there should be something said about all kinds of C. L. S. C. stationery known to the writer.

William Briggs, 80 King St., E., Toronto, Ont., sells several styles of stationery, sheets and envelopes, with a monogram printed in blue, mauve, or crimson. Information can be obtained by addressing him at Toronto.

By the time this number has reached the hands of its readers, or within a few days after, there will be for sale at the various book stores dealing in the "Required Reading" of the C. L. S. C. a variety of *papeterie* stationery, having on the front page a beautiful design most artistically engraved, showing Chautauqua Lake, with the Chautauqua landing on the right, as seen from the railroad station, and in the upper left hand corner an oval, or circle, with the Hall of Philosophy very tastily enshrined therein. In the foliage drooping into the lake there is inwrought the monogram of the C. L. S. C. A box of this very fine paper and envelopes will cost about fifty cents. It will be sent by mail from Messrs. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., 133 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., or from J. P. Magee, 38 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., or from H. H. Otis, Buffalo, N. Y. An advertisement of this stationery will be found in the December number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Another style of stationery can be had of Messrs. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., for the class of 1884, with a beautiful design especially arranged for that class. Forty cents for a quire of paper and envelopes to match.

Ten thousand sheets prepared for general use by the members and officers of the several classes, specially designed to be used by gentlemen, can be had by addressing the several class officers.

For further information write to Rev. W. D. Bridge, 718 State St., New Haven, Conn.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OF THE CLASS OF '86.

While at Lake View a New England Branch of the Class of '86 was organized, with the following officers: President, Rev. B. T. Snow, Biddeford, Me.; vice-presidents, Rev. W. H. Clark, South Norridgewock, Me., Edwin F. Reeves, Laconia, N. H., Rev. J. H. Babbitt, Swanton, Vt., Charles Wainwright, Lawrence, Mass., Miss Lousta E. French, Newport, R. I., Rev. A. Gardner, Buckingham, Ct.; secretary and treasurer, Mary R. Hinckley, Bedford, Mass. The above officers were authorized to act also as an executive board.

The badge of Class of '86 can be obtained of the President. It has been decided to use in private correspondence a certain style of letter paper marked, with "C. L. S. C. '86" in a neat monogram. Further particulars in regard to this paper will soon be given.

Just before leaving Chautauqua the Class of '86 adopted a motto: "We study for light, to bless with light." The New England branch adopts this motto, in addition to the one chosen at Lake View; "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

C. L. S. C. TESTIMONY.

Canada.—It was a bitter disappointment to me that I was compelled to leave school at fourteen and earn my own living, giving up the idea of a college course. The C. L. S. C. has been to me therefore an unspeakable boon.

Vermont.—I have received large benefit as well as pleasure during the year that I have been a member of the C. L. S. C. The course of reading has taken me into broader fields, opened new avenues of thought and reflection, widened my field of vision, and altogether made me a better man.

Vermont.—According to Isaiah xxx: 7, I have been trying to show my strength by "sitting still" four years. I often ask myself, what should I have done had I not had this interesting course—the C. L. S. C. During these four years of deprivation how many sorrows have been almost forgotten while reading the many interesting thoughts that are presented in our reading. I thank God many times for this glorious enterprise.

Connecticut.—I have been very much interested in the studies of the C. L. S. C. during the first year. It is an honor as well as a privilege to be a member.

Rhode Island.—Many times home duties have occupied time and thought so fully as to discourage me. But realizing that I am to live "heartily as to the Lord;" and viewing the course as his special blessing, I have gathered inspiration and journeyed on patiently.

New York.—I have enjoyed my four years' course very much, and hope that it has been profitable to me. Though having reached the age of sixty years my love for improvement has not been gratified, and I purpose to continue the course that is marked out.

New York.—I am surprised at the pleasure and advantage the C. L. S. C. has been to me. I have read no more than usual, but have read more systematically, and received greater benefit. There is inspiration in being "one of many."

New York.—I have taken great pleasure in the reading. Am very enthusiastic over the course, and will try my best to graduate. I do it a great deal for my children, hoping that I may be a better mother, and train their minds so that they will make better men and women than they would have been had I not become a member of the C. L. S. C. Am all alone in my reading, except what my boy of fourteen does with me; even my little girl just turned seven studies geology with me, and is much interested in finding specimens.

Pennsylvania.—I have only been a member of the C. L. S. C. for about four months and in that time I have done most of my reading at night, reading usually from eight o'clock until eleven. As I have to work hard all day, I have little time for reading except at night. I find the course very interesting, and I am deriving a great amount of good from it.

Pennsylvania.—For almost two years my work has required my presence twelve hours every week day, and part of the time sixteen and eighteen hours. I gave up last summer, thinking I could not finish the course, but after being present at Chautauqua I had a greater desire than ever to continue. I have at leisure moments read up for the two years, and must ever feel grateful to Chautauqua influence.

Ohio.—I am a farmer's wife, but with all the care of the work that position in life brings (and a good share of the work too), I still find time to read the regular four years' course of the C. L. S. C., and desire to do as thorough work as I am capable of doing. Am reading not merely for pleasure, far less to criticise,

but for *instruction*, and have been greatly helped by this first year's study.

Ohio.—In many ways I think the C. L. S. C. has been of benefit to the little ones. This last winter my eldest daughter said: "Why can't we have a society of our own?" "We," meant the family. I seconded it gladly, and my husband also, and we resolved ourselves into the "Clio Clique" and took as our work "Art and Artists," as mapped out in the *St. Nicholas*. Each member pledged themselves to take the work given them by the president (who was our only officer), and also to commit not less than eight lines of some poem to memory. We had no outside members, and we did our work right well, I think.

Illinois.—The C. L. S. C. has done much for me. Life has been brighter, sweeter and better than it might otherwise have been. Friendships have been formed which I am sure will survive life, and add another link in the golden chain that binds us to another world.

Michigan.—To the C. L. S. C. I owe everything.

Michigan.—Were it not that I still may keep a place in the Circle, I should be sorry the four years were over. They have been pleasant ones, so far as the Circle was concerned, and have passed swiftly. It seemed a great undertaking to me four years ago, when I commenced the course. For one thing, I did not see my way clear to get the books, but I resolved to try, and it has seemed all along that it was God's way of helping me to the knowledge I had so much desired.

Wisconsin.—A lady writes: The regular methods of the C. L. S. C. have suggested to me the plan of having a little home monthly, contributed to only by members of the family, written, and read aloud on a specified evening each month. The children write prose and poetry that are a surprise, but only the effect of a regular course of reading and conversations by one member of the family. While reading astronomy, one of the little girls, aged ten years, took two looking-glasses and illustrated, in play, the motions of a planet. She held them by the window in the sun, so as to throw the reflection on the ceiling. One she had stationary, for the sun, the other she caused to go around it, causing the motion to hasten at perihelion, and to become slow at aphelion, describing the motions correctly. Then she imagined a comet, causing it to go out of sight, then return, and upon its approach to the sun rushing it past with lightning speed. I called the attention of their father to their play with much delight, for I had no idea they understood the motions so well, simply from conversations on the subject in the family circle. They all joined in the conversation at play, and seemed to comprehend it all.

Iowa.—The studies have benefited me much more than I can express in words. May heaven's choicest blessings rest upon the officers and everyone connected with the C. L. S. C.

Kansas.—I am one of the busy housekeepers, but always find time to read. My reading has uplifted my soul, and led me to a fuller appreciation of the power and love of God, and I feel thankful that I am numbered with the army of Chautauquans.

California.—When I read the C. L. S. C. testimony in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, I always think Chautauqua has been *all that and more* to me, for it has led me from cold, dark skepticism to my Bible and my Father in heaven, and it is gradually leading some of my friends into the light. I prize my C. L. S. C. books more highly than they are worn and soiled by many readers, and I believe I can do no better missionary work than by enlarging the Circle.

C. L. S. C. REUNION.

On the afternoon of June 27, at Pendleton, Indiana, a delightful C. L. S. C. reunion was held. The circle of Pendleton invited the circle from the neighboring village of Greenfield to join with them in their last meeting for the year. A goodly number of visitors were present. After an entertaining program of speeches, songs, toasts, etc., had been carried out, the following class histories were read:

PENDLETON LOCAL CIRCLE.

On the evening of the 28th of December, 1881, a little company of eight ladies and five gentlemen assembled at the home of Dr. Huston, Pendleton, Indiana, for the purpose of more fully discussing the Chautauqua Idea, and if possible to organize a branch of the great Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Three months behind in the year's studies, the outlook was not as encouraging as could have been wished, but finding one of the class mottoes to be "Never be discouraged," it was unanimously agreed that we organize. Teachers were also chosen for the principal studies, and it was thought best that they should present the lessons to the class in the form of questions. This method was generally observed throughout the year, with the exception of some lectures on geology. At each session two of the members were appointed to write papers for the following week, on some subject pertaining to the lessons. Longfellow's birthday was the only memorial observed. Besides the usual exercises of the evening a short sketch of the life of the poet was read, followed by the reading of two of his poems. Our weekly meetings were well kept up, and much interest manifested in the studies until the first of May, when owing to summer heat, and many calls on the time of the different members, it was thought best to meet once a month, each member being given a portion of the studies to be brought forward at the next session. This plan was found to be a good one for the summer months, and was continued until the beginning of the new year's studies, when the weekly meetings were again resumed, and the meetings were spent in much the same manner as the first year with the exception of the evening of the thirtieth of November, when a complete change was made in the program, by having a C. L. S. C. thanksgiving supper and a general good time at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney. Since that time our circle has lost several of its members either from sickness or change of residence, but we hope ere the beginning of another year to be fully reinforced and ready to continue the good work.

GREENFIELD LOCAL CIRCLE.

Although we have met to-day as strangers, we find that the unity of thought and purpose that has characterized our work the past year has made us friends. The history of our circle is necessarily brief because of the short time it has been in existence. When we first organized in the fall of '82, a part of us supposed we were entering the society temporarily and did not expect to matriculate and become regular members of the mystic tie, but we only met a few times till we perceived the advantages we were deriving from the association, one with another, and saw the necessity of a permanent organization. Now there are ten of us enrolled as students of the "University of the C. L. S. C." We pursued the course with a great deal of enthusiasm and delight, and if it were possible, each study seemed more interesting than the preceding. With a great deal of reluctance we laid aside geology and Greek history for astronomy and English history, but we soon saw we were susceptible of inspiration from the latter as well as the former. Our circle, except two, is composed of married ladies. As housewives we feel that the course has been very beneficial—it has relieved the monotony and tedium of housekeeping because it has given us something ennobling to think of—it has also given us a taste for something else than the last novel and the latest piece of gossip in the daily papers. We feel as though we could adopt the sentiment of Plato. A friend who observed that he seemed as desirous to learn himself as to teach others, asked him how long he expected to remain a student? Plato replied, "As long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better."

TEMPERANCE and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.—*Rousseau*.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Province of Quebec (Bedford).—The Harmony Circle was organized here last September. We are seven in number, all having so many cares that the Chautauqua work has to be done by improving the spare moments, and often by giving up some pleasure or recreation; but the sacrifice is made willingly. Each member prepares seven questions; the number to be chosen from each subject in hand is determined at the previous meeting. Each in turn puts a question to his or her nearest neighbor, then the second time round to the nearest but one, and so on; thus each member puts a question to every other member. This, with discussions and conversations which arise from the lesson, occupies more than two hours in a very enjoyable manner. We have derived profit from the work, both in increase of knowledge and improvement of literary taste. Our circle has also been the source of much kindly feeling and mutual interest, and a strong bond of friendship amongst us.

Maine (Brownfield).—Our circle was organized early in October, 1882, with ten regular members, five gentlemen and five ladies. We arranged to meet once in two weeks, and enjoyed our evenings together so much that it was extremely difficult to keep the length of our sessions within reasonable bounds. We congratulated ourselves constantly on the pleasure afforded us by our studies, and on the obvious improvement, from month to month, in the work of individual members. It was decided, for the present year at least, to change the whole board of officers once in three months, that the educating influences of the responsibilities connected with the various offices might be shared, in turn, by all who were willing to accept them.

Maine (Fairfield).—A local circle was organized here in October, 1882, and now numbers fifteen members, nearly all of whom have completed the required readings to date. Teachers are assigned to each of the subjects as they are taken up, and recitations are conducted with excellent system and thoroughness. In addition to this we have numerous essays and readings, and the enthusiasm is such that, notwithstanding our regular meetings occur fortnightly, we have many special meetings. It is the custom at all of our meetings to criticize freely, and this leads to an exactness of pronunciation when reading, not otherwise to be attained.

Maine (Brownfield).—Our circle meets once in two weeks, takes up questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and then devotes a short time to questions of our own asking, using a question-box. We think this an excellent plan. After this we generally have short essays on the subjects we are reading, often closing with general conversation.

Massachusetts (Wareham).—The Pallas Circle closed for the season with a lawn party, June 18.

PROGRAM.

Singing—"A Song of To-day."

Roll-Call—Responses of quotations from any of the reading of the past year.

Secretary's report.

Selected questions in Astronomy, answered by members of the circle.

Reading—"The Vision of Mirza."

Essay—"The Mythological Story of Ursa Major and Ursa Minor."

Reading—Selections from "Evangeline."

Reading—"The Fan-drill."—(Addison.)

Singing—Chautauqua Carols.

Supper—Toasts and Responses, including two original poems.

Though small in numbers the circle is very enthusiastic in its work. New members for the coming year were enrolled from the invited guests of the occasion, and the readings will be commenced in October with fresh vigor.

Massachusetts (Haverhill).—A local circle was organized in Haverhill, March 14, 1883, with the following officers: R. D. Trask, president; George H. Foster, vice president; Delia Drew, secretary. Whole membership numbers seventeen.

Massachusetts (Natick).—The Natick local circle was organized September 20, 1879. Eight of the original members, keeping in view the motto, "never be discouraged," have completed the four years' course. At the commencement of the present year our local circle numbered twenty-five. We enjoy our reading greatly, and consider the Natick C. L. S. C. a success.

Connecticut (West Haven).—Our circle was organized November 14, 1881, and numbers seventeen members. We meet once a week. Our circle is divided into committees of three and four to arrange programs for the month's entertainments. They include reviews, essays on different subjects connected with the course, readings and recitations. "Shakspeare's Day" was observed by reading a portion of the play, "Merchant of Venice," the committee having previously assigned the different characters to the members present. We are very social at our meetings, and occasionally have a little collation at the close of the exercises. Most of us are well up with the class, and find the Chautauqua evenings not only instructive, but exceedingly enjoyable.

New York (Angola).—A local circle was organized here February 5, 1883, and consists of eighteen members. We usually do the reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN at our meetings, information being given, and questions asked by all. We have made use of the questions and answers in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and found them to be of much assistance. Occasionally topics are assigned, upon which we are to read or speak at the next meeting. Criticism upon pronunciation is unsparingly given to all. We intend to continue our meetings, and hope that another year may bring us a larger membership.

Pennsylvania (Allegheny City).—In November, 1882, the Woodlawn segment of the C. L. S. C. was organized and officers elected. The president having drawn up a constitution, it was read and unanimously adopted. Our constitution regulates the manner of conducting the society, prescribes parliamentary rules, etc. During our study of geology, we were favored with an interesting and instructive lecture by A. M. Martin, Esq., General Secretary of the C. L. S. C. Our membership now consists of seventeen persons, six being ladies.

Pennsylvania (Gillmor).—Our circle owes its being to the earnest, persistent efforts of two or three persons who had read one year alone. The first meeting was held October 24, 1882, and the circle organized with fifteen members. We labor under some peculiar difficulties. Our members represent several little villages, and are so scattered that it is some times hard to get together. Then we are in the oil country where people stay rather than live, so they gather around them only such things as are needful for comfortable living. The majority have but few books of reference, or other helps to study. Our meetings were opened with prayer and the singing of a Chautauqua song, and sometimes repeating the Chautauqua mottoes, any items of business being attended to before beginning the regular work of the circle: Before closing members were appointed by the president to conduct the various exercises in the succeeding meeting. In the latter part of the winter the president proposed a course of lectures. It was a decided success. Our lecturers were J. T. Edwards, D.D., Randolph, N. Y.—subject: "Oratory and Eloquence;" D. W. C. Huntington, Bradford, Pa., "Rambles in Europe;" C. W. Winchester, Buffalo, N. Y., "Eight Wonders of the World." This course closed with a home entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, essays, etc., mostly by members of the circle. Our number is at present nineteen, and we are happy to have proved those to be false prophets

who predicted that three months would be the limit of our existence.

District of Columbia (Washington).—The Parker Circle has been reorganized for the course of 1883-84. Several new members were received, and the circle now numbers about thirty-six. On Tuesday evening, the 18th, Dr. Dobson, our president, will organize a new circle in another part of the city, beginning with a dozen members. Foundry Circle reorganizes the same night, and several new circles will be organized during the fall. There is considerable interest manifested in the course.

Maryland (Baltimore).—The Class of 1887 was organized on Thursday evening, September 20, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. The membership for the coming year will be about thirty. The officers constitute the committee on instruction. The class of the past year, the fourth since its organization, was one of the best; the method adopted was that of the question box; each member placing such questions of interest in the box as he had met with in his reading. The director, Prof. J. Rendell Harris, would read the questions one at a time, and open the discussion upon them, in which all joined. Two meetings each month from October to June were held, and the entire time spent on the three books, the rest of the books being used for home reading only. This plan was considered preferable to the study of two or three at one time. The outlook for the new class is good.

Ohio (Harrisburg).—We have eleven members, of whom ten are regular members of the C. L. S. C. Our method of work thus far has consisted of essays, readings, and conversations. The interest in the work increases with each meeting.

Illinois (Fairburg).—We have here a small circle of eight members. We have met regularly once a week, taking each study in its course, and in an informal way have discussed the various subjects presented. Much interest has been felt and expressed, and we all feel that a prescribed course of reading is by all means the best and most direct means of self-culture.

Illinois (Yorkville).—For the past two years quite a number of our people have pursued the course of studies, but not until last year did we see proper to unite with the home society. Our class comprised lawyers, bankers, insurance agents, carriage trimmers, preachers, teachers and farmers. All feel that it has been two years of very profitable study for us. We closed our last year's study by a meeting at the residence of one of the members, where we were entertained by a program consisting of essays, character sketches, class history, music, and last, but not least, refreshments for the inner man. It was indeed an enjoyable occasion. We hope to organize a much larger class for the coming year.

Tennessee (Knoxville).—The local circle at this place reorganized this year with a membership of twenty-eight, an increase of twenty over last year. How was this accomplished? The secret can be given in just two words: *personal influence*. At the close of last year we felt that our circle here was dying. The members were negligent about the preparation of lessons, careless and indifferent about attendance, and we disbanded for the summer, feeling almost discouraged, yet in the heart of each member was a secret determination to do something to make the circle more interesting next year. One of our members went to Montevallo, another to Europe, and another to Chautauqua. Those who remained at home worked also for the C. L. S. C., and all worked earnestly and with enthusiasm. We thought, wrote and talked C. L. S. C. until our friends laughingly called us "people of one idea." We sent for circulars, which we gave to every one whom we could betray into the slightest expression of interest. We loaned our books and magazine with the request, "please just look it over and tell us what you think of it." The seventh of September

we held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, kindly tendered to us for that purpose. All who were interested in the C. L. S. C. were invited, and two of the ministers of our city also encouraged us by their presence and cheering words. Then we began to reap the fruits of our summer's work. Seven new members were reported and two more asked for membership. Another meeting was held September 21 for reorganization, at which six new names were reported and five more requested admission to the circle, making our number twenty-eight. The circle will meet once a week, and we hope to accomplish results worthy of our enthusiasm. We send greeting to our sister circles, especially to the weak, to whom we would say: *Use your influence as a society and as individuals, and success is yours.*

Michigan (Niles).—Our circle was organized last October, with thirteen members. We have held thirty-three meetings, at which reviews upon the topics studied and readings from THE CHAUTAUQUAN have formed part of the program. In addition, we have read Bryant's translation of the "Iliad," and "Evangeline." All the Memorial Days have been kept. Selections from the author, sketches of his life and home, responses to roll-call with quotations from the same, and familiar talks upon the subject of the memorial, have made these occasions of unusual interest.

Michigan (Imlay City).—On Tuesday evening, November 28, 1882, we organized a local circle of the C. L. S. C. We have eight regular and three local members. The meetings have been held once in two weeks, at the houses of the members, and from the interest manifested in the work, we have every reason to hope for a large increase in numbers next year. On the evening of February 27 we observed Longfellow's birthday by an interesting program of essays, readings, recitations and songs. We closed with a sentiment from each one present, from Longfellow.

Wisconsin (La Crosse).—A local circle was organized here last January. The membership is small, but we have been faithful to the work. Although we began very late, we have nearly completed the year's work. We are all glad we began such a course of study, and have found much pleasure in gathering round our "round-table." The prospects for an increase in numbers and interest for the coming year are encouraging.

Minnesota (Minneapolis).—The Centenary Circle has just finished the work of the year. Our circle has numbered forty-two in all, with six local members, though six, at least, have been unable to attend the meetings on account of distance,—one even living in another State—but most are keeping up their work. There has been more interest and enthusiasm all through the year than during our first year.

Minnesota (Albert Lea).—This is the first year of our local circle, and we number five, all ladies with home cares. We have short sketches of the "Required History Readings" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, which we think make us remember them better. We are reading the "White Seal Course" aloud, and enjoy it so much. Can not be glad enough that we have taken up this course.

Iowa (Muscatine).—The Acme Circle is composed of fifty-five members, with an average attendance of thirty-five. We are very enthusiastic, and expect to take the examinations. We recite the lesson, occasionally reading a part which it does not seem worth while to commit to memory. Our exercises are varied by essays on topics of importance in connection with the lesson.

Iowa (St. Charles).—I wish to report from our town a circle of three (myself and family). We hold no regular meetings. Although we began the first year's course late last December, we have completed the reading up to this month. It has been very profitable and entertaining to us. We are each determined

to complete the course. We will advertise it in our county papers, and do our utmost to solicit members and get up local circles. We do not think any better plan than the C. L. S. C. could be devised for furnishing those who have not the privilege of an academic or collegiate course an opportunity to acquire a good practical education.

Texas (Palestine).—The Houston *Daily Post* gives the following history of the local circle in Palestine: Some young people and some adults of Palestine have formed themselves into a branch of the now world-renowned Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and have entered upon the four years' course of study prescribed by that institution. The circle was organized in October, 1882, and now has a membership of twenty-three. Meetings are held every week at the homes of the members. The evenings thus spent are highly profitable to the members, socially and intellectually. Dr. Yoakum has assisted the circle greatly by lectures and talks on geology, astronomy, botany and history. The program of exercises is varied semi-occasionally from the regular channel, and the evening is spent in purely a literary way. Such seasons of refreshment occur on the birth anniversaries of popular authors. On the 23d of April a Shakspeare memorial meeting was held at Sterne's Hotel, on which occasion Mrs. Overall read "The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey." Miss Kate Colding rendered "Hamlet's Soliloquy" most admirably. Miss Florence Finch presided at the organ and lead in the Chautauqua songs. On May 1 the circle did honor to the life and memory of Addison. Mrs. J. C. Bradford read a sketch of his life and writings, Miss Ena Sawyers read "The Omnipresence and Omniscience of the Deity," and Miss Fannie Reese read "The Vision of Mirza."

California (Brooklyn).—Our circle is an informal quartet of congenial spirits who have been close friends and companions for some time past. We meet every Monday evening and have a delightful free and easy discussion over what we have read during the week, with Webster's Unabridged in its post of honor—the piano stool, and the encyclopædia rack within reachable distance. We are enjoying the course very much, and feel that it is just what we need.

HOW TO CONDUCT A LOCAL CIRCLE.*

THE TROY METHOD OF ORGANIZING A CIRCLE.

The "Rock of Ages" was sung, a prayer was offered by Mr. Martin, after which Mr. Farrar said:

I desire to give you a little history of the inauguration of our circle work in Troy. I do so because I am confident that what was done there last year may be done in every city, in every village, and may be multiplied a thousand times.

About the middle of last September I wrote an article on "Reading, Circles for Reading, and The C. L. S. C.," and published it in the Troy *Daily Times*.

I wrote this article, published it on Wednesday, calling a meeting at my church for Thursday evening, inviting anybody and everybody who desired, to be present. The evening was quite unfavorable. I expected about twenty. I was exceedingly surprised and gratified in the interests of the C. L. S. C. work when I found nearly three hundred people present. Being inspired by their presence, I began to talk to them on reading, the importance of it, the value of it to-day, and the cheapness of literature. I unfolded to them the C. L. S. C. plan, the numbers that were taking it up, the enthusiasm that prevailed here at Chautauqua, and how the Circle was spreading all over the world, not only in this country but in other countries. It was all new to many of them.

At the conclusion of my half hour's talk I asked how many persons wanted to join some such circle as this. About every hand in the audience went up. I was surprised again. Looking over the audience, I knew nearly every one of them, for I was back the second time as pastor of the same church, and knowing that four or five denominations were represented there, I suggested that there ought to be a circle in every church. I did not want to "scoop up" the whole right there in our church, and I was generous enough to say that there ought to be a dozen circles established in our city, one in connection with every church, and in the suburbs. I said that a week from that night we would organize a circle there, and any who desired to be connected with that circle would be gladly welcomed.

During the week I received several letters from parties in the city, and out of the city, asking about the C. L. S. C., what its course of reading was, etc. I followed it in the *Daily Times* with another letter on Wednesday, saying that our circle was to meet on Thursday, and explaining the text books that we were to take up for the year, and more fully entering into the C. L. S. C. idea. Our evening came, and we had over three hundred present. I had the whole list of books with me. I took them up and showed them to each person. I said, "this is the course." I went on unfolding the whole idea of the course, the amount of time each year, the examinations at the end of the year, and the outlook of the four years' course. I told them that this was the student's outlook from college halls, with the exception of the mathematics and the languages to be translated.

Then I asked how many desired to join this Circle. Over two hundred hands went up. Immediately we fell to organization. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I was elected president, and a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, rector of Christ Church, close by me, was elected vice-president. We have in our organization a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a board of managers consisting of five.

I found on inspecting the number that joined our circle that we were about equally divided—Baptists, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodist Episcopalians. Our board of managers was wisely selected from these various churches, so that there might be the largest remove possible from anything like an organization confined to our church. I say this because I believe that people are hungry for just such an organization as this. There are thousands in our communities who are tired of idle gossip. They want something to talk about, and the only way to stop gossip is to put something into their heads on a higher plane. I have had testimony from our members repeatedly, "Now we have so little time to talk about these other things." Whenever they come together they talk about these wonders found in the C. L. S. C. work.

This board of five managers arranges our monthly plan. Our large meetings are monthly. Our circle divides itself up; six or a dozen, or twenty, form little organizations, read together, meet once a week, and then we meet as a large circle monthly and review our work. This board of managers lays out the month's work. The first week after our monthly meeting this board of managers is called together. They make out their plan, print it on a postal card, and send it out at once to every member of the circle, so that every member knows what the plan is to be three weeks before the meeting. Our method in the large meeting is to review our work by the essay method.

Let me give you a program. First, singing. I was fortunate enough to have an enthusiastic singer in our number, and I gave him the work of organizing a glee club. He gathered twenty or twenty-five of the very best young people in the number, and formed a glee club, and they led our devotions. We followed with scripture and prayer. And then began our essays. We usually have three, four, sometimes five essays, and no essay is over ten minutes in length. We desire that the essays shall not exceed eight minutes. It requires a deal of

* Round-table held in the Hall of Philosophy, at Chautauqua, August 16th, 1883, conducted by Rev. H. C. Farrar, of Troy, N. Y.

skill and practice to reduce our thoughts on a subject to a six or eight minutes essay, but it is practicable. Then we are all interested in the subject which we have been studying for a month. When an individual rises and reads, we feel that we have gone over the same subject, and it is like a review to us, and helps to fasten it more definitely in our minds. Following each essay we have remarks and questions. We never criticise an essay. That would be unkind. You could not do it. You would intimidate everybody.

We ask questions and throw in additional remarks. We take up half an hour, or three-quarters at most, devoted to the three, four or five essays. Following these we appoint some person to ask the questions which are printed in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Any person who will ask and answer these questions will find that he has a wonderfully clear *rèsumé* of the whole subject in his mind. I suppose that we are indebted to Mr. Martin for them. They are very clear, very concise, and greatly appreciated by the Troy members.

Following these questions we have a recess of twenty minutes, in which it is the custom of our circle to shake hands, make each others' acquaintance, encourage each other, find out about each other, and inquire about the work. Upon the recall the Glee Club gives a song. Then follows the round-table. I need not explain this because you are all familiar with the round-table. After that a *conversazione* on some prominent character of the world, old or new. We desire that every member will give us some extract of five lines, not to exceed five lines, unless it would break the harmony of the thought, from every person brought before us. We have had Shakspeare, Longfellow, Bryant, and a variety of persons.

Immediately after this *conversazione* follows "a miscellaneous exercise"—anything that needs to be taken up. While we were studying geology, we went down to the village of Albany where the capitol is located. They have a very fine series of geological rooms arranged by Prof. Hall, the State Geologist. As you enter the room, there are the very lowest specimens of the rocks with their fossils. As you go up story after story you reach the highest rocks. Prof. Hall, by previous appointment, met our large circle of about two hundred. We chartered a car or two and went down. He met us and gave us a very satisfactory lecture. We appreciated it.

When we came to astronomy, we found out where we could find an astronomer. We invited him, and he came and gave us a lecture. Then we had a teacher of the high school stand before us, and allow us to question him to our heart's content. We found it available to work in all the outside force possible. When we studied the subject of art we got together all the pictures of the town that we could find. I was in Gloversville as pastor at that time. We arranged them, and spent two or three very delightful evenings. You have two or three, another has one, another has six; bring them all together and discuss the whole subject of art. We found it very profitable.

In Troy our circle is so enthusiastic in its work that there is a constant clamor of outside people to get in. We sometimes allow a few outsiders, and there is hardly a session that we do not have four to five hundred in our gathering, but the front seats are always reserved for members, and visitors, if there be any, must take the back seats. There are anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty clamoring to be admitted into the circle this fall. I do not know what we shall do. If we admit them, we shall go into the audience room. I think it is better to divide up.

I have given you our work. I said in the outset, it is possible for any young man or woman, pastor or superintendent, through your village paper, to write a short article calling the attention of the people to it, saying that in such a place there will be an organization of this work. I have the impression that you can gather quite a large circle in every place, two or three of them. But my conviction is from the work as I have observed it through Troy and vicinity, that you need somebody

in that circle, at the head of it, who loves it. You can make nothing in this world grow without love. Not even the flowers you may plant in your garden will grow unless you love them.

As the result of the article in the *Troy Times*, eight circles were organized in our city. As the result of those two articles, twenty-six circles were organized around Troy.

I would be glad to hear from you to-day. Criticise my plan as much as you please. I have taken more time because Dr. Vincent urged me to do so. He urged me to take twenty-five minutes. I have only taken twenty. Give me your plans, any suggestions, any practical idea that you have worked out in your circles.

MR. MARTIN: I can say that I commend every feature that has been mentioned here by Mr. Farrar in the method of conducting local circles. I believe we have tested in Pittsburgh every one he has mentioned. There are several others we have tried, to which I would like to refer. For instance, I think it well for persons to start with the inspiration and a love of the Circle right here at Chautauqua. A great many persons have come to me on the ground, and asked me how to form a local circle, saying they had no local circles in their vicinity. I say to them if they have two or three members on the ground here who belong together in a circle, meet under the trees and start your organization here. We started with seven members under these trees by the Hall of Philosophy, in the year 1878, and we had somewhere between three and four hundred before the following January, and have as many more since. Last year about half a dozen who graduated in the class of '82 met under the trees here, and we formed our preliminary organization. We carried the spirit and love of the C. L. S. C. home with us, and we formed in Pittsburgh an alumni association of nearly sixty members. We expect to increase the number largely during the coming year.

One word with reference to the use of newspapers. Our executive committee apportion the different papers of the city between them. We have five members, and each member looks after a paper to see that the paper looks after C. L. S. C. matters. We make each member the editor of a C. L. S. C. department in a newspaper, and it is his duty to get in as many notices about the C. L. S. C. as possible. Our press has very generously opened to us its columns. Every monthly meeting is noticed before and after in the papers. I am glad to say that we have got into many considerable controversies in the newspapers. We like them because they bring our organization into notice.

We avail ourselves of the papyrograph, the electric pen, the type writer, and the various plans for duplicating that we now have, in the way of sending out notices, preparing the programs, etc. Any of you who know how cheaply any of these appliances can be used for printing, will see how efficiently they can be employed for the use of the circle.

Another point: If we get a little depressed, or a little behind, we get Dr. Vincent or one of the counselors to come and give us a rousing lecture. We have given them good audiences, and they have spread a new enthusiasm. What an amount of enthusiasm can be developed about the C. L. S. C. If you will have the patience to answer clearly and fully all questions that are asked you about the C. L. S. C., you will find that you are doing a grand missionary work. I know my business is often interrupted by people who come in and ask about the C. L. S. C., but I am always sorry if I ever have to turn any one away without information. If I give them full information, and they go away and join the C. L. S. C., and form a local circle afterward, I feel that I have done a missionary work.

MR. FARRAR: Any suggestions?

A VOICE: Did you permit persons to become members of your local circle who did not belong to the parent society?

MR. FARRAR: Yes. But we requested them, if they did not wish to take up the full course of reading, to join the C. L. S. C. and pay their fifty cents, and take *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. We

honored the home office. But they need not fill out the questions unless they choose.

MR. BRIDGE: In that way you will get a great many members of the C. L. S. C. who are not doing the work.

MR. FARRAR: Very few. We took a few husbands who wanted to come with their wives. "Very good," I said, "pay your fifty cents and take THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

REV. J. O. FOSTER: We had a large circle where I was last appointed. We found in the school a man well posted in geology. We found the depot agent was an astronomer, and he was very enthusiastic over the invitation that we gave him. He came down and spattered the blackboard all over with facts. He got a long strip of paper and stuck up around the room, and marked out the planets. He gave us a very fine lecture on astronomy, so good that the people requested him to repeat it before the whole congregation. We had this "jelly-pad business," and struck off our programs the week before. Every one knew what he was expected to do. We secured plenty of books, if any one was at a loss for books. We had about twenty in the circle, and that circle is now running. I think it is three and a half years old. I do not know of any older than that.

MR. MARTIN: We have one five years old.

MR. FOSTER: Very good. Dr. Goodfellow organized this. Another member and I went to people in the city and asked them to lend us their pictures upon several subjects. You will be astonished at the amount of material you can gather together in a single afternoon to illustrate any subject.

DR. VINCENT: I have no doubt that some small local circles have quite unique plans which they have adopted, and I hope if they hesitate to speak out, that they will write out their plans for us.

A LADY: I was about to speak for a small circle. I am very positive in our circle of twenty it would be almost impossible to have essays, except occasionally. The members generally would be so frightened at the idea of having to write an essay that we should lose the circle entirely. We have to pet them a little, and we use the conversational method as freely as possible to get them to express themselves. What they can not tell we tell them. In my experience—I have been conductor four years—I find the essay method frightens small circles. Where you have circles of two hundred, where they have a great many ministers, and lawyers, you can get them to write essays.

A LADY: I would say that I belong to a circle out West of six members. We pursued the essay work for the first two years entirely. Every one of us for the first two years wrote an essay every week. [Applause.]

DR. EATON: I would like to speak for another small circle. We had a program. We opened with singing and prayer, and then the leader, who had prepared himself thoroughly, or tried to prepare himself thoroughly on the lesson, particularly in science and in history, examined every class by questioning and removing every difficulty connected with them. The whole circle replied at once, answering the questions. If there were any in the circle that could not answer a question, they had it answered for them, and were not placed under any embarrassment by the sense of failure. A great many said of these meetings every two weeks, that they obtained a better knowledge by this thorough drill than by reading privately at home. Likewise we had essays, but not very frequently. We had essays in the first part of the evening. Sometimes there was a failure to respond, but generally the subject was assigned to particular individuals, and a great many facts in connection with the difficulties in history were brought in that way. I think we commenced with a circle of about twenty or thirty, and we graduated here a year ago some sixteen members, I think. And others are coming in, but with what success I am unable to say, as I have not been in that place all the time. I think that every one in that circle would bear testimony that in this way—by close examination, the plan of a regular class drill—we have obtained

a better knowledge than in any other way, and that they were satisfied at the end of the year they had accomplished more and better work than they would under any other circumstances.

A VOICE: I would like to say we consider that the writing of these essays and insisting upon it, was as much for the advantage of the persons writing these essays as for that of those who listened to them. Therefore, we had a critic who was to write the criticisms, and had them read by the president. Do you think that was a good way?

MR. FARRAR: We thought it was not the best way. Dr. Vincent suggests that the criticisms might be given privately to the writer. I found it quite difficult to get essays. Many young ladies and gentlemen looked upon it as a fearful task. Many times I had to call on them, and sit down with them, and talk them into it, showing them how they could do it. And never one wrote an essay in our circle but said "When you want me to write an essay, call on me again." I have tried a dozen others who persisted in refusing, but at the close of the year they came to me and said: "If you will forgive us for our refusing to write you may call upon us next year."

After singing, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Vincent.

[Not required.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "HISTORY OF GREECE," VOLUME II, PARTS IO AND II—"THE ROMAN SUPREMACY, AND BYZANTINE HELLENISM."

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. When is it generally said by historians that Hellas fell under the Roman rule? A. In 145 B. C., when Mummius captured Corinth.

2. Q. Strictly speaking, when did Hellas become a Roman province? A. During the reign of Augustus.

3. Q. Where was the principal theater of the Mithridatic war? A. Hellas, transplanted thither by the daring king of Pontus.

4. Q. Whom did the Romans finally find it necessary to send against him? A. Sulla.

5. Q. During this war what Hellenic city did Sulla capture after a long siege? A. Athens.

6. Q. What is the assertion of several modern historians in regard to the devastation of the land and the slaughter of the inhabitants during this war, which ended in 84 B. C.? A. They did their work so effectually that Asia never thereafter recovered from the Roman wounds.

7. Q. By what was the moral decay of the nation which began long before now followed? A. By a corresponding material ruin.

8. Q. By what was the Ægean Sea from the earliest times invested? A. By pirates, who boldly attacked the coasts, islands and harbors, seizing vessels and plundering property.

9. Q. In the year 78 B. C., what action did the Romans take against these pirates? A. They declared war against them, and entrusted the conduct of hostilities to Pompey.

10. Q. What was the result of Pompey's expedition against them? A. Ten thousand of them were put to death, twenty thousand captured, and one hundred and twenty of their harbors and fortifications were destroyed.

11. Q. In the great struggle between Pompey and Cæsar for the supremacy of the world, whom did Hellas furnish with every possible assistance? A. Pompey.

12. Q. In the year 44 B. C., what Hellenic city did Cæsar rebuild that had been destroyed a hundred years before by Mummius? A. Corinth.

13. Q. In the Roman civil wars which followed the death of Cæsar, with whom did Athens ally herself? A. With Brutus and Cassius.

14. Q. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Octavius and Anthony, followed by hostilities between the latter two, for whom did the greater part of Hellás declare? A. For Anthony.

15. Q. Shortly after Octavius assumed the name of Augustus to what did he reduce Hellas? A. To a Roman province.

16. Q. What is said of the jurisdiction of the Roman proconsul thereafter sent annually to rule Hellas? A. Many cities and countries continued still to be regarded as "freed and allied." The subject territory was designated by the name of Achaia as if it did not remain an integral part of "free Hellas."

17. Q. During the reign of Tiberias what did both Achaia and Macedonia become by reason of the harsh treatment received from the proconsuls? A. Cæsarean instead of public provinces.

18. Q. What was the course of Nero toward Hellas? A. In the year 66 he declared the country autonomous, and at the same time plundered Hellas, inflicting far greater misfortunes on it than those sustained through the invasion of Xerxes.

19. Q. When Vespasian ascended the throne what political change did he make? A. He reduced the country again to a Roman province.

20. Q. During the reign of Vespasian what action was taken in regard to the Greek philosophers? A. Nearly all the Greek philosophers were banished from Rome.

21. Q. How did Trajan prove to be one of the greatest benefactors of the Hellenic nation? A. He sent Maximus to Hellas as plenipotentiary and reorganizer of the free Hellenic cities, with instructions to honor the gods and ancient renown of the nation, and revere the sacred antiquity of the cities.

22. Q. What was Hadrian's treatment of Hellas? A. He visited Athens five times; sought to ameliorate the condition of the people, and adorned Athens and other cities with temples and buildings.

23. Q. What political rights did he give the Hellenes? A. The rights of Roman citizenship.

24. Q. During the reigns of what two Roman emperors did Hellas pre-eminently flourish? A. The Emperors Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius.

25. Q. Notwithstanding the benefits received from the Roman emperors what did Hellas continue to do? A. To wither and decline.

26. Q. During the latter part of the third century what destructive invasion of Hellas took place? A. The invasion of the Goths and other northern barbarians, who overran the country like a deluge, depopulating cities and destroying everything in their path.

27. Q. What relation does our author give Hellenism to Christianity? A. He makes it the first herald of Christianity.

28. Q. Who was the first Roman emperor that issued a decree in favor of Christianity? A. Constantine the Great.

29. Q. What discussions led Constantine to the convocation of the first General Council of the Christian Church, which assembled at Nice in A. D. 325? A. The discussions of Arianism, or opinions concerning the nature of the second person of the Trinity.

30. Q. Who was the most noted opponent of Arianism? A. Athanasius.

31. Q. What city did Constantine dedicate as the capital of his empire? A. Constantinople.

32. Q. During the general slaughter of the relatives of Constantine that took place after his death, what cousin of his escaped and was assigned to the city of Athens for his place of habitation? A. Julian.

33. Q. By comparing the present with the past, to what conclusion did Julian arrive as to the cause of the decline of the empire? A. That Christianity was the cause of the decline, or was not adapted to prevent the demoralization of the empire; that the change of affairs resulted from the debasement of the ancient religion and life, and that the reformation of the world could only be accomplished through their reëstablishment.

34. Q. By what class of philosophers was Julian sustained in his views? A. By the Neapolitanists.

35. Q. After Julian was recognized as emperor what was his main object on entering Constantinople? A. The restoration of the ancient religion.

36. Q. What were some of the steps he took to accomplish this object? A. He restored the ancient temples and caused new ones to be erected to the gods; the games were celebrated with magnificence, and the schools of philosophy were especially protected.

37. Q. Who was the successor to Julian? A. Jovian.

38. Q. What was his course toward Christianity? A. He abolished the decrees enacted by Julian on behalf of idolatry, and seemed favorably inclined toward Christianity, but he died suddenly on his way to Constantinople.

39. Q. About this time what two names became prominent in theological controversies? A. Basil the Great and Gregory the theologian.

40. Q. What new invasion of the northern barbarians took place in the latter part of the fourth century? A. That of the Goths, who overran Thrace, Macedonia and Thessaly, ravaged the country, killed the inhabitants, and destroyed the cities that were not strongly fortified.

41. Q. To what did Theodosius first direct his attention after he became emperor? A. To the pacification of the Goths, and succeeded within the space of four years in rendering them if not fully submissive to his scepter, at least anxious to seek terms of peace.

42. Q. What did the solemn edict which Theodosius dictated in 380 proclaim? A. The Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity, branded all who denied it with the name of heretics, and handed over the churches in Constantinople to the exclusive use of the orthodox party.

43. Q. What synod did he convene at Constantinople a few months afterward, in the year 381? A. The second General Council of the Christian Church, which completed the theological system established by the Council of Nice.

44. Q. After the death of Theodosius, who were the nominal rulers of the Roman empire? A. Arcadius in the East, and Honorius in the West, both sons of Theodosius.

45. Q. Who, however, were the real rulers of the empire? A. Rufinus in the East and Stilicho in the West.

46. Q. How are each characterized? A. Stilicho was noted for his military virtues, but Rufinus became notorious only for his wickedness.

47. Q. Failing in his project of marrying his daughter Maria to Arcadius, how did Rufinus seek to revenge himself? A. By plotting the destruction of the empire itself.

48. Q. What barbarians is it said he called into the empire? A. The Huns, who laid waste many provinces in Asia; and Alaric, the daring general of the Goths, who invaded Hellas, plundering and destroying everything in his path.

49. Q. Who, called the greatest orator of Christianity, became archbishop of Constantinople near the close of the fourth century? A. John Chrysostom.

50. Q. After the death of Arcadius, who virtually assumed the government of the empire? A. Pulcheria, the daughter of Arcadius.

51. Q. What are we told as to the kind of life she led? A. That she embraced a life of celibacy, renounced all vanity in dress, interrupted by frequent fasts her simple and frugal diet, and devoted several hours of the day and night to the exercises of prayer and psalmody.

52. Q. How did her brother Theodosius, who was the nominal emperor, spend his time? A. His days in riding and hunting, and his evenings in modeling and copying sacred books.

53. Q. How long did Pulcheria continue to reign? A. For nearly forty years.

54. Q. What is said of the condition of Hellenism in the meantime? A. It continued to wither in Hellas, while the mod-

ern began to spread and strengthen itself in Constantinople.

55. Q. What is said of Hellenic literature from this time onward? A. It produced none of those works by which the memory of nations is honored and perpetuated.

56. Q. To what is its intellectual decline mainly due? A. To the incursions of the barbarians, by which society was shaken to its very foundations, and the genius and enterprise of the nation almost paralyzed.

57. Q. Under what leader did the Huns ravage without restraint and without mercy the suburbs of Constantinople and the provinces of Thrace and Macedonia? A. Attila, called the "Scourge of God."

58. Q. With the dethronement of what emperor did all political relations between Rome and the Eastern Empire cease? A. Romulus Augustulus in 476.

59. Q. How did the emperors of the East continue to be styled? A. They continued to be styled emperors of the Romans, but legislation, government, and customs became thoroughly Hellenized.

60. Q. What was the mainspring of the success in life of Justinian who became emperor in 527? A. An unrestrained desire for great deeds and his wonderful good fortune in the choice of ministers.

61. Q. What military victories glorified the early years of his reign? A. Splendid victories over the Persians.

62. Q. What general began his career in this war? A. Belisarius, the general who imparted such eminent distinction to the reign of Justinian.

63. Q. What were Justinian's most glorious and useful memorials? A. The composition of the celebrated collection of laws comprising the Institutes, the Digest or Pandects, and the Code.

64. Q. To whom was the work entrusted? A. To ten law-teachers, over whom the famous Tribonian presided.

65. Q. What are of special importance as among other memorable events which signalized the reign of Justinian? A. The successful wars which he waged against the Vandals in Africa and the Goths in Italy, and his expeditions to Sicily and Spain.

66. Q. Among the many edifices erected during the reign of Justinian which is the most famous? A. That of St. Sophia.

67. Q. To what epoch does the reign of Justinian partly belong? A. To the Roman epoch of the Eastern Empire.

68. Q. What does the reign of Heraklius from 610 to 641 form? A. An integral part of mediæval Hellenism.

69. Q. By what was Heraklius invited to ascend the throne, and how long did his posterity continue to reign over the empire of the East? A. The voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people invited him to ascend the throne, and his posterity till the fourth generation continued to reign over the empire of the East.

70. Q. In 627, after many brilliant actions, what defeat did Heraklius inflict upon the Persians? A. So severe a defeat that their empire was nearly crushed.

71. Q. Almost at the same time what unexpected and more terrible opponent arose in the Arabian peninsula whose conflict with Hellenism continues to the present day? A. Mohammedanism.

72. Q. What did the Mohammedans of Arabia wrest from the empire? A. Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa.

73. Q. What was the Mohammedan religion called, and to what two dogmas was it limited? A. Islam, meaning devotion; its dogmas were the belief in a future life, and the unity of God.

74. Q. In what words was the latter expressed? A. "There is only one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God."

75. Q. Who was the next emperor of real historic value after the death of Heraklius? A. Constantine IV., surnamed Pogonatus, or the Bearded.

76. Q. For what was the reign of Constantine especially memorable? A. For the first siege of Constantinople by the Mohammedans.

77. Q. How long did this siege last? A. For seven years, but was not carried on uninterruptedly throughout this time.

78. Q. What was the result of the siege? A. The Mohammedans were finally forced to relinquish the fruitless enterprise in 675.

79. Q. What formidable weapon did the Byzantines employ during this siege, the composition of which is now unknown? A. The Greek fire.

80. Q. What declarations of an œcumenical council he convoked at Constantinople in 680 did Constantine sanction by a royal edict, and thus reëstablish religious union in the empire? A. That the church has always recognized in Christ two natures, united but not confounded—two wills, distinct, but not antagonistic.

81. Q. When did the next siege of Constantinople by the Mohammedans take place? A. In the year 717, during the reign of Leo III.

82. Q. What was the result? A. In the following year the Arabs were driven away, having suffered a loss of twenty-five hundred ships and more than five hundred thousand warriors.

83. Q. What decrees did Leo III. issue in 726 and 730? A. A decree forbidding the worship of images, and another banishing them entirely from the churches.

84. Q. How did these decrees divide the nation? A. Into two intensely hostile parties, of iconoclasts or image-breakers, and image-worshippers, by whose contests it was long distracted.

85. Q. What action did Leo V. take in regard to image-worship? A. He not only banished the images from the churches, but also destroyed the songs and prayers addressed to them.

86. Q. What further order was made in regard to their worship by Theophilus who became emperor in 829? A. He forbade the word "holy" to be inscribed on the images, and also that they should be honored by prayers, kissing, or lighted tapers.

87. Q. After the death of Theophilus what action did the empress Theodora, into whose hands the positive power of the government passed, take in regard to the images? A. She herself worshiped images. The pictures were again hung in the churches, and the monastic order more than ever became potent both in society and government.

88. Q. During the reign of Alexius what storm suddenly burst from the west? A. The so-called First Crusade.

89. Q. Who was the Pope at this time? A. Urban II.

90. Q. By whom were the crusades first incited? A. Peter the Hermit.

91. Q. When did Jerusalem fall into the hands of the crusaders? A. July 15, 1099.

92. Q. Who were the leaders of the second crusade? A. Conrad III., king of Germany, and Louis VII., king of France.

93. Q. What was the ostensible intention of the crusaders? A. To free Eastern Christianity from the oppression of the Turks.

94. Q. What does our author say was their ultimate object? A. The capture of Constantinople and the abolition of the Byzantine empire.

95. Q. What was the result of the second crusade? A. It was wholly inglorious, being relieved by no heroic deeds whatever.

96. Q. What took place in Syria during 1187? A. The Christian authority was overthrown in Syria, and Jerusalem was captured by Saladin, the sultan of Egypt.

97. Q. What occurred to Constantinople during the fourth crusade, in the year 1204? A. After a siege of five months it fell into the hands of the crusaders.

98. Q. When and by whom was Constantinople recovered? A. In 1261, under the leadership of Michael Palæologus.

99. Q. When was Constantinople again attacked by the Turks? A. In 1453, under the famous Mohammed II.

100. Q. What was the result of the final decisive engagement? A. The city fell before overwhelming numbers, and passed under Turkish rule.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. STUDIES.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

The C. L. S. C. readings for November include parts 10 and 11 of Timayenis's "History of Greece," for students having read the first volume; or from page 93 to the end of "Brief History of Greece," for students of Class of '87.

Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 5, "Greek History."

Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First week (ending November 8)—1. "History of Greece," from page 258 to "Arius," page 293; or, "Brief History of Greece," from page 93 to "The Battle of Salamis," page 118.

2. Readings in German History and Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 4.

Second Week (ending November 15)—1. "History of Greece," from "Arius," page 293, to chapter viii, page 328; or, "Brief History of Greece," from "The Battle of Salamis," page 118, to "Life of Socrates," page 143.

2. Readings in Physical Science and Political Economy in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 11.

Third Week (ending November 22)—1. "History of Greece," from chapter viii, page 328, to chapter iii, page 359; or, "Brief History of Greece," from "Life of Socrates," page 143, to "Causes of the Sacred War," page 169.

2. Readings in Art, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 18.

Fourth Week (ending November 29)—1. "History of Greece," from chapter iii, page 359, to the end of part II, page 342; or, "Brief History of Greece," from "Causes of the Sacred War," page 169, to the end of the book.

2. Readings in American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 25.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS.

Season of 1884.

J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., and R. S. HOLMES, A.M., INSTRUCTORS.

I. The course of instruction to be pursued in the Sunday-school Normal Department of the Chautauqua Assembly, at its session in 1884, will embrace lessons upon the following subjects, prepared by the instructors in the department. The full text of these lessons will be printed during the year in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, which should be taken by all who desire to prepare for the Normal Department.

Twelve Lessons on the Bible.—(1) The Divine Revelation; (2) The Bible from God through Man; (3) The Bible as an English Book; (4) The Canon of Scripture; (5) The World of the Bible; (6) The Land of the Bible; (7) The History in the Bible; (8) The Golden Age of Bible History; (9) The House of the Lord; (10) The Doctrines of the Bible; (11) Immanuel; (12) The Interpretation of the Bible.

Twelve Lessons on the Sunday-school and the Teacher's Work.—(1) The Sunday-school—its Purpose, Place, and Prerogatives; (2) The Superintendent—his Qualifications, Duties, and Responsibility; (3) The Teacher's Office and Work; (4) The Teacher's Week-day Work; (5) The Teacher's Preparation; (6) The Teacher's Mistakes; (7) The Teaching Process—Adaptation; (8) The Teaching Process—Approach; (9) The Teaching Process—Attention; (10) The Teaching Process—Illustration; (11) The Teaching Process—Interrogation; (12) The Teaching Process—Reviews.

II. Students of the Normal Course should study in addition to the outlines in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the following Chautauqua Text-Books (ten cents each): No. 18, "Christian Evidences;" No. 19, "The Book of Books;" No. 36, "Assembly Bible Outlines;" No. 37, "Assembly Normal Outlines;" No. 38, "The Life of Christ;" No. 39, "The Sunday-school Normal Class"

(including the preparation of the Normal Praxes), and No. 41, "The Teacher Before his Class."

III. Students of the Normal Course are also desired to read the following books: Chautauqua Text-Book No. 1, "Bible Exploration;" No. 8, "What Noted Men Think of the Bible;" No. 10, "What is Education?" No. 11, "Socrates;" and "Normal Outlines of Christian Theology," by L. T. Townsend (price, forty cents). These books may be obtained of Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York; or of Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago.

IV. Students in special classes in churches or schools, or individual students who prosecute the course as given above, may receive by mail outline memoranda for examination, and if they can certify to having studied the lessons and text-books, and will also prepare the Normal Praxes named in Chautauqua Text-Book No. 39, and fill out the Outline Memoranda, may receive the diploma of the Chautauqua Teachers' Union, and will be enrolled as members of the Chautauqua Society. Such students will send name and address, with twenty-five cents, to Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., Plainfield, N. J.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS—BIBLE SECTION.

Twelve Lessons on Bible Themes.

LESSON I.—THE DIVINE REVELATION.

I. There is in me a something which is called mind. I do not know what it is. I can neither tell whence it came, nor whither it will go when it ceases to inhabit this body. That in me, which is thus ignorant concerning the mind, is the mind itself. There are therefore matters beyond my mental range. That is, my mind is limited, bounded, finite in its powers. What is true of my mind is true of all human mind. Here then is one of the first results of consciousness: **FINITE MIND IN THE WORLD.**

II. This finite mind did not produce itself; it sees in the body which it controls evidence of a design of which it is not the author. It turns to the phenomena of the universe and discovers in them the same evidences of design. It seeks the attributes and character of the designer or designers of human body and of natural phenomena, and finds them to be unlimited in action, unbounded by time or space, infinite in power, and uniform in manifestation. It therefore concludes that there is but one designer of all the phenomena of created nature, and that he is both intelligent and infinite. Here then is a second result of consciousness: **INFINITE MIND IN THE UNIVERSE.**

III. We have so far brought to view two powers, infinite mind in the universe and finite mind in the world, and between them a distance immeasurable and impassable from the finite side. They are extremes in the progression of the universe. Let us notice some facts concerning each of these powers:

1. The infinite mind is self-existent; eternal.

2. The infinite mind created finite mind in its own likeness. Both these points will be considered in our lesson on the "Doctrines of the Bible."

3. The infinite mind has *provided a means of passing the distance between itself and the finite mind*, so that the finite might know the infinite; i. e. it has revealed itself to the finite mind.

4. The finite mind is the highest created existence. This is left without discussion for the student to amplify.

5. The finite mind exists because of the infinite mind. The gas jet burning above my head affords an illustration. It exists because of a well-stored gasometer two miles away; because of complicated machinery by which coal has been caused to yield up its hidden stores of light; because of a system of underground conductors that terminates in the burner on the wall. Without the burner and the light all these appliances would be useless; and they in turn exist only that there may be light. So the finite mind exists because of the infinite—nor can we think with satisfaction of infinite mind in the universe and no creation or correlated force.

6. The finite mind hungers to know the infinite; it peers into the measureless space which its eye can not pierce, and longs for the infinite to reveal itself. This fact is historical, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" has been the question of the ages; and the answer has been "the world by wisdom knew not God." The cry of multitudes of hungering souls has been: "O, that I knew where I might find him." As light is necessary to the eye, and air to the bird's wing, and sound to the ear, that each may perform the work for which it is adapted, so a knowledge of the infinite mind that is of God, is essential that the finite mind—that is, man—may fulfill its destiny. And this knowledge is possible only through self-revelation by God to man. That such a revelation has been made we have already asserted. That the Bible is that revelation is our claim, which we will discuss in a future lesson. The present lesson will be content to inquire simply, how that revelation has been effected. We answer:

God wrought it out in the presence of the race in ways unmistakable, exhibiting every attribute of his character, even to those of mercy and forgiveness. God wrought (not wrote). What we call the inspired Word is a mediate, not an immediate act of God. God wrought, the work extending through many ages, perhaps not even yet finished.

Wrought (a) in nature, so that "the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." Creation then is itself a part of the revelation, but only a part; for out of it comes no hint of forgiveness or redemption.

(b) In man, by spiritual manifestations, by intellectual enlightenments, by illuminations of conscience, such as could not originate in the human soul. These revelations or workings of God in man mark a large portion of the history of thought through the ages; and in that dim twilight of the race, when men like Enoch walked with God, though history is but a shadow, yet it is the shadow of God working in man.

(c) In Providence—that is, in his ordering the work of the world. He not only "produced a supernatural history extending through centuries, . . . and working out results which human wisdom could never have conceived, nor human power executed,"* but also he has directed all the workings of all history in accordance with the central purpose of his revelation.

(d) In grace, by his spirit revealing what the human mind could never have discovered for itself, redemption and atonement through forgiveness of sin.

IV. This divine revelation so wrought by God *has been, and is being reported* that all the world may know and confess that "the Lord, he is the God." Reported:

1. *Through Tradition.*—There was an unwritten Bible before the written word, handed down from patriarchs to scribes; and even in lands destitute of the Scriptures, we trace the dim outlines of truth transmitted from ancient authority.

2. *Through Philosophy.*—Wise men and thinkers have read the revelation in nature and gathered it up from human thought, and the highest philosophy, as that of a Socrates and a Plato, finds God.

3. *Through Prophecy.*—In the earlier ages, and perhaps through all the ages, God has communed with chosen men who have lived in fellowship with himself; and has made them the mouthpiece uttering his will to the world.

4. *Through Preaching.*—The pulpit, when it is true to its mission, voices the message of God to man.

V. *We find also that this divine revelation has been written out, under a divine direction:*

1. *In Various Books.*—The Bible is not one book, but sixty-six books, a whole library, presenting the divine revelation under varied aspects, but all under one divine origin and super-vision.

2. *By Various Writers.*—Not less than thirty authors, and

probably many more, shared in the composition of the Scriptures, but all wrote under a divine control, and expressed, each in his own style, the mind of the Spirit.

3. *Through Various Ages.*—Moses may have begun the writing, doubtless from earlier documents. Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Ezra, Matthew, Paul, John, each in turn carried on the work through a period of sixteen hundred years. The book grew like a cathedral, rising through the centuries, under many successive master-builders, yet according to one plan of one divine Architect.

4. *In Various Languages.*—Two great tongues, one Semitic, the other Aryan, were employed, the Hebrew in the Old Testament, the Greek in the new; but the Hebrew of Moses is not that of Daniel a thousand years later.

VI. *We find this divine revelation preserved:*

1. *By being stereotyped into Dead Languages.*—A living language is ever changing the meaning of its words; and truth written in it is in danger of being misunderstood by another generation. But the words of a dead language, like the Hebrew and the Greek, are fixed in their meaning, and once understood are not likely to be perverted. Soon after the Bible was completed, both its languages ceased to be spoken, and have been kept since as the shrine for the great truths contained in the Word.

2. *By being translated into Living Languages.*—The Bible has been translated into all the tongues of earth, and thus its perpetuation to the end of time has been assured. No other work has been read by so many races, and no other is so capable of being understood by the masses of mankind.

3. *By being incorporated into Literature.*—If every copy of the Scriptures in the whole world were destroyed every sentence of it could be reproduced from the writings of men, since it has become an integral part of the thought of the world.

4. *By being perpetuated in Institutions.*—The Jewish church perpetuates the Old Testament; the Christian church the New; and while either endures, the Bible containing the divine revelation must endure.

VII. *We find this divine revelation proved:*

1. *By Testimonies.*—The child looking upon the opened page of the Bible at his mother's knee, accepts her testimony that it is the word of God, and thus each generation receives the book from the preceding generation with a declaration of its divine origin.

2. *By Probabilities.*—Such has been the history of this book in its relation to the world, and its triumph over opposing forces; such has been its early, continuous and present acceptance; that there is every probability in favor of its being, what it appears to be, a divine book.

3. *By Experience.*—There are many who have put this book to the test in their own lives; have tried its promises; have tasted its spiritual experience; have brought it into contact with their own hearts; and have obtained from it a certain assurance that it comes from God.

4. *By Evidences.*—If any reader will not accept the Bible upon the testimonies of others; if he fails to see in its behalf the weight of probability; if he has not been able to put it to the test in his own experience, there is yet a strong line of argument appealing to his reason, and proving the book divine.

VIII. *We find this divine revelation searched:*

1. *Through Curiosity.*—There are some who read and study the Bible from no higher motive than desire to know its contents.

2. *Through Literary Taste.*—There are others who read the Bible from an appreciation of its value as a work of literature, recognizing the high poetic rank of David and Isaiah, the historic worth of Joshua and Samuel, the philosophic thought of Paul.

3. *Through Opposition.*—In every age there have been searchers of the Bible actuated by the motive of unbelief; men trying to find in it the weapons for its own destruction.

Yet even their study has often proved serviceable to the believer in the divine revelation.

4. *Through Spiritual Desire.*—Multitudes have studied the Bible, multitudes are studying it now because they find in it that which their spiritual nature craves, the knowledge of God. They feed upon the Word because it satisfies the hunger of their spirits.

IX. We find this *divine revelation circulated among men.* The history of the Bible since its translation into English has been the history of multiplication. Language after language has had the Bible added to the library of its language. Unwritten languages have had characters invented for them to represent their words and the Bible has thus become the first book of the new-made written language of the people. All the leading languages of the world have thus been put in possession of the Bible, and the signs of the times point to a speedy realization of the hope that soon all the nations of the earth will know the divine revelation of our Father which is in heaven.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS.

Twelve Lessons on the Sunday-school and the Teacher's Work.

LESSON I.—THE PLACE, PURPOSE AND PREROGATIVES OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I. The place of the Sunday-school.

1. The Sunday-school is one of the means employed by the Church of Christ for bringing men under the influence of the Gospel. It is not designed to fill the place of any of the other accepted agencies of the church.

2. The Sunday-school does not, and should not accomplish the work belonging to the pulpit and the pastor, nor does it subserve the purpose of the church meeting for prayer and interchange of Christian experience.

3. The Sunday-school can in no sense do the work of the Christian home. It is an agency differing from all other agencies of the church, and is made necessary by the nature and extent of the body of truth accepted by the church, so necessary that without it the church would be to a certain extent crippled.

4. It is a school, *organized and officered as such*; occupying a well defined place in the religious system of the church, having a specific purpose, and entitled to certain prerogatives.

5. As a school, its constituency is a body of teachers and pupils, associated together voluntarily, but not without responsibility and accountability.

6. The Sunday-school in its theoretic constitution is the parallel of the secular school.

(a) As the latter derives its life from the community, so the Sunday-school derives its life from *the religious community, the church.*

(b) As the community delegates the power of control over the secular school to a representative body which exercises supreme authority over its affairs, so the church entrusts the management of the Sunday-school to her representative executive body, by whatever name known.

(c) As the representative body controlling the secular school places the oversight of the system and its details of management in the hands of a general executive officer, or superintendent, so the governing power of the church entrusts the management of the Sunday-school to one of similar name—a *superintendent.*

(d) As the secular school is within and subordinate to the community, and alongside of the home as its aid and supplement, so the Sunday-school is within and subordinate to the church, and beside the Christian home as its supplement.

Let us gather up these propositions concerning the Sunday-school into a general definition.

Definition.

The Sunday-school is a department of the church of Christ, in which the word of Christ is taught for the purpose of bringing souls to Christ and building up souls in Christ.

As suggested by this definition, we make the following propositions:

- (1) The Sunday-school is a *school.*
- (2) The Sunday-school is not a substitute for the church.
- (3) The Sunday-school is not a substitute for the prayer meeting.
- (4) The Sunday-school is not a substitute for home training.
- (5) The Sunday-school is *in* the church as an integral part.
- (6) The Sunday-school is subordinate to the church.
- (7) The Sunday-school is an aid to the Christian home.

II. The Purpose of the Sunday-school.

1. The chief purpose of the Sunday-school is the *spiritual education* of the soul. By education we do not mean the mere putting in possession of knowledge. There have been learned men who were not educated men; men of wide knowledge, but with the power of *self-control* and *self-use* undeveloped. By education we mean leading the soul out of its natural condition, into a condition where it can do what God meant it to do, and be what God meant it to be. Spiritual education will therefore be the development of a soul by nature averse to divine control, into a condition of oneness with the divine will, such as is made possible by the at-onement of Jesus Christ. This process involves, (1) conversion, and (2) upbuilding in Christ, and would produce, if unhindered, a character that would reach toward the measure of the fulness of Christ.

But many souls in the church have never reached farther than the first or preparatory step in spiritual education—the step which we call conversion. Hence,

2. A second purpose of the Sunday-school is upbuilding in Christ, and this is possible only through searching study of the Word of God.

As the astronomer must know all the intricacies of his science, and be able with the telescope to read the heavens as an open book, and scan their farthest depths, so the Christian must know the hidden mysteries and deep things of God as revealed in the Bible, which is both text-book and telescope to the soul.

3. A third purpose of the Sunday-school is the development of the teaching power in the church. "Go teach," in the Revised version becomes "Go disciple." Sunday-school teaching therefore becomes *disciple-making.* In this respect its aim is the same as that of the church. To accomplish it by preaching, the church provides years of careful training for her ministers in special schools. As careful training is needed by the Sunday-school teacher, and the school itself is the only means by which the end can be secured.

III. The Prerogatives of the Sunday-school.

The Sunday-school exists within the church and because of the church. Yet though a part of the church, it maintains a separate organic life. As a member of the body it has certain *rights* which we call Prerogatives. We name the most important.

1. *Care.*—As no member of the body can be neglected without physical loss, so if any part of the body of Christ be left without watchful care, spiritual loss must ensue. The Sunday-school has a *right to the care* of the church, exercised (a) officially by the governing body, that no want may be left unsupplied, and (b) individually that sympathy, help, prayer and interest may never be lacking, and that ample provision may be made for the efficient working of the school.

2. *Support.*—The Sunday-school has a right to the pecuniary support of the church. It never should be crippled by lack of means to carry out its plans. The school should not be expected to provide for its own necessary expenses. The voluntary contributions of the school should never be applied to the support of the school as such. Systematic giving should be taught, and should include all the benevolent operations of the church, even to the extent of contributing toward the general church expenses, but that the school should use its funds for defraying its own expenses is clearly an evil.

(3) *Recognition*.—The school has a right to be recognized as an established agency of the church. This recognition should include (1) regular notice from the pulpit of the time and place of holding its sessions; (2) the same prominence to the annual meeting for the choice of officers that is given to the same meetings of the church, and (3) its importance as a church agency should be recognized by giving to the school official recognition in the governing body of the church.

(4) *Pastoral Supervision*.—The school has a right to the watchful oversight and regular presence of the pastor. It is not necessary that he should superintend the school—it is better not. It is not necessary that he should be burdened with its cares. But it is essential (1) that he use it as a field of pastoral labor; (2) that he give to it the encouragement of his commendation; (3) that he extend to it the sympathy of his

presence; (4) that he know as to the character of the work being done within it.

(5) *Coöperation*.—The Sunday-school has a right to the hearty coöperation of the whole church, so that (1) there may be no lack of teachers to do the work of the school, and (2) that the work of the teacher may be understood and appreciated in the Christian family, which is the church unit; and (3) that teacher and parent may work in perfect harmony.

This is not intended as an exhaustive treatment of this subject. It presents in outline some salient points concerning the Sunday-school, and leaves the student to continue by himself the line of thought suggested, and to this end reference is made to "Hart's Thoughts on Sunday-schools," "Pardee's Sunday-school Index," and the "Chautauqua Normal Guide," by J. H. Vincent, D.D., 1880.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

DR. HAYGOOD'S BATTLE FOR THE NEGRO.

There is something sublime in the spectacle of an earnest man contending for his cause. The sublimity is heightened when we remember that his cause and his convictions are identical, without any reckoning of the cost. Of this character was the figure of Dr. Atticus G. Haygood on the Chautauqua platform, uttering brave words for the Negro, his former slave, but present fellow-citizen. Nor did we have to wait till opportunity made him heard at Chautauqua. From the close of the war until now, he has been a moulder and leader of the best sentiment in the South, and has occupied advanced ground upon all questions relating to the education and welfare of the liberated slave. His recent book, "Our Brother in Black," is the ablest contribution we have had to the "Negro question." It breathes throughout the same generous, Christian sentiment and sympathy that characterize all his utterances and his work elsewhere. Nor is the word "battle" too strong a term to be used. When we remember the jealousies, hates, and prejudices of long standing, and greatly intensified by the war; and how they have been kept alive by designing men on both sides; when we bear these things in mind, it is easy to see that it has required no little courage for a Southern man, in the midst of Southern people, with their sentiments and feelings, to take up the black man's cause and advocate it in words of bold, plain truth.

Dr. Haygood is the Christian, and not the politician. When he praises, as he does without stint, the work accomplished for the Negro by the people of the North, it is not the work of that particular politician, with his promise of "a mule, forty acres, and provisions for a year," but of teachers, secular and religious, who, with a motive higher than the personal, have sought the elevation, moral and intellectual, of the Negro. He pleads no apology for his Southern brethren who have met these benevolent workers with opposition, social ostracism, and other forms of persecution, but utters his condemnation of this spirit whenever and wherever manifested.

And the results of the first twenty years' history have justified his high and hopeful views. It is only two years since Senator Brown, of Georgia, said of the Negro, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate: "He has shown a capacity to receive education, and a disposition to elevate himself that is exceedingly gratifying, not only to me, but to every right-thinking Southern man." The results show that the Negro has a real hunger for the education he so greatly needs. It is shown that in the year 1881, forty-seven per cent. of the colored school population was enrolled as attending the public schools, whilst in the same year there was enrolled fifty-two per cent. of the white population. Though both figures are painfully low, and suggest a condition of great illiteracy, yet, when we remember the past

of the Negro—how he has been trampled down and trodden under—the figure 47 at the end of his first twenty years, is both encouraging and significant.

But Dr. Haygood finds his strongest hope in the religious nature of the Negro. The religious element of the race was very manifest in the days of slavery, and since its freedom still more so. The moral and religious progress of twenty years is encouraging. Of seven millions, the entire colored population, a million and a half are communicants of the various churches. Whilst their notions are crude, their conceptions of religious truth often painfully realistic and grotesque, yet their religion is real and worthy of confidence. More than to all other influences combined, to the black man's religion is due the shaping of his better character. It is from this basis, and working along this line, that Dr. Haygood sees the success of the future. His closing word at Chautauqua is a statement of the whole theory which will commend itself to the sympathy and judgment of right-thinking Christian men everywhere: "Mere statesmanship can not solve this hard problem. It is not given to the wisdom of man; but God reigns, and God does not fail. We are workers with him in his great designs. When we stand by the cross of Jesus Christ we will know what to do. We can solve our problem, God being our helper. But on no lower platform than this—the platform of the Ten Commandments and of the Sermon on the Mount."

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

In a few months we shall be in the midst of another presidential campaign, and one as exciting, perhaps, as the country has known. Already we see earnest preparations for the fray. The party managers are busily laying their schemes; the question of candidates and the measures to secure victory are being thoroughly canvassed by the rival parties.

What now strikes the thoughtful person as he considers the political outlook is the lack of party issues. Two great parties are seen on the eve of a tremendous struggle for the reins of government; but when the question is asked, what are the living issues at the bottom of this fight? one is puzzled for a reply. The situation is about this: instead of coming before the people with certain great principles as a ground of contention, one party has for its cry, "Put the rascals out;" and the other, "Let us keep the rascals from coming in."

Our feeling is that the case should be different. Are there no living issues important enough to serve as the rallying cry of political parties? Must parties live on a past record? Is there nothing for them to do but to glory in what they have done, and point a finger of contempt at the other side? By no means is this the case. There are to-day vitally important matters pertaining to the public welfare which call loudly to our

political leaders for attention; and the party which shall take hold of these matters in an earnest way, and boldly present itself as the champion of principles of truth and justice and purity, ought to be, and must be, the party of the future.

The reform of the civil service might very well be a party issue, but it is not. Neither of the great parties shows a disposition to take a hearty and united stand in favor of such reform. Some prominent men in both parties have it at heart, and the movement which has been seen can not be claimed as a party movement. The reform of the tariff wise men see to be one of the crying needs of the hour; but how hopelessly at sea seem our party leaders in dealing with the question. It can not be said that any principles of tariff are a party issue. There is a wide diversity of sentiment among those who have the management of the parties; on either side are seen free-trade men and protective tariff men; and probably some have their opinions yet to form upon a subject so live and important as the tariff. The nation has a yearly surplus revenue of \$100,000,000, to get rid of which extravagant and needless appropriations are made; the embarrassment of certain branches of industry in our land, as things are, is evident; but to which party can we point as the one intelligently and earnestly bent on tariff reform? The time may come when the prohibition of the liquor traffic will be the underlying principle of a great political party, but it is not now. We may have our opinions as to which of the great parties bidding for the suffrages of the people is the more a temperance party, but either is a great way from being ready to adopt as an issue the righteous principle of prohibition. In just one State to-day (Iowa), one of the parties appears as the supporter of this principle. Turn to another State (Massachusetts), which sometimes is thought to lead all the rest in moral ideas, and see the same party fighting neither for this principle nor any other, but simply to wrest the power from Governor Butler.

We judge of the coming national campaign by that now in progress in different States, and we see it is to be marked by a lack of high and worthy party issues. It will be—what it should not be—a contest without great underlying principles. Let whichever party may triumph, the victory can not be regarded one of living principles; it will be rather the success of individuals to whom the majority of the people choose to commit the reins of authority, or the triumph of a party which the people prefer for its record, or to which they give a blind and unthinking preference. Whatever the outcome of the impending political struggle, we have faith in the perpetuity of our institutions, and that there is a nobler destiny for the American people than they have yet attained.

HISTORY OF GREECE.

The installment of Grecian History required in the C. L. S. C. course is not extensive, but has been prepared with much care, and is adapted to its purpose. A careful study—enough to give possession of the principal facts stated, can hardly fail to kindle the desire for further knowledge of a people who had so many elements of greatness, and for centuries surpassed all others in knowledge and culture. The most advanced nations of to-day are largely indebted to the Greeks. Modern art and literature bear witness to the indebtedness. The race had wonderful capabilities. Their country, climate, blood, early habits of self-control, or all these together, secured in that corner of Europe a class of stalwart men, physically and intellectually capable of great deeds.

Much of their early history is, of course, fabulous. The gods, goddesses, heroes and kings, whose councils and exploits are rehearsed, were but myths. Yet the legendary traditions respecting them have charms that attract and hold the reader. We may utterly discredit the story, but pay homage to the ability and versatile genius of the writer, whose glowing words so paint the scenes described. Only a slight basis of fact is conceded to some of the most captivating Homeric descriptions;

yet they are in an important sense true. False in history, but sublimely true to the conceptions of the greatest of poets, as a bold delineator, peerless in his own, or any other age. If the ideal of the divinities thought to be interested in the affairs of men falls far below the conceptions of a monotheist, and seems unworthy of a philanthropic heathen, the portraiture is both complete and captivating.

When the mists, that for centuries shrouded Greece and the neighboring isles, are dispersed, and we recognize the certain dawn of the *historic* period, though the descendants of those mighty heroes and kings that were deified as sons of the gods, shrink to the proportions of men, they are still found to be mighty men, whose noble deeds and achievements have been an inspiration to millions in the generations since. Excepting only such as have the true light, and are blest with Christian civilization, we adopt the statement "No other race ever did so many things well as the Greeks."

Let the book be closely studied. If the cursory, objectless reader lacks interest, and tires in the work, the student feels more than compensated for his toil.

A COLLEGE REFORM.

The present agitation touching college courses of study is one from which good is likely to come. There is danger, however, that we swing to the other extreme. That undue prominence in the ordinary college curriculum has hitherto been given to classical studies, and too little room made for the modern languages, natural science, and English literature is coming to be widely felt. But the true reform is not utterly to eliminate the classics; it is not the part of wisdom to decry as folly the study of the dead tongues.

The oration of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., last summer at Harvard, published under the title of "A College Fetich," was quite as unexpected and sensational as that of Wendell Phillips on another similar occasion. Mr. Phillips arraigned his *alma mater* that her sons were no more active in social reforms, while Mr. Adams charged upon her that, in retaining the dead languages as a required part of the course of study, she was guilty of worshipping a fetich. This grandson and great-grandson of a President, whose illustrious ancestors one after another were inmates of Harvard's halls, makes against the venerable institution, the most serious charge that her graduates, upon leaving her, are not fitted as they should be for practical life. She sends them forth, he affirms, with a smattering of the dead languages, which is quite without advantage, instead of with a thorough knowledge of what can be turned to practical account and will qualify them for the duties of active life. He would have a drill in the classics no longer required of the college student; but would allow him to win his A. B. by pursuing other and more useful branches of study. Mr. Adams's bold claim against Harvard, if sustained, would of course hold against other colleges, and against some others would hold in a higher degree.

But we think his statements are too sweeping, and the reform he advocates, because it goes too far, would not be a wise reform. We would not abolish the study of Latin and Greek in our colleges. They are dead tongues, but it does not follow that time spent in their study is wasted. On the contrary, we would have them taught with such thoroughness, by such qualified and skillful teachers that the college graduate will go out with something more than a smattering of them. It is a fact which can not be disproved, that from a study of the classics comes a mental discipline and a mastery of good English, such as can be acquired from nothing else. But that too much comparative attention has been given to these branches is freely conceded. There is a want of more thorough study in our higher institutions of the natural science, the modern tongues, and the models of our own language. The true reform is to cease to magnify Latin and Greek at the expense of these other things, and to give to the latter their due attention. Of the

wisdom of elective college courses there can be no doubt. It may not be always best for the young man who has not in view one of the learned professions, but a business life, to spend years in the study of the ancient languages. But it is our judgment that a knowledge of these should always be required of the candidate for the Bachelor of Art's degree. Certain things

are in the air, and we rejoice. Natural science, that field of study in richness so exhaustless, is attracting the student as never before. The importance of gaining a knowledge of languages now spoken, other than our own, is being felt as it was not once. We welcome the indications that promise a college reform. Let us have it without over-shooting the mark.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The trustees of the Garfield monument to be erected in Cleveland, Ohio, have more than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars on hand, and they expect to secure a sufficient increase to this sum, at an early day, to complete the work. This, with the fund of more than three hundred thousand dollars which the American people contributed and presented to the widow of the lamented Garfield, is positive proof that our republic is not ungrateful.

The old statement that a low grade of moral character may exist in the same community with a high grade of mental culture may be true of any type of the best modern civilizations, but it is not necessarily true. Education, like the gospel, may be the savor of death unto death, but moral death need not be its effect. A good illustration of the elevating tendencies of education in the community is found in the fact that since the compulsory school law went into operation in New York, juvenile crime in that city has been reduced by more than thirty-six per cent. And yet it is said the law has been only partially enforced.

Scientific temperance education has been by legislative action introduced into the public schools of Vermont and Michigan, and at the last session of the legislature in New Hampshire it was by a unanimous vote introduced into the schools of that State. The W. C. T. U. is laying its hand on legislatures in a very effective way, and we may look for an abundant harvest in the next generation. "Long voyages make rich returns."

Prince Bismarck is a timber merchant, and why should not a dealer in timber be called a merchant? But this is not all. He is a large distiller of spirituous liquors. The Germans do not object to his occupation as a distiller, for their drinking customs are on a low grade. Public opinion, in this country, would not long tolerate a statesman, even of great abilities, who manufactured distilled liquors for sale as a beverage. And herein we see one point of difference between these two nations on a great moral reform.

The *Scientific American* of a recent date says: "Too much reliance is placed on the sense of taste, sight and smell in determining the character of drinking water. It is a fact which has been repeatedly illustrated that water may be odorless, tasteless and colorless, and yet be full of danger to those who use it. The recent outbreak of typhoid fever in Newburg, N. Y., is an example, having been caused by water which was clear, and without taste or smell. It is also a fact that even a chemical analysis sometimes will fail to show a dangerous contamination of the water, and will always fail to detect the specific poison if the water is infected with discharges of an infectious nature. It is therefore urged that the source of the water supply should be kept free from all possible means of contamination by sewage. It is only in the knowledge of perfect cleanliness that safety is guaranteed."

Mr. Henry Hart, of Brockport, N. Y., manufactures a C. L.

S. C. gold pin of beautiful design for gentlemen, and another one attached to an arrow, which is equally handsome, for ladies. Either one makes an appropriate badge for members of the Circle to wear in everyday life, and at times it will serve to introduce strangers when traveling or in strange places, who have a common sympathy in a great work, and thus aid the possessor in extending his circle of acquaintances.

One of the most embarrassing questions in the management of colleges and universities is, how shall trustees superannuate a certain class of professors, whose days of usefulness in the recitation room are past. When that problem is solved the unity and peace of the management will, as a rule, be secured.

The New York *Herald* is led to pronounce against capital punishment because in many cases the law against murder is a dead letter, and produces the following historical reference to confirm the statement: "It appears that from 1860 to 1882 a hundred and seventy persons were tried in Massachusetts for murder in the first degree. Of this number only twenty-nine were convicted, and only sixteen paid the extreme penalty of the law. Of those convicted one committed suicide, and twelve got their sentences commuted. Here, then, during a period of little more than twenty years were a hundred and seventy murders in one State, and only sixteen executions."

They have one hundred and fifty miles of electric railway in operation in Europe. Active preparations are making by rival inventors and corporations in New York city to introduce electricity on a large scale as a safe, rapid, and cheap motor. As in lighting houses, towns, and cities we have passed from the tallow candle to kerosene, and then to gas, and on to the electric light, so by many steps and advances we are almost ready to accept electricity as the moving power of railway trains.

The pardoning power of the general government is liable to work pernicious results in the regular army. Cases of embezzlement and fraud among army officers have been growing in number since our civil war, and laxity in the enforcement of the laws against these offenders is a growing evil. General J. B. Fry, an officer of repute, and a graduate of West Point, thus points out the evil: "The interposition of higher authority in favor of offenders has been so frequent since the war, especially from 1876 to 1880, as to be a great injury to the service. Many of the evils which have been exposed recently are fairly chargeable to executive and legislative reversal of army action."

* * * When the strong current of military justice is dammed by the authorities set over the army, stagnant pools are formed which breed scandal, fraud, disobedience, dissipation, and disgrace, sometimes even among those educated for the service."

Cable intelligence, received September 3, shows that the Baron Nordenskjöld, as a Greenland explorer, has accomplished a large part of his original purpose. The expedition entered West Greenland in latitude 68°, and proceeded 220 miles inland.

attained an altitude of seven thousand feet above the sea level. In 1878 Lieutenant Jansen, of the Danish navy, penetrated fifty miles from the coast, and reached an "icy mountain, in lat. 62° 40', five thousand feet high." But no explorer has since done anything worth mention toward solving the mystery of Greenland's interior physical geography. The expedition with Professor Nordenskjöld has gone farther and seen more of the "immense desert of ice;" and the latest telegrams claim that some important scientific data have been obtained.

The prohibition amendment, submitted to the voters of Ohio, is defeated, and our cherished hopes of its success, for the present, sadly disappointed. The non-partisan temperance people, everywhere, felt deeply interested in the issue, and will hear the result with profound sorrow. Multitudes of Ohio's best men and women, who had prayed, worked, and hoped that deliverance might come in that way, and that from the 9th of October we would see the unspeakable curse of the liquor traffic placed where it ought to be, under the ban of the constitution, from which corrupt tinkering politicians would be unable to protect it, will confess their disappointment, but neither suppress their prayers nor cease their efforts. They are clearly in the majority, and when united will succeed.

Telegraphic report says the Vicar of Stratford has authorized the exhumation of the remains of Shakspeare that they may compare the skull with the bust that stands over the grave. Dr. Ingleby, of London, who is a trustee of the Shakspeare Museum at Stratford, wishes, it seems, to photograph the face and take a cast of the skull. The absurdity of the proposal makes it almost incredible, and should itself prevent the desecration. We are not surprised that the bishop and local authorities have protested, and the intended outrage will hardly be perpetrated. By the terms of the deed of interment the consent of the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon must first be given before the body can be moved. To this proposal, that official has given a decided refusal, and the dust of the poet will not be disturbed. Shakspeare has been dead two hundred and sixty-seven years. The type of face and head, universally accepted as his, is sufficiently accurate. If it were not the correction of any fault in that likeness is now impossible.

The Pittsburgh Exposition building, with most of its contents, was entirely consumed by fire during the exposition week. The principal loss was the goods on exhibition, including many articles of exquisite workmanship, and valuable relics that can not be replaced. The building itself, though a wooden structure, was large, and seemed suitable for the purpose. It was valued at \$150,000 and not heavily insured. Perhaps sufficient care was not taken to secure the property against the calamity that, in so short a time, destroyed the whole. The company, who had before suffered some reverses and losses, and were struggling into what seemed a safe condition, with hopes of future prosperity, have the sympathy of the public.

During the last decade, and especially since the great Centennial, expositions have been numerous, and, in many cases, attended with most gratifying results. When the associations providing them are controlled by men of culture, they are generously sustained. The articles they have to exhibit are not only numerous, but in kind and quality, worthy of our advanced civilization. These American expositions are becoming notably rich in manufactured articles, and in the extent and variety of useful machinery. For inventive genius the Yankee nation is unrivaled, while in the mechanical execution of the designs our skilled artisans have few, if any, superiors. In the principal western cities the holding of at least annual expositions is no longer a tentative measure. The institutions are established, and their continuance, in most cases, pretty well assured. An example of these is the "Detroit Art and Loan

Exposition" of recent origin. Already it has fair proportions, being from the commencement, in most respects, equal to the best. Evidently the project for having there a creditable, first-class exposition was clearly conceived, generously sustained, and most successfully executed.

Before Congress opens General W. T. Sherman will close up the affairs of his office, and General Sheridan will succeed him as commander of the United States Army. General Sherman has made a good officer, but his reputation in history will rest chiefly on his bravery and skill as a general in his famous march to the sea. The Sherman family have served their country well. John Sherman, in the Senate, and as Secretary of the Treasury, in times when great abilities were in demand, has made a name as great in his line as the general in the army.

The receipts of the great Brooklyn bridge for nineteen weeks from the opening, were: For passengers, \$34,464; for vehicles, \$31,563; for cars, \$3,936. Total receipts, \$69,163. The average per day was \$526.04. The total expenses during the nineteen weeks were \$51,418.08.

The C. L. S. C. continues to grow with great rapidity in all parts of the country. There is no sign of the interest waning in any community from which we have heard. From Plainfield, N. J., the central office, we receive news that the new class will be the largest of our history. New England is rolling up a large membership. All over the West and Northwest there is an interest among the people amounting to enthusiasm. Mr. Lewis Peake, of Toronto, reports a C. L. S. C. revival in Canada. This is the time to circulate C. L. S. C. circulars, and to use your town, city, and county papers to call the attention of the people to the aims and methods of work. By these means a C. L. S. C. fire may be kindled on every street in every town and city in the land.

The recent pastoral letter of the Cardinal and other high officials in the Romish Church, caused a reporter to ask one of these officers some questions about marriage and divorce, to which he replied as follows. It is wholesome truth: "Marriage is a divine institution, and the Catholic Church under no circumstances whatever permits the sacred contract to be broken." To the question, "Is there no such thing as separation between husband and wife recognized in the Catholic Church?" he answered: "Separation, yes, for the gravest reasons and under restrictions that do not admit of the remarriage of either of the parties to the original contract while both are living. But divorce in the sense generally accepted, never. Rather than permit divorce, the Church let England separate from the Holy See. The same question was raised by the first Napoleon, and it was ruled against him by the Pope. You will find that if anything bearing the appearance of divorce has been allowed in the Catholic Church, it has always been a case where the most careful investigation showed that the marriage was originally invalid."

The Germans on October 8 in many towns and cities celebrated the bi-centennial of the arrival of the first German immigrants in this country, on the ship "Concord." Their singing, secret, and literary societies paraded in regalia, with banners and music. It was a notable day among the Germans of America.

Bishop Paddock, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in charge of the diocese of Washington Territory, when speaking of his field of labor before the Episcopal Council in Philadelphia last month, said: "I am decidedly opposed to separating the colored people in their worship from the whites."

We learn from an exchange that the authorities of the Erie

Railway have decided to discharge every employe who uses liquor as a beverage, whether he gets drunk or not. It is plain that for the safety of passengers a drinking man should not be entrusted with an engine, the care of a switch, with messages as a telegraph operator, or as a superintendent in charge of a division.

The Methodists of Canada have eliminated the words "serve" and "obey" from the woman's part of the marriage ceremony. Even the argument that the New Testament enjoins this kind of obedience on wives, did not preserve the words in the ritual. We congratulate the wives on the change.

Professor W. F. Sherwin has been appointed by Dr. E. Tourjee chorus director in that prosperous institution, the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, Massachusetts. The Professor will make Boston his home, and continue to lecture and conduct musical conventions, as heretofore.

The Cooper Union was crowded one evening last month to welcome Francis Murphy home from England and his own native Ireland. Judge Noah Davis presided and delivered the address of welcome. "In speaking of Mr. Murphy's work in England and Scotland he quoted the statistics of the United Kingdom to prove that Mr. Murphy's efforts had been effectual in reducing the excise revenues many thousands of pounds sterling. He said that during his two years' stay in England and Scotland he had obtained half a million signers to the pledge. Mr. Murphy responded in a few brief words, declaring that the occasion was the happiest of his whole life. A number of short addresses were made by clergymen, and with the singing of songs and choruses, in which the whole assembly engaged, the ceremonies were prolonged until about half-past ten o'clock."

The C. L. S. C. is rapidly becoming an established institution among New England people. This is to be accounted for in part by the fact that the religious press of Boston and other New England cities has favored the work with earnest, strong words. The Rev. Dr. B. K. Pierce, editor of *Zion's Herald*, closes a leading editorial on the C. L. S. C., in his paper of a recent date, with these words: "There is another reason why we look with great satisfaction upon this widely-extended home-university. We have fallen upon an era of doubt. The literature of the hour is full of sneers at revealed religion and of arrogant and destructive criticism upon the Holy Scriptures. The daily, weekly and monthly press is strongly flavored with this. Our young people breathe it in the atmosphere of the school and of

the streets. Here is one of the best, silent, powerful, positive correctives. This carefully-arranged plan of study and reading for successive years is entirely in the interest of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' It is not narrow, nor dogmatic, nor polemical, nor confined to purely religious subjects, but the whole system is arranged and followed out upon the presumption of the inspiration of the Bible, the divine origin of Christianity, and its ultimate triumph upon the earth. It will powerfully strengthen the faith of young Christians, preserve them from the insidious attacks of infidelity, and enable them to have, and to give to any serious inquirer, an answer for the hope that is in them."

The jury system has some glaring defects which should be laid bare and made the subject of agitation till they are corrected. Recently in a famous bribery case (so called) at Albany, N. Y., when jurors were being called and questioned, one of them said, "I don't know who were the United States Senators two years ago from New York." Yet this ignorant man was accepted as a juror. This is a common custom in the selection of jurors. It is exalting ignorance at the expense of intelligence and justice. Some remedy should be found for this growing and terrible evil.

A new field of artistic ability is being developed in the East. It is the decoration of the interior of private residences. Already in New York a number of young artists, who find it difficult to sell all the pictures they paint, are giving their attention to this work, which promises to be very remunerative and very extensive.

The Chicago agency of Alice H. Birch has been abandoned, and her old patrons may order any game previously advertised by her, at her home, Portland, Traill Co., Dakota.

The Commissioner of Education has prepared a table showing the illiteracy among voters in the South, which presents a painfully interesting study for educators and statesmen. In the formerly slaveholding States there are 4,154,125 men legally entitled to vote. Of these, 409,563 whites, and 982,804 colored, are unable to write even their names, and their ability to read is very limited. Many, who profess to be able to read, can only with difficulty spell out a few simple sentences in their primers, and really get no knowledge, such as the citizen needs, from either books or papers. Thousands of them have neither books nor papers, and could not read them if they had. Surely a great work must be done for these freed men and poor whites before they are quite equal to all the duties of citizens in a country like ours.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Q. Dec'orus or deco'rus, which?

A. Webster authorizes both, giving preference to the latter. The former has the advantage of placing the accent on the root syllable, a rule that is very helpful in settling questions of pronunciation, and conforms to usage in the accentuation of cognate words, as "dec'orate," "dec'oration," etc. We prefer it.

Q. What is the meaning of "liberal," in the phrases, "liberal education," and "liberal religious views?"

A. An education extended much beyond the practical necessities of our every-day business and social life, is liberal. It is not a possession belonging alone to the alumni of colleges and universities. Any person of culture, who, with or without the aid of teachers, has mastered the curriculum of studies prescribed by colleges, or its equivalent, is liberally educated. In the best sense, a man of "liberal religious views" is generous,

freely according to others the right to their opinions on all subjects about which good men may differ. He is not creedless, but not bigoted; and cordially approves "things that are most excellent," wherever they are found. The claim to great liberality, set up by those who have no rule of faith, and no views they are willing to formulate, does not seem well founded.

Q. Where is the line, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" found? and should not the word "madding" be "maddening?"

A. The line is from Gray's *Elegy* (73). The adjective "mad" is made a causative verb, without the usual suffix, "en." We do not find the form in prose, and would not use it.

Q. Are there any books purporting to prove scientifically the immortality of the soul?

A. If by "scientifically," the querist means, as we suppose,

rationality, philosophically, our answer is, yes, very many. More books have been written upon this one subject than one could read carefully in a lifetime. Several thousand distinct works, written in Greek, Latin, English, and the principal languages of Europe, have been catalogued by Ezra Abbott. The catalogue itself, published as an appendix to Alger's "Doctrine of a Future Life," would make a respectable volume, containing, as it does, a list of more than five thousand books, by almost as many authors, who discuss, more or less satisfactorily, the great problem of the soul. Some propose, not argument, but only a history of the doctrine of a future, immortal life as held by the different races of men, with various shades of opinion respecting it. Some doubt, some disbelieve, and some, discarding all rational processes, accept the dogma as a matter of faith alone, lying beyond the field of our reason. But many Christian writers, thankful for the "more sure word of prophecy," and that "life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel," hold also that outside the realm of faith, it is a fit subject for rational investigation, and as capable of proof or demonstration as other moral and psychical problems. Perhaps most of the works named in the catalogue consulted, treat of the soul and its immortality in connection with other principles and facts of the religious systems accepted by the authors, and are too voluminous for common use. Drew's "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul" founded wholly on psychological and rational principles

is regarded a masterpiece of metaphysical argument—clear, logical, satisfactory.

Q. Is the expression "as though" ever correct?

A. "Though" is often used in English, taking the place of the conditional *if*, especially in the phrases *as though* and *what though*, which interchange with *as if* and *what if*; e. g.:

"If she bid me pack, I'll give her thanks *as though* she bid me stay by her a week."—*Shakspeare*.

"A Tartar, who looked *as though* the speed of thought were in his limbs."—*Byron*.

Other examples need not be given. These approve the expression as correct, though not much used at present.

Q. Will the firing of cannon over water bring a dead body at the bottom to the surface; if so, why, or how?

A. The concussion or violent agitation of the water may loosen a body slightly held at the bottom, when, if specifically lighter than water, it will rise.

Q. In "Recreations in Astronomy," p. 163, it is said 192 asteroids have been discovered, with diameters from 20 to 400 miles; and on the next page it is "estimated" that if all these were put into one planet, it would not be over 400 miles in diameter. How can that be?

A. Allowing, as the author does, that the density of the masses remains the same, it would, of course, be impossible. We have not the means at hand to either verify or correct the diameters given, and can not locate the error.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

TIMAYENIS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

PARTS IO AND II.

P. 258.—"Mummius," mum'mi-us. See Timayenis, p. 251, vol. II. "Delos," de'los.

"Mithradatic," mith'ra-da'tic. For history of Mithradates see Timayenis, vol. II., p. 254.

P. 259.—"Sulla," sul'la. (B. C. 138-78). A Roman general, the rival of Marius. After the close of this war Sulla went to Italy, defeated the Marian party and issued a proscription by which many thousands of his enemies perished. For the two years following he held the office of dictator, which in 79 he resigned to retire to private life.

"Epidaurus," ep'i-dau'rus. One of the most magnificent temples in all Greece, that of the god Æsculapius, was situated there.

"Peiræan," pei-ræ'an. Through this gate ran the road to the Piræus, and at the Sacred Gate began the sacred road to Eleusis where the festivals and mysteries were celebrated.

"Bithynia," bi-thyn'i-a; "Kappadokia," cap'pa-do'ci-a; "Paphlagonia," paph'la-go'ni-a.

P. 260.—"Chrysostom," kris'os-tom. See Timayenis, vol. II., 319 sq. "Anthemius," an-the'mi-us; "Isidorus," is'i-do'rus. Eminent architects.

P. 261.—"Pompey," (B. C. 106-48.) Pompey had been a successful general from early life, receiving from Sulla the surname of Magnus.

P. 262.—"Soli," so'li. The word solecism (to speak incorrectly) is said to have been first used in regard to the dialect of the inhabitants of this city.

"Pompeiopolis," pom'pe-i-op'o-lis; "Armenia," ar-me'ni-a.

"Tigranes," ti-gra'nes. The king of Armenia from B. C. 96-55. He was an ally of Mithradates until this invasion by Pompey, when he hastened to submit to the latter, thus winning favor and receiving the kingdom with the title of king.

P. 263.—"Phillippi," phil-lip'pi; "Octavius," oc-ta'vi-us.

"Philhellenist," phil-hel'len-ist. A friend to Greece.

"Philathenian," phil-a-the'ni-an. A friend to Athens.

"Actium," ac'ti-um.

P. 264.—"Ægina," æ-gi'na; "Eretria," e-re'tri-a.

"Stoa," sto'a. Halls or porches supported by pillars, and used as places of resort in the heat of the day.

"Athene Archegetes," a-the'ne ar-cheg'e-tes; "Peisistratus," pi-sis'-tra-tus; "Nikopolis," ni-cop'o-lis.

P. 265.—"Cæsarean," cæ-sa're-an.

"Seneca," (B. C. 5?-A. D. 65.) A Roman Stoic philosopher. The tutor and afterward adviser of Nero. When the excesses of the latter had made Seneca's presence irksome to him, he was dismissed and soon after, by order of Nero, put to death. His writings were mainly philosophical treatises.

"Agrippina," ag-rip-pi'na. Nero was the son of Agrippina by her first husband. On her marriage with her third husband, the Emperor Claudius, she prevailed upon the latter to adopt Nero as his son. In order to secure the succession she murdered Claudius and governed the empire in Nero's name until he, tired of her authority, caused her to be put to death.

"Isthmian," is'ml-an; "Pythian," pyth'i-an; "Nemean," ne'me-an; "Olympian," o-lym'pi-an. See author for accounts of these games.

"Pythia," pyth'i-a. See Timayenis, p. 44-45, vol. I.

P. 266.—"Vespasian," ves-pa'zhi-an; "Lollian," lol-li-a'nus.

"Aristomenes," ar'-is-tom'e-nes. The legendary hero of the Second Messenian War. In 865 B. C. he began hostilities and defeated Sparta several times but was at last taken prisoner. The legends tell that he was rescued from the pit where he had been confined, by an eagle and led home by a fox. When at last Ira fell, Aristomenes went to Rhodes, where he died.

"Aratus," a-ra'tus; "Achæan," a-chæ'an. See Timayenis, vol II., p. 242-243.

P. 267.—"Zeno." The founder of the Stoic philosophy. A native of Cyprus. He lived, probably, about 260 B. C. He is said to have spent twenty years in study, after which time he opened his school in a stoa of Athens. From this place his disciples received the name of *Stoics*.

Translation of foot-notes: "They call those sophists who for money offer knowledge to whomsoever wishes it." "A sophist is one who

seeks the money of rich young men." "Sophistry consists in appearing wise, not in being so; and the sophist becomes wealthy by an appearance of wisdom, not by being wise."

"Gorgias," gor'gi-as. "Leontine," le-on'tine. An inhabitant of Leontini in Sicily.

P. 268—"Dion," di'on chry-sos'to-mus, or Dion, the golden mouthed, so called from his eloquence.

"Strabo," stra'bo. His geography is contained in seventeen books. It gives descriptions of the physical features of the country, accounts of political events, and notices of the chief cities and men.

"Plutarch." His "Parallel Lives" is a history of forty-eight different Greeks and Romans. They are arranged in pairs, and each pair is followed by a comparison of the two men.

"Appianus," ap-pi-a'nus. The author of a history of Rome.

"Dion Cassius." (A. D. 155.) The grandson of Dion Chrysostomus.

"Herodianus," he'ro-di-a'nus.

"Epiktetus," ep'ic-te'tus. Few circumstances of his life are known. Only those of his works collected by Arrian are extant. As a teacher it is said that no one was able to resist his appeals to turn their minds to the good.

"Hierapolis," hi'e-rap'o-lis.

"Longinus," long-i'nus. The most distinguished adherent of the Platonic philosophy in the third century. His learning was so great that he was called "a living library." He taught many years at Athens, but at last left to go to Palmyra, as the teacher of Zenobia. When she was afterward defeated by the Romans and captured, Longinus was put to death (273).

"Lucian." See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May, 1883.

"Samosata," sa-mos'a-ta.

P. 270—"Thesmolopolis," thes-mop'o-lis. "Sappho," sap'pho. "Domitian," do-mish'i-an.

P. 271—"Pliny," plin'i. (61?-115?) The nephew of the elder Pliny. His life was largely spent in literary pursuits. His works extant are the *Panegyricus*, an eulogium on Trajan, and his letters.

"Seleukidæ," se-leu'ci-dæ. So named from Seleucus, the first ruler of the Syrian kingdom, one of the four into which Alexander's kingdom was divided on his death.

P. 272—"Archon Eponymus," ar'chon e-pon'y-mus. The first in rank of the nine Athenian Archons, so called because the year was named after him.

"Favorinus," fav'o-ri'nus. He is known as a friend of Plutarch and Herodes. Although he wrote much, none of his books have come down to us. "Herodes," he-ro'des.

"Mnesikles," mnes'i-cles. The architect of the Propylæa.

"Ilissus," i-lis'sus. A small river of Attica.

Translations of Greek inscriptions: "This is Athens the former city of Theseus." "Here stands the city of Adrian, not of Theseus."

P. 273—"Stymphalus," stym-pha'lus. A lake of Arcadia.

"Patræ," pa'træ.

P. 275—"Pliny." (23-75.) Although he held various civil and military positions, and during his whole life was the intimate friend and adviser of Vespasian, he applied himself so incessantly to study that he left one hundred and sixty volumes of notes. Pliny, the younger, says that the lives of those who have devoted themselves to study seem to have been passed in idleness and sleep when compared with the wonderful activity of his uncle. The only work of value come down to us is his "Historia Naturalis."

"Lebadeia," leb'a-dei'a.

"Stoa Poekile." The painted porch, so-called from the variety of curious pictures which it contained.

"Theseum," the-se'um. The temple erected in Athens in honor of the hero Theseus. To-day it is the best preserved monument of the splendor of the ancient city.

"Kerameikus," cer'a-mi'cus. A district of Athens, so called from Ceramus, the son of Bacchus, some say, but more probably from the potter's art invented there.

P. 277—"Commodus," com'mo-dus; "Caracalla," car'a-cal'la; "Dacia," da'ci-a; "Moesia," mœ'si-a; "Decius," de'ci-us.

P. 278—"Gallienus," gal'li-e'nus; "Valerianus," va-le'ri-a'nus.

"Pityus," pit'y-us; "Trapezus," tra-pe'zus; "Chrysopolis," chry-sop'o-lis; "Kyzikus," cyz'i-cus.

"Dexippus," dex-ip'pus. He held the highest official position at Athens. Was the author of histories, only fragments of which remain.

P. 279—"Artemis," ar'te-mis. This temple of Artemis, or Diana, Lübke calls the "famous wonder of the ancient world." Its dimensions were enormous, being 225 feet broad and 425 feet long. "Aurelian," au-re'li-an.

P. 280—"Flavius Josephus," fla'vi-us jo-se'phus. (37?-100?) The author of "History of the Jewish War" and "Jewish Antiquities."

"Philo Judeus," phi'lo ju-dæ'us. His chief works are an attempt to reconcile the Scriptures with Greek philosophy.

P. 281—"Nikolaus," nic'o-la'us; "Nikomedeia," nic'o-me-di'a; "Claudius Ptolemæus," clau'di-us ptol'e-mæ'us; "Pelusium," pe-lu'si-um; "Plotinus," plo-ti'nus; "Lykopolis," ly-cop'o-lis.

P. 282—"Zenobia," ze-no'bi-a; "Palmyra," pal-my'ra.

P. 286—"Maximian," max-im'i-an.

P. 287—"Constantius," con-stan'ti-us. "Chlorus," chlo'rus, "the pale;" "Naissus," nais'sus; "Galerius," ga-le'ri-us.

P. 288—"Eboracum," eb'o-ra'cum; "Licinius," li-cin'i-us; "Maxentius," max-en'ti-us.

P. 290—"Labarum," lăb'a-rūm. The word is supposed by many to have been derived from the Celtic word *lavar*, meaning command, sentence.

P. 292—"Zosimus," zos'i-mus; "Adrianopolis," a'dri-an-op'o-lis. "St. Jerome." (340-420.) The most famous of the Christian fathers. He spent many years in study and travel, was the friend of Gregory of Nazianzus and Pope Damascus. Much of his labor was given to obtain converts to his theories of monastic life. His commentaries on the Scriptures and translations into Latin of the New and Old Testaments are his most valuable works.

P. 294—"Athanasius," ath'a-na'si-us.

Translations of Greek in foot-note; "Speech against the Greeks." "Concerning the incarnation of Christ and his appearance to us."

P. 295—"Eusebius," eu-se'bi-us. He afterward signed the creed of the Council of Nice.

"Porphyrius," por-phy'r'i-us.

P. 297—"Tanais," tan'a-is. Now the Don. "Borysthenes," bo-rys'the-nes; the Dneiper.

P. 299—"Arianism," a'ri-an-ism.

P. 302—"Magnentius," mag-nen'ti-us.

P. 303—"Sapor," sa'por. "Nisibis," nis'i-bis.

P. 304—"Eusebia," eu-se'bi-a. "Eleusinian," el'u-sin'i-an. See foot-note p. 215, vol. II. Timayenis.

P. 305—"Aedesius," ae-de'si-us. "Chrysanthius," chry-san'thi-us

P. 306—"Ochlus," och'lus. The crowd, the populace.

"Thaumaturgy," thau'ma-tur'gy. The act of performing miracles, wonders.

P. 307—"Gregory Nazianzen," greg'o-ry na-zi-an'zen; "Basil." See page 312 for sketches of these men.

P. 308—"Hierophant," hi-er'o-phănt, a priest; "Oribasius," or-i-ba'si-us.

P. 311—"Dadastana," dad-as-ta'na.

P. 312—"Valentinian," va-len-tin'i-an.

P. 313—"Eleemosynary," el'ee-môs'y-na-ry. Relating to charity.

P. 315—"Gratian," gra'ti-an; "Theodosius," the'o-do'si-us; "Eugenius," eu-ge'ni-us.

P. 317—"Rufinus," ru-fi'nus; "Stilicho," stil'i-cho.

"Claudian," clau'di-an. The last of the classic poets of Rome. During the reigns of Honorius and Arcadius he held high positions in court, and from Stilicho he received many honors. Many of his poems are extant, all of them characterized by purity of expression and poetical genius.

P. 318—"Eutropius," eu-tro'pi-us; "Eudoxia," eu-dox'i-a; "Bauto," bau'to; "Gainas," gai'nas.

"Alaric," al'a-ric (all rich). Alaric made a second invasion into Italy in 410, taking and plundering Rome. His death occurred soon after.

P. 319—"Libanius," li-ba'ni-us. The emperors Julian, Valens and Theodosius showed much respect to Libanius, but his life was embittered

by the jealousies of the professors of Constantinople, and by continual dispute with the Sophists. His orations and a quantity of letters addressed to the eminent men of the times are still in existence.

P. 320.—“Nectarius,” nec-ta’ri-us.

P. 321.—“Theophilus,” the-oph’i-lus; “Chalkedon,” chal-ce’don.

P. 322.—“Cucusus,” cu’cu-sus; “Comana,” co-ma’na.

P. 323.—“Anthemius,” an-the’mi-us. “Pulcheria,” pul-che’ri-a.

P. 324.—“Kalligraphos,” cal-lig’ra-phos; “Athenais,” ath’e-na’is; “Leontius,” le-on’ti-us.

P. 326.—“Nestorius,” nes-to’ri-us; “Germanikeia,” ger-man’i-ci’a; “Marcian,” mar’ci-an; “Yezdegerd,” yez-de-jerd.

“Successor.” This successor was Varanes I. He waged wars with the Huns, Turks and Indians, performing deeds which ever since have made him a favorite hero in Persian verse.

P. 327.—“Attila,” at’ti-la; “Aetius,” a-e’ti-us.

P. 328.—“Aspar,” as’par; “Basiliscus,” bas-i-lis’cus; “Verina,” ve-ri’na.

P. 329.—“Odoacer,” o-do’a-cer; “Ariadne,” a-ri-ad’ne; “Isaurian,” i-sau’ri-an; “Anastasius,” an-as-ta’si-us.

P. 330.—“Sardica,” sar’di-ca.

“Prokopius,” pro-co’pi-us. (500–565.) An historian as well as rhetorician. His talents early attracted the attention of Belisarius, who made him his secretary. Afterward Justinian raised him to the position of prefect of Constantinople. Among his extant works are several volumes of histories and orations, besides a collection of anecdotes, mainly court gossip about Justinian, the empress Theodora, Belisarius, etc.

P. 331.—“Belisarius,” bel-i-sa’ri-us.

“Collection of Laws.” Justinian first ordered a collection of the various imperial *constitutiones* which he named “Justinianus Codex.” The second collection was of all that was important in the works of jurists, and was called the “Digest.” This work contained nine thousand extracts, and the compilers are said to have consulted over two thousand different books in their work. But for ordinary reference these volumes were of little value, so that the “Institutes” were written, similar in contents, but condensed. A new code was afterward promulgated; also several new *constitutiones*—together these books form the Roman law.

“Tribonian,” tri-bo’ni-an; “Side,” si’dé.

P. 333.—“Kalydonian Kapros.” The Kalydonian wild boar.

“Bronze-eagle.” In every race-course of the ancient Greeks a bronze eagle and a dolphin were used for signals in starting. The eagle was raised in the air and the dolphin lowered.

P. 334.—“Chosroes,” chos-ro-es. “The generous mind.” One of the most noteworthy of the kings of Persia. He carried on several wars with the Romans and extended his domain until he received homage from the most distant kings of Africa and Asia. Although despotic, his stern justice made him the pride of the Persians.

P. 335.—“Hæmus,” hæ-mus; “Aristus,” a-ris’tus; “Antes,” an’tes.

P. 336.—“Melanthias,” me-lan’thi-as.

P. 338.—“Fallmerayer,” fäl’meh-rt-er. (1791–1862.) A German historian and traveller. Among his important works are “Fragments from the East,” in which he publishes the results of his studies and travels there, and “The History of the Peninsula of Morea in the Middle Ages.” It is in this latter work that he advances the strange views here mentioned.

“Malelas,” mal’e-las. A Byzantine historian who lived soon after Justinian. He wrote a chronological history from the creation of the world to the reign of Justinian, inclusive.

P. 342.—“Heraclius,” her’a-cli’us; “Mauricius,” mau-ri’ci-us.

P. 345.—“Ayesha,” a’ye-sha. The favorite wife of Mohammed and daughter of Abubeker, who succeeded him. The twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran treats of the purity of Ayesha. After her husband’s death she in many ways supported the religion.

“Fatima,” fa’té-ma. The only child living at the time of the Prophet’s death. She became the ancestress of the powerful dynasty of the Fatimites.

P. 347.—“Aiznadin,” aiz’na-din; “Yermuk,” yer’muk; “Khaled,” kha’led.

P. 348.—“Herakleonas,” her-ac-le-o’nas; “Pogonatus,” pog-o-na’tus; “Moawiyah,” mo-ä-we’ya.

P. 349.—“Charles Martel.” (690–741.) The duke of Austrasia,

and the mayor of the palace of the Frankish kings. The name Martel, or “the hammer,” was given to him from his conduct in this battle.

P. 350.—“Kallinikus,” cal-li-ni’cus.

“Naphtha.” A volatile, bituminous liquid, very inflammable.

P. 352.—“Rhinothetus,” rhin-ot-me’tus.

P. 353.—“Chersonites,” cher-son’i-tes.

“Crim-Tartary.” The Crimea, also called Little Tartary.

“Absimarus,” ab-sim’a-rus; “Khazars,” kha’zars.

P. 354.—“Terbelis,” ter’be-lis.

P. 356.—“Bardanes,” bar-da’nes; “Philippicus,” phil-lip’pi-cus.

P. 357.—“Moslemas,” mos’le-mas.

P. 365.—“Haroun al-Rashid,” hä-roon’äl-rāsh’id. (765–809.) Aaron the Just, the fifth caliph of the dynasty of the Abassides. His conquests and administration were such that his reign is called the golden age of the Mohammedan nations. Poetry, science and art were cultivated by him. Haroun is the chief hero of Arabian tales.

“Nikephorus,” ni-ceph’o-rus.

P. 368.—“Theophilus,” the-oph’i-lus.

P. 369.—“Armorium,” ar-mo’ri-um.

P. 370.—“Bardas,” bar’das; “Theoktistus,” the-ok’tis-tus.

“John Grammatikus.” John the grammarian. It was he that held that there were three Gods and rejected the word unity from the doctrine of the being of God.

P. 371.—“Photius,” fo’shī-us. He played a distinguished part in the political, religious and literary affairs of the ninth century. After holding various offices, he was made patriarch by Bardas, deposing Ignatius. This incensed the Romish Church, and the controversy which arose did much to widen the gulf between the Eastern and Western Churches. Photius was deposed from his position, but replaced until the death of Basil, when he was driven into exile. Among his writings the most valuable is a review of ancient Greek literature. Many books are described in it of which we have no other knowledge.

P. 372.—“Arsacidæ,” ar-sac’i-dæ. So called from Arsaces, the founder of the Parthian empire. About 250 B. C. Arsaces induced the Parthians to revolt from the Syrian empire, of the Seleucidæ. The family existed four hundred and seventy-six years, being obliged in 226 A. D. to submit to Artaxerxes, the founder of the dynasty of the Sassanidæ.

P. 373.—“Porphyrogenitus,” por-phy-ro-gen’i-tus.

P. 374.—“Seljuks,” sel-jooks; “Commeni,” com-me’ni.

P. 375.—“Robert Guiscard,” ges’kar’. Robert, the prudent. (1015–1085.) The founder of the kingdom of Naples. He had come from Normandy to Italy, where by his wit and energy he had been appointed Count of Apulia in 1057. Soon after he added other provinces to his kingdom, conquered Sicily, and drove the Saracens from Southern Italy. His hasty departure from Thessaly was to relieve the Pope from the siege of Henry IV. After accomplishing this he immediately undertook the second expedition against Constantinople.

P. 376.—“Kephallenia,” cephal-le’ni-a; “Durazzo,” doo-rāt’so.

P. 377.—“Anna Commena.” The daughter of Alexis I. She wrote a full history of her father’s life; one of the most interesting and valuable books of Byzantine literature.

P. 379.—“Piacenza,” pe-ä-chen’za. The capital of the province of the same name in the north of Italy.

P. 382.—“Nureddin,” noor-ed-deen’. A Mohammedan ruler of Syria and Egypt.

P. 383.—“Dandolo,” dän’do-lo.

P. 385.—“Scutari,” skoo’tä-ree.

P. 386.—“Morisini,” mo-ri-si’ni.

P. 387.—“Boniface,” bôn’e-fäss; “Montferrat,” mönt-fer-rät’;

“Bouillon,” boo’yon’; “Laskaris,” las’ca-ris.

P. 388.—“Palæologus,” pa-læ-ol’o-gus.

BRIEF HISTORY OF GREECE.

The November readings in the “Brief History of Greece” are almost identical with the October readings in Timayenis’s history. For this reason no notes have been made out on the work. By consulting the notes on Timayenis’s history in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October, all necessary help will be obtained. The papers on Physical Science and Political Economy, also the Sunday Readings, are too clear to need annotating.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

GERMAN HISTORY.

P. 63, c. 1.—"Hermann." The Latinized form of whose name was Arminius. He had learned the language and the military discipline of the Romans when he led his tribe as auxiliaries to their legions.

"Varus," va'rus. He had been consul at Rome in B. C. 13, and afterward governor of Syria, where he accumulated great wealth. After this battle Varus put an end to his life.

P. 63, c. 2.—"Alemanni," al-e-man'ni.

"Sicambrians," si-cam'bri-ans. In early German history one of the most powerful tribes. They lived in Westphalia, between the Rhine and Weser.

"Chatti," or "Catti," so called from an old German word *cat* or *cad*, meaning "war." They dwelt south of the Sicambrians in the modern state of Hesse.

"Batavi." A Celtic people who had settled in the portion of the present Netherlands lying at the mouth of the Rhine. Their chief city was Leyden. The country was afterward extended and called Batavia.

P. 64, c. 1.—"Salzburg," sálts'boorg; "Ratisbonne," ra'tis-bon; "Augsburg," owgs'boorg; "Basle," bál, or "Basel," bá'zel; "Baden," bá'den; "Spire," spír'es; "Metz," mêts; "Treves," treevz.

"Ammianus," am'mi-a'nus mar'cel-li'nus. A Greek serving under the emperor Julian 363. Later we find him in Rome where he wrote a history from the time of Nerva, 96, to the death of Valens, 378. Many of the events were contemporaneous, so that the descriptions and incidents are particularly valuable.

P. 64, c. 2.—"Vandals." This tribe first appeared in the north of Germany, from whence they went to the Reisingebirge, sometimes called from them the Vandal Mountains. In the fifth century they worked their way from Pannonia into Spain, marched southward and founded the once powerful kingdom of Andalusia (Vandalusia). In 429 they conquered Africa. An hundred years afterward Belisarius overthrew their power, and the race disappeared. Many claim that descendants of the Vandals are to be seen among the Berber race, with blue eyes and light hair.

"Troyes," trwā.

"Catalaunian," cat'a-lau'ni-an. A people formerly living in northeastern France, their capital the present Châlons-sur-Marne.

"Méry-sur-Seine," mā-ré-sur-sane.

"Visigoths." In the fourth century the Goths were divided into the Ostrogoths and Visigoths or the Eastern and Western Goths; the latter worked their way from the Danube westward to France and Spain where they built up a splendid kingdom which lasted until 711, when it was overthrown by the Moors.

P. 65, c. 1.—"Genserik," jën'ser-ik. A king of the Vandals under whom the tribe invaded Africa in 429. They conquered the entire country, capturing Carthage in 439 and making it their capital. After the sack of Rome, the entire coast of the Mediterranean was pillaged. Genserik ruled until his death in 477.

"Heruli," her'u-li; "Sciri," si'ri; "Turcilingi," tur-cil-in'gi; "Rugii," ru'gi-i.

"Theodoric." The king of the Visigoths, who in 489 undertook to expel Odoacer from Italy. He defeated him in several battles and finally laid siege to Ravenna, where Odoacer had taken refuge. After holding out three years, Odoacer submitted on condition that he rule jointly with Theodoric, but the latter soon murdered his rival. For thirty-three years Theodoric ruled the country. He was a patron of art and learning and his sway was very prosperous. The porphyry vase in which his ashes were deposited is still shown at Ravenna.

"Thuringians," thu-rin'gi-ans. Dwellers in the central part of Germany between the Harz Mountains and the Thuringian forest.

"Dietrich," de-trich; "Hildebrand," hil'de-brand.

"Siegfried," seeg'freed. See notes on "Nibelungenlied" in this number.

P. 65, c. 2.—"Langobardi" or Lombards. A German tribe which migrated southward from the river Elbe. In 568 they conquered the plains of northern Italy and founded a kingdom which lasted two centuries.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

The article on German Literature is abridged from Sime's article on this subject in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

P. 66, c. 1.—"Nibelungenlied." The song of the Nibelungen. The work includes the legends of Siegfried, of Günther, of Dietrich, and of Attila; and the motives which bind them into a whole are the love and revenge of Kriemhild, the sister of Günther and Siegfried's wife. She excites the envy of Brunhild, the Burgundian queen, whose friend Hagen discovers the vulnerable point in Siegfried's enchanted body, treacherously slays him, and buries in the Rhine the treasure he has long before conquered from the race of the Nibelungen. There is then a pause of thirteen years, after which Kriemhild, the better to effect her fatal purpose, marries Attila. Thirteen years having again passed away her thirst for vengeance is satiated by slaying the entire Burgundian court. The Germans justly regard this epic as one of the most precious gems of their literature.—*Sime*.

"Ulfilas," ul'fi-las. (310–381.) The family of Ulfilas were Christians supposed to have been carried away by the Goths. In 341 he became the bishop of these people and soon induced a number of them to leave their warlike life to settle a colony in Moesia. Here he cultivated the arts of peace, doing much to civilize the people. He introduced an alphabet of twenty-four letters and translated all of the Bible except the book of Kings. This work is the earliest known specimen of the Teutonic language.

"Wolfram von Eschenbach," fon esh'en-bāk. He lived at the close of the twelfth century. A nobleman by birth and a soldier in the civil wars. He joined the court of Hermann of Thuringia in the castle of Wartburg (where Luther escaped after the Diet of Worms) and was a contestant in the famous musical contest called "The war of the Wartburg." Leaving here he afterward sang at many other courts, dying in 1225.

"Parzival" or Parcival, par'ci-val.

"Holy Grail." The chalice said to have been used by Christ at the Last Supper and in which the wine was changed to blood. As the legend runs it fell into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, by whom it was held for centuries, but finally, at his death, it passed to his descendants, with whom it remained until its possessor sinned; then the cup disappeared. The Knights of the Round-Table sought it, but until Sir Galahad no man was found so pure in heart and life that he could look upon it. Sir Galahad in some romances is called Sir Percival or *Parzival*. Eisenbach wrote another romance, "Titural," founded on the same legend.

"Gottfried," gott'freed; "Tristram and Iseult," tris'tram, is'eult; "Gudrun," gu'drun.

"Walther von der Vogelweide," wäl'ter fon der fō'gel-wi'deh. (1165?–1228?) Walter "from the bird meadow." He lived some time at Wartburg and was a friend of King Philip and of Frederick II. He died on a little estate the latter had given him.

"Sachsenspiegel." Codex of the Saxon law.

"Schwabenspiegel." Codex of the Swabian law.

"Berthold," bër'tolt. (1215–1272.) His love for the poor led him to zealous work in their behalf. Through many years he preached in the open air in Germany, Switzerland and Hungary.

"Eckhart," êk'hart. The father of German speculative thought, as Bach calls him, was a Dominican monk who attempted to reform his order but preached so exalted a philosophy that the Pope demanded a recantation. Eckhart never gave this but claimed that his views were entirely orthodox. His prose is among the purest specimens in the German language.

"Meistersänger." Master-singer.

P. 66, c. 2.—"Shrove-Tuesday," or confession Tuesday is the day before Lent. Although originally a day of preparation for the Lenten fast, it was soon changed to one of merry-making and feasting. As everything was devised to increase the gaiety of the occasion, these plays soon became a regular feature.

"Reineke Vos." Reynard the fox.

"Barkhusen," bark'hu-sen; "Rostock," ros'töck.

"Ulrich von Hutten," ul'rich fon hoot'en. (1488–1523.) His life

was spent in hot contests with the enemies of his reforms. As an advocate of the new learning, he went from city to city teaching and writing; "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" was written in defense of this theory. He espoused the cause of the Reformation more because it favored religious and secular progress than from sympathy with its principles.

"Hans Sachs." (1494-1576.) "Honest Hans Sachs," as he was called, was a cobbler of Nuremberg, who had learned verse-making from a *meistersänger* of Munich. His verses included every style of poetry known, but the "Shrove-Tuesday plays" were the best, being full of strong characters and striking situations. The hymn mentioned, "Why art thou cast down, O, my soul?" is but one of several by him.

"Leibnitz," lip'nits. (1646-1716.) Educated at Leipsic, he says of himself, that before he was twelve, he "understood the Latin authors, had begun to lisp Greek and wrote verses with singular success." After taking his degree he went to Frankfort under the patronage of a wealthy gentleman; here he devoted himself to composing treatises on religion, philosophy, law, etc. All manner of projects interested him. He tried to bring about a union between the Catholic and Lutheran Churches, to introduce a common alphabet for all languages, to urge the king of France to conquer Egypt, and other plans, more or less Utopian. In the latter part of his life he received high honor from Hanover, Vienna, and Peter the Great. His correspondence was voluminous, and his works covered almost the whole field of human thought.

"Klopstock," klop'stok. (1724-1803.)

"Wieland," wee'land. (1733-1813.)

"Lessing," lès'ing. (1729-1781.)

"Oberon," ób'er-on. The Oberon of Shakspeare. The king of the fairies and the husband of Queen Titania.

"Agathon," ag'a-thon. A tragic poet of Athens, who died about 400 B. C.

"Pietist," pi'e-tist. The name was applied to a certain class of religious reformers in Germany, who sought to restore purity to the Church. P. 67, c. 1.—"Herder," hër'der. (1744-1803.)

"Kant." (1724-1804.)

"Kritik." Critique of pure reason.

"Fichte," fik'teh. (1797-1879.)

"Hardenburg." (1772-1801.)

"Wilhelm von Schlegel," shla'gel. (1767-1845.)

"Friedrich." (1772-1829.)

"Tieck," teek. (1773-1853.)

"Fouqué," foo'ka'. (1777-1843.)

"Schleiermacher," shli'er-mä-ker. (1768-1834.)

"Feuerbach," foi'er-bäk. (1804-1872.)

"Schopenhauer," sho'pen-how'er. (1788-1860.)

"Freytag," fri'täg; "Heyse," hi'zeh; "Spielhagen," speel'hä-gen; "Reuter," roi'ter.

READINGS IN ART.

The papers on Sculpture are compiled from Redford's "Ancient Sculpture" and Lübke's "History of Art."

P. 75, c. 1.—"Mycenæ," my-ce'næ.

"Cesnola," ches'no-la. Born in Turin in 1832. He served in the Crimean war, and afterward in the war of the Rebellion. Having been made an American citizen he was appointed consul to Cyprus, where he discovered the necropolis of Idalion, a city which ceased to exist two thousand years ago. He began excavations, opening some eight thousand tombs, but an edict from the sultan stopped the work. Cesnola had already, however, gathered a magnificent collection of antiquities, which, in 1872 was purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

"Harpies." The reliefs on this monument represent harpies, fabulous monsters in Greek mythology, carrying off children.

"Frieze," freez. The broad band resting upon the columns of a porch is called the entablature. It is divided into three portions; the central one is the frieze.

P. 75, c. 2.—"Ageladas," ag'e-la'das. Not *Argeladas*.

"Myron." A Boeotian, born about 480 B. C. His master-pieces were all in bronze. The "quoit-player" and the "cow" are most famous. Myron excelled in animals and figures in action.

"Canachus," can'a-chus. (B. C. 540-508.) He executed the colossal

statue of Apollo at Miletus, was skilled in casting bronze, in gold and silver, and in wood carving.

"Callon," cal'lon. (B. C. 516.)

"Onatus," o-na'tus. (B. C. 460.) "Hegias," he'gi-as; "Critius," cri'ti-us.

"Calamis," cal'a-mis. (B. C. 467-429.) He worked in marble, gold and ivory. His horses are said to have been unsurpassable, and his heroic female figures superior to those of his predecessors.

"Pythagoras." Lived about 470 in Magna Græcia. He executed life-like figures in bronze.

"Lemnians," lem'ni-ans.

"Paris." At a certain wedding feast to which all the gods had been invited except the goddess of Strife, she, angry at the slight, threw an apple into their midst with the inscription "to the fairest." Juno, Minerva and Venus claimed it, and Jupiter ordered that Paris, then a shepherd on Mount Ida, should decide the dispute. As Venus promised him the most beautiful of women for his wife, he gave her the apple.

P. 76, c. 1.—"Pellene," pel-le'ne. A city of Achaia.

"Rochette," ro'shèt'. (1790-1854.) A French archaeologist.

"Alcámenes," al-cam'e-nés. (B. C. 444-400.) His greatest work was a statue of Venus.

"Agoracritus," ag'o-rac'ri-tus. (B. C. 440-428.) His most famous work was also a Venus, which he changed into a statue of Nemesis and sold because the people of Athens preferred the statue of Alcámenes.

"Pæonius," pæ'o-ni-us.

"Pediment." The triangular facing or top over a portico, window, gate, etc.

"Metope," met'o-pe. In the Doric style of architecture, the frieze was divided at intervals by ornaments called triglyphs. The spaces between these ornaments were called metopes.

"Cella." The interior space of a temple.

"Phigalia," phi-ga'li-a.

"Niké-Apteros." The wingless goddess of victory. Wingless, to signify that the prayer of the Athenians was that victory might never leave their city.

"Scopas," sco'pas. (395-350.) An architect and statuary, as well as sculptor. He was the architect of the temple of Minerva at Tegea, and assisted in the bas-reliefs of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus. The famous group of Niobe and her children is supposed to have been the work of Scopas.

"Praxiteles," prax-it'e-les. Born at Athens B. C. 392. He worked in both marble and bronze. About fifty different works by him are mentioned. First in fame stands the Cnidian Venus, "one of the most famous art creations of antiquity." Apollo as the lizard-killer, his faun and a representation of Eros are probably best-known.

"Nereid," nè're-id. A sea nymph.

"Mænad," mæ'nad. A priestess or votary of Bacchus.

P. 76, c. 2.—"Toro Farnese" or Farnese Bull. Was discovered in the sixteenth century and is now in the Naples museum. It represents the sons of Antiope tying Dirce to a bull by which she is to be dragged to death. The work when discovered went to the Farnese palace in Rome, hence the name of Farnese bull.

"Laocoon," la-oc'o-on. One of the chief groups in the Vatican collection; discovered at Rome in 1506. Laocoon was a priest of Apollo, who having blasphemed the god was destroyed at the altar with his two sons by a serpent sent by the deity.

"Niobe," ni'o-be. The group of Niobe and her children was probably first an ornament of the pediment of a temple. The subject is the vengeance of Apollo and Artemis upon the Theban queen Niobe, who had boasted because of her fourteen children, that she was superior to Leda who had but two. As a punishment all her children were destroyed.

"Pyromachus," py-rom'a-chus.

"Æsculapius," æs-cu-la'pi-us. The god of the medical art.

"Apollo Belvedere," bel-va-da'ra, or bel've-deer'. This statue by many is considered the greatest existing work of ancient art. The subject is the god Apollo at the moment of his victory over the Python. It was discovered in 1503, and takes its name from its position in the belvedere of the Vatican, a gallery or open corridor of the Vatican which is called *belvedere*, (beautiful view) from the fine views it com-

mands. It is of heroic size, and is considered the very type of manly beauty.

P. 77, c. 1.—“Torus,” to’rus. A large moulding used in the base of columns.

“Mæcenas,” mæ-ce’nas. (B. C. 73?-8.) A Roman statesman. His fame rests on his patronage of literature. He was a patron of both Horace and Virgil.

“Tivoli,” tiv’o-le.

“Varro,” (B. C. 116-28.) “The most learned of the Romans and the most voluminous of Roman writers.” He composed no less than 490 books; but two of these have come down to us.

“Arcesilaus,” ar-ces’i-la’us.

“Genetrix,” A mother.

“Septimius Severus,” sep-tim’i-us se-ve’rus. (A. D. 146-211.) Roman Emperor.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 77, c. 2.—“Sydney Smith.” (1771-1845.) Educated at Oxford, he took orders and became a curate in 1794. Afterward he taught, and in 1802 assisted in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was the first editor. Although he had charge, during his life, of various parishes, he was active in literary work; for twenty-five years he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*; he published “Sketches of Moral Philosophy,” several volumes of sermons, papers on “American Debt,” and many miscellaneous articles, all characterized by humor and sound sense.

“Kaimes,” or Kames, kamz. (1696-1782.) A Scottish jurist, educated at Edinburgh, and for thirty years practiced law; was then made Lord Chief Justice. He wrote many works on law, metaphysics, criticism, etc.

“Davy.” (1778-1829.) The English chemist. His attention was first directed to chemistry by his medical studies, and he made such progress in original investigation that at twenty-three he was made lecturer

on chemistry in the Royal Society of London. In 1817 he became a member of the French Institute, and his reputation as a chemist was second to that of no one in Europe. He wrote much and among his discoveries were the bases potassium, sodium, and iodine as a simple substance. His most valuable invention was the miner’s safety lamp.

“Jeffrey.” (1773-1850.) Educated for the law, but was deeply interested in literature. After being admitted to the bar this division of interest for a long time hindered his success. He was one of the original founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and became its editor with the fourth number. He soon made the magazine an organ of liberal thought on every theme. His most valuable contributions were his literary criticisms. His work at the bar improved with his literary ability, and in 1834 he was made a judge, a position he held until his death.

“Passy,” pās’sē’.

P. 78, c. 1.—“Bancroft,” bāng’kroft. (1800.) See American Literature.

“Rufus King.” (1755-1827.) American statesman.

“Everett.” (1794-1865.) American orator and statesman.

P. 78, c. 2.—“Hessian,” hēsh’an. The troops were from Hesse-Cassel. The king, Frederick II., between 1776 and 1784, received over £3,000,000 by hiring these soldiers to the English government to fight against the Americans.

“Lanspach,” lanz’pāk; “Kniphausen,” knip’how’zen.

P. 79, c. 1.—“Brougham,” broo’am. (1779-1868.) A British statesman and author. After leaving school he spent some time in traveling and writing before being admitted to the bar. In 1810 he entered Parliament, and his first resolution was to petition the king to abolish slavery. From this time he was allied with the reforms of the age: the emancipation of Roman Catholics, government reforms, etc. The education of working people and charity schemes received the aid of his pen and voice, and he was instrumental in founding several societies since very powerful. In 1834 the change of ministry ended his official life, but his interest and zeal in public works never ceased.

TRICKS OF THE CONJURORS.

By THOMAS FROST.

The dense ignorance which prevailed during the seventeenth century on the subject of conjuring, as the word is now understood, would be scarcely credible at the present day, if instances did not even now occur at intervals to show that there are still minds which the light of knowledge has not yet penetrated. Books did not reach the masses in those days, and hence the beginning of the eighteenth century found people as ready to drown a wizard as their ancestors had been.

A book which was published in 1716, by Richard Neve, whose name is the first which we meet with in the conjuring annals of the eighteenth century, bears traces of the lingering fear of diabolical agency which still infected the minds of the people. Having stated, in his preface, that his book contained directions for performing thirty-three legerdemain tricks, besides many arithmetical puzzles and many jests, Neve says: “I dare not say that I have here set down all that are or may be performed by legerdemain, but thou hast here the most material of them; and if thou rightly understandest these, there is not a trick that any juggler in the world can show thee, but thou shalt be able to conceive after what manner it is done, if he do it by sleight of hand, and not by unlawful and detestable means, as too many do at this day.”

The following are a few of the tricks which puzzled the people of those days: The tricks of the fakirs, or religious mendicants of India were remarkable. One of these fellows boasted that he would appear at Amadabant, a town about two hundred miles from Surat, within fifteen days after being bur-

ied, ten feet deep, at the latter place. The Governor of Surat resolved to test the fellow’s powers, and had a grave dug, in which the fakir placed himself, stipulating that a layer of reeds should be interposed between his body and the superincumbent earth, with a space of two feet between his body and the reeds. This was done, and the grave was then filled up, and a guard was placed at the spot to prevent trickery.

A large tree stood ten or twelve yards from the grave, and beneath its shade several fakirs were grouped around a large earthen jar, which was filled with water. The officer of the guard, suspecting that some trick was to be played, ordered the jar to be moved, and, this being done by the soldiers, after some opposition on the part of the fellows assembled round it, a shaft was discovered, with a subterranean gallery from its bottom to within two feet of the grave. The impostor was thereupon made to ascend, and a riot ensued, in which he and several other persons were slain.

This trick has been repeated several times in India, under different circumstances, one of the most remarkable instances being that related by an engineer officer named Boileau, who was employed about forty years ago in the trigonometrical survey of that country. I shall relate this story in the officer’s own words, premising that he did not witness either the interment or the exhumation of the performer, but was told that they took place in the presence of Esur Lal, one of the ministers of the Muharwul of Jaisulmer.

“The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art

of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, while put up in his narrow grave; and, moreover, he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him. The place in which he was buried at Jaisulmer is a small building about twelve feet by eight, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole, about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inward toward the stomach, and his hands also pointed inward toward the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played, nor deception practised.

"At the expiration of a full month, the walling of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave; Trevelyan's moonshee only running there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been inclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses and the use of his limbs; and when we went to see him he was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying that 'we might bury him again for a twelvemonth, if we pleased.'"

A conjuror was exhibiting a mimic swan, which floated on real water, and followed his motions, when the bird suddenly became stationary. He approached it more closely, but the swan did not move.

"There is a person in the company," said he, "who understands the principle upon which this trick is performed, and who

is counteracting me. I appeal to the company whether this is fair, and I beg the gentleman will desist."

The trick was performed by magnetism, and the counteracting agency was a magnet in the pocket of Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

In 1785 the celebrated automatic chess player was first exhibited in London, having previously been shown in various cities of Germany and France. It had been invented about fifteen years before by a Hungarian noble, the Baron von Kempelen, who had until then, however, declined to permit its exhibition in public. Having witnessed some experiments in magnetism by a Frenchman, performed before the Court of Maria Theresa, Kempelen had observed to the empress that he thought himself able to construct a piece of mechanism the operations of which would be far more surprising than the experiments they had witnessed. The curiosity of the empress was excited, and she exacted a promise from Kempelen to make the attempt. The result was the automatic chess-player.

The figure was of the size of life, dressed as a Turk, and seated behind a square piece of cabinet work. It was fixed upon castors, so as to run over the floor, and satisfy beholders that there was no access to it from below. On the top, in the center, was a fixed chess-board, toward which the eyes of the figure were directed. Its right hand and arm were extended toward the board, and its left, somewhat raised, held a pipe.

The spectators, having examined the figure, the exhibitor wound up the machinery, placed the cushion under the arm of the figure, and challenged any gentleman present to play.

The Turk always chose the white men, and made the first move. The fingers opened as the hand was extended toward the board, and the piece was deftly picked up, and removed to the proper square. If a false move was made by its opponent, it tapped on the table impatiently, replaced the piece, and claimed the move for itself. If a human player hesitated long over a move, the Turk tapped sharply on the table.

The mind fails to comprehend any mechanism capable of performing with such accuracy movements which require knowledge and reflection. Beckman says indeed that a boy was concealed in the figure, and prompted by the best chess-player whose services the proprietor could obtain.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is a philanthropist in the world of letters. Since his college days at Harvard, where he distinguished himself by his contributions to the *Collegian*, he has been giving to his wide circle of readers strong, clean, good thoughts, mixed with the happiest humor. His essays have been among the most enjoyable of his writings. His publishers have recognized this and collected a dozen of them into "Pages from an Old Volume of Life."* There are many subjects touched, but his "Phi Beta Kappa" oration of 1870, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," is, perhaps, the best in the collection. The two essays, written during the war for *The Atlantic* readers, have a pathos so touching, it completely does away with the false idea that Holmes is only a humorist. The volume is a pleasant book for an hour's reading; indeed, it may well be classed along with what the author himself has aptly called "pillow-smoothing authors;" not a dull, heavy book, but one whose easily-flowing thoughts and continued good humor, quiet the mind and allow the reader to pass into dreamy forgetfulness.

"Things that have to be done, should be learned by doing them." Teachers know as well, perhaps, as any class of people how applicable this old truism is to their work. They only learn by doing; but too often they learn the routine, not the science. A little book just published

by A. Lovell & Co.,* is sent out in the interest of thoughtful teaching. There are some excellent development lessons, in which, simply by questions, and a few simple materials, are developed ideas of the senses, of forms, flat and solid, ideas of right and left, etc. A series of lessons on plants and insects have for their object "to bring the child into contact with nature, to teach him to observe, think, reason, and to express himself naturally." The book contains an excellent paper on the much-discussed "Quincy School Work." No new departure in the educational world has caused more talk. That there is something in it no one doubts that knows of the results of Superintendent Parker's system, but how to use it is not easily explained. This essay will help teachers to understand the method and show them how it may be used.

During this year Messrs. Harper & Brothers have added to the biographies of eminent Americans three very valuable works. Following Mr. Godwin's life of Bryant, is the "Memoirs of John A. Dix."† In so pretentious a work as the latter it is unfortunate that the compilation should have been made by his son. The unbiased, impersonal judgment that makes a biography trustworthy, is wanting. The fondness of the writer is continually evident to the reader. The book, however, is

* Development Lessons for Teachers, by Esmond V. DeGraff and Margaret K. Smith. New York: H. Lovell & Co., 1883.

† Memoirs of John A. Dix; compiled by his son, Morgan Dix. In two volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1883.

* Pages from an Old Volume of Life; a collection of essays (1857-1881) by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.

valuable from its fullness and exactness. It is really an epitome of the history of the most exciting times in our annals. General Dix's part in the stirring events before and after the rebellion, his work as secretary of the treasury, as military commander during the New York riots in '63, and his position upon various questions of national policy, are all explained minutely, and his correspondence is given in full. Although so voluminous, the work is never fatiguing. A feature which adds to the interest of the book is the selections from his translations, sketches, etc. General Dix added to his political and military ability a literary taste that led him to cultivate letters. His translations are particularly good. *Stabat Mater*, his son has seen fit to publish; it seems a pity that *Dies Ira* was not also given.

The third of these biographies is the "Life of James Buchanan."* The author himself says of this work, that "it was followed within a week by an amount of criticism such as I do not remember to have seen bestowed on any similar book in the same space of time." Mr. Curtis was assigned a task from which most men would have shrunk. Mr. Buchanan's administration as President of the United States was not popular. The belief that he favored the secession of the Southern States has been general. For his biographer to treat him as a conscientious actor in the struggle before the war has necessarily entailed criticism. Mr. Curtis says in his preface, "My estimate of his abilities and powers as a statesman has arisen with every investigation I have made and it is, in my judgment, not too much to say of him as a President of the United States, that he is entitled to stand very high in the catalogue—not a large one—of those who have had the moral courage to encounter misrepresentation and obloquy, rather than swerve from the line of duty which their convictions marked out for them." Mr. Curtis will not change the popular opinion on the Buchanan administration, but he must modify that opinion. This treatment alone makes the work worth reading by both friend and foe. The most entertaining part of the book is the voluminous private correspondence, which well portray Mr. Buchanan's social and friendly nature.

One of the most delightful books of the season is "Spanish Vistas,"† by Mr. Lathrop. The publishers have given us a genuine *édition de luxe*, heavy paper, numberless choice illustrations, and beautiful binding. The book is the joint product of two artists, and if one wields the quill instead of the pencil he is no less artistic. Two things are particularly noticeable in Mr. Lathrop's fine descriptions of scenery, of architecture, city sights and peasant gatherings: the skill with which he chooses his point and time of observation, and his really superior coloring. He knows at what hour the Alhambra will exercise its supreme spell, where the picturesque vagabondism of these handsome Spanish rascals will be most striking. To this power add his ability in colors and there is not a page but glows with effective pictures. Character sketches enliven the volume. The commonplace American abroad is introduced in Whetstone, a man of "iron persistence and intense prejudice," who continually exclaims "I don't see what I came to Spain for. If there ever was a God-forsaken country," and who amid the grandeur of the cathedral of Seville squints along the cornice to see if it is straight. The writer has been ably assisted by his "Velveteen," alias Mr. C. S. Reinhart, whose pictures give doubled value to the book. To all contemplating a trip to Spain the chapter on "Hints to Travelers" will be valuable.

"Spanish Vistas" represents one class of books on travels. There is another more interesting to the majority of people, in which facts and adventures are the chief elements. Such a work is "The Golden Chersonese,"‡ by Isabella Bird. After having traveled on horseback through the interior of Japan, and braved the roughest passes of the Rocky Mountains, and spent six months among the wonders of the Sandwich Islands, this indefatigable woman penetrates that *terra incognita*, the Malay Peninsula. The dangers and inconveniences which she undergoes to get there and get through are remarkable. She sailed from Hong Kong not long after a party of piratical Chinese, shipping as steerage passengers on board a river steamer, had massacred the officers and captured the boat. There was but one English passenger on board besides herself, and some two thousand Chinese imprisoned in the steerage, an iron grating over each

exit, and an officer ready to shoot the first man who attempted to force it. The decorations of the saloons consisted of stands of loaded rifles and unsheathed bayonets. She penetrates the country where the mosquitoes are a terror to life; snakes, land-leeches and centipedes are everywhere, but the enthusiastic traveler mentions them but casually. The dangers and bravery of the writer of course add piquancy to the interesting description of the scenes, the customs and peculiarities of "The Golden Chersonese."

Along with these fresh works comes out a new edition of one of the pioneers in this field of literature. We refer to Dr. Hayes' "Arctic Boat Journey."* In 1860 it was first published, and speedily took its place as an authority on Arctic travels. The fresh interest given to this subject by the sad fate of the "Jeannette" has led to a new edition. The account loses nothing of interest by time, but rather become clearer from the added knowledge we have of the frozen seas and icy lands.

No work will be found a more valuable addition to a C. L. S. C. library than Lübke's "History of Art."† In connection with the art readings it will be found invaluable. Since its first publication in 1860 it has gone through seven editions, and that, too, in critical Germany. The new translation from the latest German edition is the best.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Bible Stories for Young Children," by Caroline Hoadley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Ancient Egypt in the Light of Modern Discoveries," by Professor H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co., 1883.

"Woman and Temperance; or, The Work and the Workers of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," by Frances E. Willard, President of the W. C. T. U. Hartford, Conn.: Park Publishing Co., 1883.

"The Soul Winner." A Sketch of Facts and Incidents in the Life and Labors of Edmund J. Zard, for sixty-three years a class-leader and hospital visitor in Philadelphia. By his sister, Mrs. Mary D. James. New York: Phillip & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe, 1883.

"The Preacher and His Sermon." A Treatise on Homiletics. By Rev. John W. Etter, B.D. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House, 1883.

"Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic." By the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

"Reveries of a Bachelor; or, A Book of the Heart," by Ik Marvel. New and revised edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

"The Story of Roland," by James Baldwin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883.

"Our Young Folks' Plutarch;" edited by Rosalie Kaufman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1883.

"Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores." A Story by Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1884.

"Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities." Remnants, and Two Hundred Ways of using them. By Susan Anna Brown, author of "The Book of Forty Puddings." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883.

*An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854, by Isaac I. Hayes, M. D. New edition, enlarged and illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1883.

†Outlines of the History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. A new translation from the seventh German edition, edited by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1881.



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*Life of James Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the United States. By George Ticknor Curtis. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1883.

†Spanish Vistas, by George Parsons Lathrop, illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1883.

‡The Golden Chersonese, by Isabella Bird. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

1883-1884.

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A monthly magazine, 76 pages, ten numbers in the volume, beginning with October and closing with July.

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The Middle Kingdom. A survey of the Geography, Government, Literature, Social Life, Arts, and History of the Chinese Empire and its inhabitants. With illustrations and a new map of the Empire. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols. royal 8vo, \$9.00.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
DECEMBER.

GERMAN HISTORY.

By REV. W. G. WILLIAMS, A. M.

III.

THE FRANKS AND MEROVINGIANS.

After the fall of the Western Empire the Franks step into the foreground and show themselves of all the German tribes the most capable of founding a stable government. From the first they were distinguished from the others by their superior military discipline, and by their pride and ambition. They had always been looked upon as formidable warriors. Few of them wore helmets and mail; their breasts and backs were covered only by the shield. From the hips downward they wrapped themselves in close-fitting linen or leather, so as to display each man's tall, upright form. Their principal weapon was the two-edged battle-axe, which served for throwing as well as striking. They also carried frightful javelins with barbed points. Their own laws describe them as brave warriors, profound in their plans, manly and healthy in body, handsome, bold, impetuous, and hardy. But their enemies, perhaps with some justice, denounced them as the most faithless and cruel of men. The distinguishing ornament of the kings was their hair, which was left uncut, flowing freely over the shoulder. The people were still heathen, untamed and uncivilized, yet in constant intercourse with the Romans in Gaul.*

CLOVIS, THE FIRST FRANKISH KING.

The name of Clovis is not alone to be remembered as that of the founder of the kingdom of the Franks, but for the remarkable so-called conversion which he experienced during a hard-fought battle with the Alemanni. While the result was yet in doubt, Clovis, in the face of his army, called upon the new God, Christ, and vowed to serve him, if he would help him now. He was victorious; received instruction from St. Remigius, and was then baptized, with three thousand of his noblest Franks, in the cathedral at Rheims. "Bow thy head in silence, Sigambrian," said the saint; "worship what thou hast hitherto destroyed; war against what thou hast worshiped." This was by no means the only instance of wholesale conversions to

Christianity in consequence of a victory. The heathen, when defeated by Christians, commonly ascribed the result to the superior strength of the Christian God, and often resolved to seek his protection for themselves. It was the Catholic, not the Arian faith, which Clovis adopted. He was straightway recognized by the Pope as "the most Christian king," the appointed protector and propagator of the true faith against Arian Germany.

Clovis built up his kingdom with many a deed of blood, but with great vigor. His empire comprised German as well as Roman territory; but struck root firmly in the old native soil, from which it drew ever new strength: and therefore it was that its duration was not merely momentary, like that of the Gothic kingdoms, but it proved the beginning of the monarchy of the Middle Ages, the beginning of a new national life, in which Roman form was animated with fresh German strength. Clovis ruled his wide realm from Paris, a city which had existed even before the days of Cæsar and the Romans in Gaul. He died in Paris at the early age of forty-five.*

From Clovis to *Karl der Grosse* (French, *Charlemagne*; Latin, *Carolus Magnus*), a period of two hundred and fifty years, we witness not only the vicissitudes incident to the establishment of a new social and political order upon the ruins of the old, with all the ferocity of manner and barbarity of action to be expected in such an age; but also there is the gradual displacement of the old pagan religions by the newer one called Christianity. It is a period of strifes, of jealousies and blood. It was toward the last of this period that occurred the memorable battle of Poitiers, between the Franks under Karl, afterward surnamed *Martel*, and the Saracens, who having crossed from Africa and possessed themselves of entire Spain, next collected a large army, and under command of Abderahman, Viceroy of the Caliph of Damascus, set out for the conquest of France and Germany, as yet an undivided nationality. Thus the new Christian faith of Europe, still engaged in quelling the last strength of the ancient paganism, was suddenly called upon to meet the newer faith of Mohammed, which had determined to subdue the world.

Not only France, but the Eastern Empire, Italy and England looked to Karl, in this emergency. The Saracens crossed the Pyrenees with 350,000 warriors, accompanied by their wives and children, as if they were sure of victory and meant to possess the land. Karl called the military strength of the whole broad kingdom into the field, collected an army nearly equal in numbers, and finally, in October, 732, the two hosts stood face to face, near the city of Poitiers. It was a struggle almost as grand, and as fraught with important consequences to the world, as that of Aëtius and Attila, nearly 300 years before. Six days were spent in preparations, and on the seventh the battle began. The Saracens attacked with that daring and impetuosity which had gained them so many victories; but, as the old chronicle says, "the Franks, with their strong hearts and powerful bodies, stood like a wall, and hewed down the Arabs with iron hands." When night fell, 200,000 dead and wounded lay upon the field. Karl made preparations for resuming the

*Lewis.

*Lewis.

battle on the following morning, but he found no enemy. The Saracens had retired during the night, leaving their camps and stores behind them, and their leader, Abderrahman, among the slain. This was the first great check the cause of Islam received, after a series of victories more wonderful than those of Rome. From that day the people bestowed upon Karl the surname of *Martel*, the Hammer, and as Charles Martel he is best known in history.*

CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN CHRISTIANITY AT THIS TIME.

The Christianity of the Germans, and even that of the Roman provinces, for many generations after the date of their "conversion," was a very different kind of religion from that which is now held by enlightened Christians. Constantine and several of his successors were actually worshipped after death by multitudes of the Christians of those days. The apostolic doctrines were not conceived as a system of belief by the people, nor even by their teachers; the personal sovereignty of Christ as a king and warrior, and the future heaven or hell to be awarded by him, were apprehended as practical truths, but were overlaid with a dense mass of superstitious notions and observances, many of them legacies from heathenism. Above all, the Germans indulged without stint their passion for the wonderful; and the power of Christianity over them depended largely on the supply of miracles and of potent relics which it could furnish them. The workers of miraculous cures were numerous; they were esteemed as the favorites of heaven, and cities and princes contended with one another for their bones. Some of the popes were wise enough to discourage the zeal for miracles; and as late as A. D. 590, Pope Gregory I. wrote to St. Augustine, of England, cautioning him against spiritual pride as a worker of them. But it was not long before the papacy became the great center from which relics of the saints were distributed throughout the Church. The Roman catacombs were ransacked, and bones of saints found in an abundance sufficient to supply Christendom for ages. The Pope's guaranty of genuineness was final; and this resource contributed immeasurably to increase the wealth and power of the Holy See. The legends of the saints, as circulated and preserved, mainly by tradition, were for centuries the intellectual food of the Church at large; and were filled with idle and monotonous tales of wonderful cures in mind and body, wrought by the holy men and women in their lives, or by their corpses or their tombs. No doubt was entertained, even by the most intelligent, of the truth of these miracles. The modern conception of nature, as the work of a divine will which is unchangeable, and which therefore expresses itself in fixed, uniform laws, was then unknown. The spiritual conception of Christianity, as life by a personal trust in a pure, holy, and loving God, was set forth, indeed, by a few writers and preachers, and was doubtless verified in the experience of many a humble heart; but it was far above the thoughts of the people, or even of the clergy at large. To them no religion was of any value which was not magical in its methods and powers, and a charm to secure good fortune or to avert danger. In short, the Church was one thing, Christianity another; and the priestly ambition of the great organization to rule over men's lives and estates entirely eclipsed and obscured the spiritual work of the kingdom which is not of this world. Nothing in the early German character is more attractive than the habitual and general chastity of the people, and their reverence for the marriage tie. But the great migrations corrupted them; and the degradation of marriage in the succeeding centuries was promoted and completed by the influence of the Church. Hardly any agency can be traced in history which has wrought greater social and moral evil than the contempt for human love and for the marriage tie, which was sedulously cultivated by the Roman Church from the beginning of the fourth century. Yet, there are indications enough to satisfy us that the doctrines of the New Testament

had not lost their power; and that truth, purity, divine charity, and Christian heroism were yet kept alive in many hearts. Thousands of men and women, whose minds and lives were darkened by the teachings and practices of asceticism, monasticism and gross superstitions, still cherished a devout, self-sacrificing love for their unseen Master and Lord and stood ready to die for him. Even the idea of Christian brotherhood was not entirely lost; and the common worship of the same Redeemer by master and slave did much to mitigate the horrors that grew out of their relation.*

CHARLES THE GREAT.

The history of Germany may now for half a century be ranged about the central figure, Charles the Great, more commonly called Charlemagne. Indeed, so conspicuous a figure is he that it is impossible for all subsequent history to lose sight of him. The decayed Merovingian scepter when it fell into his hands was swayed with such unprecedented vigor and ability that its old name soon disappeared, and henceforth it is the Carolingian, and Charles becomes the head and founder of a new dynasty. The first years of his rule are marked by continuous wars of conquest. The brave and savage Saxons resisted him and the Christianity which he championed until compelled by his all-conquering arms to yield. Saxony emerged from his hands subdued and Christian, divided into eight bishoprics, studded with new cities and abbeys which proved centers of civilization; and that wild country, until then barbarous and pagan, entered into communion with the rest of the empire.

He next turned his attention to Italy, where his career of victory was uninterrupted. He visited Rome, and, dismounting at a thousand paces from the walls, walked in procession to the church of St. Peter on the Vatican Hill, kissing the steps as he ascended in honor of the saints by whom they had been trodden. In the vestibule of the church he was received by the Pope, who embraced him with great affection, the choir chanting the psalm, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord." Then they descended into the vaults, and offered up their prayers together at the shrine of St. Peter.†

EXTENT OF HIS EMPIRE—HIS CORONATION.

In the course of a reign of forty-five years, Charlemagne extended the limits of his empire beyond the Danube; subdued Dacia, Dalmatia, and Istria, conquered and subjected all the barbarous tribes to the banks of the Vistula, and successfully encountered the arms of the Saracens, the Huns, the Bulgarians, and the Saxons. His war with the Saxons was of more than thirty years duration, and their final conquest was not achieved without an inhuman waste of blood, through what has been considered a mistaken zeal for the propagation of Christianity, by measures which that religion can not be said to sanction or approve. All these wars were very nearly finished in the year 800. Charlemagne then found himself master of France, of Germany, of three-quarters of Italy, and a part of Spain. He had increased by more than a third the extent of territory which his father had left him. These vast possessions were no longer a kingdom, but an empire. He thought he had done enough to be authorized to seat himself on the throne of the West; and, as his father had required at the hands of the Pope his regal crown, so it was from the Pope that he demanded his imperial diadem. He was, therefore, with great ceremony, created Emperor of the West in St. Peter's, at Rome, by Pope Leo III., on Christmas day 800. It was a great event, for that imperial title which had remained buried under the ruins wrought by the barbarians, was drawn thence by the Roman pontiff, and shown to scattered nations and enemies as a rallying sign.

The crown which he received was destined to be for one thousand and six years the symbol of German unity, whilst the assembled people shouted, "Long life and victory to Caro-

*Taylor.

*Lewis.

† Menzies.

lus Augustus, the great and peace-bringing Roman Emperor, whom God hath crowned!" Thus, 324 years after the imperial dignity had disappeared, it was renewed by Charles. In this coronation act Pope Leo III. had fulfilled a function like St. Remy did in consecrating Clovis. His successors constituted it a privilege, and the pontiffs considered themselves the dispensers of crowns. During the whole of the middle ages the imperial consecration could only be given at Rome, and from the hands of the Holy Father. More than one war arose out of this prerogative.*

THE CHARACTER AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF CHARLEMAGNE—HIS PLACE IN HISTORY.

Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, is the name which history has agreed to give to the founder of the German empire—incorporating the epithet with the name itself. We have recited in outline the facts of his wonderful career, as they are recorded in the meagre records of contemporary historians, and must rely upon the same authentic testimony in attempting to estimate his mind, character, and work. But the Charles of history is one; the Charles of heroic legend and popular fame is another. The former is a powerful conqueror and politic statesman, whom some eminent writers regard as the greatest of all monarchs; the latter is a Christian saint, superhuman in strength, beauty, and wisdom, incapable of defeat in war, of error in judgment, or of infirmity or corruption in his own will. Thus the song of Roland says: "His eyes shone like the morning star; his glance was dazzling as the noonday sun. Terrible to his foes, kind to the poor, victorious in war, merciful to offenders, devoted to God, he was an upright judge, who knew all the laws, and taught them to his people as he learned them from the angels. In short, he bore the sword as God's own servant." As Theodoric had been the center of the ancient popular minstrelsy, so Charles the Great became the central figure in that more cultivated heroic poetry, chiefly the work of the clergy, in which were celebrated the deeds of the twelve paladins, with Roland and the fight of Roncesvalles:

"When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

When we consider the profound impression made on the popular mind by this person, as represented in legend and song, we are almost ready to inquire whether its influence upon later German history was not greater than that of his authentic achievements. But it is true that the entire German race owes to him its first political organization. It was the purpose of his life, which never wavered, to unite all the German tribes under the control of one imperial government and of one Christian Church. In the greater part of this work he succeeded, and thus left the stamp of his mind upon the following centuries, through all the Middle Ages. The national consciousness of the collective German tribes dates from his reign, and it is at the beginning of the ninth century that "the Germans" are first spoken of in contrast with the Roman peoples of the empire, although the national name did not come into general use until four generations later, in the reign of Otto the Great. When Charles mounted the throne, he was twenty-four years of age, in the strength and prime of his youth. His person was huge and strong, combining the presence and muscular power of the heroes of song; so that he found it sport to fight with the gigantic wild bulls in the forest of Ardennes. His passion for labor, war, and danger was that of the adventurous warriors of the great migration. In the momentous affairs of state, he exhibited the want of feeling and the unscrupulousness which have been common to nearly all great warriors; but in daily intercourse with those around him, he had the mildness, cheerfulness, and freshness of spirit which add so much grace to true greatness. These characteristics were those of his people; but that which specially distinguished him was the far-see-

ing mind, which had caught from ancient Rome the conception of a universal state, and was wise enough, without slavish copying, to adapt this conception to the peculiar requirements of the widely different race he ruled. This lofty intellect appears the more wonderful, that no one can tell how he obtained his mental growth, or who were his instructors; he seems to shine out of the darkness of his age like a sun.

Charlemagne's active mind gave attention to all matters, great and small. His untiring diligence, and his surprising swiftness in apprehension and decision, enabled him to dispatch an amount of business perhaps never undertaken by another monarch, unless by Frederick II., of Prussia, or by Napoleon Bonaparte. He was simple in his own attire, usually wearing a linen coat, woven at home by the women of his own family, and over it the large, warm Frisian mantle; and he demanded simplicity in his followers, and scoffed at his courtiers when their gorgeous silks and tinsel, brought from the East, were torn to rags in the rough work of the chase. Hunting in his favorite forest of Ardennes was the chief delight and recreation of his court. Next to this, he enjoyed swimming in the warm baths at Aix, which became his favorite residence. At his meals he listened to reading; and even condescended to join the monks, detailed for the purpose, in reading exercises. He founded schools in all the convents, and visited them in person, encouraging the diligent pupils, and reproving the negligent. He also introduced Roman teachers of music, to improve the church-singing of the Franks; while he required that sermons should be preached in the language of the people. Thus he diligently promoted popular education, while he strove to make up by study what he had lost by the neglect of his own culture in youth. He gathered men of learning—poets, historians, and copyists—around him, the most prominent of them being Anglo-Saxons, of whom the wise and pious Alcuin was chief. Even when an old man, he found time, though often only at night, to practice in writing his hand so accustomed to the sword; and having long been familiar with the Latin language, which he tried to diffuse among the people, undertook to learn the Greek also. He highly esteemed his native language, too. He gave German names to the months and the winds; caused a German grammar to be compiled; and took pains to collect the ancient heroic songs of the German minstrels, though his son, in his monkish zeal, destroyed them. He revered the clergy highly: granted them tithes throughout the empire, and everywhere watched over the increasing endowments and estates of the Church, in whose possessions at that time both agriculture and morality were better cared for than elsewhere. Most of the bishops and abbots were selected by the king himself.

Charlemagne's personal character must not be judged by the standards of a time so remote from him as ours. He has been called dissolute; and it is true that he utterly disregarded the marriage tie, when it would limit either his pleasures or his ambition. He married five wives, only to dishonor them. He even encouraged, as it seems, his own daughters to live loose lives at home; refusing to give them in marriage to princes, lest their husbands might become competitors for a share of the kingdom. But he was never controlled by his favorite women, nor did he neglect state business for indulgence. Charlemagne has been censured as cruel; and, indeed, there are few acts recorded in history of more wanton cruelty than his slaughter in cold blood of thousands of Saxons at Verden. Yet this was not done in the exercise of passion or hatred, but as a measure of policy, a means deliberately devised to secure a definite end, in which it was successful. Charlemagne was never cruel upon impulse; but his inclinations were to gentleness and kindness. The key to his character is his unbounded ambition. In the pursuit of power he knew no scruple; the most direct and efficient means were always the right means to him. There is no doubt of his earnest attachment to the Christian Church and to the orthodox doctrines, as he understood them. But this

*Menzes.

was not associated with an appreciation of Christian morality, or a sense of human brotherhood. His passion for conquest was in large part a fanatical zeal for the propagation of a religion which he regarded as inseparable from his empire.

Charlemagne was held in high honor by foreign nations. The Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun-al-Raschid, wielded in the East a power comparable with his own. To Charlemagne he sent a friendly embassy, with precious gifts, and it was reciprocated in the same spirit. The kings of the Normans expressed their respect for him in a similar way. But his own taste esteemed the ring of a good sword more than gold. His person and his private life have been vividly depicted to us by Einhard (Eginhard), a youth educated at his court, to whom, according to legend, the emperor gave one of his daughters for a wife. Charlemagne was tall and strongly formed, measuring from crown to sole seven times the length of his own foot. He had an open brow, very large, quick eyes, an abundance of fine hair, which was white in his last years, and a cheerful countenance.*

RESULTS OF HIS WARS AND RULE.

Some writers have sought to represent Charlemagne as a royal sage, a pacific prince, who only took up arms in self-defense. Truth compels a more faithful though less flattering portraiture. He had no invasion to dread. The Saracens were scattered, the Avars (Bavarians) weakened, and the Saxons impotent to carry on any serious war beyond their forests and marshes. If he led the Franks beyond their own frontiers, it was that he had, like so many other monarchs, the ambition of reigning over more nations, and of leaving a high-sounding name to posterity. All that he attempted beyond the Pyrenees proved abortive. It would have been of greater value had he subdued the Bretons, so far as to have made them sooner enter French nationality, instead of contenting himself with a precarious submission. The conquest of the Lombard kingdom profited neither France nor Italy, but only the Pope, whose political position it raised, and whose independence it secured for the future. The country for which those long wars had the happiest result, was that one which had suffered most from them, Germany. Before Charlemagne, Almayne was still Germany—that is to say, a shapeless chaos of pagan or Christian tribes, but all barbarian, enemies of one another, united by no single tie. There were Franks, Saxons, Thuringians, and Bavarians. After him there was a German people, and there will be a kingdom of Germany. It was great glory for him to have created a people—a glory which few conquerors have acquired; for they destroy much more than they found. His reign lasted forty-four years, and may be summed up as an immense and glorious effort to bring under subjection the barbarian world and all that which survived the Roman civilization; to put an end to the chaos born of invasion, and to found a settled state of society in which the authority of the emperor, closely united to that of the Pope, should maintain order alike in Church and State—a very difficult problem, which it was given Charlemagne to solve, but of which all the difficulties did not become apparent until after his death. The work of Charlemagne, in fact, did not last. The name of this powerful though rude genius is not the less surrounded with a lasting glory; and it has remained in the memory of nations with that of three or four other great men who have done, if not always the greatest amount of good, at least have made the most noise in the world. As to Charlemagne, the amount of good accomplished very far surpasses that which was only vain renown and sterile ambition. He created modern Germany; and if that chain of nations, the links of which he had sought to rivet, broke, his great image loomed over the feudal times as the genius of order, continually inviting the dispersed races to emerge from chaos, and seek union and peace under the sway of a strong and renowned chief.

*Lewis.

Charlemagne died, January 28, 814, in his seventy-second year, and was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle, in a church which he had built there after his Italian conquests, in the Lombard style. Eginhard, his secretary and friend, who wrote his life, tells us that he was considerably above six feet in height, and well proportioned in all respects, excepting that his neck was somewhat too short and thick. His imperial crown, which is still preserved at Vienna, would fit only the head of a giant. His air was dignified, but at the same time his manners were social. Charlemagne had no fewer than five wives; of his four sons, only one survived him, Louis, the youngest and most incapable, who succeeded him on the imperial throne.*

[To be continued.]

*Menzies.

EXTRACTS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

As an introduction to a brief extract upon Walther von der Vogelweide, we give Longfellow's beautiful little poem:

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Vogelweide the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweide.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.

Walther's lyrical poems are distinguished from those of most of his contemporaries by a strong impress of sincerity and a wide range of thought.

When he hails the coming of the spring after a long winter, he imitates in the gladness of his heart the carols of the birds, and goes on in melodious verses to speak of the beauty of the lady to whom he dedicates his song, but whom he never names. In the next song the reader, to his surprise, will find the minstrel changed into a satirist, who denounces the political and religious corruptions of his time, rebukes the Pope for his worldly ambition and predicts a speedy ruin of the world. These are not all the notes of the scale on which his songs are constructed. As a specimen of his lighter and more popular style, the following strophe in praise of German women may serve:

In many foreign lands I've been
And knights and ladies there have seen;
But here alone I find my rest—
Old Germany is still the best;
Some other lands have pleased me well;
But here—'tis here I choose to dwell.
German men have virtues rare,
And German maids are angels fair.

He rises to a higher strain than this in other lyrics, where he places domestic virtue above external beauty, and speaks of *minne* in the higher interpretation of the word. "Even where it can not be returned," he says, "if devoted to one worthy of it, it ennobles a man's life. His affection for one teaches him to be kind and generous to all." Walther pleasantly describes himself as by no means good-looking, and censures all praise bestowed on men for their merely exterior advantages. And he is no fanatical worshiper of feminine beauty, affirming that it may sometimes be a thin mask worn over bad passions.

With regard to their moral and social purport the verses of Walther have a considerable historical interest. They show us how insecurely the Church held the faith and loyalty of German men in the thirteenth century.

Walther is bold and violent in his defiance and contempt of the Pope's usurpation of temporal authority. Referring in one place to a fable commonly believed in his times, he says: "When Constantine gave the spear of temporal power, as well as the spear and the crown to the See of Rome, the angels in heaven lamented, and well they might; for that power is now abused to annoy the emperor and to stir up the princes, his vassals against him." The poet was as earnest in dissuading the people from contributing money to support the Crusades. "Very little of it," he says, "will ever find its way into the Holy Land. The Pope is now filling his Italian coffers with our German silver." This saying seems to have been very popular for a tame moralist who lived in Walther's time complains that, by making such statements, the poet was perverting the faith of many people. "All his fine verses," the moralist adds, "will not atone for that bad libel on Rome." Yet the author of it was quite orthodox in doctrine, and was enthusiastic in his zeal for rescuing the Holy Sepulcher from the Saracens.

Many of his verses express earnestly his love for his native land, and his grief for social and political disorders of his

times. He believes that the world is falling a prey to anarchy. "I hear the rushing of the water," he says, "and I watch the movements of the fish that swim in its depth. I explore the habits of the creatures of this world in the forest and in the field, from the beast of the field down to the insect, and I find that there is nowhere any life that is not vexed by anarchy and strife. Warfare is found everywhere, and yet some order is preserved even among animals; but in my own native land, where the petty princes are lifting themselves up against the emperor, we are hastening on to anarchy." The course of events proved that he was too true in this prediction. Resignation and despair, rather than any hope of a reconciliation of religion with practical life, characterize other meditative poems. The following is one of the best of this class:

I sat one day upon a stone,
And meditated long, alone,
While resting on my hand my head,
In silence to myself I said:
"How, in these days of care and strife,
Shall I employ my fleeting life?
Three precious jewels I require
To satisfy my heart's desire:
The first is honor, bright and clear,
The next is wealth, and far more dear,
The third is heaven's approving smile;"
Then, after I had mused a while
I saw that it was vain to pine
For these three pearls in one small shrine;
To find within one heart a place
For honor, wealth, and heavenly grace;
For how can one in days like these
Heaven and the world together please?

—From "*Outlines of German Literature*"—Gostwick and Harrison.

HANS SACHS.

Riches of Poverty.

Why art thou cast down, my heart?
Why trouble, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God, be not afraid,
He is thy friend, who all things made!

Dost think thy prayers he doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need;
And heaven and earth are his!
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

The rich man in his wealth confides;
But in my God my trust abides.
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast, that He hath taught:
Who trusts in God shall want for naught.

Yes, Lord: thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast been, and shall be aye:
I rest on thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven.

The legends of Hans Sachs are all pointed with satire. Readers now-a-days find in them a coarseness which jars their ideas of reverence and refinement, but which in the sixteenth century was in perfect keeping with the popular taste. One of the best of his legends is that of "St. Peter and the Goat." "We are told that once upon a time St. Peter was perplexed by an apparent prevalence of injustice in the world; and ventured to think that he could arrange matters better if he held the reins of government. He frankly confesses these thoughts to his Master. Meanwhile a peasant girl comes to him and complains that she has to do a hard day's work, and at the same time to

keep in order a frolicsome young goat. 'Now,' says the Lord to Peter, 'you must have pity on this girl, and must take charge of the goat. That will serve as an introduction to your managing the affairs of the universe.'"

The legend goes on :

"The young goat had a playful mind
And never liked to be confined;
The Apostle at a killing pace,
Followed the goat, in a desperate chase;
Over the hills and among the briers
The goat runs on and never tires,
While Peter, behind, on the grassy plain,
Runs on, panting and sighing in vain.
All day, beneath a scorching sun,
The good Apostle had to run
Till evening came; the goat was caught
And safely to the Master brought,
Then, with a smile, to Peter said
The Lord: 'Well, friend, how have you sped?
If such a task your powers has tried
How could you keep the world so wide?'
Then Peter, with his toil distressed,
His folly, with a sigh, confessed;
'No, Master, 'tis for me no play
To rule one goat for one short day;
It must be infinitely worse
To regulate the universe.'"

MARTIN LUTHER.

The Book of Psalms.

The heart of man is like a ship out on a wild sea, and driven by storm-winds blowing from all the four quarters of the world; now impelled by fear and care for coming evil, now disturbed by vexation and grief for present misfortune, now urged along by hope and a confidence of future good, now wafted by joy and contentment. These storm-winds of the soul teach us how to speak in good earnest, to open our hearts and to utter their contents. The man actually in want and fear does not express himself quietly, like a man who only talks about fear and want; a heart filled with joy utters itself and sings in a way not to be imitated by one who is all the time in fear; "It does not come from the heart," men say, when a sorrowful man tries to laugh, or a merry man would weep. * * * Now of what does this book of Psalms mostly consist but of earnest expressions of the heart's emotions—the storm-winds, as I have called them? Where are finer expressions of joy than the Psalms of praise and thanksgiving? There you look into the hearts of the saints, as if you looked into a fair and delightful garden, aye, or into heaven itself—and you see how lovely and pleasant flowers are springing up there out of manifold happy and beautiful thoughts of God and all His mercies. * * * But again, where will you find deeper, more mournful and pitiful words of sorrow than in the Psalms devoted to lamentation? I conclude then that the Psalter is a hand-book for religious men, wherein every one, whatever may be his condition, may find words that will rhyme with it; and Psalms as exactly fitted to suit his wants as if they had been written solely for his benefit.—*From the Preface to Luther's Book of Psalms.*

Light in Despondency.

When the sky is black and lowering, when thy path in life is drear,
Upward lift thy steadfast glances, 'mid the maze of sorrow here.
From the beaming Fount of Gladness shall descend a radiance bright,
And the grave shall be a garden, and the house of darkness light,
For the Lord will hear and answer when in faith his people pray;
Whatsoe'er he hath appointed shall but work thee good alway.
E'en thy very hairs are numbered, God commands when one shall fall;
And the Lord is with his people, helping each and blessing all.

Our Defense.

A strong tower is the Lord our God,
To shelter and defend us;
Our shield his arm, our sword his rod
Against our foes befriending us.
That ancient enemy—
His gathering powers we see,
His terror and his toils;
Yet victory with its spoils
Not earth but heaven shall send us!

Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,
No might of man avail us,
Our captain is Immanuel,
And angel comrades hail us!
Still challenge ye his name?
"Christ in the flesh who came"—
The Lord, the Lord of Hosts!
Our cause his succor boasts;
And God shall ne'er fail us!

While mighty truth with us remain,
Hell's arts shall move us never;
Nor parting friendship, honors, gains,
Our love from Jesus sever:
They leave us when they part
With him a peaceful heart;
And when from dust we rise,
Death yields us as he dies,
The crown of life forever!

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

The Parable of "The Three Kings," from "Nathan the Wise."

In the oldest times, and in an eastern land,
There lived a man who had a precious ring.
This gem—an opal of a hundred tints—
Had such a virtue as would make the wearer
Who trusted it, beloved by God and man.
What wonder, if the man who had this ring
Preserved it well, and, by his will, declared
It should forever in his house remain?
At last when death came near, he called the son
Whom he loved best, and gave to him the ring,
With one strict charge:—"My son, when you must die,
Let this be given to your own darling child—
The son whom you love best, without regard
To any rights of birth."—'Twas thus the ring
Was always passed on to the best-beloved.
Sultaun! you understand me?

Saladin. Yea. Go on!—

Nathan. A father, who, at last possessed this ring
Had three dear sons—all dutiful and true—
All three alike beloved.—But, at one time,
This son, and then another, seemed most dear—
Most worthy of the ring; and it was given,
By promise, first to this son, then to that,
Until it might be claimed by all the three.
At last, when death drew nigh, the father felt
His heart distracted by the doubt to whom
The ring was due. He could not favor one
And leave two sons in grief! How did he act?
He called a goldsmith in, gave him the gem,
And bade him make exactly of that form,
Two other rings, and spare nor cost nor pains
To make all three alike. And this was done
So well, the owner of the first, true ring,
Could find no shade of difference in the three.
And now he called his sons—one at a time—
He gave to each a blessing and a ring—
One of the three—and died—

Saladin. Well, well. Go on.

Nathan. My tale is ended. You may guess the sequel :—
The father dies; immediately each son
Comes forward with his ring, and asks to be
Proclaimed as head and ruler of the house;
All three assert one claim, and show their rings—
All made alike. To find the first—the true—
It was as great a puzzle as for us—
To find the one true faith.

Saladin. Is that, then, all the answer I must have?

Nathan. 'Tis my apology, if I decline
To act as judge, or to select the ring—
The one, true gem, of three all made alike;
All given by one—

Saladin. There! talk no more of "rings."
The three religions, that, at first, were named,
Are all distinct—aye, down to dress—food—drink—

Nathan. Just so! and yet their claims are all alike,
As founded upon history, on facts
Believed, and handed down from sire to son,
Uniting them in faith. Can we—the Jews—
Distrust the testimony of our race?
Distrust the men who gave us birth, whose love
Did ne'er deceive us; but when we were babes,
Taught us, by means of fables, for our good?
Must *you* distrust your own true ancestors,
To flatter mine?—or must a Christian doubt
His father's words, and so agree with ours?—

Saladin. Allah!—the Israelite is speaking truth,
And I am silenced—

Nathan. Let me name the rings
Once more!—The sons at last, in bitter strife,
Appeared before a judge, and each declared
He had the one true gem, given by his father;
All said the same, and all three spoke the truth;
Each, rather than suspect his father's word,
Accused his brethren of a fraud—

Saladin. What then?
What sentence could the judge pronounce? Go on.

Nathan. Thus said the judge:—"Go, bring your father here;
Let him come forth! or I dismiss the case.
Must I sit guessing riddles? Must I wait
Till the true ring shall speak out for itself?—
But stay!—'twas said that the authentic gem
Had virtue that could make its wearer loved
By God and man. That shall decide the case.
Tell me who of the three is best beloved
By his two brethren. Silent?—Then the ring
Hath lost its charm!—Each claimant loves himself,
But wins no love. The rings are forgeries;
'Tis plain, the first, authentic gem was lost;
To keep his word with you, and hide his loss,
Your father had these three rings made—these three,
Instead of one—"

Saladin. Well spoken, judge, at last!

Nathan. "But stay," the judge continued; "hear one word—
The best advice I have to give; then go—
Let each still trust the ring given by his father!—
It might be, he would show no partial love;
He loved all three, and, therefore, would not give
The ring to one and grieve the other two.
Go, emulate your father's equal love.
Let each first test his ring and show its power;
But aid it, while you test; be merciful,
Forbearing, kind to all men, and submit
Your will to God. Such virtues shall increase
Whatever powers the rings themselves may have;
When these, among your late posterity,
Have shown their virtue—in some future time,
A thousand thousand years away from now—
Then hither come again!—A wiser man

Than one now sitting here will hear you then,
And will pronounce the sentence."

Saladin. Allah! Allah!

Nathan. Now, Saladin, art thou that "wiser man?"
Art thou the judge who will, at last, pronounce
The sentence?

[*Saladin grasps Nathan's hand, and holds
to the end of the conversation.*]

Saladin. I the judge?—I'm dust! I'm nothing!
'Tis Allah!—Nathan, now I understand;
The thousand thousand years have not yet passed;
The judge is not yet come; I must not place
Myself upon his throne! I understand—
Farewell, dear Nathan! Go.—Be still my friend.

READINGS IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.*

III.—RIVERS AND GLACIERS.

We have found that the water of the river is largely derived from springs, and that all spring-water contains more or less mineral materials dissolved out of the brooks. Every river, therefore, is carrying not merely water, but large quantities of mineral matters into the sea. It has been calculated, for instance, that the Rhine in one year carries into the North Sea lime enough to make three hundred and thirty-two thousand millions of oyster shells. This chemically-dissolved material is not visible to the eye, and in no way affects the color of the water. At all times of the year, as long as the water flows, this invisible transport of some of the materials of rocks must be going on.

But let us now again watch the same river in flood. The water is no longer clear, but dull and dirty. You ascertained that this discoloration arises from mud and sand suspended in the water. You see that over and above the mineral matter in chemical solution, the river is hurrying seaward with vast quantities of other and visible materials. And thus it is clear that at least one great part of the work of rivers must be to transport the mouldered parts of the land which are carried into them by springs or by rain.

But the rivers, too, help in the general destruction of the surface of the land. Of this you may readily be assured, by looking at the sides or bed of a stream when the water is low. Where the stream flows over hard rock, you find the rock all smoothed and ground away; and the stones lying in the water-course are all more or less rounded and smoothed. When these stones were originally broken by frosts or otherwise, from crags and cliffs, they were sharp-edged, as you can prove by looking at the heaps of blocks lying at the foot of any precipice, or steep bank of rock. But when they fell, or were washed into the river, they began to get rolled and rubbed, until their sharp edges were ground away, and they came to wear the smooth rounded forms which we see in the ordinary gravel.

While the stones are ground down, they, at the same time, grind down the rocks which form the sides and bottom of the river-channel over which they are driven. You can even see in some of the eddies of the stream how the stones are kept moving round until they actually excavate deep round cavities, called pot-holes, in the solid rock.

Now, it is clear that two results must follow from this ceaseless wear and tear of rocks and stones in the channel of a stream. In the first place, a great deal of mud and sand must be produced; and, in the second place, the bed of the river must be ground down so as to become deeper and wider. The sand and mud are added to the other similar material washed into the streams by rain from the mouldering surface of the land. By the deepening and widening of the water-courses, such picturesque features as gorges and ravines are excavated out of the solid rock.

*Abridged from Science Primer on Physical Science, by Prof. Geikie.

Look, again, at the channel of a river in summer. You see it covered with sheets of gravel in one place, beds of sand in another, while here and there a piece of hard rock sticks up through these different kinds of river-stuff. Note some portion of the loose materials, and you find it to be continually shifting. A patch of gravel or sand may remain for a time, but the little stones and grains of which it is made up are always changing as the water covers and moves them. In fact, the loose materials over which the river flows are somewhat like the river itself. You come back to its banks after many years, and you find the river there still, with the same ripples, and eddies, and gentle murmuring sound. But though the river has been there constantly all the time, its water has been changing every minute, as you can watch it changing still. So, although the channel is always more or less covered with loose materials, these are not always the same. They are perpetually being pushed onward, and others, from higher up the stream, come behind to take their place.

It is not in the bottoms of the rivers, then, that the material worn away from the surface of the land can find any lasting rest. And yet the rivers do get rid of a good deal of this material as they roll along. You have, perhaps, noticed that a river is often bordered with a strip of flat plain, the surface of which is only a few feet above the level of the water. Most of our rivers have such margins, and, indeed, seem each to wind to and fro through a long, level, meadow-like plain. Now this plain is really made up from the finer particles of decomposed rocks which the river has carried along. During floods, the river, swollen and muddy, rises above its banks, and spreads over the low ground on either side. Whenever this takes place, the overflowing water moves more slowly over the flats; and, as its current is thus checked, it can not hold so much mud and sand, but allows some of these materials to settle down to the bottom. In this way the overflowed tracts get a coating of soil laid over them by the river, and when the waters retire this coating adds a little to the height of the plain. The same thing takes place year after year, until by degrees the plain gets so far raised that the river, which all this while is also busy deepening its channel, can not overflow it even at the highest floods. In course of time the river, as it winds from side to side, cuts away slices of the plain and forms a newer one at a lower level. And thus a series of terraces is gradually made, rising step by step above the river.

Still the laying down of its sand and mud by a river to form one or more such river-terraces is, after all, only a temporary disposal of these materials. They are still liable to be carried away, and in truth they are carried off continually as the river eats away its banks.

When the current of a river is checked as it enters the sea or a lake, the feebler flow of the water allows the sand and mud to sink to the bottom. By degrees some portions of the bottom come in this way to be filled up to the surface of the river, and wide flat marshy spaces are formed on either side of the main stream. During floods these spaces are overflowed with muddy water, in the same way as in the case of the valley plains just described, and a coating of mud or sand is laid down on them until they slowly rise above the ordinary level of the river, which winds about among them in endless branching streams. Vegetation springs up on these flat swampy lands; animals, too, find food and shelter there; and thus a new territory is made by the work of the river.

These flat river-formed tracts are called *deltas*, because the one which was best known to the ancients, that of the Nile, had the shape of the Greek letter Δ (*delta*). This is the general form which is taken by accumulations at the mouths of rivers; the flat delta gets narrow toward the inland, and broader toward the sea. Some of them are of enormous size; the delta of the Mississippi, for example.

Each delta, then, is made of materials worn from the surface of the land, and brought down by the river. And yet vast

though some of these deltas are, they do not show all the materials which have been so worn away. A great deal is carried far out and deposited on the sea-bottom; for the sea is the great basin into which the spoils of the land are continually borne.

Having now followed the course taken by the water which falls on the land as rain, we come to that taken by snow.

On the tops of some of the highest mountains in Britain snow lies for great part of the year. On some of them, indeed, there are shady clefts wherein you may meet with deep snow-wreaths even in the heat of summer.

But in other parts of Europe, where the mountains are more lofty, the peaks and higher shoulders of the hills gleam white all the year with unmelted snow.

Let us see why it is that perpetual snow should occur in such regions, and what part this snow plays in the general machinery of the world.

You have learned that the higher parts of the atmosphere are extremely cold. You know also that in the far north and the far south, around those two opposite parts of the earth's surface called the Poles, the climate is extremely cold—so cold as to give rise to dreary expanses of ice and snow, where sea and land are frozen, and where the heat of summer is not enough to thaw all the ice and drive away all the snow. Between these two polar tracts of cold, wherever mountains are lofty enough to get into the high parts of the atmosphere where the temperature is usually below the freezing-point, the vapor condensed from the air falls upon them, not as rain, but as snow. Their heads and upper heights are thus covered with perpetual snow. In such high mountainous regions the heat of the summer always melts the snow from the lower hills, though it leaves the higher parts still covered. From year to year it is noticed that there is a line or limit below which the ground gets freed of its snow, and above which the snow remains. This limit is called the snow-line, or the limit of perpetual snow. Its height varies in different parts of the world. It is highest in the warmer regions on either side of the equator, where it reaches to 15,000 feet above the sea. In the cold polar tracts, on the other hand, it approaches the sea-level. In other words, while in the polar tracts the climate is so cold that perpetual snow is found even close to the sea-level, the equatorial regions are so warm that you must climb many thousand feet before you can reach the cold layers of the air where snow can remain all the year.

There is, you see, one striking difference between rain and snow. If rain had been falling for the same length of time, the roads and fields would still have been visible, for each drop of rain, instead of remaining where it fell, would either have sunk into the soil, or have flowed off into the nearest brook. But each snowflake, on the contrary, lies where it falls, unless it happens to be caught up and driven on by the wind to some other spot where it can finally rest. Rain disappears from the ground as soon as it can; snow stays still as long as it can.

You will see at once that this marked difference of behavior must give rise to some equally strong differences in the further procedure of these two kinds of moisture. You have followed the progress of the rain; now let us try to find out what becomes of the snow.

In such a country as ours, where there is no perpetual snow, you can without much difficulty answer this question. Each fall of snow in winter-time remains on the ground as long as the air is not warm enough to melt it. Evaporation, indeed, goes on from the surface of snow and ice, as well as from water: so that a layer of snow would in the end disappear, by being absorbed into the air as vapor, even though none of it had previously been melted into running water. But it is by what we call a thaw that our snow is chiefly dissipated; that is, a rise in the temperature, and a consequent melting of the snow. When the snow melts, it sinks into the soil and flows off into brooks in the same way as rain.

In the regions of perpetual snow the heat of summer can not

melt all the snow which falls there in the year. What other way of escape, then, can the frozen moisture find?

You will remember that the surplus rainfall flows off by means of rivers. Now the surplus snow-fall above the snow-line has a similar kind of drainage. It flows off by means of what are called glaciers.

When a considerable depth of snow has accumulated, the pressure upon the lower layers from what lies above them squeezes them into a firm mass. The surface of the ground is usually sloped in some direction, seldom quite flat. And among the high mountains the slopes are often, as you know, very steep. When snow gathers deeply on sloping ground, there comes a time when the force of gravity overcomes the tendency of the pressed snow to remain where it is, and then the snow begins to slide slowly down the slope. From one slope it passes on downward to the next, joined continually by other sliding masses from neighboring slopes until they all unite into one long tongue which creeps slowly down some valley to a point where it melts. This tongue from the snow-fields is the glacier. It really drains these snow-fields of their excess of snow as much as a river drains a district of its excess of water.

But the glacier which comes out of the snow-fields is itself made not of snow, but of ice. The snow, as it slides downward, is pressed together into ice. You have learned that each snowflake is made of little crystals of ice. A mass of snow is thus only a mass of minute crystals of ice with air between. Hence when the snow gets pressed together, the air is squeezed out, and the separated crystals of ice freeze together into a solid mass. You know that you can make a snowball very hard by squeezing it firmly between the hands. The more tightly you press it the harder it gets. You are doing to it just what happens when a glacier is formed out of the eternal snows. You are pressing out the air, and allowing the little particles of ice to freeze to each other and form a compact piece of ice. But you can not squeeze nearly all the air out, consequently the ball, even after all your efforts, is still white from the imprisoned air. Among the snowfields, however, the pressure is immensely greater than yours; the air is more and more pressed out, and at last the snow becomes clear transparent ice.

A glacier, then, is a river, not of water, but of ice, coming down from the snow-fields. It descends sometimes a long way below the snow-line, creeping down very slowly along the valley which it covers from side to side. Its surface all the time is melting during the day in summer, and streams of clear water are gushing along the ice, though, when night comes, these streams freeze. At last it reaches some point in the valley beyond which it can not go, for the warmth of the air there is melting the ice as fast as it advances. So the glacier ends, and from its melting extremity streams of muddy water unite into a foaming river, which bears down the drainage of the snow-fields above.

A river wears down the sides and bottom of its channel, and thus digs out a bed for itself in even the hardest rock, as well as in the softest soil. It sweeps down, too, a vast quantity of mud, sand, and stones from the land to the sea. A glacier performs the same kind of work, but in a very different way.

When stones fall into a river they sink to the bottom, and are pushed along there by the current. When mud enters a river it remains suspended in the water, and is thus carried along. But the ice of a glacier is a solid substance. Stones and mud which fall upon its surface remain there, and are borne onward with the whole mass of the moving glacier. They form long lines of rubbish upon the glacier, and are called moraines. Still the ice often gets broken up into deep cracks, opening into yawning clefts or crevasses, which sometimes receive a good deal of the earth and stones let loose by frost or otherwise from the sides of the valley. In this way loose materials fall to the bottom of the ice, and reach the solid floor of the valley down which the ice is moving; while at the same time similar rubbish

tumbles between the edge of the glacier and the side of the valley.

The stones and grains of sand which get jammed between the ice and the rock over which it is moving are made to score and scratch this rock. They form a kind of rough polishing powder, whereby the glacier is continually grinding down the bottom and sides of its channel. If you creep in below the ice, or catch a sight of some part of the side from which the ice has retired a little, you will find the surface of the rock all rubbed away and covered with long scratches made by the sharp points of the stones and sand.

You will now see the reason why the river, which escapes from the end of a glacier, is always muddy. The bottom of the glacier is stuck all over with stones, which are scraping and wearing down the rock underneath. A great deal of fine mud is thus produced, which, carried along by streams of water flowing in channels under the glacier, emerges at the far end in the discolored torrents which there sweep from under the ice.

A glacier is not only busy grinding out a bed for itself through the mountains; it bears on its back down the valley enormous quantities of fallen rock, earth and stones, which have tumbled from the cliffs on either side. In this way blocks of rock as big as a house may be carried for many miles, and dropped where the ice melts. Thousands of tons of loose stones and mud are every year moved on the ice from the far snowy mountains away down into the valleys to which the glaciers reach.

The largest glaciers in the world are those of the polar regions. North Greenland, in truth, lies buried under one great glacier, which pushes long tongues of ice down the valleys and away out to sea. When a glacier advances into the sea, portions of it break off and float away as icebergs. So enormous are the glaciers in these cold tracts that the icebergs derived from them often rise several hundred feet above the waves which beat against their sides. And yet, in all such cases, about seven times more of the ice is immersed under water than the portion, large as it is, which appears above. You can realize how this happens if you take a piece of ice, put it in a tumbler of water, and watch how much of it rises out of the water. Sunk deep in the sea, therefore, the icebergs float to and fro until they melt, sometimes many hundreds of miles away from the glaciers which supplied them.

You will come to learn afterward that, once upon a time, there were glaciers in Britain. You will be able with your own eyes to see rocks which have been ground down and scratched by the ice, and big blocks of rock and piles of loose stones which the ice carried upon its surface. So that, in learning about glaciers, you are not merely learning what takes place in other and distant lands, you are gaining knowledge which you will be able by and by to make good use of, even in your own country.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[December 2.]

FROM THE "CHRISTIAN'S PATTERN."

By THOMAS À KEMPIS.

"He that followeth me walketh not in darkness, saith the Lord." These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished that we ought to imitate his life and manners, if we would be truly enlightened and delivered from all blindness of heart.

Let therefore our chief endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ.

What will it avail thee to dispute sublimely of the Trinity, if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity?

Truly, sublime words do not make a man holy and just ; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God.

I had rather feel compunction, than know the definition thereof.

If thou didst know the whole Bible, and the sayings of all the philosophers, by heart, what would all that profit thee without the love of God ?

Vanity of vanities ! all is vanity, but to love God and serve him only.

It is therefore vanity to seek after perishing riches.

It is also vanity to seek honors.

It is vanity to follow the desires of the flesh, and to labor for that for which thou must afterward suffer grievous punishment.

It is vanity to wish to live long, and to be careless to live well.

It is vanity to mind this present life, and not those things which are to come.

It is vanity to set thy love on that which speedily passeth away, and not to hasten thither, where everlasting joys remain.

All men naturally desire to know ; but what availeth knowledge without the fear of God ?

Surely an humble husbandman that serveth God is better than a proud philosopher, that, neglecting himself, studies the course of the heavens.

He that knoweth himself is vile in his own eyes, and is not pleased with the praises of men.

If I understood all things in the world, and had not charity, what would that help me in the sight of God, who will judge me according to my deeds.

There are many things, to know which doth little profit the soul.

And he is very unwise, that minds any other things than those that tend to the welfare of his soul.

Many words do not satisfy the soul ; but a pure conscience giveth confidence toward God.

The more thou knowest, and the better thou understandest, the more grievously shalt thou be judged, unless thy life be the more holy.

Be not therefore lifted up ; but rather let the knowledge given thee make thee afraid.

If thou thinkest that thou knowest much : yet there are many more things which thou knowest not.

Be not over wise, but rather acknowledge thine own ignorance.

The highest and most profitable lesson is, the true knowledge of ourselves.

It is great wisdom to esteem ourselves nothing, and to think always well and highly of others.

We are all frail, but remember, none more frail than thyself.

[December 9.]

It is good that we be sometimes contradicted ; and that men think ill of us, and this, although we do not intend well.

For then we more diligently seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we are contemned by men.

Wherefore a man should settle himself so fully in God, that he need not seek comforts of men.

When a man is afflicted, tempted, or troubled with evil thoughts ; then he understandeth better the great need he hath of God.

So long as we live in this world, we can not be without temptation.

Hence it is written in Job, "The life of man is a warfare upon earth."

Temptations are often very profitable to men, though they be troublesome and grievous ; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed.

All the saints have passed through, and profited by, many tribulations, and temptations :

And they that could not bear temptations, became reprobates and fell away.

There is no place so secret, where there are no temptations.

There is no man that is altogether secure from temptations while he liveth.

When one temptation goeth away, another cometh ; and we shall ever have something to suffer.

Many seek to fly temptations, and fall more grievously into them.

By flight alone we can not overcome, but by patience and humility we conquer all our enemies.

He that only avoideth them outwardly, and doth not pluck them up by the roots, shall profit little : yea, temptations will soon return unto him, and he shall feel them worse than before.

By patience (through God's help) thou shalt more easily overcome, than by harsh and disquieting efforts in thy own strength.

Often take counsel in temptations ; and deal not roughly with him that is tempted.

The beginning of temptation is inconstancy of mind, and little confidence in God.

For as a ship without a rudder is tossed to and fro with the waves, so the man that is negligent is many ways tempted.

Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man.

We know not often what we are able to do : but temptations show us what we are.

We must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation ; for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of your hearts, but be resisted without the gate at his first knock.

Wherefore one said, "Withstand the beginning : for an after remedy comes too late."

First, there occurreth to the mind a simple evil thought ; then a strong imagination ; afterward delight ; and lastly consent.

And so by little and little our malicious enemy getteth entrance, while he is not resisted in the beginning.

And the longer one is slack in resisting, the weaker he becomes daily, and the enemy stronger against him.

Some suffer the greatest temptation in the beginning of their conversion ; others in the latter end.

Others again are much troubled almost throughout their life.

Some are but slightly tempted, according to the wisdom which weigheth the states of men, and ordereth all things for the good of his elect.

We ought therefore, when we are tempted, so much the more fervently to pray unto God ; who surely will give with the temptation, a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.

Let us therefore humble ourselves under the hand of God, in all temptations and tribulations ; for he will exalt the humble in spirit.

In temptations and afflictions a man is proved how much he hath profited.

Neither is it any such great thing if a man be devout and fervent, when he feelth no affliction ; but if in time of adversity he bear himself patiently, there is hope then of great proficiency.

Some are kept from great temptations, and are overcome in small ones ; that being humbled, they may never trust themselves in great matters, who are baffled in so small things.

[December 16.]

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men.

In judging others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth ; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.

We often judge of things according as we fancy them : for affection bereaves us easily of a right judgment.

If God were always our desire, we should not be so much troubled when our inclinations were opposed.

But oftentimes something lurks within, which draweth us after it.

Many secretly seek themselves in their actions, but know it not.

They live in peace of mind when things are done according to their will: but if things succeed otherwise than they desire, they are straightway troubled.

Diversity of inclinations and opinions often causes dissensions between religious persons, between friends and countrymen.

An old custom is hardly broken, and no man is willing to be led farther than himself can see.

If thou dost more rely upon thine own reason, than upon Jesus Christ, late, if ever, shalt thou become illuminated.

The outward work without charity, profiteth nothing; but whatsoever is done out of charity, be it ever so little and contemptible in the sight of the world, is wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love one worketh, than how much he doeth.

He doth much that loveth much.

He doth much that doth a thing well.

He doth well that serveth his neighbor, and not his own will.

Often it seemeth to be charity, and it is rather carnality; because natural inclinations, self-will, hope of reward, and desire of our own interest, are motives that men are rarely free from.

He that hath true and perfect charity seeketh himself in nothing; but only desireth in all things that God should be exalted.

He envieth none, because he seeketh not his own satisfaction; neither rejoiceth in himself, but chooses God only for his portion.

He attributes nothing that is good to any man, but wholly referreth it unto God, from whom, as from the fountain, all things proceed: in whom finally all the saints rest.

O that he had but one spark of true charity, he would certainly discern that all earthly things are full of vanity!

[December 23.]

When one that was in great anxiety of mind, often wavering between fear and hope, did once humbly prostrate himself in prayer, and said, O, if I knew that I should persevere! he presently heard within him an answer from God which said, If thou didst know it, what wouldst thou do? Do what thou wouldst do then, and thou shalt be safe.

And being herewith comforted and strengthened, he committed himself wholly to the will of God, and his anxiety ceased:

Neither had he any mind to search curiously farther what should befall him; but rather labored to understand what was the perfect and acceptable will of God, for the beginning and accomplishing every good work.

Hope in the Lord, and do good, saith the prophet, and inhabit the land, and thou shalt be fed.

One thing there is that draweth many back from a spiritual progress, and diligent amendment; the horror of the difficulty, or the labor of the combat.

But they improve most in virtue, that endeavor most to overcome those things which are grievous and contrary to them.

For there a man improveth more, and obtaineth greater grace, where he more overcometh himself and mortifieth himself in spirit.

Gather some profit to thy soul wheresoever thou art; so if thou seest or hearest of any good examples, stir up thyself to the imitation thereof.

But if thou seest anything worthy of reproof, beware thou doest not the same.—And if at any time thou hast done it, labor quickly to amend it.

Be mindful of the profession thou hast made, and have always before thine eyes the remembrance of thy Savior crucified.

Thou hast good cause to be ashamed, looking upon the life

of Jesus Christ, seeing thou hast as yet no more endeavored to conform thyself unto him, though thou hast walked a long time in the way of God.

A religious person that exerciseth himself seriously and devoutly in the most holy life and passion of our Lord shall there abundantly find whatsoever is necessary and profitable for him; neither shall he need seek any better thing out of Jesus.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Come thou O Lord, and dwell within me, giving me light, and love, and liberty. May the spirit of the sweet Christmas Child possess me! May the Star of Bethlehem abide above my dwelling place! May the angels who seek thee be drawn toward me, and surround my path! May their song fill my life. Glory to God in the highest. On earth peace, good will to men.

[December 30.]

This life will soon be at an end; consider therefore how thy affairs stand as to the next.

Man is here to-day; to-morrow he is gone.

When he is out of sight, he is soon forgotten.

Thou shouldst so order thyself in all thy thoughts and all thy actions, as if thou wert to die to-day.

Hadst thou a clear conscience, thou wouldst not fear death.

It were better to avoid sin than to fly death.

If thou art not prepared to-day, how wilt thou be to-morrow?

To-morrow is uncertain, and how knowest thou that thou shalt live till to-morrow?

What availeth to live long, when we are so little the better?

Alas! long life doth not always mend us; but often increaseth guilt.

O, that we had spent but one day well in this world!

When it is morning, think thou mayst die before night.

When evening comes, dare not to promise thyself the next morning.

Be therefore always in readiness; and so live that death may never take thee unprepared.

Many die suddenly, and when they look not for it; for "in such an hour as you think not, the Son of man cometh." Matt. xxiv. 44.

When that last hour shall come, thou wilt have a far different opinion of thy whole life.

How wise and happy is he, that laboreth to be such in his life as he would wish to be found at the hour of his death.

Whilst thou art in health, thou mayst do much good, but when thou art sick, I know not what thou wilt be able to do.

Few by sickness grow better; and they who travel much are seldom sanctified.

Trust not in friends and kindred, neither put off the care of thy soul till hereafter, for man will sooner forget thee than thou art aware of.

If thou art not careful for thyself now, who will be careful for thee hereafter?

The time present is very precious; now are the days of salvation, now is the acceptable time.

But alas! that thou shouldst spend thy time no better here, where thou mightest purchase life eternal. The time will come when thou shalt desire one day or hour to amend in, and I can not say it will be granted thee.

Ah fool! why dost thou think to live long, when thou canst not promise thyself one day!

How many have been deceived, and suddenly snatched away!

How often dost thou hear, such a man is slain, another is drowned, a third has broken his neck with a fall; this man died eating, and that playing?

One perished by fire, another by sword, another of the plague, another was slain by thieves! Thus death is the end of all, and man's life suddenly passeth away like a shadow.

Who shall remember thee when thou art dead? Do, do now, my beloved, whatsoever thou art able to do: for thou knowest not when thou shalt die, nor yet what shall be after thy death.

Now, while thou hast time, lay up for thyself everlasting riches.

Keep thy heart free, and lifted up to God, because thou hast here no abiding city.

Send thither thy daily prayers, and sighs, and tears, that after death thy spirit may happily pass to the Lord. *Amen.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By G. M. STEELE, D.D.

III.

EXCHANGE.

1. Exchange is the mutual and voluntary transfer of the right of property held by different persons. This implies, (*a*) the existence of the *right of property*; (*b*) that the transfer must be *mutual*, otherwise there is no exchange; (*c*) that it be *voluntary*, otherwise it would be robbery.

2. The principles that form the basis of exchange are the same as those implied in the great law of association and individuality; namely, those which give rise to the combination and division of labor. There is usually some one kind of labor, or at most a few kinds, for which each individual is competent. But the variety of occupations so nearly corresponds with the variety of aptitudes in every well-ordered community, that each may, with little effort, find the calling to which he is suited.

But while each individual is thus limited in his productive capabilities, his claims and wants are nearly limitless. He is in need of a thousand commodities, only a very few of which he can produce. He depends for the remainder of these upon his fellow-men. On the other hand, he can produce a thousand times as much of the few kinds of commodities to which he devotes himself, as he himself needs. These he transfers to his fellow-men, taking in return the surplus of their several products. This is exchange, or commerce. It is implied in the very constitution of man. Association is an imperative condition of humanity.

3. A distinction is sometimes made between *commerce* and *trade*—a wise distinction, as it seems to me, though observed by but few writers. The former is the *object* to be accomplished; the latter is the *agency* through which it is accomplished. Thus, a farmer has wheat, butter, eggs, poultry, wool, etc., which he wishes to exchange for cloth, sugar, agricultural implements, boots and shoes, and a hundred other articles. He can not go to the several producers of these, carrying his own products to exchange for them, except at immense disadvantage. Hence arises the necessity for the trader, or merchant. Trade and commerce have sometimes been represented as mutually antagonistic. This is true only to a certain extent. The great economical point to be guarded is to have no more traders than are necessary to make the exchanges. When the industrial and commercial conditions of a country are such that the producers and consumers, who are the real exchangers, are placed and kept at a great distance from each other, so that they can not combine with each other except through the agency of a great number of middle-men, the conditions are highly detrimental to the interests of the parties chiefly concerned. Beyond a certain point, the greater the power of trade, the worse it is for commerce. It is nevertheless true that there are certain natural obstacles to direct commerce which can be surmounted only by some kind of intermediate agency; and this makes the trader necessary. In this respect, and to this extent, trade is an aid to commerce. Yet commerce should be as direct as possible. To this end it is desirable that the greatest number of commodities for which productive facilities exist, should be produced in the same community.

4. The general law of exchange is *value for value*. This will be obvious if we recur to one of our statements concerning the nature of value, namely, that is the quantity of one commodity that may be equitably exchanged for a given quantity of another. It will be still more obvious if we recall the complete definition: value is our estimate of the sacrifice requisite to secure possession of a desired object. Thus, if it require the labor of one day to produce a pair of shoes, and the labor also of a day to produce three bushels of oats, then the rule of exchange would be three bushels of oats for a pair of shoes; because the required labor in the one case is precisely equal to that in the other.

This is the fundamental law, but it is modified in its operation by certain other facts and principles. Chief among these is the law of *supply and demand*. By supply is meant the quantity of any commodity which is in the market. Demand signifies the quantity which is desired at a given price. The definitions are sometimes erroneously given of supply as the quantity which exists, and demand as the quantity desired. But a man may offer for sale a load of wheat, provided the price is a dollar a bushel, but withdraw it from the market if the price is but ninety cents. A thousand people in a certain town may desire diamond necklaces, but not half a dozen may be able to purchase them. Hence supply is all that is offered in the market; and demand is desire with ability to purchase.

Demand and supply affect prices in this way. Suppose a community has been exclusively using wood for fuel, and their wood can be had at a certain price. After a time a coal mine is discovered in the vicinity, and coal can be furnished much cheaper than wood. This would lessen the demand for wood. As there would be the same amount for sale as before, the seller would be in competition, and the price would fall. So if for any reason before the discovery of the coal the supply of wood had been diminished one half, the demand being the same, the price would rise. Thus we have the general principle that other things being equal, the greater the supply, the less the price; the smaller the supply, the greater the price; the greater the demand, the greater the price; and the smaller the demand, the less the price. In other words, the price varies directly as the demand, and inversely as the supply. In general price varies as the cost of production plus or minus the effect of supply and demand. These principles are affected again in many ways which we can not here explain. Yet the variations are always temporary, and the price or market value always tends to seek the level of cost of production.

5. Trade has been spoken of as an agent of exchange. An *instrument* also is needed. The primitive method of exchange was by barter. That is, by giving the commodity one produces for that which one desires to possess. But this was early found inconvenient. The man who made shoes and wished to exchange some of them for a coat, would not readily find a coat-maker in want of shoes; or if he should, the latter very likely would not want just so many pairs of shoes as would be equal in value to the coat. All other exchanges might be at a similar disadvantage. What is needed is a commodity which will be a *medium* of exchange—which every one will be willing to receive for any commodity which he has for sale, and which will command anything which he wishes to buy. Such a commodity is usually the main element in the machinery of exchange, and is what constitutes *money*.

This instrument in order to meet the want, it is generally believed, must have the following characteristics: 1. Value in the material of which it is made. 2. Uniformity of value throughout the world. 3. Much value in small bulk. 4. Approximate constancy of value. 5. Not readily destructible. 6. Divisibility into small portions which are capable of being reunited. 7. Of universal use. 8. Capable of receiving stamps and marks. Most of these properties are found in gold and silver, if not to such an extent as has been claimed for them, at least

so far that they have been the basis of the money of the civilized world.

6. But supplementing in a certain way, and representing these, the instrument of exchange comprises also the large element of *credit*. This consists chiefly of book accounts, promissory notes, bank notes, government notes, bank deposits, checks, drafts, bills of exchange, stocks and bonds. One of the great agencies in modern commerce by which credit is made effectual as a part of the mechanism of exchange is that of *banks*. Banks are institutions which serve to abbreviate and facilitate the business of exchange and to extend and render available the credit of the community.

There are four kinds of banks, namely: savings banks, banks of deposit, banks of circulation and issue, and banks of discount. In our modern banking system the last three are generally found in combination, that is, each bank exercises all the functions implied.

A savings bank is an institution in which small sums of money are deposited from time to time as they accumulate in the hands of persons of moderate incomes. The depositors are credited with these amounts, and receive a certain, usually not very large, rate of interest in any case, and an additional amount contingently. The bank loans the money thus deposited in large sums to trustworthy persons who can furnish good security, the rate of interest being somewhat higher than that paid to the depositor.

The benefit of such an institution is two fold. In the first place there are many persons who have small sums of money which they desire to be earning something in some safe place. The amount is too small to be loaned to advantage. Such persons are not likely to know how, even if the sums at their disposal were sufficient, to find the best investment, or to determine concerning the security offered. But put into the hands of men who make this their business, under rules devised by the best financial talent of the community, and who can combine these small sums and invest them to the best advantage, it is made both safe and profitable for the small capitalists.

In the second place there are many persons who wish to unite their labor and skill with capital in some productive enterprise, and having no capital of their own, desire to borrow. They do not know the persons who have money to loan. The savings bank affords them an opportunity and gives them an advantage which they would not otherwise have. It is a benefit first to those who have some surplus, but are unable to loan it to advantage; secondly to those who are in want of capital, but do not know where to find it.

A *bank of deposit* grows out of the necessities of commerce in a community where much business is transacted. All persons engaged in trade will find from time to time large or smaller accumulations of money in their hands which it is not safe without considerable expense, to keep by them. Hence the custom of depositing these for safe keeping in the bank. Usually no interest is paid as the money may be withdrawn any time at the will of the depositor. It was early found that only a small proportion of these deposits were likely to be withdrawn at any one time; hence a considerable proportion of them could be loaned on short time, and thus the bank would in this way receive compensation for its care, without expense to the depositors. In this way, too, the capital of the community could be kept more fully employed.

But the credit factor in the deposit system soon came to have a much wider scope than is here indicated. Instead of each depositor going to the bank and drawing his money as he needs it, he now gives an order or *check* on the bank to any man to whom he may have occasion to make a payment. In many cases the receiver of such a check also has deposits at the same bank. In such a case he sends in the check to be deposited with his cash for the day. The amount is debited to the drawer of the check, and credited to the depositor of it, and thus by a simple *transfer of credit* much business is done without the in-

tervention of any money. This expands into a great and complicated system of exchange between individuals doing business at different banks, by banks in different cities, and by traders in remote nations. Goods are sold in one locality and paid for in the goods of another locality by means of drafts, bills of exchange, etc., meeting and canceling one another, so that very little money is transferred from point to point.

The function of *discount and loan*, as has been intimated, is in modern banking usually combined with that of *deposit*, as also that of *circulation or issue*. When the capital of a bank is paid in by the stockholders, and the officers elected, it is then ready for business under regulations imposed by its charter. There are two ways in which the public is accommodated. First, when a wholesale city merchant sells a bill of goods to a country retail merchant, it is frequently the case that the former makes out his bill, which the latter accepts, promising to pay in thirty, sixty or ninety days. This accepted bill the wholesale merchant carries to his bank, where it is received with his endorsement, and the cash, less the interest for the given time, is paid him or placed to his credit. This is *discounting* a bill. A loan is sometimes made by a borrower's giving his own note endorsed by some reliable person, and payable in some brief time as above. Sometimes the note is discounted; at other times the interest is paid when the note is taken up.

The function of *circulation* is exercised by the issuing of bank-notes to be circulated as money. When a bank is instituted the stockholders are required to pay in their respective shares in metallic or lawful money. But as the borrower would find coin most inconvenient to carry about, the device arose of substituting notes of the bank, payable on demand, thus leaving the specie in the bank. It was further soon observed that only a very small proportion of these notes were likely to be called for at any one time. Hence a large part of the specie could be used for other purposes instead of being kept idle in the vaults. Under the national bank system now in operation the capital of the bank may be largely invested in United States bonds which are retained in the government treasury, but on which the bank draws the usual interest. The bills of the bank are then guaranteed by the government, so that there is never any loss to the holder of the bills, even if the bank fails.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

7. We have space but for a very brief outline of this important question. It is one which has for a long time agitated the public mind, and one on which honest and highly intelligent men widely differ. A *protective tariff* so called, is a system of duties levied by the government of a country on certain commodities produced in other countries to prevent their coming into unequal competition with similar commodities of domestic production in such a way as to cripple or destroy the industries implied in the latter.

Free trade is opposed to all those duties, the design of which is to afford any advantage to domestic industry. It implies the same freedom between producers in different nations as between those in the same community.

The main arguments in favor of protection are as follows:

(1) It is the only sure defense of new and feeble industries against the unequal competition of those long established in other or older communities. Freedom of competition is admitted as desirable, but it is denied that this exists under the conditions referred to. A community which has long experience, skilled labor, and accumulated capital, possesses great advantages in the contest with a nation destitute of them.

(2) It is urged that a restrictive system gives a steady and uniform market at an expense less than the benefit accruing.

(3) It is also supposed to be essential to societal completeness; that is, to such a diversification of industry as will most profitably meet the diversity of ability and aptitude in the community.

(4) It is thought to be necessary to the highest prosperity of the unprotected interests. Among these agriculture is the most

prominent. It is for its advantage that the tax of transportation be saved by having manufacturing communities in the midst of agricultural areas. Also, a community compelled to confine itself to agriculture mainly, must virtually transport its soil, the land constantly diminishing in fertility.

The advocates of free trade, on the other hand, present the following arguments in its favor, and objections against protection :

- (1) Free trade is said to be the method of nature.
- (2) It is objected that protection violates the right of every man to do what he will with his own.
- (3) It is said to be of the nature of a tax on all the other industries for the support of those protected.
- (4) It is objected that the restrictive system causes a diminution of exports from the protected country, on the principle that if the latter does not buy of the former, then the former can not pay for the goods of the latter.
- (5) Another argument is that "infant industries" under protection never come to maturity.
- (6) Finally, the case of the United States is cited as an instance of free trade on a large scale between widely remote sections, with the most satisfactory results.

READINGS IN ART.

III.—MODERN SCULPTURE.

The ten centuries following the second have no sculptural remains of value. The dark ages threw their shadow over art, as over literature and society. No doubt the feeling prevalent in the early Church that the "graven image" might become an idol, hindered the progress of the plastic art quite as much as the general decay that pervaded every form of human undertaking.

In the first half of the thirteenth century lived Nicola Pisano, the founder, one might say, of modern sculpture. Nicola is supposed to have been influenced by his study of the remains of Greek sculpture to be seen at Pisa, his home. Applying the principles of the Greek work to the modern subjects, his sculpture inaugurated the Italian renaissance. Church decoration was the field of labor to which all artists of those centuries betook themselves, and Pisano executed his best work, bas-reliefs, on the façades and pulpits of the churches of Pisa, Siena, and other Italian cities. A marble urn of St. Dominic, now at Bologna, is among his celebrated works. Pisano had many followers, among whom were his son (more famous, however, as an architect), and Andrea Orcagna. The latter belonged to Florence, to whose churches he devoted his genius. His masterpiece in sculpture is the tabernacle of the Virgin in the church of San Michele, at Florence. It is a pyramid-shaped altar in white marble; the profusion of reliefs which cover it represent the life of the Virgin. A little before the time of Orcagna lived Giotto, at one time a leader of artistic activity in Florence. He is known well by his beautiful campanile, or bell-tower, and the bas-reliefs with which it is decorated are his best-known sculptures. The basement story is decorated, and, says a writer, speaking of these ornamentations, "This rich cycle of works represents with perfect clearness, and in simple and truly artistic treatment, the whole progress, from the creation of the first man, through the successful conflict with the forces of nature, up to the climax of a life illumined by learning and art, and secured under the maternal shelter of the Church."

It was in the fifteenth century that sculpture attained its highest standpoint. Foremost among the artists of this "golden age," as it has been called, is Lorenzo Ghiberti, the Florentine. The latter was first brought into prominence in 1401, when leading men of Florence offered a prize for the best design for a bronze folding door to be used in the baptistery of San Giovanni. Each artist was allowed a year to complete the test panel, the subject of the design of which was to be the "Sacrifice of Isaac," and the work was to be a bas-relief. Ghiberti was declared the

victor, even by his most famous rivals, Donatello and Brunelleschi. For twenty-one years he labored at his doors, and at the end of that time was entrusted with another. The latter occupied him nearly as long as the first, and was even superior, Michael Angelo declaring it worthy to be the gate of paradise. While busy at the gate of the baptistery, Ghiberti executed three bronze statues of St. John the Baptist, St. Matthew, and St. Stephen, and a bronze sarcophagus of St. Zenobius. Donatello has been mentioned as a rival of Ghiberti in the contest for the door: he deserves mention as one of the most faithful followers of nature during this period. He even carried his naturalism to excess, copying the deformed, the horrible, and the grotesque. There are, however, several fine statues by him in San Michele. Among these are the statues of St. Peter and St. Mark, in niches on the outside, and a fine statue of St. George. The first equestrian statue of modern art was by Donatello, and is at Padua.

Lucca del Robbia lived at the same time, and his name is associated with the beautiful terra-cottas found in such quantities in the churches of Florence. These works are in white, on a pale-blue ground, and were glazed by a process now unknown. The subjects used on them were almost invariably the Madonna and Child. But Robbia did much in marble and bronze. In the Uffizi is to be seen a frieze for the front of an organ, by him. "It represents boys and girls of different ages, dancing, singing, and playing on various musical instruments, and is full of charming simplicity and childlike grace, and rich and varied in action. Some of the figures are almost wholly detached from the background, particularly in the representation of the dance." There are many more names which might be added to this Tuscan or Florentine school of sculpture. Andrea Verocchio is the only one we will mention, and his strongest influence was exerted as the teacher of that master-artist of the sixteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci.

The works of the fifteenth century are very numerous; they crowd the churches of Rome, Florence, and the neighboring cities. Not only in Tuscany, but in Upper and Lower Italy these artists were employed, and many native artists, imitators of the school, have left sculptures on the tombs and in the churches of Venice, Naples, and Como. The subjects of artistic effort, it will be noticed, are nearly always religious. Lübke says of this period: "It was chiefly devoted to the ornamentation of tomb-monuments and altars, which, with few exceptions, were built up against the wall in the shape of a triumphal arch, and required much plastic decoration in the way of reliefs and detached figures. Pulpits, fountains, holy-water basins, singing-galleries, and choir-screens were also adorned with rich carvings. This abundant supply of work necessarily called forth a corresponding amount of skill, and the nature of the subject helped the artistic and realistic taste of the time to express itself. There was a decided effort to attain a correct likeness in portrait-statues of the dead, and in the numerous reliefs there was a tendency to portray the varied scenes of life."

But a new form of plastic art was to appear in the coming century. To quote from the same author: "Italian plastic art had during the fifteenth century gained a new form from the study of the antique, and had made considerable advances in the unceasing effort after truth and life. . . . But hitherto, the expression of an often severe and tasteless realism was predominant, and now, under the influence of a profound and repeated study of the antique, an inspiration toward the ideal, the beautiful, and the sublime, was to assert itself; and this gave rise to a higher and freer style. . . . Plastic art gained a freer and nobler comprehension, a broad, bold treatment of forms, and a style simplified so as to bring out what was fundamental and essential, which might, for a moment, compete with the antique." Leonardo da Vinci was one of the first in the list of masters of the fifteenth century, but, unfortunately, we have lost his best work. Andrea Contucci, better known as Sansorino, executed many sculptures which are unparalled in beauty of treatment and form. In the baptistery at Florence is one of the noblest of these

—the baptism of Christ. The figures of John the Baptist and Christ are life-like, free, and perfectly developed. There is nothing more interesting among what Sansovino has left than the decorations of the Holy House of Loreto. "Taken as a whole, this work is probably the most important collective creation in the sculpture of this golden age." There are a great number of reliefs employed in the ornamentation, and the niches are filled by single statues; of the former the Annunciation and the Nativity are the most important.

But by far the ablest of the sculptors was Michael Angelo Buonarroti, of Florence. It was as a sculptor that he chose to regard himself, although, as in the case of so many of the Italian artists, he was both a painter and architect beside. Numerous works attributed to him are in existence. Mythological subjects, as well as religious, are to be seen among them. Thus there are bas-reliefs at Florence representing Hercules in his contest with the centaurs, and a statue of Bacchus in the Uffizi. The colossal marble statue of David in the academy at Florence, is said to have been carved out of a rejected block. The most ambitious undertaking of Michael Angelo was the mausoleum of Pope Julius II. The designs were drawn on a grand scale, and the master had gone to Carrara to get out the marble, when a misunderstanding between him and the Pope stopped the work. It was afterward re-attempted, but never finished. Some of the detached figures intended for the tomb are still seen. Among them the famous Moses, in the church of San Pietro, at Vincolo. Two groups at Florence were executed for the sarcophagi of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici. The statues of the princes are seated in niches in the wall: at their feet, on the lids of the coffins, are the groups: on that of the former the design is Day and Night; on the latter Dawn and Evening. We can mention no more of his designs, but will add the fine criticism of a German critic: "If we compare Michael Angelo with those who went before, we see at once that art reached one of those turning-points at which it enters on a new period with an undreamed-of future opening before. His deeply emotional soul was content neither with the contemplative realism of the fifteenth century, which was based on its truth to nature, nor with the quiet, harmonious beauty of contemporaneous masters. Each of his works exists for its own sake only, and here we see a kinship with the antique. But again: each of them is also the product of the stormy inward struggles of a man who is ever aiming at the highest ideal, and untiringly striving after a new expression of his thoughts—a man to whom achievement gave but little satisfaction, so that often he left his works unfinished. Here we see the strongest contrast to antique art. Nearly all his sculptured works are in one sense or another incomplete, and many he had to drop, because under the mighty stress of his ideas, and in his eagerness to liberate from the marble the slumbering soul within, he had made a false stroke and spoiled the block."

The influence of Michael Angelo was predominant. The productions of almost every sculptor of the times were marked by both his strong and weak points. The Michelangesque manner, as it has been called, was evident in the sculptures of the following century.

Outside of this Tuscan school there were during the sixteenth century several prominent artists; at Modena, Antonio Begarelli, who worked mainly in terra-cotta, and who left many works in the churches of his native city.

At Padua lived Riccio, who executed a bronze candelabrum which has become famous for both its size and its excessive ornamentation. It was eleven feet in height and laden with innumerable fantastic reliefs and figures mostly taken from mythology. A pupil of Sansovino, Jacopo Tatti, was the leader in Upper Italy. He worked mainly at Venice. The bronze of the sacristy of St. Mark in that city, the choir-screen in the same church, and several figures of evangelists in bronze are among his religious works. In the Doge's palace are two large statues of Mars and Neptune which are particularly fine. He

also did portrait-sculptures of much merit. But during this century art was by no means confined to Italy, though Italy then, as always, took the lead. In the North there was a steady work in the plastic art. The influence of the antique was wanting, and the materials in which the works were executed were different. Wood carving was very popular; invariably much gilding and brilliant coloring was used. The work was mainly on the altars of the churches, on shrines, figures for niches in the church walls and choir stalls. Michael Pacher, of Austria, was eminent in this art; Veit Stoss, of Cracow, and Jörg Syrlin, of Ulm. In nearly all of the old churches of Germany are these highly colored carvings in wood.

But stone was used as extensively, and in a somewhat wider variety of works. Many monuments, the buttresses of churches, lecterns, doors, and choir-piers, were made in stone and decorated in the usual manner by reliefs and figures. Nearly all the German cities boast more or less of stone work in their churches.

The leading artist of the time was Adam Krafft, who worked mainly in Nuremberg. A very fine and powerful work by him is the Seven Stations, as it is called. It represents the repeated fainting of Christ beneath the burden of the cross. The work is done in relief. The face and expression of the Savior is noble and expressive in every case. This work was followed by Christ on the Cross. In 1492 he executed the history of the Passion for a monument on the exterior of St. Sebald's church.

The monuments of the time are mainly very superior. Among them may be mentioned that of Emperor Henry II. and his consort by Riemenschneider, the marble monument of Bishop Rudolph von Schrenburg in the Würzburg cathedral, and the marble memorial to the Emperor Frederic III. in Vienna. The celebrated school of metal works of Nuremberg flourished during this period. The best known representatives belonged to the family of Vischer, and in Peter Vischer the most complete artistic development was reached. The earliest work, by Hermann Vischer in 1457, was the bronze baptismal font in Wittenberg. Peter, his son, began his work on the tomb of Archbishop Ernst in Magdeburg cathedral, but his *chef d'œuvre* was the tomb of St. Sebald in the church of that saint at Nuremberg. Vischer and his five sons were engaged on this for eleven years. The sarcophagus rests on a base elaborately wrought in relief, and the whole is enclosed; the cover is composed of three arched canopies supported on eight slender columns. The base, pillars and canopies are wrought exquisitely; although the ornaments are profuse, yet a perfect simplicity and purity of style is preserved. There are very many other productions attributed to Vischer—a fine relief in the cathedral at Regensburg, several tombs, and, as examples of his treatment of antique designs, an Apollo at Nuremberg, and a relieve of Orpheus and Eurydice in the Berlin Museum.

One of the most magnificent tombs of this period was that of the Emperor Maximilian at Innsbrück; several of its figures were from Peter Vischer's hands. Twenty-eight colossal bronze statues of the ancestors of the imperial house and of heroes surrounded the monument. Besides these there were a large number of gracefully poised female figures, and twenty-three figures of the patron saint of the House of Austria. The whole was surmounted by a marble cenotaph on which a figure of the Emperor knelt. Several artists were engaged on this monument. The sculptures of this period in other countries are not very prominent. In France there was considerable attention given to plastic art. Many fine choir-screens have been preserved, and some exceedingly rich tombs. Among the latter are the monuments of Louis XII. and his wife (1530), of Francis I. (1552), and of Henry II. (1583), all in the church of St. Denis in Paris. A set of artists who were engaged on the decorations of the palace of Fontainebleau was known as "the Fontainebleau school." The leader of this group was Jean Goujon. The sculpture of Spain during this period followed largely the Italian schools. The most lavish treatment is visi-

ble in the decorations of the churches, particularly in the altars. The high altar of the cathedral at Toledo is one of the most costly and ornate of its time (about 1500).

"The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were marked by a decadence of sculpture. Plastic art sought to become striking, rejected everything that could limit her art and gave herself up freely to her longing after what was striking. Henceforth it was decreed that every plastic work must be spirited. The most striking effects must be aimed at in the expression of inward emotion through mien, attitude and position. . . . Besides the drapery must be arranged in all sorts of ways conducive to effect. . . . Thus all dignity, simplicity and distinctness in sculpture, all plastic style was lost, and was succeeded by a senseless striving after outward effect and mere decoration." The best Italian artists of these years were Lorenzo Bernini (1598-1680), who showed well the perversion of the principles of art, and Alessandro Algardi. The French claimed as their most celebrated masters in the seventeenth century, Pierre Puget, who worked chiefly at Genoa, and François Girardon, both of whom are noted for their exaggerations; in the eighteenth century were Houdon and Pigalle.

Franz Duquesnoy, the Fleming, worked at Rome in the seventeenth century and gained a fine reputation by his life-like figures of children. In Berlin, Andrew Schlüter executed superior works. Among these are the masks of dying warriors carved above the windows of the court of the Arsenal. An equestrian statue of the Great Elector is his best work.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century a revival of sculpture took place; this has been attributed to the efforts of Popes Clement XIV. and Pius VI., to the publications of Winckelmann, and to the unearthing of the treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The first sculptor to initiate works of purer taste was Canova (1757-1822); he came of a race of stone cutters, and while at work at his trade executed the figures which attracted the attention of a Venetian, who educated him for an artist. Canova's early works were mythological in subject. He had studied sculptures unearthed at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and under their influence executed his "Apollo crowning himself with laurel" and "Theseus vanquishing the Minotaur." In 1802 Canova was invited by Napoleon to Paris where he executed a colossal statue of the emperor. His figures of women were his most pleasing works. Of the many monuments he executed, the best is that of Christina in the church of the Augustines at Vienna. But few artists escaped the influence of Canova. Among his best known followers were Dannecker, of Stuttgart; Chaudet, a French artist, and Flaxman, an English sculptor.

For a brief outline of the sculptor of the nineteenth century we can do nothing better than quote from Lübke:

The Danish artist, Bertel Thorwaldsen (1770-1844), penetrated farther than all these masters into the spirit and the beauty of classical art; and created, with inexhaustible fertility of imagination, and with the noblest feeling for form, an array of works which are conceived with a pure, chaste, and noble appreciation of the Greek spirit. In his celebrated frieze of the triumph of Alexander in the Villa Carlotta, on the lake of Como, the genuine Grecian relief style is revived in all its perfect purity and severity. He also treats with the versatility of genius and with charming simplicity the subjects of ancient mythology, in numerous statues, groups, and smaller reliefs; and even introduces into the domain of Christian representation a novel, beautiful, and dignified treatment, in the sculptures executed by him for the Church of Our Lady in Copenhagen. Among his monumental works we may mention the statues of Gutenberg at Mayence, and of Schiller at Stuttgart, the Dying Lion at Lucerne, the equestrian statue of the Elector Maximilian at Munich, and the tombs of the Duke of Leuchtenberg in St. Michael's Church at Munich, and of Pope Pius VII. in St. Peter's Church at Rome.

While the wide domain of idealistic sculpture was thus again

cultivated with such versatility of inspiration, the Berlin artist, Johann Gottfried Schadow (1764-1850), adopted a more realistic style, especially directed toward lifelike composition and distinct characterization of individual peculiarities. His monument of the Count von der Mark in the Church of Ste. Dorothy in Berlin, the statue of Frederic the Great at Stettin, and, in a less degree, the Blücher monument at Rostock, and that of Luther at Wittenberg, as well as many others, are vigorous protests against the mannerism of the hitherto prevailing tendency, and re-open to sculpture a field which had now been almost lost to her for two hundred years.

Thus a new path was opened to modern sculpture, in pursuing which it has of late years accomplished great results, and which assures to it still greater beauty, and diversity of attainment, if only it hold fast to the principles already secured, and go on with true dignity toward its goal. Even if the world of ideal forms should never again acquire that importance for us which it possessed for the Greeks, nevertheless the daily life of humanity still contains a wealth of exquisite motives, full of beauty and *naïveté*, which give to the sculptor's fancy ample incitement to ideal creations. There is, moreover, in the chaste grace and pure dignity of the antique conceptions, an imperishable charm, which appeals to every human sentiment, and secures for all productions conceived in a similar spirit the warm interest of those who delight to refresh themselves with the simple beauty that belongs to every true manifestation of nature. Hence the idealistic style of this art of Greece, as it has been recognized by the present and endowed with new activity, becomes forever the most priceless and precious possession of modern sculpture.

The new-born historic feeling of the several nations demands to-day that their heroes, the defenders of their liberties, the representatives of their intellect, their warriors in the battles both of the sword and of thought, shall be preserved to fame in the true likeness of their actual forms. As a consequence, sculpture is compelled to probe the depths of the individual consciousness; to investigate the characteristics of each individual intellect as expressed in the figure, the physiognomy, and even in the externals of attitude and garb; and even to give utterance to the mysterious life of the soul, as far as it lies within her power. Without losing sight of the great importance which the study of the sculptures of the fifteenth century has upon this tendency, the influence of the antique should not be undervalued; since, without the sense of beauty so secured, a realistic degeneracy and exaggeration would be very sure to follow.

Among the German schools of sculpture of to-day, that of Berlin takes the lead. Frederick Tieck of this school adopted the antique style in a series of admirable productions, and especially in the decorative sculpture designed by him for the theater; while the path which Schadow had taken was followed up nobly and rationally during the long and influential labors of Christian Rauch (1777-1857). This artist's important position is due less to his wealth of creative ideas than to his delicate feeling for nature, his fine appreciation of the genuine plastic style, and his incomparable care in execution. His importance, however, does not consist merely in his numerous works, but also in the influence he exercised on his large circle of talented scholars. While he shows a true classical beauty in his ideal works, like his victories and his many admirable reliefs, his statues of Prince Blücher, of Generals Bülow and Scharnhorst, his colossal equestrian statue of Frederic the Great at Berlin, his superb statues of Queen Louise, and of Frederic William III. in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg, his bronze statues of Dürer at Nuremberg, of Kant at Königsberg, of King Max I. at Munich, and many others, prove him a sculptor of the first rank for delicate characterization, and lifelike suggestiveness of composition. Many excellent scholars have gone from his studio into careers of independent importance and masterly ability; and these form, with their vigorous

activity, which is never at a loss for employment in important undertakings, the nucleus of the present school of Berlin.

Among the most conspicuous of the Berlin artists should be reckoned Friedrich Drake, whose reliefs on the statue of Frederick William III. in the Thiergarten at Berlin are full of simple grace. Another of this school is Schievelbein (died in 1867), who showed a great deal of imagination, especially in the composition of reliefs; as in the great frieze representing the destruction of Pompeii, in the new museum, and also in the relief on the bridge at Dirschau.

Ernst Rietschel (1804-61) claims indisputably one of the first places among the sculptors of his century, as regards versatility of endowment, delicate feeling for form, and depth of sentiment. He derived from Rauch his faithful and characteristic representation of life, and his painstaking execution. His double monument of Schiller and Goethe at Weimar, his monument of Lessing in Brunswick (in a still purer and happier style), and the statue of Luther executed for a monument at Worms, are good examples of these traits. In the group of the Virgin with the body of Christ, which he executed for the Friedenskirche near Potsdam, he produced a work full of striking expression, and of the deepest religious feeling; while the subjects of his numerous representations in relief for the pediment of the opera house at Berlin, and the theater and museum at Dresden, represent him with equal dignity and merit in the department of the ideal antique subjects. Ernst Hähnel is a Dresden artist, whose powerful compositions for the Dresden theater and museum are antique in treatment, but who also produced monumental statues, works of the most delicate characterization, such as the Beethoven at Bonn, the Emperor Charles IV. at Prague, and the statues designed for the Dresden Museum, especially the noble Raphael. Recently, also, Schilling has distinguished himself by his ideal groups of the divisions of the day,—Morning, Noon, Evening, Night,—designed for the Brühl Terrace.

In Munich, the talented Ludwig Schwanthaler (1802-48) was the chief representative of a more romantic style, which opened a new field of fresh ideas to modern sculpture. This master, who was endowed with an almost inexhaustible imagination, carried out a great number of extensive works during his short life, in supplying the plastic decorations for most of the buildings erected by King Louis. While these are distinguished by fertility of invention, and an excellent decorative taste, the artist, spurred on to ceaseless labor, and hindered by bodily infirmities, did not succeed in giving his monumental creations that thorough development of form which is an essential of sculpture. It can not be denied, however, that a grand monumental conception is visible in these productions, as is especially proved in the colossal statue of Bavaria in Munich. A numerous school had its origin in this artist's studio.

In France, sculpture early endeavored to free herself from the rigid rule of the antique, and carried the prevailing effort after dramatic effect, expression and passion, even to an extreme point of realism. Individual artists have kept to a noble and more moderate style; as Bosio, and the admirable sculptors Rude and Duret; but, on the other hand, P. J. David d'Angers (1793-1856) devoted himself, in utter violation of all the severer laws of sculpture, to a violent realism, which, although it is sustained by great talent and a charming facility in composition, deteriorates into a lawless exaggeration in his monumental works. His numerous portrait-busts, on the other hand, are extremely lifelike, and full of genius. The Genoese artist, James Pradier, takes the first rank among those sculptors who especially delight in the representation of sensuous beauty (1792-1852). The talented artist, Barye, who died in 1875, is chief among the sculptors of animals. The sculpture of Belgium follows the same general direction as the French.

Rome forms an important central point in the production of modern sculpture, with her numerous studios, her skill in marble-cutting,—an art handed down to her from ancient

times,—and her vast collection of antique works. Here Canova and Thorwaldsen had their studios, which were for many decades the most famous nurseries of modern sculpture. That the antique conception and the idealistic style should acquire especial prominence here lay in the nature of things. Only where the modern social and political life exercises its full powers does sculpture find tasks that call upon her for the characteristic representation of important personages, and the lifelike delineation of historical events.

The English artist, John Gibson, is conspicuous among the sculptors of different nationalities who have made Rome their headquarters, as the representative of a noble classic style. The tendency of the numerous sculptors whom England has recently produced is toward the genre-style, and toward graceful forms in the manner of Canova. Macdonell, an artist of much taste, and Sir Richard Westmacott, also well known by his public works, deserve mention here, as well as R. J. Wyatt, by whom we have some charming representations of subjects chosen from the ancient myths. The United States of America should also be included in this enumeration: for they possess sculptors of decided talent in Randolph Rogers (who designed the bronze gates of the Washington Capitol), Miss Hosmer, and E. D. Palmer, who, though a gifted artist, inclines to an exaggeration of the picturesque. Among the German sculptors in Rome, Martin Wagner, who died in 1860, is worthy of note for his energy of style; and, among those still living, Carl Steinhäuser, now in Carlsruhe, is remarkable for an elevated feeling for form, and depth of sentiment; while J. Kopf shows much delicate grace; and the more recent artist, Ad. Hildebrand, has a rare feeling for nature. Finally, Holland has an excellent sculptor of the idealistic school in Matthias Kessels (1784-1830), who studied under Thorwaldsen.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL.

Dr. Bushnell's mind was one of the rarest. What it was in his books, that it was in private, with certain very piquant and unforgettable flavors added.—*Dr. Burton.*

I think he had no capacity, with all his eminent powers, for enmity. Goodness and wisdom were the powers that amounted to genius in him by being so great.—*Rev. C. A. Bartol.*

WRONG RESISTED.—As it is said that ferocious animals are disarmed by the eye of man, and will dare no violence if he but steadily look at them, so it is when right looks upon wrong. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you; offer him a bold front, and he runs away. He goes, it may be, uttering threats of rage; but yet he goes.

GREAT MEN.—The great and successful men of history, are, commonly, made such by the great occasions they fill. They are the men who had faith to meet such occasions; and therefore the occasions marked them, called them to come and be what the successes of their faith would make them. The boy is but a shepherd, but he hears from his panic-stricken countrymen of the giant champion of their enemies. A fire seizes him, and he goes down to the army, with nothing but his sling, and his heart of faith, to lay that champion in the dust. Next he is a great military leader, then the king of his country. As with David, so with Nehemiah; as with him, so with Paul, and Luther. A Socrates, a Tully, a Cromwell, a Washington—all the great master-spirits—the founders and law-givers of empires, and defenders of the rights of men, are made by the same law. These did not shrink despairingly within the compass of their poor abilities, but in their heart of faith embraced each one his cause, and went forth under the inspiring force of their call to apprehend that for which they were apprehended.

FAMILY RELIGION—WHY A FAILURE.—The father prays, in the morning, that his children may grow up in the Lord, and

calls it the principal good of their life, that they are to be Christians, living to God and for the world to come. Then he goes out into the field, or shop, or house of trade, and, delving there all day in his gains, keeps praying from morning to night, without knowing it, that his family may be rich. His plans and works, faithfully seconded by an affectionate wife, pull exactly contrary to the pull of his prayers, and to all their common teaching in religion. Their tempers are worldly, and make a worldly atmosphere in the home. Pride, the ambition of show, and social standing, envy to what is above, and jealousy of what is below, follies of dress and fashion, and the more foolish elation, when a son is praised, or a daughter admired in the matter of personal appearance, or, what is no better, a manifest preparing and foretasting of this folly, when the son or daughter is so young as to be more certainly poisoned by the infection of it. Oh, these unspoken, damning prayers! how many they are, and how they fill up all the days! The mornings open with a reverent, fervent-sounding prayer of words; and then the days come after piling up petitions of ends, aims, tempers, passions and works, that ask for anything and everything but what accords with genuine religion. The prayer of the morning is that the son, the daughter—all the sons and daughters—may be Christians; and then the prayers that follow are for anything but that—in fact, for things most contrary to that. Is it any wonder, when we consider this common disagreement between the prayers of the family, and all other concerns, ends, and enjoyments of the common life beside, that so many fine shows of family piety are yet followed by so much of godless, and even reprobate, character in the children?

DR. NOAH PORTER.

How to Read History.

Whately pertinently observes, in his annotations upon Lord Bacon's "Essay on Studies:" "In reference to the study of history I have elsewhere remarked upon the importance, among the intellectual qualifications for such a study, of a vivid imagination. The practical importance of such an exercise of imagination to a full and clear, and consequently, profitable view of the transactions related in history can hardly be overestimated."

To stimulate and aid the imagination in its efforts to reproduce the past, historical plays and poems, and, more recently, historical novels have been abundantly employed. Their usefulness has been the subject of frequent discussion, and of various opinions. It has been forcibly, and perhaps not untruly said, that the majority of the present generation of English readers have learned more of English history from Shakspeare and Walter Scott than from the entire library of professed historians. Of course no man would contend that either Shakspeare or Scott could be substituted for the usual historical authorities, but only that they may supplement them in certain important particulars. Many other historical plays and novels are invaluable as enabling the reader to enter more fully into the spirit of past times. They are of especial service in helping him to appreciate the feelings and motives of prominent personages, and vividly to reproduce the manners and institutions of another age. It is not often that an historical writer is endowed with the painstaking zeal of the antiquarian, and the creative power of the poet. If we can not have the two gifts in a single writer, we must seek for them apart in the historian and the novelist.

Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" is an admirable example of a good historical novel, when carefully and conscientiously written by a man of rare gifts and of a rarer honesty. No reader of this tale of the times of Queen Anne could fail to derive from it such impressions of the state of manners and of morals in the higher circles, as well as of the political jealousies and the religious feuds which divided men of all classes, as no formal history could possibly convey—such as even the

most abundant and painstaking research into the less accessible resources of historical knowledge would fail to impart to a man of feeble capacity to picture and recombine. The service is not a slight one which is rendered to the world when such a painstaking explorer of historical truth as Thackeray gathers his materials with faithful and laborious research, and weaves them together into so fascinating and instructive a story. But this tale, marvelous as it is for its elaborated truthfulness and picturesque effects, strikingly illustrates the possible dangers and disadvantages to which the historical novel may be abused. Thackeray was not without his prejudices. These, with his desire for producing striking effects, are manifest in the occasional *overdrawing* of this generally well-balanced representation of one of the most interesting periods of English history. It is notorious that Walter Scott gave very serious offense to multitudes of his admiring readers by some of his portraiture of the representative characters of the great historical parties of Scotland and England. With all the good sense and candor which he had at command, his sympathies were too intense and his prejudices too tenacious to allow him to write otherwise than he did, though he knew he should excite the indignation of thousands of his fervid countrymen. Mrs. H. B. Stowe says in the preface to her recent historical romance, "Oldtown Folks:" "I have tried to make my mind as still as a looking-glass or a mountain lake, and thus to give you merely the images reflected therein." But a fervid and sympathetic nature like hers can no more free itself from a theological or personal bias in representing the New England of the past, over which she has laughed, and wept, and speculated, and struggled all her life, than the "mountain lake" can hold itself in glassy smoothness against the gusts and breezes that sweep upon it from the heights above.

The fact deserves notice that of late professed historians have indulged somewhat freely in romancing, and so in a sense turned their histories into quasi-historical novels, especially when they attempt to give elaborate and eloquent portraiture of the leading personages, in which the most lavish use is made of effective epithets and pointed antitheses. Macaulay, among recent historians, has set the fashion very decidedly in this direction. In his efforts to make history minute, vivid, and effective, he has often described like an impassioned advocate, and painted, like a retained attorney, with the most unsparing expenditure of contrasts and epithets. Carlyle gives sketches, alternately in chalk and charcoal, that exhibit his saints and demons, now in ghastliest white, and then in the most appalling blackness. But though he draws caricatures he draws them with the hand of an artist. Froude, by research, eloquence and audacity combined, attempts to reverse the settled historic judgments of all mankind in respect to characters that had been "damned to everlasting fame." Bancroft and Motley abound in examples of this tendency to paint historical characters so much to the life that the impression is made that the result is only a painting to which there never was reality.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele—
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
Mix well, and while stirring him o'er as a spell,
The fine old English gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain;
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives,
From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves.
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.—*Lowell*.

. . . Washington Irving, one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

The style of Mr. Irving is always pleasing.—*Macaulay*

Throughout his polished pages no thought shocks by its extravagance, no word offends by vulgarity or affectation.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn; whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backward and forward through the yards in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the caroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient: the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travelers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures,

their overturns and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps; that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left,—a short-legged, long-bodied plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travelers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

Irving's Last Interview with Scott.

It was at Sunnyside, on a glorious afternoon in June, 1855, that surrounded by scenery which Irving has best described, he narrated to me (S. Austin Allibone) the following account of his last interview with Scott:

"I was in London when Scott arrived after his attack of paralysis, on his way to the continent in search of health. I received a note from Lockhart, begging me to come and take dinner with Scott and himself the next day. When I entered the room Scott grasped my hand, and looked me steadfastly in the face. 'Time has dealt gently with you, my friend, since we parted,' he exclaimed:—he referred to the difference in himself since we had met. At dinner, I could see that Scott's mind was failing. He was painfully conscious of it himself. He would talk with much animation, and we would listen with the most respectful attention; but there was an effort and an embarrassment in his manner; he knew all was not right. It was very distressing, and we (Irving, Lockhart, and Anne Scott) tried to keep up the conversation between ourselves, that Sir Walter might talk as little as possible. After dinner he took my arm to walk up-stairs, which he did with difficulty. He turned and looked in my face, and said, 'They need not tell a man his mind is not affected when his body is as much impaired as mine.' This was my last interview with Scott. I heard afterward that he was better; but I never saw him again."

Two years later (in 1857), in narrating the same event, Irving told me that as Scott passed up the stairs with him after dinner, he remarked, "Times are sadly changed since we walked up the Eildon hills together."

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

There is no better literary manner than the manner of Mr. Paulding. Certainly no American, and possibly no living writer of England has more of those numerous peculiarities which go to the formation of a happy style.—*Edgar A. Poe*.

His works are exclusively and eminently natural, and his descriptions of natural scenery are often eminently beautiful.—*London Athenæum*.

TIME A DESTROYER.—I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat about it; the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it; yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in the hall; the gay, the young, the beautiful were there. I returned, and lo! the temple was no more. Its high walls lay scattered in ruin; moss and grass grew rankly there; and, at the midnight hour, the owl's long cry added to the solitude.

The young, the gay, who had reveled there, had passed away. I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father. I returned and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst all the desolation around him. I saw an old oak standing in all its pride upon the mountain; the birds were caroling in its boughs. I returned and saw the oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastime through the branches. "Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel. "It is Time," said he. When the morning stars sang together for joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course, and when he has destroyed all that is beautiful on the earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, veiled the moon in blood; yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and the earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and, with one foot upon the land, lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by heaven's eternal, "time was, but time shall be no more."

[End of Required Reading for December.]

RETURNING.

By MARY HARRISON.

"The spirit shall return to the God who gave it."

White clouds upon heaven's bosom rest,
Begotten of the sunshine's love,
Now nestled like a fondled dove
Upon a woman's loving breast.

Heaven feeds her baby clouds, they grow,
Then leave her for their manhood's life;
And wail and scramble in the strife
Through which all earth-born children go.

They sink and wander in the gloom
Of winding subterranean ways,
And learn the loss of heavenlier days,
By groping through their chosen tomb.

At length, lights gleam along the distant way,
With eager thoughts of childhood, blest,
And hopes of entering into rest,
They leap to airy, sunny day.

Now rivers slave them to the fields
To fill the cattle-troughs with drink,
And dress the rose-boughs on their brink,
And feed the grass the meadow yields.

For friends and good, they look behind,
Then curse the past, and pray to be
Unborn again within the sea,
For birth has been to them unkind.

All scenes have gone! no good has come!
From bank to bank the waters heave
With tides which only mock and grieve,
Despairs of long-lost, hopeless home.

And looking but for lulling sleep,
The last deep solace of the grave,
They leap to meet the leaping wave,
And find their lost home in the deep.

So through his day, blind man has striven,
As vapor-clouds, he came to be,
Drawn from, then wandering to the sea,
Invisible, with God in heaven.

EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO POPULATION.

By ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D.

FACTS ON THE SURFACE.

The records in the Department of Education, in Washington City, show that in the recent slave States of the Union the total school population was, in 1881, 5,814,261. Of these, 3,973,676 were white; 1,840,585 colored children. Counting both races the total school enrollment for 1881 was 3,034,896; of these 2,232,337 were white, 802,559 colored children. Nearly half the white, and more than half the colored school population was, in 1881, out of school. In some of these States the school term is from three to five months; in the cotton States not more than three. Perhaps five months each year is as long a school term as the conditions and needs of the laboring classes in these States will allow.

In 1881 these States expended upon their public schools \$13,359,784; except perhaps in one state this money was expended without distinction of race. The races have schools of their own; doctrinaires would mix them by force of law; those who are actually doing the work of education in these States know that this can not be done, and that only harm would come of it, if the experiment were attempted. For neither race would do so well if taught together; the colored children do not desire mixed schools, and the white children will not attend them. In such conditions law is helpless, and force is folly; also ruin.

OTHER FACTS.

The official figures give the numbers; parole evidence is necessary to complete the statement of the case. In 1881 there were, as the Department of Education reports, in the Southern States 17,248 common schools for colored children. With exceptions so few that they are inappreciable in these statements, the teachers in these 17,248 common schools were colored—the large majority being women. The majority of these teachers are pitifully incompetent; some of them are well furnished for their work, and are doing it faithfully and successfully. Nearly all of these colored teachers who are of any use have received their preparation in the various schools for higher instruction established by societies and churches in the Northern States. Some of the best work is done in schools established and carried on by individual devotion—I will not say enterprise. Taking them all together there are nearly one hundred and fifty of these schools, called, as fancy or circumstances prompted or allowed, universities, colleges, institutes, seminaries, normal schools, etc., etc. There is hardly an "academy" among them.

OVER-NAMING.

Many will think me wrong in the opinion I now offer; some of the wisest of the teachers in the real work of teaching negroes will agree with me: it is a misfortune that the names given these schools are so out of proportion to their real work and character. None of them, even in catalogues, go beyond the ordinary college course; many of them do not come up to it; in none of them do more than a very small number complete this course. There is not a university, in any proper sense, among them all. It is not in the spirit of censure that I speak of these things, but of deep interest in the great and necessary work, that the good people engaged in these schools are trying, with rare consecration and in the teeth of a thousand discouragements, to accomplish.

The great names for these schools have done harm. They are misleading to begin with, and that is an evil. It is hard enough to get the indifferent or the antagonistic people to understand the subject of the education of the negroes at best; it is harder when new meanings have to be given to old names in order to state acts. I am of the opinion that the names

given to most of these schools have done some harm in the North—whence the money has been drawn to support them. Northern men have sometimes spoken to me on these subjects in language that made it plain that they would have helped more but from a conviction that “schools and not universities are what these poor people need.” *Per contra*, it may well enough be answered, some have given largely to build “universities” that would not give to establish schools. As to the influence on northern sentiment of the *too-great names*, those who know that sentiment better than I do can express themselves more definitely. I know that the big names have done harm in the States where the schools are. At this point let me say, I am only stating what I believe to be facts. Comments, inferences, justifications, do not concern me just now.

First, then, the large names have excited prejudice among the white people who did not know what was back of the names. Most of them, for a long time, did not know what the universities and colleges were really trying to do; the majority do not know at this time.

Some of those who did know something thought the whole business a mere sham; for a long time only a few southern white people really knew that faithful, wise and successful teaching was done in these colleges and universities—most of it not being college or university work at all. The few who really knew what good work was being done could over-look the ambitious names—it being a weakness in the South and West, yielded to by not a few, to give great names to small schools for white youth. The wiser and kinder-hearted ones could condone the offense of over-large names in view of their own example.

The big names did as much as anything else to anger the poor whites against all negro education. People who know human nature will understand this statement without explanation: those who do not know human nature will not understand it anyway.

The worst evil, in the long run, of this big naming of schools for the negroes, fell upon the negroes themselves. It aggravated the tendency—very strong among them—to be satisfied with the name of a thing in the lack of the thing itself, and, what is more, not knowing that they can lack the thing when they have the name. Take, for example, “—— University,” an admirable school well known to me. Its annual enrollment will average three hundred; its catalogue course reaches from the primary studies through an ordinary college curriculum; one in ten attempts this college course; one in fifty may complete it. The whole three hundred tell their friends: “I was educated in —— University.” It gives them importance. They pass as scholars beyond their merits among their own people. In many of them it breeds injurious conceits—of a sort that makes enemies of those who might be friends, and prejudices with the uninformed—who in all countries are the majority—the whole subject of negro education. It is to be feared that only a few colored students know the difference between “—— University” and a real university.

NO SHAM IN THE WORK DONE.

Let me say with emphasis at this point: there is no sham in the work done in these schools. It is genuine, honest, useful work. This is a general statement; there may be, doubtless are, some schools that do not deserve this praise. But the point I wish to make plain to the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* is this: if there be sham it is not in the work done, but in the name given the place where it is done. I asked one of the veterans: “Why did you call this school a university?” He answered: “We hoped it would grow to it some day.” How could I blame the hopefulness of those who did the naming? So many of our white schools had been named under the same sort of prophetic impulse.

TRAINING SCHOOLS.

It is those schools backed by the churches and benevolent

societies of the North that are doing the most of the work of preparing teachers among the colored people for the colored people. The very best of the more than seventeen thousand colored teachers have learned whatever they know in these schools. Most of the Southern State governments have recognized the necessity of preparing colored teachers, and make annual appropriations to carry on this work. A few States have established schools of their own; generally they make appropriations to some of the best of the schools established by others.

The great and crying need in the work of education among the people is better teachers in their common schools. They can not be prepared in a day or a year; for it takes much money and much time. The training schools are without endowments, and their patrons are unable to pay more than the lowest tuition fees. If these schools—call them universities, colleges, institutes, seminaries—what you will, are to keep going at their present rate, to say nothing of improvement, white people must furnish the money, for the best of reasons; the negroes have not money to do this sort of work. Most of this money will have to come from Northern pockets, if it comes at all. The State of New York is worth more in property returned for taxation than all the Southern States together—leaving out Missouri, counted in the census of 1880 among “Western States.”

THE JOHN F. SLATER FUND

Begins to do its blessed work. This fund is dedicated to the work of “Uplifting the lately emancipated population of the Southern States and their posterity, by conferring on them the blessings of Christian education,” and it seeks to accomplish this result by “the training of teachers among the people requiring to be taught.” This fund works through existing institutions; it does not found new schools; there are already more good and deserving schools than it can help. Many times the sum this fund affords could be wisely used.

There is not space in this article to discuss the question, but my opinion may be stated: It is necessary that the United States government should aid the States to make their public schools more efficient. Whatever may be true of other sections, the Southern States, owing to the facts of their history and to conditions now existing, are not able to do the work that is upon them.

As to the sentiment in these States on the subject of negro education, it may be said in brief: The outcry of small village papers does not always even reflect the sentiment of the people, and there are certain facts that indicate that the work of educating the negroes will go on with less and less hindrance. Three such facts I mention in closing this article: (1) The duty and necessity of educating the negro has been recognized by every representative church in the South. (2) This necessity is recognized in the educational system of every Southern State. (3) No man who believes he has any political or educational “future,” any longer opposes, under his proper name, the education of his negro fellow citizens.

DRESS changes, but we are not to suppose on that account that the make of the body changes also. Politeness or rudeness, knowledge or ignorance, more or less of a certain degree of guilelessness and simplicity, a serious or playful humor; these are but the outer crust of a man, and may all change; but the heart changes not, and the whole of man is in the heart. One age is ignorant, but the fashion of being learned may come; we are all moved by self-interest, but the fashion of being disinterested will never come. Amidst the countless myriads of creatures born in the space of a hundred years, nature may perhaps produce two or three dozen of rational beings whom she must scatter over the world, and you can readily imagine that they are never found any where in such large numbers as to set the fashion of virtue and uprightness. —Fontenelle.

MAN OF LEARNING, TELL ME SOMETHING.

By MARGARET MEREDITH.

I wonder if men could not be persuaded to alter their style of conversation with girls, to talk to us as they talk to men?

We have a feeling that learned young men are the duller of talkers; not because they talk weightily; Oh, no! because they talk so lightly, and lightness is not their forte.

A diligent student, a very cormorant, perhaps, of knowledge, dons a white necktie and sallies forth, and resolutely leaves behind for the evening every material he has wherewith to make himself agreeable. He is not witty, he is too busy to be a gossip, he is too little in company to learn an easy jog of commonplace or compliment. So he sits on a sofa, and the girl makes some opening remark, to which he replies with studied interest; and at the pause she magnetically feels that it is best to make a longer remark this time. If she were talking to a lad, she might drift into expressing some of her real ideas, and find profit and pleasure in airing them; but for the amusement of this young savant, by no means. Still, at his next turn to speak, or the next, she has come suggestively near some subject worth talking of; if he were with a man he would instantly plunge in, and in five minutes they would be deep in discussion or description, sharpening their wits by every sentence, fixing what they have read, shaping their crude opinions, thoroughly enjoying each other; and for this they need not be equals in cultivation, nor altogether equals in mind.

Why should it be so different when talking with a woman? There is no reason, but habit. One says, "People dislike to talk shop; the busy scholar wants a rest." On the contrary, most people, I think, would rather talk shop than anything else. If it is their life interest and their strong point, they have so much more to say. The truth is, they fear that the listener will object, and so "in company" they avoid it. I wager the listener would be delighted.

I do not write so much to those who can get up at will a brilliant flow of mere scintillation. That is a scarce enough article to be valuable. Yet they might use it occasionally on sense as well as on nonsense, and make themselves all the more notably entertaining.

I once knew a grave professional man who was said to be both clever and cultivated, but for me there seemed no possible way to enjoy him. His visits were the most empty occasions. He was "a desirable person to be visited by," but he was unendurable; though he did not fail to be politely attentive in more ways than one. I was glad he was going away. Just then a mutual friend came on the scene, who had views on this matter. I know she gave him the benefit of them, as well as if she had told me; for such an amazing change I never saw. The passive sitter waked up, the bore became a charming talker, and all because he had taken his own permission to be agreeable in his natural way. I was so sorry when he left town!

That instance of transformation is what inspires my appeal. The thing would seem grounded and settled, incapable of cure, but what one exhortation can accomplish has been proved.

And it is a case in which the butterfly may well spring full-colored from the chrysalis, for the stuff that talk is made of is all there; not repartee, of course, or always brilliant expression for one's thoughts and facts; but thoughts and facts very simply used make an evening world-wide different from a succession of laboriously-framed sentences carefully intended to be about something in which the man does not take any interest, and the woman sees he does not. Can we wonder that the sand-man has to be struggled with many a time by both parties? Young boys do not blink with sleep under your very eyes; but full-grown men often do, and largely because they insist on pursuing at thirty-five about the same topics of conversation that they used at eighteen.

Don't you, Mr. Dry-as-dust, want to turn over a new leaf? My opportunities of learning are limited, perhaps, while yours are constant. If I am to spend an hour, or two or three, with you, will not you give me some advantage from your well-furnished store-house? If I do not respond then possibly you may stand excused, and never again run the risk of talking over my head.

But give me one fair trial, and see if we are not "better company" and better friends ever afterward.

HIBERNATION.

By the REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

The hedgehog, like the bat, is carnivorous.

Toward the end of autumn it looks out for some retired spot, a perfectly dry cavity in the ground or in the rock being the favorite resort. Here it gathers together a large quantity of dry moss, leaves, grass, etc., covers itself with them, rolls itself into a ball, and sinks into the hibernating lethargy.

It is rather remarkable that a hibernating animal is much more sensitive to a slight touch than to general handling. If, for example, a single hair of a hibernating bat or a single quill of a hibernating hedgehog be raised, the creature gives a quick start, and takes a few breaths before relapsing into lethargy. Yet a bat may be sunk under water, or have a thermometer tube passed into its stomach, without being awakened.

When a hibernating bat is sunk under water of the same temperature as that of its body, it does not even attempt to breathe. A similar experiment was tried with a hedgehog, and after it had been under water for twenty-one minutes, one tiny bubble of air rose to the surface. I need scarcely say that if the animal had been awake, it would have been drowned in less than a fourth of the time.

For the bat, no food can be found until the warm weather returns, and so the hibernation is unbroken for at least five months. But, though food be almost entirely withdrawn from the hedgehog, some nutriment remains, and therefore the animal is so constituted that it can discover and consume the food which has been provided for it.

This food chiefly consists of snails, which are themselves hibernators, and which during the winter months conceal themselves so effectually that they are seldom detected except by their two great wintry foes, the thrush and the hedgehog.

The hedgehog, not possessing so wide a range of hibernating temperature as the bat, which actually "hibernates" daily for a short time even during the hottest summers, is roused by an hour or two of warm sunshine such as we often experience about February. Awakened by the warmth, the hedgehog unrolls itself, creeps out of its refuge, and trundles (I know no better word to describe its peculiar pace) away in search of food. Taught by instinct, it is sure to come upon one of the strongholds of the snail, eats as many as it needs, returns to its home, and sleeps until awakened in a similar manner.

Then we have the vegetable-eating squirrel, which is a partial hibernator.

During the later weeks of autumn, the squirrel may be seen in the act of making provision for the winter. In the first place it collects a vast store of fallen leaves, moss, twigs, and similar materials, and with them constructs its winter nest.

Squirrels have two distinct kinds of nest, one for the winter and the other for the summer. Both nests are of considerable size, and both are so well concealed that to detect them is a very difficult task. The summer nest is comparatively light in texture, and is placed near the ends of lofty boughs, where it is hidden by the leaves. Moreover, its position renders it almost unassailable, as the branch on which it is built would not even endure the weight of a small boy. In the winter, when the leaves are off the trees, the nests are very conspicuous, and in

the New Forest, where I gave some time to watching the habits of the squirrel, they are exceedingly numerous.

In fact, the squirrels of the New Forest swarm in such numbers, and do so much damage to the young twigs of the trees, that many hundreds must be shot annually, just as is the case with rabbits. They are always shot just before hibernating, because, as they put on new robes for the winter, their skins fetch the best prices. Moreover, the animals become fat, as is the case with all hibernators, and so their flesh is in good condition for the table. Squirrel-pie is a well-known luxury in some parts of England, and is far superior to rabbit-pie, as it is free from the peculiar flavor which attaches itself to the rabbit, and to many persons is exceedingly repulsive.

The winter nest is a very large one, containing at least four or five times as much material as would serve for a summer's nest. Instead of being placed at the end of a bough, it is always set in the hollow caused by the junction of several large branches with the trunk. The exterior is so skilfully formed, that when the tree is viewed from below, even the most practised eyes will often fail to detect the nest, large as it is.

The amount of material which a squirrel employs in this nest is really wonderful. I have taken out of a single nest armful after armful of leaves, until quite a large mound was raised at the foot of the tree, and I should think that there was enough material to fill two large wheelbarrows, even if it were pressed down closely.

I may here mention that the nest of the squirrel is known in some parts of England by the name of "drey," and in others by that of "cage." The latter term is employed in the New Forest.

The house being ready, next comes the task of laying up a store of food. This consists chiefly of nuts, which the animal chooses with marvelous sagacity, or rather, instinct. No one ever yet found an unsound or worm-eaten nut in a squirrel's store. The animal does not rely on a single storehouse, but hides its treasures here and there within easy range of its nest. Many nuts it buries, and owing to this habit, nut-trees are apt to spring up in unexpected places, for, if the weather should be exceptionally severe, the squirrel awakens but seldom from its winter sleep, and so does not need the store which it has hidden. Or, it may die or be killed after it has laid up its food, and so the buried nuts will take root and produce trees.

A remarkable instance of this fact occurred in the grounds of Walton Hall, belonging to the late Charles Waterton.

In former days there had been in the estate an old wooden mill. It had been disused for many years, and at last the only relic of it was the upper millstone which was left on the ground. The reader may be aware that the center of the upper stone is pierced with a tolerably large hole, through which the corn makes its way between the stones.

In the autumn of 1813, some nut-eating, hibernating animal, almost certainly a squirrel, had found this stone, and thought that the hole would make an admirable hiding-place for a nut. For some reason, the nut was never eaten, and consequently began to germinate. Mr. Waterton, who pervaded his grounds at all hours of day and night, detected the green shoot at once when it appeared in the spring of the following year. Foreseeing that the shoot, if it lived long enough to become a tree, would raise the stone from the ground, he had a fence put round it, and gave special orders for its preservation.

His prevision proved to be perfectly correct. In course of years, the little shoot became a large tree twenty-five feet in height, and bearing fine crops of fruit annually, and Mr. Edmund Waterton told me that in his boyhood he had often climbed it for the purpose of procuring nuts. After the stem was large enough to fill the orifice in which it had been planted it lifted the stone, and raised it some eight or nine inches above the ground.

As might be imagined, in the course of years the pressure of the stone destroyed the bark, and stopped the circulation of the

sap, so that the tree died. In order to save it from being blown down, the trunk and branches were cut away some feet above the stone. On my last visit to Walton Hall, shortly before Mr. Waterton's death, the stone was still suspended above the ground, and as a memorial of so remarkable a result of hibernation, I made a careful sketch of it, which was published by Messrs. Macmillan.

It is also noticeable as an example of the slow, silent, and almost irresistible power of vegetation. Even the soft and pulpy mushroom has been known to raise a flat, heavy paving-stone fairly off the ground. Had the mushrooms been allowed to grow, and the paving-stone laid on them, it would have crushed them under its weight. But the vital powers of growth are so tremendous, even when acting upon so feeble a medium, that they performed a feat which would have been thought impossible had it not been witnessed.

In some parts of South America, where the growth of vegetation is surprisingly rapid, there used to be, and may be still, a mode of inflicting capital punishment by the power of vegetation. We all know the sharply-pointed and bayonet-like leaves of certain aloes. The victim was simply fastened to the ground over a spot where an aloe was just starting from the earth, and before a day had gone by, the leaves would grow completely through the body.

I briefly mention these examples in order to show how all nature is linked together, and that the hibernation of animals and the growth of vegetables are parts of one great system.

Owing to the manner in which the squirrel disperses his treasures, we can not tell the amount of the store required by each animal, but in Northern America we find one which gives the needful information. This is the chipping squirrel, chipmuck, so called from its cry. Its scientific name is *Tamias Lysteri*.

It is a little creature not larger than a two-thirds grown rat, and is very conspicuous on account of the black and yellow stripes which run along its back. Being a creature which leads a subterranean life for the greatest part of its time, it does not possess the bushy tail of the tree-inhabiting squirrels.

Its underground habitation is a most elaborate composition of galleries and chambers, so that there is plenty of space for storage. Audubon once dug up a nest inhabited by four chipping squirrels, and found in it two pecks of acorns, a quart of large nuts, rather more than two quarts of buckwheat, besides about half a pint of grass seeds and ordinary wheat. Considering that the animals would pass the greater portion of the winter months in lethargy, and would only eat at long intervals, the amount of food is really surprising.

In former days, when the red men were supreme and depended solely on hunting for their food, many a tribe has been saved from extermination for want of food in the winter time by digging up the nests of the chipping squirrel, and eating the inhabitants as well as their stores.

In the dormouse we have another instance of hibernation brought into contact with man.

This pretty little creature, which is too familiar to need description, possesses in a great degree the power of becoming fat toward the end of autumn. The ancient Romans were well aware of this fact, and had regular establishments called "gliraria" for the express purpose of fattening dormice for the table.

The dormouse makes a singularly comfortable nest for itself. It is nearly spherical, and is composed externally of grass blades woven together in a very ingenious manner. The animal only leaves a small aperture, concealed by grass blades which can be pulled asunder when the inmate enters or leaves the nest, and which resume their position like the folds of a drawn curtain. I once had a remarkably fine specimen of a dormouse nest which was cut out of a hedge. The curtain of grass blades was so admirably formed that it could seldom be detected by any one who did not know the specimen.

Around, but not in this nest, the dormouse places its store of

winter food, which is much of the same nature as that of the squirrel, and mostly consists of nuts. For this reason the Germans call the creature by the appropriate name of hazelmaus.

It was made in the fork of a hazel-branch, and was about four feet from the ground, so that the small branches served to strengthen as well as conceal it. The nest was exactly six inches long by three in width, and was made almost entirely of several kinds of grass, the broad-bladed sword-grass being the chief material. Interwoven with the grass-blades were sundry leaves, all hazel and maple, and none of them having been taken from the branch on which the nest was built. It is therefore possible that a dormouse may have placed the nest in Mr. Waterton's mill-stone. I do not, however, think it probable, because there was no bush near the stone, and, as far as is known, the dormouse always stores its food close to its nest. The squirrel, however, ranges farther afield, and may often be seen in the winter-time digging through the snow, at some distance from its tree, so as to disinter the hidden food.

Another vegetable-eating hibernating rodent is the too well-known hamster (*Cricetus frumentarius*) of Northern Europe.

It is about a foot in length, but, on account of its numbers, is a most formidable enemy to the agriculturist. Even when seeking its daily food it is terribly destructive to the crops, but its worst raids are made at the end of the autumn, when it provides a store for the winter. For this purpose it excavates a deep and complicated system of burrows, in which it stores a quantity of grain so enormous that after the harvest the farmers are in the habit of digging up the hamster's burrows and securing their stolen property.

A single hamster carried off sixty pounds of wheat for its winter store, while another had thought that a hundred weight of beans were necessary for its subsistence. The animal wakes very early from its hibernation, sometimes even in February. It does not, however, come out of its burrow at once, but remains beneath the earth until the warm weather has fairly set in.

Now we come to the bears.

I need not say that intertropical bears do not require to hibernate. Moreover of those bears which inhabit the colder climates the adult males seldom, if ever, hibernate, while the young of both sexes are very uncertain in this respect. For example, with the grizzly bear the young males and females are found at large throughout the whole of winter, and the same is the case with the polar bear. With the brown bear of Northern Europe and the black bear of North America the young animals seem to be rather capricious in hibernating.

In all cases, however, when the adult female bear is about to add to the family she prepares for hibernating. With the exception of the polar bear, who is obliged to form a most remarkable habitation, the female chooses a safe retreat long before it is required, and gradually conveys into it a large quantity of leaves, moss, and small branches, so as to make a comfortable bed.

Shortly before hibernating she becomes enormously fat, and the new fur which she puts on is quite half as long again as that of the summer raiment. Hunters, therefore, are naturally anxious to kill the bear just before hibernating.

In the first place, a fully developed winter fur, taken before it has been injured by use, will sell for twice as much money as the fur of the same animal when taken in summer or after hibernating. In the next place, the fat, which is so well-known as "bear's-grease," always commands a ready sale. Lastly, as bear's meat, prepared either by freezing or smoking, forms the greatest part of winter food in many a family, it is a matter of the greatest consequence to have that meat in the best condition.

How valuable it is under such circumstances may be realized by reading the life of the old American hunter, Daniel Boone, and seeing how, when his wife and children were nearly dying of hunger and cold, he forced his way across the half-frozen river, succeeded in killing a bear, and by almost superhuman

exertions transported all the meat across the river to his hut.

Supposing that the bear is not interrupted in her work, she retires to the den just before winter, and closes the entrance as well as she can.

In this place of refuge the young are born. They are at first scarcely larger than rats, but increase in size, drawing the whole of their nourishment from their mother, who takes no food during the whole of the winter and early spring. In consequence, when she and her young emerge, the latter are fat and strong, while the mother is but the shadow of her former self. Here again is a wonderful example of the many ways in which God "giveth meat to all flesh."

When a male or young female hibernates it comes out of its refuge as fat as it was on entering it. The hibernation is so perfect that there is scarcely any waste of tissue, as is the case with the mother bear, whose young practically subsist on the store of fat which she laid up in the autumn.

The polar bear when about to become a mother is obliged to find a very different kind of refuge, as there are neither caves, hollow trees, or branches, and often there is nothing but ice as a resting-place and snow as a covering. So she depends for shelter upon the snow. After selecting a convenient snow-drift, she scrapes a hole in it, and suffers the snow to fall upon her as it will.

In that country, where even the human inhabitants are obliged to make their houses out of snow or perish, she is soon buried under many feet of snow. Her thick fur keeps the snow from contact with the skin, while the heat of her body gradually melts the snow away from around her, so that she lies in a sort of tent.

Now comes the question, ventilation. Were she alone all the time she would need no communication with the external air, as the hibernation would be perfect, and respiration would not be required. But her young, who do not hibernate, must breathe continually from the time of their birth, and she, being disturbed by them, is forced to breathe occasionally.

Now, it is found that when animals are buried under snow their warm breath continually ascends, and makes a passage into the air. The aperture is a very small one, but quite sufficient for the purpose; and even in our Scotch Highlands sheep are enabled to breathe in a similar manner when buried in the terrible snow-drifts, which are apt to overwhelm whole flocks at a time.—*London Sunday Magazine*.

ZENOBIA.

By ADA IDDINGS GALE.

Midst clash of arms, she comes, and glittering spear,
Bold, bright and beautiful, her flashing eye;
Crowned, gemmed and robed in cloth of Tyrian dye.
Palmyra's pride, unequalled far or near.
Proudly she moves and with imperious mien
Views with a sweeping glance each column o'er,
While they in rapture kneeling do adore,
And rising, vow allegiance to their queen.
The trumpet's peal, a thousand helmets shine,
The long ranks into perfect order pass,
And at the command move on. Alas!
That fortune's star for such should e'er decline,
That pomp of pride, that dreams of regal sway
Should like the mists of morning melt away.

THE man of the least mental powers may be perfect if he move within the limits of his own capacities and abilities, but even the noblest advantages become obscured, annulled, and annihilated, when symmetry, that is so indispensable, is broken through. This mischief will still oftener appear in these present times; for who will be able to satisfy the requirements of a present ever calling for more exertion and in the highest state of excitement?—*Goethe*.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

By JAMES KERR.

Failure in any enterprise often rouses to fresh effort. You fall in order to rise again. You are thrown down that you may rise higher. Failure may thus carry in its bosom a rich harvest of good. In men of spirit, who are not easily cowed, it acts as a spur to exertion. Every time such a man is thrown down, and, like the fabled Titan, touches mother earth, he rises again with renewed strength. Many a great orator has failed ignominiously in his first attempt; but if he has the right stuff in him he is not disheartened. Like the late Lord Beaconsfield, he says indignantly: "The time will come when you will hear me!" He says it, and he keeps his word. We have a similar instance in M. Thiers, the French historian and statesman. When as a young man he made his *debut* in the Chamber of Deputies, his speech was not a success. He felt that he had failed. On returning home he said to his friends, "I have been beaten; but never mind, I am not cast down, I am making my first essay in arms. Beaten to-day, beaten to-morrow; it is the fate of the soldier and the orator. In the tribune, as under fire, defeat is as useful as a victory. We begin again!" Such was the spirit of the man, such his indomitable resolution; and we all know that his efforts were at last crowned with complete success.

Failure, disappointment, and difficulties to be surmounted, doubtless contribute an element of strength to the character. We thus learn to persevere in a difficult task. Speaking of the failures, delays, and obstacles met with at the siege of Troy, Shakspeare puts these words into the mouth of Agamemnon—

"Which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of the great Jove,
To find persistivè constancy in man."

Trials, misfortunes and difficulties of every kind, if properly met, are a means of discipline. In the struggle with them we are made stronger. They brace the mind, and give it firmness. A disposition naturally gentle requires this tonic to prepare it for the rougher duties of life. Many can say that the disappointments and trials they have met with have given a firmness to their temper which was much needed, and have been of the greatest service to them.

I have never known any one who had difficulties to contend with in his youth, and who wrestled with them successfully, who was not thankful for them later in life. They felt that these difficulties, resisted and overcome, helped to mould their character and make them stronger and better men than they would otherwise have been.

We read in the letters of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, as follows: "A friend of mine once repeated to me a sentence which he thought utter nonsense, but to me it seemed to have a meaning. *What were rocks made for, my brethren? Even that mariners might avoid them.* There was a gain in having avoided rocks, which there would not be if rocks had never existed."

In the same manner we may say, What was evil made for? Even that we may avoid it. There is a gain in having avoided and resisted evil, which there would not be if evil had never existed.

The trials and troubles of life afford an education to which no other is equal. We have not the finest type of character in the monk and the nun, who lead a life of seclusion far away from the evil of the world. Their virtues are only negative. It is not among those who are shut up within stone walls and jealously guarded, that you obtain the noblest type of character. On the contrary, it is among those who have had to struggle with evil in all its forms in the strife and conflict of life. In this way virtue is strengthened, and a character formed nobler than a life of mere innocence could impart.

It is seen that in those places where there is the greatest

amount of vice, there are also to be found many examples of the greatest virtue. It is said that nowhere are there such good people as in London, and the reason assigned is that nowhere are there so many bad people. The Londoner lives in the midst of temptations which have to be avoided and resisted—thus the habit of virtue and of self-control is formed. Those who are good, in spite of manifold temptations to evil, are likely to be very good. Their virtue will be of a more robust type than that of those who are immured in nunneries, and who are kept innocent by temptation being removed out of their way.

There are two ways of dealing with mankind. You may remove them from every temptation, and thus keep them innocent in outward act. Or you may place them in the midst of temptations, trusting to their power of resisting them. You wish, for example, to guard a man from the habit of drunkenness. You shut him up within stone walls, where the very smell of drink is unknown; or you place him in a lonely island, where there is no beverage to be had stronger than pure water.

In this way you get rid of the temptation, but you sacrifice the man. You make of him a nonentity. Others, not less wise, would pursue a different course. They would leave him a free agent in the world, with all its trials and temptations. The probability is he would defend himself from the danger; for, after all, even in the most drink-loving nations, it is only a small proportion of the population that give way to this vice. This latter method has the advantage, instead of sacrificing the man, of improving him. It contributes an element of strength to his character, and trains him to be a brave soldier in the battle of life.

There is much in this avoidance of evil and keeping it in check. It is the great means available for the development of our moral nature. What exercise is to the body, resistance to evil is to the mind.

THE RECREATIONS OF THE PARIS WORKMAN.

By R. HEATH.

The recreations of the better class of Paris workmen wear a character of Arcadian simplicity.

On fêtes, and especially during that of the Republic, which, though nominally confined to the fourteenth of July, continues for several Sundays afterward, there is much dancing and all the ordinary amusements of a fair.

The first day of the week, is, however, only a holiday once a month, for the majority of workmen. On the afternoon of pay-day the workman takes his family outside the barrier for a walk into the country. They have a simple dinner at one of the numerous restaurants in the neighborhood, and wander in the woods, plucking the wild flowers, or find a quiet nook, where one of the party reads aloud. These happy afternoons fill the workman's heart with joy, and he begins to recall his childhood and to talk of his old home in some distant province. He takes his wine, is joyously excited, but nothing more; the whole family return by train or tram-car, laden with lilac or wild flowers, and are safe in bed by eleven o'clock.

Saturday evening is the favorite time for the theater. The workman prefers the drama, and if the scene is pathetic, is easily moved to tears.

On Sunday afternoon a few visit the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Salon, and other picture galleries when open. They are observed to fix their attention mostly on historical scenes, or pictures which touch the feelings; a scene from the Inquisition, a mother weeping over her children, or an inundation, or a famine.

Compared with the German, the Paris workman can hardly be said to possess any musical faculty whatever. The loud and harsh noises to be heard night and day in Paris indicate that

the popular ear must be in an almost infantine condition. Cracking their whips with the utmost violence is the ceaseless delight of Parisian drivers, and during the fête and for many days after, the urchins on the street render life unsupportable by constant detonations of gunpowder.

To judge from the way the workmen gather round bookstalls, and the avidity with which the young among them may be seen devouring a book while waiting for the tram, reading must be a real enjoyment to the more intelligent. I have seen a young fellow in a blouse reading a book as he sat astride on the back of a heavy cart-horse. A friend, a lady who has made friends with a family at Belleville, finds them not only to possess a good library, but to be well acquainted with French literature. When a workman is a reader his taste will be good. He will despise novels, especially of the vicious order; his favorite books are histories of the Revolution, such as Lamartine's "Girondins;" Louis Blanc's "Dix Ans;" "Histoire de Deux-Décembre," etc.; and for classics, Voltaire, Rousseau, and perhaps Corneille.

If in the present adult population many may be found with literary and artistic tastes, the workmen of the next generation will be educated men, in the vulgar sense of the word; for it would be difficult to give adequate expression to the fury with which the instruction of the people is pressed forward. All classes combine; the Republicans because they sincerely believe that popular instruction is the great panacea for all the ills of the world; Conservatives, because they hope that it will make the people reasonable; Catholics, because they fear to lose even those who still hold to the church.

Primary instruction is now compulsory and gratuitous. The choice of the school rests with the father or guardian, but he can not neglect to have his child instructed by some one and somewhere. The communal schools are excellent, and the greatest pains taken with the instruction. For the present generation there are multitudes of lecture courses, popular and gratuitous. I have no means of exactly knowing the number, but it is said that there are now in Paris during the season as many as 2,000 courses of lectures of one kind or another. A very great number of these are open to the public.

In a speech made last December at the West London School of Art, Mr. Mundella, M.P., stated that he had recently been in France for the purpose of inquiring into the new system of education, which came into operation on the 1st of October last year, and that while there he had spent some time in trying to ascertain the progress the French were making in giving instruction in art. The Vice-President of the Council declared himself "perfectly astounded by the facts that had come to his knowledge on the subject. He had seen in Paris placards, six feet long, offering gratuitous instruction to every person employed in certain trades who would come and accept it. He found schools of art, which were attended by hundreds and thousands of students, in every part of the country. These schools were supported, not only by government aid, but by the different municipalities out of the local rates and taxes. Thus all the artisans of Paris, and a large number of those in the country, were receiving gratuitous art instruction. The Paris municipality expended £32,000 in this way last year, and that sum will be largely exceeded during the present year. He had brought with him the 'Paris Budget for Education' for next year (1883), and he found from it that that city with its population of 1,900,000 would spend on education double the amount that was expended for the education of the four millions who lived in London."

Why then may we not hope to see many Garfields in the French Republic? The first great difficulty is the strong feeling of caste which exists as powerfully in the workman as in any other class.

M. Poulot has related an amusing instance of the way a young lady of the middle class and her mother turned away from him with a kind of horror when they learnt that he actually worked

in a factory, and helped to make the steam engines. But I have met with an instance quite as startling on the other side. Meeting at the house of a mutual friend, an orator, who, a few days before, I had heard deliver a strong philippic against the government, at a meeting mainly composed of workmen, and on a question of interest to them, I asked him to introduce me to one of his friends. He assured me that he only knew them in the meetings, but that he did not know the address of any. Nothing could give a stronger impression of the immense chasm between the working class and those not actually members of it, than to find one of their prominent advocates—a man who, I believe, has been devoted for years to their cause—without a single private friend among working-men.—*Good Words.*

A RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

By GABRIEL MONOD.

France has just lost an author who, though he never wrote in French, had made France his adopted country, and had been adopted by her as one of her most illustrious novelists—Ivan Tourgénéf. From the time when the petty persecution of the Russian government obliged him to leave his native land, he settled in France with his friends the Viardots, paying only short occasional visits to Russia. It was at Bougival, near Paris, that he died on the third of September, of a painful disease from which he had been suffering for more than two years. His works were often translated into French from the manuscript itself, and appeared simultaneously in French and in Russian; and though he depicted Russian types and manners exclusively, his reputation was as great in Paris as at St. Petersburg, and he passed with the general public for a great French writer. He has contributed, more than any one else, to make Russia understood in France, and to create a sympathy between the two nations. Contemporary Russia lives complete in his works. In his "Memoirs of a Russian Nobleman," or "Recollections of a Sportsman," he has given expression to the sufferings, the melancholy, the poetry, of the Russian country-folk, and prepared the way for the emancipation of the peasants; in "A Nest of Nobles" he has depicted the monotonous life of the lesser gentry, living on their small fortunes in the heart of Russia; in "Dimitri Roudine," in "Smoke," and in "The Vernal Waters," we find those Russian types which are met with all over Europe—those nomads whose incoherent brains are seething with all sorts of ideas, social, political, and philosophical; those spirits in search of an ideal and a career, whom the narrow and suffocating social life of Russia has turned into idlers and weaklings; those worldlings, with their eccentric or vulgar frivolity; those women, amongst whom we may find all that is most cruel in coquetry and most sublime in self-devotion. Last of all, in "Fathers and Sons," he has revealed, with a prophetic touch, the first symptoms of that moral malady of Nihilism which is eating at the heart of modern Russia, and in "Virgin Soil" he has given us a faithful and impartial description of the society created by the Nihilistic spirit. Tourgénéf is a realist; his personages are real, his pictures are drawn from life, his works are full of true facts; but he is at the same time a true artist, not only in virtue of the power with which he reproduces what he has seen, but because he has the faculty of raising his personages to the dignity of human types of lasting truth and universal significance, and because he describes, not all he sees, but only what strikes the imagination and moves the heart. He is wholesomely objective; he does not describe his heroes, he makes them act and speak; the reader sees and hears and knows them as if they were living people—loves them and is sorry for them—hates and despises them. Tourgénéf is one of those novelists who have created the greatest number of living types; he is one of those in whom we find the largest, the most sensitive, the most human heart. He has shown, like Dickens, all that warmth of heart can add to genius.—*The Contemporary Review.*

A LAY OF A CRACKED FIDDLE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

When I was quite a tiny mite,
 And life a joyful ditty,
 I used to know a poor old wight
 Who fiddled through the city.
 Alas! it's thirty years ago—
 Time *is* so quaint and flighty!
 And now I've mites myself, you know,
 And not so very mighty.
 And he's unvexed by flat and sharp;
 He's guessed the awful riddle,
 And, haply, got a golden harp
 In place of that old fiddle.

And yet, methinks, I see him now—
 So clear the memory lingers—
 His long grey hair, his puckered brow,
 His trembling, grimy fingers,
 The comforter that dangled down
 Beyond his waist a long way,
 The beaver hat with battered crown,
 He'd pause to brush—the wrong way,
 The brown surtout that still could brag
 Its buttons down the middle,
 And, crowning all, the greenish bag
 That held the sacred fiddle.

Two tunes he played, and only two,
 One over, one beginning;
 "God Save the Queen's" collapse we knew
 Was "Kitty Clover's" inning.
 How startlingly the bow behaved—
 Curveted, jerked, and bounded—
 The while our gracious queen was saved,
 And knavish tricks confounded!
 And oh! the helpless, hopeless woe,
 Brimful and running over,
 In (*very slow*) the o—o—oh
 Of bothering Kitty Clover!

And so he'd jerk and file and squeak
 Like twenty thousand hinges,
 While every sympathetic cheek
 Was racked with shoots and twinges.
 The lawyer left his lease or will,
 The workman stopped his hammer,
 The druggist ceased to roll the pill,
 And ran to calm the clamor.
 From doors and windows jingled down
 A dancing shower of copper,
 Accompanied by many a frown,
 And sometimes speech improper.

He gathered up the grudging dole,
 And sought a different station,
 But always with a bitter soul,
 And deep humiliation.
 For what though music win you pence,
 If praise it fail to win you?
 If fees are paid to hurry hence,
 And never to continue?

"Bad times for art," he'd sometimes say
 To any youthful scholar;
 "They'd rather grub for brass to-day,
 Than listen to Apoller."

And so with quaint, pathetic face,
 Aggrieved and disappointed,
 The minstrel moved from place to place,
 And mourned the times disjointed.
 His hat was browner than of yore,

His grizzled head was greyer,
 And none had ever cried "Encore,"
 Or praised the poor old player.
 I came to feel (and was not wrong)—
 His day was nearly over—
 He'd not be bothered very long
 By cruel Kitty Clover.

One day, within a shady square,
 Where people lounged or sat round,
 He'd played his second woeful air,
 And now he took the hat round.
 He met with many a gibe and grin,
 With coarser disaffection,
 The while he tottered out and in,
 Receiving the collection.
 At length he stopped, with downcast eye,
 Beneath a lime tree's cover,
 Where sat a maiden, sweet and shy,
 Beside her handsome lover.

Half hidden in her leafy place,
 The modest little sitter
 Just glanced into the fiddler's face,
 And read his story bitter.
 Unskilled in life and worldly ways,
 By womanhood's divining,
 She knew the minstrel's soul for praise
 And sympathy was pining.
 Herself with all a heart could need,
 No dearest dream denied her,
 She felt her gentle spirit bleed
 For that poor wretch beside her.

She hung her head a little while,
 Then, growing somewhat bolder,
 She rose, and with a blush and smile,
 Just touched the minstrel's shoulder.
 "How charmingly you play," she said.
 "How nice to be so clever!
 My friend and I" (her cheeks grew red;
 "Could sit entranced for ever.
 I've taken lessons—all in vain;
 My touch is simply hateful.
 Oh! if you'd play those tunes again,
 I'd be so very grateful."

He rosined up his rusty bow
 (His eyes were brimming over),
 Then (o—o—oh!) meandered slow
 Through endless "Kitty Clover."
 He'd suffered many a cruel wrong
 Amid a sordid nation;
 He'd waited wearily and long—
 At last the compensation!
 What cared he now for snub and sneer
 From churlish fools around him?
 In those sweet eyes he saw a tear,
 And felt that fame had crowned him.

And you, my friends, may laugh or frown,
 And still I'll risk the saying,
 That angels stooped from glory down
 To hear the fiddler playing.
 And he that holds the golden pen,
 That chief of all the bright ones,
 Who registers the deeds of men,
 The wrong ones and the right ones—
 He oped the book, and did record
 A sweet and gracious deed there—
 A deed performed to Christ the Lord
 That he shall smile to read there.

BLUE LAWS.

An interesting and suggestive chapter in our early colonial history is found in the constitution, laws and court records of Connecticut. That some of the enactments and judicial proceedings, to those ignorant of the peculiar condition of the colonists, seem ludicrous, and fit to provoke the unfriendly criticism they have received, is not denied. But an honest, competent critic can not take them thus, and will not hastily discredit the intelligence of the men who, under new and most trying circumstances, made such regulations for their little commonwealth as the exigencies of the situation seemed to demand. We do not approve of all the laws of that olden-time as wise and just; nor do we think the administration always beyond just reproach; but we do venerate the men who for the glory of God and the good of society enacted and rigorously enforced them.

The ancient orthography is retained as a specimen of the English of that day:

CONSTITUTION OF 1638.

"For as much as it hath pleased the Almighty God, by the wise disposition of his divine providence, so to order and dispose of things, that we, the inhabitants, and residents of Windsor, Hartford and Weathersfield, are now dwelling in and upon the river of Conneticut, and the lands thereunto adjoining; and well knowing, when a people are gathered together, the word of God requires, that, to the maintienence of the peace and union of such a people there should bee an orderly and decent government established, according to God, to order and dispose of the affaires of the people at all seasons, as occasions shall require; doe therefore associate and conjoine ourselves to bee as one publique State or Commonwealth; and doe for ourselves and our successors, and such as shall be adjoined to us at any time hereafter, enter into combination, and confederation together, to meinteine and preserve libberty, and the purity of the gossple of our Lord Jesus, which we now profess; as also the discipline of the churches which, according to the truth of said gossple is now practiced amongst us, as also in all our civil affaires to be guided, and governed according to such lawes, rules, orders and decrees, as shall bee made, ordered, and decreed, as followeth."

Then follows the constitution in eleven well considered sections, making provision for the three departments—legislative, judicial and executive. We freely confess our admiration of this wonderful document, but can not, for want of room, print it. This is the less necessary as it evidently formed the basis of the charter of 1662, and its leading provisions have been copied, with some modifications, into the constitutions of the several States, and of the United States. As the first written constitution formed for and adopted by a free people, for their own government, it is a marvel of excellence. Written without a model, it asserts for its authors a more comprehensive and thorough statesmanship than is usually attributed to the leaders in colonial politics at that early day.

The most peculiar feature of their civil polity was that only the righteous were to be in authority, and all power was vested in members of the church; and the conservative influence of religion variously confessed. The church and state were separate, yet, not inconsistently, we find an article headed:

"MAINTAINANCE OF MINISTRY."

"Whereas, the most considerable persons in the land came to these parts of America, that they might enjoye Christe, in his ordinances without disturbance; and whereas, amongst many other precious meanes, the ordinances have bene and are dispensed amongst us with much purity and power, they took it into their serious consideration that a due maintenance might bee provided, and settled, both for the present and the future, for the encouragement of the minister's worke therein; and doe order that those who are taught in the Word, in the several plantations, bee called together, that evry man voluntarily sett downe what hee is willing to allow to that end and use; and if any man refuse to pay a meete proportion, that then hee bee rated by authority, in some just and

equall way; and if after this any man withhold, or delay due payment, the civil power bee exercised as in other just debts."

The "Capitall Lawes" were severe, and the executive officers a terror to evil-doers. The death penalty was denounced against criminals convicted of either of fourteen different offenses. The burglar for the third offense lost his life.

1. "If any man after legall conviction shall have or worship any other god but the Lord God, hee shall bee put to death."—Deut. 13:6, 17:2.

2. "If any man or woman bee a witch, that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar spirit, they shall bee put to death."—Exodus 22:18; Levit. 20:27.

3. "If any person shall blaspheme the name of God, the Father, Sonne or Holy Ghost, with direct, express, presumptuous or high-handed blasphemy, or shall curse, in like manner, hee shall bee put to death."

4. "If any man shall commit any willful murder—which is manslaughter committed from hatred, malice or cruelty—not in a man's just and necessary defense, nor by mere casualty against his will, hee shall bee put to death."

8. "If any person committeth adultery with a married or espoused wife, the adulterer and adulteress shall surely bee put to death."

12. "If any man shall conspire or attempt any invasion, insurrection or rebellion against the Commonwealth hee shall bee put to death."

The laws were specially severe against the social evil, and the homes of the colonists guarded not only against the crimes, but against all dalliance with evil, and imprudent conduct that might weaken the family bonds. The purity and bliss of the home might not be endangered with impunity, and the wayward were punished with wholesome severity. Here is a court record: "Martha Malbon, for consenting to goe to the farms with Will Harding at night, to a venison feast, and * * * for dalliance with said Harding was whiped." How it fared with Will we are not told, but presume there was safety for him only in exile, as there was no marked discrimination in favor of his sex at that time. As connected with this case it is further recorded that "Goodman Hunt and his wife for keeping the counsellors of said William Harding, baking him a pastry and plum cakes, and keeping company with him on the Lord's day, and she suffering Harding to kisse her, they being only admitted to sojourn in this plantation on their good behavior, ordered to be sent out of this towne within one month after the date hereof; yea, in a shorter time, if any miscarriage be found in them.—December 3, 1651." On another page I find it recorded that "Will Harding was sentenced to be severely whiped, fined £10, and presently to depart the plantation, and not retourne under the penalty of severer punishment."

A REMNANT OF SUMMER,

By E. O. P.

I went out in the dull autumnal day,
Around me fell the rain,
The bare trees shivered 'gainst the ashen sky,
My heart was full of pain.

High in a maple tree, upon a branch,
The tree-trunk close beside,
A little empty bird's nest, snug and neat,
My tearful eyes espied.

And straightway, for the time, from grief and care
My sad heart was beguiled,
And on this remnant of the summer gone
Through rain and tears I smiled.

Not oft has life so dull and drear a day,
But something bright appears
To speak of sunshine and the spring time flown,
And bring a smile through tears.

THE LIFE OF A PLANET.

By RICHARD PROCTOR.

The material life of a planet is beginning to be recognized as being no less real than the life of a plant or of an animal. It is a different kind of life; there is neither consciousness such as we see in one of those forms of life, nor such systematic progress as we recognize in plant-life. But it is life, all the same. It has had a beginning, like all things which exist; and like them all, it must have an end.

The lifetime of a world like our earth may be truly said to be a lifetime of cooling. Beginning in the glowing vaporous condition which we see in the sun and stars, an orb in space passes gradually to the condition of a cool, non-luminous mass, and thence, with progress depending chiefly on its size (slower for the large masses and quicker for the small ones), it passes steadily onward toward inertness and death. Regarding the state in which we find the earth to be as the stage of a planet's mid-life—viz., that in which the conditions are such that multitudinous forms of life can exist upon its surface, we may call that stage death in which these conditions have entirely disappeared.

Now, among the conditions necessary for the support of life in general are some which are unfavorable to individual life. Among these may be specially noted the action of those subterranean forces by which the earth's surface is continually modeled and remodeled. It has been remarked with great justice, by Sir John Herschel, that since the continents of the earth were formed, forces have been at work which would long since have sufficed to have destroyed every trace of land, and to have left the surface of our globe one vast limitless ocean. But against these forces counteracting forces have been at work, constantly disturbing the earth's crust, and, by keeping it irregular, leaving room for ocean in the depressions, and leaving the higher parts as continents and islands above the ocean's surface. If these disturbing forces ceased to work, the work of disintegrating, wearing away, and washing off the land would go on unresisted. In periods of time such as to us seem long, no very great effect would be produced; but such periods as belong to the past of our earth, even to that comparatively short part of the past during which she has been the abode of life, would suffice to produce effects utterly inconsistent with the existence of life on land. Only by the action of her vulcanian energies can the earth maintain her position as an abode of life. She is, then, manifesting her fitness to support life in those very throes by which, too often, many lives are lost. The upheavals and downsinkings, the rushing of ocean in great waves over islands and seaports, by which tens of thousands of human beings, and still greater numbers of animals, lose their lives, are part of the evidence which the earth gives that within her frame there still remains enough of vitality for the support of life during hundreds of thousands of years to come.

This vitality is not due, as seems commonly imagined, to the earth's internal heat. Rather the earth's internal heat is due to the vitality with which her frame is instinct. The earth's vitality is in reality due to the power of attraction which resides in every particle of her mass—that wonderful force of gravitation, omnipresent, infinite in extent, the property whose range throughout all space should have taught long since what science is teaching now (and has been foolishly blamed for teaching), the equally infinite range of God's laws in time also. By virtue of the force of gravity pervading her whole frame, the crust of the earth is continually undergoing changes, as the loss of heat and consequent contraction, or chemical changes beneath the surface, leave room for the movement inward of the rock-substances of the crust, with crushing, grinding action, and the generation of intense heat. If the earth's energy of gravity were lost, the internal fires would die out—not, indeed, quickly, but in a period of time very short compared with that during which, maintained as they constantly are by the effects of internal move-

ments, they will doubtless continue. They are, in a sense, the cause of earthquakes, volcanoes, and so forth, because they prepare the earth's interior for the action of her energies of attraction. But it is to these energies and the material which as yet they have on which to work, that the earth's vitality is due. She will not, indeed, retain her vitality as long as she retains her gravitating power. That power must have something to work on. When the whole frame of the earth has been compressed to a condition of the greatest density which her attractive energies can produce, then terrestrial gravity will have nothing left to work on within the earth, and the earth's globe will be to all intents and purposes dead. She will continue to exercise her attractive force on bodies outside of her. She will rotate on her axis, revolve around the sun, and reflect his rays of light and heat. But she will have no more life of her own than has the moon, which still discharges all those planetary functions.

But such disturbances as the recent earthquakes, while disastrous in their effects to those living near the shaken regions, assure us that as yet the earth is not near death. She is still full of vitality. Thousands—nay, tens, hundreds of thousands of years will still pass before even the beginning of the end is seen, in the steady disintegration and removal of the land without renovation or renewal by the action of subterranean forces.—*The Contemporary Review.*

DISRAELI'S LONDON.

One of Disraeli's favorite ideas was that London ought to be made the most magnificent city in the world—a real *Kaiserstadt*, or imperial town, a model to all other cities in the character of its public buildings, the sanitary perfection and outer picturesqueness of its private houses, the width of its streets, etc. When Napoleon III. commenced the re-edification of Paris he used to say: "Is it not pitiful that the emperor should be doing by force what we could do so much better of our own free will, if we had a proper pride, to say nothing of good sense in the matter? Once when he was staying at Knole, he launched out into a parody of Macaulay's idea of the New Zealander meditating over the ruins of London Bridge. He imagined this personage reconstructing in fancy a row of villas at Brixton: "What picture he would make of it! he would naturally suppose that knowing how to build, and having just awoken to a knowledge of sanitation, we had built according to the best ideas in our heads." Then he took his New Zealander among the ruins of the stately commercial palaces crowded in narrow lanes all round the Bank, and the Exchange: "He would conclude that there must after all have been some tyrannical laws which prevented our merchants from combining their resources to make their streets spacious and effective, for it would seem absurd to him that intelligent men should, at a great cost, have built palaces for themselves in holes and corners where nobody could admire them properly, when by acting in concert, they might at much less expense have set much finer palaces in noble avenues, courts and squares." Then Disraeli broke out into an animated description of his regenerate London with Wren's four grand approaches to St. Paul's, boulevards transecting the metropolis in all directions; and the palace of Whitehall rebuilt after Inigo Jones's designs to make new government offices. He would have covered the embankment pedestals with statues of admirals set in colossal groups recalling great naval achievements, and he thought Stepney ought to have its cathedral of St. Peter, and containing memorials to all the humble heroes, sailors or fishermen who lost their lives performing acts of courage on the water. When he had finished speaking somebody observed that his plan would cost £200,000,000, and convert every ratepayer into a porcupine. "We may have to pay £500,000,000 in the end for doing things in the present way," he answered; "and as to the porcupine, he is manageable enough if you handle him in the right way."—*Temple Bar.*

TEMPERATURE.

By J. MORTIMER-GRANVILLE.

Such expressions as a "cool head," "hot-headed," and the like, commonly relate to temperament rather than temperature; but it is essential to a full comprehension of the subject before us that the *rationale* of animal heat should be stated, and the laws that govern the phenomenon of temperature actual and subjective, at least cursorily, explained.

Heat and the sensation of heat are two widely different states. When, on a chilly day or after washing in cold water, a man rubs his hands until a glow of heat seems to suffuse them, there is a very slight rise of actual temperature caused by the friction; the feeling is principally due to nerve-excitement, produced mechanically by the rubbing. The blood flows more freely into, and through, the parts excited immediately afterward, as shown by the redness, but the first impression of heat is mainly one of sensation. The feeling and the fact are not even constantly related. A person may feel hot when not only the surrounding temperature but that of his body is low; or, he may feel cold when really overheated. These perverted sensations are occasionally morbid—that is to say, form part of a state of disease—or they may arise from individual peculiarities which, perhaps, render perceptions of a particular class especially acute. On the other hand, there are conditions of the body, and special sensibilities, in which the sense of heat is dulled, and even considerable elevations of temperature are not perceived. It is easy to see how impossible it must be to form a correct judgment of the actual state of heat either around or within us by simple sensation.

Throughout the world, whether man be placed in tropical heat or arctic cold, the temperature of his body must, to maintain health, be preserved at the same point—about 98.4 to .6 degrees Fahrenheit. A very small departure from this universal mean standard constitutes or indicates disease. The external heat is comparatively unimportant, or only of secondary moment, in the economy of nature; we can not rely upon it for the compensation of differences in the heat generated within the body by the organism. Except for the production of a temporary effect, such as to give time for the reestablishment of the normal temperature in a body chilled, as by submersion, external heat is useless for vital purposes. The only way in which it can act is by preventing the loss of more heat, and giving a slight aid to recovery by warming the surface of the body.

If when a person is cold he goes into a heated apartment, or sits before a large fire, he receives with advantage just as much heat as will bring the skin of his body up to the normal standard; as soon as that point is reached, the organism will begin to labor to get rid of the superfluous caloric, and by sweating the heat must be kept from rising above the standard. All the heat thrust upon the body above 98.6 degrees is waste and mischievous except in so far as it may promote perspiration, which probably helps to work off some of the useless and burdensome, possibly morbid and poisonous, materials that oppress the system. This is how Turkish baths, and "sweatings" generally, do good, by exciting increased activity of the skin, and, as it were, opening up new ways of egress for matters which, if retained, might offend.

So far as the heat of the body is concerned, whether in health or disease, every degree of external heat which is above the complement to form 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit with the heat of the body itself at the time, is useless and may do harm. It follows that in fever the surrounding atmosphere should be kept cool; in depressing disease, when the heat-producing powers of the organism are small, the air around should be warm. These are precisely the conclusions to which experience and observations conduct us; and the facts now briefly stated explain the reason why.

There is no warmth in clothes; the heat comes from the body itself, generated within, or the surrounding atmosphere, or from substances with which the body may be in contact. Of course clothes, like any other materials, can be charged with heat, and will take up as much thermic or heating property as their specific capacity allows. It is this capability of receiving heat which constitutes the first condition of warmth in the comparative value of different materials of dress. The second condition consists in the physical power of any fabric to hold the heat with which the article has been charged. For example, some materials will become warmer in a given time and retain their heat longer than others under the same conditions of exposure, first to heating and then to cooling influences. The principle of clothing should be to protect the body from external conditions which tend to abstract heat, when the surrounding temperature is lower than that of the body; and to strike heat into the organism, when the temperature of the outside air and of the substances with which the skin may be brought into contact is higher than that of the animal body itself.

Local temperature, that is, the heat in the several regions of the body is determined by conditions which control the circulation of the blood, and the function of nutrition or food appropriation. If the circulation is free in a part, its temperature is maintained; if, from any cause, the flow of blood is retarded, the local heat will be reduced. Any one may put this to the test by encasing the hands in somewhat tight gloves when the weather is cold. The pressure prevents the free passage of the blood through the vessels, and the temperature falls. There is no warmth of any kind in the gloves; they act simply as non-conductors of heat, and prevent the heat generated within the body from passing off. For example—if a piece of lint or rag be dipped in cold water and laid on the skin, and a sheet of impervious or non-conducting material, such as india-rubber or thick flannel, is wrapped closely round, the heat of the body will raise the cold water to a temperature at which it will be given off as steam the moment the covering is removed. When the extremities are enclosed in thick or dense coverings, their temperature will depend on the amount of heat generated within them, and if the flow of blood through the vessels is arrested or retarded, nothing is gained, but everything lost, by the measures taken to protect them from the external cold.

This is a matter of the highest practical moment, and needs to be thoroughly understood. The feet can not be kept warm unless the blood circulates freely in the extremities, and that will not be the case if the boot, shoes, or stockings are tight. These last-named articles of clothing are practically the worst offenders. A stocking encircling the foot and leg closely and enveloping every part, with special pressure at the instep, around the ankle, and above or below the knees, must inevitably tend to oppose the circulation and so reduce the natural heat. The arteries which bring the blood to the extremity are set deeper than the veins that carry it back, and, as the latter are provided with valves which open toward the heart, it is too commonly supposed that the "support" afforded by the stocking will favor the return of blood more than it can impede the deeper supply-currents, and so help the circulation; but practically we know this is not the fact, for a tight stocking ensures a cold foot, and the chilliness of which many persons complain is mainly caused by the practice of gartering, and wearing stockings which constrict somewhere or everywhere.

There is a popular notion that if the feet are cold the head must be hot, and by keeping the extremities warm with wraps the "blood is drawn from the head," and its temperature reduced. Those who have on the one hand studied the phenomenon of fever, and on the other noted the physical condition of races and individuals who habitually leave the extremities unclothed, will know that this theory of the distribution of heat is only partially true. Heat depends on the due supply of nutrient elements to the tissues. It is the expression or result of the process of local feeding. If a part is active it will be

heated. When the feet are left bare the complex muscular apparatus of the extremity, which in a stiff shoe scarcely works, is called into vigorous action, the arch of the foot plays with every step, and each toe performs its share in the act of progression. This promotes growth and calls for nutrition, whereby the heat is maintained; whereas if it be simply packed away as a useless piece of organism, no amount of external heat will warm it. Work is the cause and counterpart of heat throughout the body.

The same principle applies to the head. No amount of external cooling will reduce the temperature, no drawing away of the blood by artificial expedients will permanently relieve the sense or obviate the fact of heat if the organ within the cranium is excessively or morbidly active. The brain is a peculiarly delicate and complicated organ, requiring more prompt and constant nutrition than any other part of the body, because the constituent elements of its tissue change more rapidly than those of any other in proportion to the amount of exercise. Moreover, the brain is always acting during consciousness, and even in sleep it is seldom wholly at rest, as we know from the occurrence of dreams. The faculty of nutrition is highly developed in the organ or it could not so continuously, and on the whole healthily, discharge its functions, even when other parts of the body, or the system as a whole, are suffering from disease. When the head is heated there is nearly always a local cause for it, and the remedy must be addressed to the seat of the malady. The temporary expedient of "drawing away the blood" by applying heat to the extremities is useful as far as it goes, and may suffice to enable the organ to rid itself by the contraction of its blood-vessels from a surplus charge of this fluid, but in the absence of special causes the *reason* of the "heat of head" is undue exercise or disturbance of nutrition in the brain itself. Perhaps the seat of the over-work and consequent heating may have been limited to a particular part of the head; for example, the apparatus of sight, or hearing, as when the head becomes heated by reading too long or in a strong light. The point to understand is that when the head is physically hot it is the seat of too much or disorderly nutrition, and either the amount of brain or sense-power exercised must be reduced or the mode of action changed, and the particular part of the apparatus of perception or thought which has been too severely taxed relieved.

The true condition of health is that in which the temperature of the body as a whole and of its several parts is not disturbed by surroundings either of heat or cold. The preservation of a natural and healthy temperature is mainly to be secured by the maintenance of a regular and well distributed circulation of blood charged with the materials of nutrition.

The first condition of a free and continuous flow of blood is a healthy heart, not hampered by irritants, mental or physical. Sudden grief or fright produces cold by arresting the circulation, and the flow may be permanently retarded by anxiety. The mind has a wondrously direct influence on the heart and blood-vessels—on the latter through the nerves, which increase or reduce the calibre of the minute arteries, as in blushing or blanching at a thought. Instead of loading the body with clothes, the "chilly" should search out the physical cause of their coldness. The blood must not only circulate freely; it must be rich in nourishing materials, and not charged with poison. An excess of any one element may destroy the value of the whole. It is too much the habit of valetudinarians and unhealthy people of all kinds, to charge the blood with substances supposed to be "heating" or "cooling" as they think the system requires them. This is a mistake. The body does not need to be pampered with cordials, or refrigerated with cunningly devised potions. If it be well nourished it will be healthy.

THERE is something fearful in seeing a man of high character being under an obligation to a fool.—Goethe.

SKATING AND SKATERS.

By ROBERT MACGREGOR.

Though it appears to be impossible to fix on the time when skating first took root in this country, there can be no doubt that it was introduced to us from more northern climates, where it originated more from the necessities of the inhabitants than as a pastime. When snow covered their land, and ice bound up their rivers, imperious necessity would soon suggest to the Scands or the Germans some ready means of winter locomotion. This first took the form of snow-shoes, with two long runners of wood, like those still used by the inhabitants of the northerly parts of Norway and Sweden in their journeys over the immense snow-fields.

When used on ice, one runner would soon have been found more convenient than the widely-separated two, and harder materials used than wood; first bone was substituted; then it, in turn, gave place to iron; and thus the present form of skate was developed in the North at a period set down by Scandinavian archæologists as about A. D. 200.

Frequent allusions occur in the old Northern poetry which prove that proficiency in skating was one of the most highly esteemed accomplishments of the Northern heroes. One of them, named Kolson, boasts that he is master of nine accomplishments, skating being one; while the hero Harold bitterly complains that though he could fight, ride, swim, glide along the ice on skates, dart the lance, and row, "yet a Russian maid disdains me."

Eight arts are mine: to wield the steel,

To curb the warlike horse,

To swim the lake, or skate on heel

To urge my rapid course.

To hurl, well aimed, the martial spear,

To brush with oar the main—

All these are mine, though doomed to bear

A Russian maid's disdain.

Specimens of old bone skates are occasionally dug up in fenny parts of the country. There are some in the British Museum, in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries, and probably in other collections. There seems to be good evidence that even in London the primitive bone skate was not entirely superseded by implements of steel the latter part of last century.

Mr. Roach Smith, F.S.A., describing one found about 1839, says that "it is formed of the bone of some animal, made smooth on one side, with a hole at one extremity for a cord to fasten it to the shoe. At the other end a hole is also drilled horizontally to the depth of three inches, which might have received a plug, with another cord to secure it more effectually."

There is hardly a greater difference between these old bone skates and the "acmés" and club skates of to-day, than there is between the skating of the middle ages and the artistic and graceful movements of good performers of to-day. Indeed, skating as a fine art is entirely a thing of modern growth. So little thought of was the exercise that up to the Restoration days it appears to have been an amusement confined chiefly to the lower classes, among whom it never reached any very high pitch of art. "It was looked upon," says a writer in the *Saturday Review* in 1865, "much with the same view that the boys on the Serpentine even now seem to adopt, as an accomplishment, the acmé of which was reached when the performer could succeed in running along quickly on his skates and finishing off with a long and triumphant slide on two feet in a straight line forward. A gentleman would probably then have no more thought of trying to execute different figures on the ice than he would at the present day of dancing in a drawing-room on the tips of his toes."

During all this time, when skating was struggling into notice in Britain, in its birth-place it continued to be cultivated as the one great winter amusement. In Holland, too, where it is

looked upon less as a pastime than a necessity, nothing has so frequently struck travelers as the wonderful change the advent of ice brings about on the bearing of the inhabitants. "Heavy, massive, stiff creatures during the rest of the year," says Pilati, in his "Letters on Holland," "become suddenly active, ready and agile, as soon as the canals are frozen," and they are able to glide along the frozen surface with the speed and endurance for which their skating has been so long renowned, though these very qualities are bought at the expense of the elegance and grace we nowadays look for in the accomplished skater. Thomson thus graphically describes the enlivening effects of frost on the Dutch:

Now in the Netherlands, and where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal, extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Meantime to raise
The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Though the poet of the "Seasons" speaks of Russia here, it is curious to note that skating is not a national amusement of the Russians, but is entirely of foreign and quite recent introduction. It is quite unknown in the interior, and no Russian—except a few who have picked up the art in St. Petersburg—ever thinks of availing himself of the many pieces of water annually frozen hard in so cold a country.

Perhaps it is in Friesland that the skate is most especially a necessary of life. What stilts are to the peasant of the Landes, skates are to the Frisian. The watercourses of the summer are his highways when winter sets in. "He goes to market on skates; he goes to church on skates," we are told; "he goes love-making on skates." Indeed, it may be doubted if this province could be inhabited if the art of skating were unknown, for without it the inhabitants would be confined to home for several months of each year. Frisians of both sexes actually skate more than they walk, says M. Depping; no sooner is an infant able to stand upright than the irons are fastened on his feet; his parents lead him on to the ice, and teach him how to move along. At six years most of the young skaters have attained great proficiency, but in Frisian opinion even the best performers improve up to thirty.

Here, as elsewhere in Holland, ice races are of frequent occurrence during the winter. "The races on the ice," says Pilati, "are the carnivals of the Dutch: they are their fêtes, their operas, their dissipations;" naturally, therefore, the people manifest the greatest interest in them; skate long distances to be present, and cherish the names of distinguished winners in a way we should never expect from such an unemotional people as the Hollanders appear when the ice is gone and when most travelers see them.

The women have races of their own; but most interesting of all the contests are those in which the sturdy dames, whom their own painters delight in depicting as gliding along to market with baskets on their heads and knitting-needles in their busy fingers, are matched against the best of the other sex. Though, as a rule, these "Atalantas of the North" excel the men rather in beauty of style than in speed, yet the prize often enough goes to one of them.

Frequently on the Continent skates have proved themselves excellent engines of war, both in actual fighting—as when a Dutch army on skates once repulsed a force of Frenchmen on the Scheldt—and as a rapid means of communication. During

the winter of 1806, Napoleon, after the battle of Jena, wished to send an order with the utmost dispatch, to Marshal Mortier, directing him to make himself master, without delay, of the Hanseatic towns. The officer charged with this order found himself at the mouth of the Elbe at a point where it was seven and a half miles from bank to bank. To cross in a boat was impossible, as the river was coated with a surface of newly-frozen ice; to get over by a bridge would necessitate a detour of more than twenty miles. The officer, knowing how precious time was, determined to skate over the thin ice; and though it was too weak to bear a man walking, he skimmed along so rapidly that he got across in safety, gaining great honor for the ingenuity and boldness that enabled him to deliver his despatch six hours sooner than he possibly could have done by the ordinary route.

In Holland, regiments have regular parades on the ice; but Norway is probably the only country where it has been considered necessary to embody a special corps of skaters. In this regiment, "the men are furnished," says Mr. Russell, in his translation of Guillaume Depping's book, "with the skates in ordinary use in the North, that fixed on the right foot being somewhat longer than that on the left. Furnished with these, the soldiers descend steep slopes with incredible rapidity, re-ascend them as quickly, cross rivers and lakes, and halt at the slightest signal, even while moving at the highest speed."

Skating has had many enthusiastic votaries, but probably none more so than the two illustrious names that continental skaters are so proud to reckon in their guild.

Klopstock, even in his old age, was so ardent a lover of it that, after skimming over the ice of Altona for hours, "to call back that warmth of blood which age and inactivity had chilled," he retired to his study and wrote fiery lyrics in its praise. His friend and great successor, Goethe, took to skating under peculiar circumstances. He sought relief in violent exercise from embittered memories of a broken-off love affair. He tried in vain riding and long journeys on foot; at length he found relief when he went to the ice and learned to skate, an exercise of which he was devotedly fond to the last. "It is with good reason," he writes, "that Klopstock has praised this employment of our physical powers which brings us in contact with the happy activity of childhood, which urges youth to exert all its suppleness and agility, and which tends to drive away the inertia of age. We seem, when skating, to lose entirely any consciousness of the most serious objects that claim our attention. It was while abandoning myself to these aimless movements that the most noble aspirations, which had too long lain dormant within me, were reawakened; and I owe to these hours, which seemed lost, the most rapid and successful development of my poetical projects."

That skating has been in certain circumstances something more than mere elegant accomplishment, is well illustrated by two anecdotes, told by the author of some entertaining "Reminiscences of Quebec," of two settlers in the far West, who saved their lives by the aid of their skates. In one case the backwoodsman had been captured by Indians, who intended soon after to torture him to death. Among his baggage there happened to be a pair of skates, and the Indians' curiosity was so excited that their captive was told to explain their use. He led his captors to the edge of a wide lake, where the smooth ice stretched away as far as the eye could see, and put on the skates. Exciting the laughter of the Indians by tumbling about in a clumsy manner, he gradually increased his distance from the shore, till he at length contrived to get a hundred yards from them without arousing their suspicion, when he skated away as fast as he could, and finally escaped.

"The other settler is said to have been skating alone one moonlight night, and, while contemplating the reflection of the firmament in the clear ice, and the vast dark mass of forest surrounding the lake and stretching away in the background, he suddenly discovered, to his horror, that the adjacent bank was

lined with a pack of wolves. He at once 'made tracks' for home, followed by these animals; but the skater kept ahead, and one by one the pack tailed off; two or three of the foremost, however, kept up the chase, but when they attempted to close with the skater, by adroitly turning aside, he allowed them to pass him. And after a few unsuccessful and vicious attempts on the part of the wolves, he succeeded in reaching his log hut in safety."

BOOK KNOWLEDGE AND MANNERS.

By LORD CHESTERFIELD.

I have this evening been tired, jaded, nay, tormented, by the company of a most worthy, sensible and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and passed the evening with me. This seems a paradox, but is a plain truth, he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no address; far from talking without book, as is commonly said of people who talk sillily, he only talks by book; which in general conversation is ten times worse. He has formed in his own closet, from books, certain systems of everything, argues tenaciously upon those principles, and is both surprised and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? because he has only read, and not conversed. He is acquainted with books, and an absolute stranger to men. Laboring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he hesitates, stops in his utterance, and always expresses himself inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; so that, with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converse six hours with the most frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew something of the world, than with him. The preposterous notions of a systematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endless to correct his mistakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has considered everything deliberately, and is very sure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteristic, and a never-failing one, of these people. Regardless, because ignorant, of customs and manners, they violate them every moment. They often shock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, nor the particular distinguishing circumstances of the people to whom, or before whom they talk; whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very same things which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time and place, are exceedingly absurd in others. In short, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and observation, of the characters, customs, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as superior to, a man of mere book and systematical knowledge, as a well-managed horse is to an ass. Study, therefore, cultivate and frequent, men and women; not only in their outward, and consequently guarded, but in their interior, domestic, and consequently less disguised, characters and manners. Take your notions of things as by observation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or should be; for they never are quite what they should be.

* * * * *

A man of the best parts, and the greatest learning, if he does not know the world by his own experience and observation, will be very absurd; and consequently very unwelcome in company. He may say very good things; but they will probably be so ill-timed, misplaced, or improperly addressed, that he had much better hold his tongue. Full of his own matter and uninformed of, or inattentive to, the particular circumstances and situations of the company, he vents it indiscriminately; he puts some people out of countenance; he shocks others; and frightens all, who dread what may come out next. The most

general rule that I can give you for the world, and which your experience will convince you of the truth of is, never to give the tone to the company, but to take it from them; and labor more to put them in conceit with themselves, than to make them admire you. Those whom you can make like themselves better, will, I promise you, like you very well.

A system-monger, who, without knowing any thing of the world by experience, has formed a system of it in his dusty cell, lays it down, for example, that (from the general nature of mankind) flattery is pleasing. He will therefore flatter. But how? Why, indiscriminately. And instead of repairing and heightening the piece judiciously, with soft colors and a delicate pencil; with a coarse brush, and a great deal of white-wash, he daubs and besmears the piece he means to adorn. His flattery offends even his patron; and is almost too gross for his mistress. A man of the world knows the force of flattery as well as he does; but then he knows how, when, and where to give it; he proportions his dose to the constitution of the patient. He flatters by application, by inference, by comparison, by hint; and seldom directly. In the course of the world there is the same difference, in everything, between system and practice.

UNDER THE AUTUMN SKIES.

By MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

The clouds hung loose and gray,
Across the autumn sky,
And at my feet in golden piles,
The dead leaves, drifting lie.
No voice of summer song,
I hear from copse or tree,
The perfume of no summer flower,
Comes floating up to me.

Death's silence over all,
Where music was, and bloom,
Enfolded all the sun-kissed hills,
In drapery of gloom.
I walk as in a dream,
Beneath the brooding sky,
While faded, as these autumn leaves,
Life's hopes around me lie.

The keen and cruel frost
Has touched my world with blight,
And dark on all its splendors lie,
The shadows of the night.
The memory of its joy,
Like billows of the sea,
Come surging up the silver strand,
Then backward moaning flee.

Amid this sombre calm,
Beneath these skies of gray,
And drifting of the yellow leaves
I walk alone to-day,
And scarce can look beyond
The shadows cold and drear,
That fold, away from mortal sight,
The summer of my year.

In the eternal spring,
Beyond time's changing skies,
Beyond the chilling frost of death,
A resurrection lies.
I can not tell how long,
The snow shall wrap their tomb,
But sometime, shall life's blighted flowers
Burst into splendid bloom.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

III.

One hundred years have passed away since Richard the Lion-hearted, Ivanhoe and Robin Hood met at the "Joyous passage of arms at Ashby." Our next story, "Castle Dangerous," opens upon days even more bitter and warlike; Scotland is rent with bitter feuds. The daughter of King Alexander the Third died in 1291, and no fewer than twelve persons claimed the throne. King Edward of England was chosen arbiter. He took advantage of sectional discord and endeavored to make Scotland subject to the English crown. He found a willing instrument in the person of John Baliol, who basely acknowledged himself vassal and subject. King Edward further demanded the surrender of three powerful castles, Berwick, Roxburgh and Jedburgh; but the people murmured and Baliol was compelled to do battle with Edward. Under this weak and treacherous leader the Scottish army was defeated in a great battle near Dunbar in 1296. Edward marched through Scotland at the head of a powerful army. He removed to London the records of the Scottish Kingdom, carried the great stone of Scone, upon which the Scottish Kings had been crowned for centuries, to Westminster Abbey, and placed the government of Scotland in the hands of John de Warrene, Earl of Surrey.

At this juncture a leader arose in the person of Sir William Wallace, the son of a private gentleman, and in no way related to the nobility of the kingdom. His glorious struggle kept alive the spark of Scottish liberty. He gathered to himself a band of brave men, and defeated the English army near Stirling. The Scottish people, as they had no king, chose him Protector, and he was titled Sir William Wallace, Governor of the Scottish Nation. He was defeated, captured by a traitor, brought to trial in the great hall of William Rufus in Westminster, sentenced to death as an outlaw, his body divided into four quarters and placed on London bridge.

Among the followers of William Wallace were two powerful barons, Robert Bruce and John Comyn, whose claims were about equal, by descent, to the Scottish throne. They met before the high altar in the Church of Dumfries. What passed betwixt them is not known; but they quarrelled and Bruce slew him with his dagger. Scott puts a defence of this high-handed deed in the mouth of Robert Bruce which we will quote later. Having committed an act which would bring down upon his head the fierce anathema of the Romish Church, which would moreover arouse the King of England and the powerful family of Comyn, Bruce determined to put them all to defiance, and was crowned King of Scotland at the Abbey of Scone the 29th of May, 1306. Among his devoted friends was James, Lord of Douglas. His castle was on the border of Scotland, and it is in the vicinity of this castle, known as Castle Dangerous, that the scene of our romance is laid. So much for the historical preface which may be of service to the reader in connection with the incidents under our consideration.

In the old chronicles and poems of Scottish history, notably that of Barbour, considerable space is devoted to the adventures of Douglas. His castle was captured again and again by the English; but the victors held it at such hazard against the attacks of the adventurous Douglas, that it was considered a perilous and uncertain piece of property. With a romantic enthusiasm, in keeping with those chivalrous times, Lady Augusta, a wealthy English heiress, distinguished for her beauty, promised her hand and fortune to the knight, who would show his courage by defending the castle against the Scots "for a year and a day." A brave knight, John de Walton, started up and said "that for the love of that lady he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day if the King pleased to give him leave." The King gladly gave his consent, being

well pleased to get so brave a knight for such an important fortress.

There was an old prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, that as often as the Castle of Douglas should be destroyed it would arise grander and stronger than ever from its ruins. The prophecy had already been fulfilled and its great walls seemed able to withstand the most powerful siege. Some manuscripts of Thomas the Rhymer were also preserved in the Castle, and our first chapter opens with a description of two travelers, showily dressed in the fashion of the wandering minstrels of the day, apparently father and son, making a pilgrimage to the castle with the avowed purpose of finding some of the papers or books of the old poet. They are lodged at the house of one Thomas Dickson. They arouse the suspicion of two English soldiers who are quartered at the Dickson farm-house. The elder minstrel is conducted to the castle and imprisoned; the younger is placed in a neighboring convent. By this time the reader begins to suspect that the younger minstrel is no other than the fair Lady Augusta, making a trip under disguise of a minstrel-boy to see how her knight is prospering. Attended by her father's minstrel she reminds one of Rosalind in "As You Like It," under the guidance of the faithful Touchstone. During her detention at the convent she confessed her secret to Sister Ursula, and they escape by night through a trap-door and subterraneous passage, although the convent is strongly guarded. They separate, and by rather an unnatural process again meet at the Douglas Kirk, where the services of Palm Sunday are converted into a warlike controversy. A hand-to-hand conflict, worthy of the Homeric heroes, is recorded between Lord Douglas and De Walton. In the midst of the fray a herald arrives, announcing the defeat of the English army, and the first triumph of Robert Bruce. De Walton surrenders to Douglas, who allows him without ransom to return to England with the Lady Augusta, and unlike the seven years' toil of Jacob for Rachel, the daughter of Laban, which was lengthened to fourteen years, the one year and a day was shortened, no doubt to the great delight of the interested parties.

The most dramatic incident in the story is the midnight interview between the English knight, De Valence, and the old sexton in the ruined burial-place of the Douglas Kirk. The story throughout is chivalrous and romantic; but "Castle Dangerous" does not rank with other stories of the Waverley series in power, incident or dramatic unity. I have already alluded to "Count Robert of Paris" as the last of the Waverley Novels written by the great magician, and it is so regarded, as "Castle Dangerous" was never really completed by the author; but it serves as a connecting link in the great chain, and, in spite of its incompleteness, gives a graphic description of years eloquent with prowess and manly courage.

There are five poems of Sir Walter which I deem worthy of association with the Waverley Novels, viz: "The Lord of the Isles," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "Rokeby," which I propose to consider, each in its place.

"The Lord of the Isles" is associated with the same stirring events as "Castle Dangerous," and presents a faithful portrayal of the adventures and history of Robert Bruce. It opens at Ardtornish Castle whose ruins still rise bold and towering on the coast of Morven. I saw it once in the gray gloamin' of an August evening, on my return from Staffa and Iona; and the opening canto of the poem was impressed upon my mind at that time, in lines never to be effaced. As I sat upon the deck of the steamer I heard the minstrel song again echoing among the crags—"Wake Maid of Lorn"—prelude to the wedding festivities already arranged but destined to be long delayed. I saw Lord Ronald's fleet again sweep by

"Streamered with silk and tricked with gold,
Manned with the noble and the bold
Of Island chivalry."

I saw the solitary skiff, bearing the hope and pride of Scotland,

making slow and toilsome progress, with rent sail and gaping planks, and heard above the roar of the tempest the calm reply of King Robert to his impatient brother :

"In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from heaven."

I saw the lights of the castle again gleam over the dark billows as the door opened to the regal wanderer asking shelter. I saw the haughty look of the proud Lorn, his lifelong enemy. I saw the bridal feast changed into warlike debate, and Scott's lines came to my mind with pictured force :

"Wild was the scene; each sword was bare,
Back streamed each chieftain's shaggy hair
In gloomy opposition set,
Eyes, hands, and brandished weapons met;
Blue gleaming o'er the social board,
Flashed to the torches many a sword;
And soon those bridal lights may shine
On purple blood for rosy wine."

I saw the Abbott, with hoodless head and withered cheek stop upon the threshold, while

"Threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence as the deadly still,
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill;
With blade advanced, each chieftain bold
Showed like the sword's form of old,
As wanting still the torch of life
To wake the marble into strife."

I heard the haughty words of Argentine demanding Bruce, as England's prisoner, and the loud turmoil of fiercer chiefs demanding his life, while the brave Ronald cries :

"Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O'ermatched by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my hall!
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be misfortune's resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distressed,
No slaughterhouse for shipwrecked guest."

I heard the Abbott's stern charge asking the heroic King if he knew reason aught, why his curse should not be pronounced in requital of that rash deed at the high altar of the Church of Dumfries. I heard the eloquent defense of the King, and the unexpected and sublime blessing of the Abbott.

"Abbott!" the Bruce replied, "thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfilled my soon-repentent deed,
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame my own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole
Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul.
While I the blessed cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance
In Palestine, with sword and lance.
But, while content the Church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,

Unto De Argentine and Lorn
The name of traitor I return,
Bid them defiance stern and high,
And give them in their throats the lie;
These brief words spoke, I speak no more,
Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er."
Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the king the abbott gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance
Convulsions of ecstatic trance,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.
"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
To give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controlled,
I feel within my aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd.
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest!
Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Blessed in thy scepter and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord,
Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthened honors wait thy name!
In distant ages sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants in the use
Of earliest speech to falter Bruce."

There is nothing, to my mind, in any poem more dramatic than this unexpected prayer of the abbott; and the reader does not wonder that

"O'er the astonished throng
Was silence, awful, deep and long."

The scene of the poem now changes to the stormy island of Skye, where Sir Walter pauses to give one of his beautiful descriptions in the fourteenth and fifteenth divisions of canto third.

The fourth canto takes the king *en route* past the island of Staffa, with its Fingal's Cave, and Iona, with its sainted shrine—the cradle of Christianity in Britain, now in ruin. His description of Staffa is one of the most beautiful in English verse:

"Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tones prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fame,
That nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard—but witness mine!'"

In canto fifth the king returns to Scotland. He rallies his

adherents, and the sixth canto closes with a graphic description of the battle of Bannockburn. The incidents are so stirring that we almost forget the fate of fair Edith and her brave Roland; but the last line of the poem assures us that they are at last happily wedded.

"The Lord of the Isles" does not possess the pleasing qualities of the "Lady of the Lake," or the sustained vigor of "Marmion;" but it is a noble poem throughout, and abounds with passages revealing the deep reverence and exalted character of the author. The reader will note the heart-spoken prayer and God-speed of the priest as King Robert embarks upon his uncertain mission:

"O heaven! when swords for freedom shine
And monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That victory is from God alone."

In connection with the "Lord of the Isles" and "Castle Dangerous," it is well to read carefully the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth chapters of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." It is also pleasant to note that the friendship between Robert Bruce and James Douglas was constant and unchanging; in fact, their unwavering trust and fidelity are emphasized by the dying wish of the king, who desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Douglas to take charge of it. It was in fulfillment of a vow which he had been unable to perform—to go to Palestine and fight for the Holy Sepulchre. "Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted the office, the last mark of the Bruce's friendship and confidence. He caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the heart, and wore it around his neck, by a string of silk and gold." He set off with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland. But the doughty James found an opportunity in Spain for a skirmish with the infidels, which he could not let pass; he was overpowered by numbers, and, seeing no chance for escape, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and throwing it before him, exclaimed, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die." His body was found after the battle lying upon the silver case, and the heart of the Scottish king was returned to his native country, and interred beside the high altar under the east window of Melrose Abbey.

PLANT NUTRITION.

By MAXWELL T. MASTERS, M.D.

A living plant feeds, breathes, grows, develops, multiplies, decays, and ultimately dies. In so doing it receives, it spends, it accumulates, it changes. Some of these processes are always in operation, very generally more than one is going on at the same time, and the action of one is modified by and controlled by that of another. Some circumstances and conditions favor these operations, others hinder them.

The nutritive process has to be entered on the creditor side as a receipt. The plant will indeed feed upon itself for a time, or rather it will feed upon what its predecessor left it as an inheritance for this very purpose, or upon the stores accumulated in the plant itself during the preceding season; thus, when a seed, or rather the young plant within the seed, begins to grow, it is at first unable to forage for itself, but it depends for its sustenance on the materials laid up for its use during the preceding season by the parent plant. So the bud of a tree awakening into life, and beginning its career as a shoot which is to bear leaves and flowers, derives its first meals from the reserves accumulated the autumn previously in the parent branch. Very generally a little water, supplied from without, is required before the plant can avail itself of these stored-up provisions, but this is not always indispensable. Potatoes begin to sprout in their cellars or pits, as growers know to their cost, before they

can have obtained a drop of water from without. In this latter case there is water enough already in the tuber to allow of food being utilized.

A certain degree of useful heat is, of course, quite indispensable. Practically, no plant will feed when its temperature is reduced as low as the freezing point, and in most cases the heat requires to be considerably greater. Each kind of plant, each individual plant, and indeed each part of a plant, feeds, and performs each item of its life-work best at a certain temperature, and ceases to work at all when the temperature falls below or rises above a certain point. The particular degree, whether most or least favorable, varies according to the plant, its age, stage of growth and various external circumstances, which we need only mention, as their effects will be readily understood without the necessity of explanation.

Leaving, however, on one side, the temperature, we have to consider the water which is so essential, not only in the feeding processes with which we are now concerned, but with every other action of plant life. Fortunately there is, in general, no lack of it; the earth and the air contain their shares of this elementary compound in varying proportions and varying modifications as liquid or gaseous. Besides, the plant itself has so much of it that even at the driest condition compatible with life, it still constitutes a very large proportion of the entire weight. Now, it is as a rule when the plant, the seedling, or the bud is at its driest that growth begins, the necessity for food first manifests itself, and the demand for a further supply of water becomes imperative. How is the demand supplied? We have seen that there is no lack of that fluid. How is it to get into the plant?

When one liquid, say spirit, is poured into another, say water, the two gradually mix. If we suppose these liquids to consist of a number of molecules, then, mixture may be taken to be the result of the displacement say of one molecule of water by one molecule of spirit, and so, throughout the whole quantity of liquid, there is displacement and replacement till at length equilibrium is restored and a thorough diffusion results. This power of diffusion does not always exist. The molecules of water and of oil will not mix or diffuse freely through each other. Water containing carbonic acid gas will not mix, in this sense of the term, with water containing acetate of lead.

It may be a truism to say, that for the process of diffusion the liquids must be diffusible, but the fact must be carefully borne in mind in all questions relating to the feeding of plants. In the case of plants, the phenomenon of diffusion, or the gradual admixture of two liquids of different natures, is complicated by the presence of a membrane in the shape of the cell-wall. The water from the outside has to pass through the membrane to reach the protoplasm on the other side. Speaking broadly, there are no holes in the membrane through which the water can pass. Ingress is secured by that process of diffusion to which reference has just been made, and by virtue of which the molecules of the membrane and the molecules of the water shift and change places; the space that was occupied by a molecule of membrane is now occupied by a molecule of water, and *vice versa*. The access, therefore, of water into the interior of a closed cell is the result of the process of diffusion. Where two liquids mix without any intervening membrane, the mixture is called diffusion simply; where there is an intervening membrane, the diffusion process is known as "osmosis."

The raw material (the term is not quite accurate, but for illustration sake it may pass) is that very marvelous substance now called "protoplasm." We must leave it to chemists and microscopists to explain its composition and indicate its appearance.

Diffusion is not equal or alike in all cases; it depends upon the extent to which the two liquids are diffusible, upon their different densities, upon temperature, and a variety of other conditions. So, in the case of osmosis, we have not only the nature of the two fluids to consider, but their relation to the

membrane that separates them. The membrane may be much more permeable to one of the two fluids than to the other. Thus, in the case of a living cell, the membrane or wall is much more permeable to water than it is to protoplasm; and so it happens that, while water readily penetrates the membrane and diffuses itself in the protoplasm, protoplasm does not nearly so readily permeate the membrane as the water. Ingress of water is easy and of constant occurrence, egress of protoplasm is rare and exceptional.

Pure water or weak saline solutions, such as are generated in the soil under certain circumstances, pass readily through membrane—that is, the molecules of the one shift and change places with those of the other—while those of gummy or albuminous substances like protoplasm do not. After a time, if there is no outlet for the water absorbed, or if it is not utilized within the plant in some way, absorption and diffusion cease, the cell becomes saturated with water, and until something happens to disarrange the balance, no more is absorbed. But, even in the case where the cell is saturated with water, it may still take up other liquids, because the diffusive power of those other liquids, in relation to the cell-wall and to the protoplasm, is different from that of water, and this absorption may go on in its way till saturation point is reached for each one of them, just as in the case of water. On the other hand, it may happen that the plant may be saturated with other substances, and incapable of taking up more of them, while at the same time pure water may be freely taken up.

Just so much and no more of each particular substance is absorbed, the exact quantity of each being regulated in all cases by the condition and requirements of the cells, their membranous walls, and their contents. Thus it happens that some particular substances may be found by the chemist to exist in large relative proportions in the plant, while the quantity in any given sample of the soil from which it must be derived is sometimes so small as to elude detection. The plant in this case, or some part of it, is so greedy, if we may so say, for this particular substance, that it absorbs all within its reach, and stores it up in its tissues or uses it in some way, the demand ensuring supply. On the other hand, the soil may contain a large quantity of some particular ingredient which is incapable of being absorbed, or which the plant does not or can not make use of, and, in consequence, none is found within the plant. The supply is present, but there is no demand.

The different physical requirements of the plant supply also the explanation of the fact that different plants, grown in the same soil, supplied with the same food, yet vary so greatly in chemical composition. Thus, when wheat and clover are grown together, and afterwards analyzed, it is found that while lime is abundant in the clover, it is relatively in small quantity in the wheat; and silica, which is abundant in the wheat, is absent from the clover. Poisonous substances even may be absorbed, if they are of such a nature as to be capable of absorption; and so the plant may be killed by its own action—by suicide, as it were.

The entrance of water into the plant and the entrance of those soluble materials which a plant derives from the soil are therefore illustrations of the process of osmosis, and are subjected to all the conditions under which osmosis becomes possible, or under which it ceases to act.

One thing we must strive to impress forcibly on the reader, because, if the notion is well grasped, it will enable him to understand plant life so much more vividly. We allude to the continual changes that are going on throughout the whole living fabric of the plant while in its active condition. Cell membrane, the protoplasm, the entire mass of liquid and solid constituents of which the plant consists, are, as we have seen, made up of molecules, each, as it were, with a life of its own, undergoing continual changes according to different circumstances, acting and reacting one upon another so long as any active life remains.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION C. L. S. C.

Readings for the month: "Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology," by Dr. J. H. Wythe; "Canadian History;" Chautauqua Text-Book No. 24; "Biographical Stories," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Required Readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Memorial Day, Sunday, December 9, "Milton's Day." See "Memorial Days," Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 7. Monday, December 10, may be used if preferred.

Remember the 5 p.m. Sunday "Chautauqua Vesper Service." Observe the hour personally or as local circles. Now and then a brief public service at this hour may be very profitable.

There can be no substitute accepted for the "Preparatory Latin course in English."

One of our faithful members—a member of the class of '84—on the first day of October sent this pleasant greeting to the Superintendent of Instruction: "My Dear Doctor—This is opening day. I must send you a line just to keep it—and the Lord keep you!"

The Sacramento Circle last year answered in writing over 1,000 questions, besides having prepared sixty-two original papers.

A young lady who has charge of a Young Ladies' Seminary in Washington, D. C., recently remarked that she had adopted the Chautauqua Text-Books on History as an auxiliary in her school, as they are so condensed and so carefully arranged. She said that at the last examination of her graduating class the influence of the little Text-Books was visible in the remarkable proficiency of the pupils.

Each C. L. S. C. Local Circle in the study of Biology should secure the services of a local microscopist, if possible. Without the microscope, Biology is like Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

In one of the leading churches of one of the leading denominations in one of the leading cities of the United States, a strange thing has happened. The president of the local circle of the C. L. S. C. made application for the privilege of holding bi-monthly meetings in a room in the basement of the church, so many of the members of the circle being members of the church. The matter was referred to the president of the board, a leading lawyer, who refused the application. When asked why he should exclude such an auxiliary of the church, and especially a circle containing so much of the religious element, he responded that it "could not be a religious organization, because they were studying biology." This is very hard to believe if it were not well vouched for. If the church had been a Methodist Episcopal Church, the editor of this column would have felt at liberty to make a few direct remarks; but, as it refers to another very respectable and very orthodox branch of the Holy Catholic Church, he must content himself with this general announcement. What would this leading lawyer have said to the wise man who said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise;" or to that wiser teacher who commanded his disciples to "consider the lilies." Biology zoological and biology botanical being commended in the Bible, and the study being necessary to the fullest interpretation of the Bible, we commend our legal friend to a little more biblical study.

Apropos to the above item is the following communication from an earnest New England member: "At a certain Sunday-school convention this question was given me to answer: 'What is the effect of the Chautauqua course of reading on Christian zeal? Does it tend to increase one's interest in Christian and Church

work?' I answered in substance as follows: 'I am very glad of the opportunity for saying, and saying confidently, that, judging from what experience and observation I have had, as also from the nature of the case, just as whatever is calculated to enlighten and invigorate the mind, deepen, broaden, elevate and strengthen character, to enlarge the soul and warm and ennoble the heart, must tend to intensify Christian zeal, so the Chautauqua course of reading and study, when conducted or pursued in accordance with the projector's idea, can not but tend to have this effect—to deepen and to invigorate, by enlightening, piety. Precisely what we need in our day is a more intelligent piety—a broader and stronger Christian manhood. Our piety generally is too narrow, or superficial, or feeble. We are apt to build up too much on some one side. We are one-sided, unsymmetrical, sanctified in spots only, as it were. We want to be built out more on all sides, that we may be *thoroughly* furnished unto *every* good work—that we may be fruitful in all directions. Meantime, if the cultivation of such a thoughtful, intelligent, reverent piety as the prayerful study of the works and Word of God is calculated to promote, is not calculated to intensify one's interest in and zeal for Christ's cause, it would be interesting to know what could.' Subsequently I dropped a line to one of the members of a circle which I organized a year ago—a bright, Christian young woman, who, though an operative in the mill, yet clearly grasped the Chautauqua Idea, and who, together with as fine a company of young men and women as were ever grouped together for any cause, has most enthusiastically and successfully pursued that idea for a year:—to this young lady I dropped a line, submitting the question: 'Do you find the C. L. S. C. helpful, or otherwise, to Christian piety?' Permit me to quote from her reply: 'Do I love my Savior, or his church, any less for what I have learned the past year? No. A thousand times no. Jesus seems ever so dear to me, as I look up into the starry heavens, and try to recall something I have learned about those wonderful worlds. And when I think of him who created, and who, by his almighty power and wisdom controls and keeps them all in place; when I think of him as my own kind Heavenly Father, though I am poor, and lowly, and ignorant, and weak, and sinful, my heart throbs with gratitude, love and praise—for he owns me as his child! O! I wish I could tell you how happy I feel to-night, my Savior seems so near and dear to me. My heart is full of love to him and to his people; and I do want to do something to help on his glorious cause. I am praying day by day that he will show me my duty, and help me to do it; and I know you will pray for me that I may be faithful and true.' Does not this testimony have the true ring in it? Does this look much as though the C. L. S. C. had secularized the writer's mind, or diverted her energies from church channels? This lady, together with several other members of that circle, is a devoted Sunday-school worker. What is more, not a little of the glowing, enthusiastic zeal expressed above, has been kindled and developed during this very past year of C. L. S. C. reading and study."

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

DECEMBER, 1883.

The required readings for December include "Vegetable Biology," Hawthorne's "Biographical Stories," Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 24, "Canadian History," and the required readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending December 8)—1. "Vegetable Biology," to chapter v, page 27.

2. "Biographical Stories," to chapter iii, page 19.

3. "German History" and "German Literature," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for December 4, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending December 16)—1. "Vegetable Biology," from chapter v, page 27, to chapter viii, page 46.

2. "Biographical Stories," from chapter iii, page 19, to chapter vi, page 40.

3. Readings on Physical Science and Political Economy, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for December 11. *Third Week* (ending December 24)—1. "Vegetable Biology," from chapter viii, page 46, to paragraph 10, page 66.

2. "Biographical Stories," from chapter vi, page 40, to chapter viii, page 59.

3. "Readings in Art," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for December 18, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending December 31)—1. "Vegetable Biology," from paragraph 10, page 66, to the end of volume.

2. "Biographical Stories," from chapter viii, page 59, to end of book.

3. "Selections from American Literature," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for December 25, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

A REUNION AT MILWAUKEE.

The five local circles in Milwaukee named Alpha, Beta, Grand Avenue, Delta and Iota, recently had a grand reunion on the occasion of the visit of the Superintendent of Instruction. It having been announced in the papers that Dr. Vincent would attend the Wisconsin conference and preach Saturday afternoon, the circles decided to give him a reception. The committee on invitation sent out about two hundred invitations gotten up in a very tasteful and unique manner. The envelopes were covered with autumn leaves of most delicate tints, and contained each a square gilt-edged card, also covered with leaves, bearing the monogram C. L. S. C. and the following invitation: "You are kindly invited to meet Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., Superintendent of Instruction of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle on the evening of Saturday, October 6, in the parlors of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church. Reception, 6 to 9. Refreshments, 6:30."

There was also a smaller card containing a neat little device in a circle in the center, representing a hand holding a handkerchief, and a request in the corner that this card be shown at the door.

Besides these two cards there was a green leaf (artificial) in each envelope for a badge, and a little printed slip of instructions, directing each member to wear the leaf as a badge, and explaining the Chautauqua salute to be given Dr. Vincent when he entered the room.

The committees on decorations and on supper made diligent preparations, so that when the time arrived parlor No. 1 was tastefully arranged with vines and flowers, while through the open doors could be seen twelve tables in parlor No. 2 arranged for an inviting feast. Among the decorations was the banner of the class of '86, made of maroon velvet bordered with cream colored fringe, and bearing the class motto, in letters cut from white felt, "We study for light to bless with light."

Above the platform was a diploma granted to Mrs. William Millard of the class of '83, which arrived from Plainfield a few hours before the reception, and was used as an object lesson by the Doctor in his address. The entire event was most joyous, this being the first union meeting of the circles, and the first time many of them had ever met their revered leader. Of his address, what can be said but that it was *like him*; full of uplifting thoughts and helpful ideas of inestimable value to all Chautauquans, and delivered in his delightful manner.

On Sabbath Dr. Vincent conducted a vesper service in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, the largest in the city. The Chautauquans gathered in an adjoining room, and forming two columns, headed by Dr. Vincent, marched into the audience room where the central seats were reserved for them. Short addresses were given by Bishop Hurst and Dr. Buckley, which, with the impressive vesper service, made the occasion one long to be remembered.

A C. L. S. C. EXPERIENCE.

From an able speech by Prof. H. A. Strong, before the local circle of Erie, Pa., we clip the following: "Says one of the workers and leaders around the C. L. S. C. camp-fire at Chautauqua: 'I was in Missouri, March last, and was compelled to take a freight train to make connection. As I entered the caboose I noticed a little candle on a cracker-box on the side of the car. There was a door on hinges made out of bits of leather, and a rough button held in its place by a screw, closed the door. After the train started, the conductor came in, and, after attending to his duties, stepped to the box, turned the button, opened the door, and took out a package of C. L. S. C. books, recognizable as such anywhere, sat down on a bench and began working with one of the Chautauqua text-books. Of course it was an absolute necessity that I should make his acquaintance. I approached him and asked him what he was doing. He said: 'A friend of mine in St. Louis called my attention to this Chautauqua course of reading. I did not know what it meant, but I knew I ought to read. So, finally, I joined the circle, bought the books, and put them in this box. My brakemen read with me. One of us keeps watch and the others read. Sometimes we are switched off on a side-track, and then we make good progress. Sometimes it is pretty hard work when we have an unusually long run and much freight; but for the sake of the help it is, I am going to hold on to it.' I felt like giving the fellow a round of applause, all alone as I was in the car.' Such an experience of the C. L. S. C. can be duplicated over and over again in the history of any class, and the simple truth is the realization of the vision."

THE C. L. S. C. IN TORONTO.

In Canada the course of study for 1883-4 opened with a meeting of C. L. S. C. workers and their friends in the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Methodist church, Toronto, on the evening of the 29th of September. After a few words of greeting from Mr. Edward Gurney, jr., president of the Toronto Central Circle, Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, spoke for a short time on the importance and value of a systematic course of reading. The too common habit of desultory reading, with its waste of time and mental enervation, came in for a vigorous denunciation from the doctor. All reading, he said, should be purposeful and systematic, and no reading can be of any real profit that is not of that character. The C. L. S. C. course answered two supreme questions that can not fail to arise in the mind of any young man who is desirous to rise: "What shall I read?" and "How shall I read?" In this age of great intellectual power it was important that we should avail ourselves of every opportunity for the better equipment of our minds, so that we can use with precision the implements of our profession or calling, whatever that may be. The multitudes that are treading upon each other in the lower levels of life, are the incompetent; no first-class worker in any line need remain idle. The doctor also pointed out that this is a skeptical age, and that we should be prepared to answer, if necessary, the reflections that are being cast upon the foundations of our faith. Before closing he said: "I want to declare my entire sympathy with the work and purposes of this rapidly-spreading Chautauqua tree, from the branchings of which thousands and tens of thousands are gathering with delight and gratitude the most luscious fruit. I thank God for this course of study, by means of which the mind is led into the green pastures and beside the still waters of literature. My mind has been stirred in the matter as it would not have been if I had not examined into it closely, and if I had not been profoundly impressed by the fact that multitudes of our young people spend their spare moments in reading pernicious literature in which the serpent has left his slimy trail. I am going to join this class to-night for myself."

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Rev. Mr. Milligan, of old St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, followed with an earnest, practical address on "How to Read Books." He impressed upon his hearers the fact that books are made for man, and not man for books, and that it is possible for us to abuse the gift of books by becoming literary ceremonialists, just as we can abuse any other good thing. Every investment we make in relation to books should be made with a definite purpose, and should make us richer. In our reading, too, we should have something more ultimate in view than the mere book; we should endeavor to ponder and reflect on the subject which it treats. In this way we become thinkers, and thinking becomes a necessity, and the mind and memory are enriched and strengthened. Mr. Milligan expressed his hearty cooperation and sympathy with the Chautauqua scheme, and his pleasure that it is associated with the churches. A brief round-table conference followed the addresses, in which thought and experience were interchanged, and inquiries as to the methods and progress of the Chautauqua Idea were answered by the president, and by the Canadian secretary, Mr. Peake. The local press is doing good work in bringing the advantages of the scheme before its readers, and public interest is awakening in all directions in regard to it.

SUNBEAMS FROM THE CIRCLE.

C. L. S. C. class of '87 sends out the following circular to its members:

Beloved Friends and Co-Laborers:—We greet you with joy and gladness as we enter upon our four years' college course of reading and study. It is wisely selected and admirably prepared for us in our home life. We that toil ten hours in the shop, office, and store, with the never ending farm life and detail of housekeeping, will know not a little struggle to command forty minutes per day; but we need it and will do it. Mary A. Livermore was forty-five years of age before ever attempting public speaking, and in a decade was queen of the American rostrum. Some of you at Chautauqua, last August, remember the determined earnestness of Louise R. F. Jones. She writes: "Aiken, S. C., Oct. 6. Have formed a local circle of thirteen; first meeting last night at our house, two men, eleven women; sent for our books yesterday. Have persuaded two persons in Augusta, Ga., to join the C. L. S. C. In Langley, a small town eight miles out, my 'Hall in the Grove' has been read, and a circle is the promise. In Spartanburg, S. C., a circle is formed, which, with Aiken, are the only two in the Palmetto State, so far as known." This Pansy Class of '87 ought to graduate at least 10,000, and with five hundred members like our South Carolina friend, it would be accomplished. One of our class travels, and in forty days visited over thirty newspaper offices, begging editors to publish the C. L. S. C. leaflets, and securing their sympathy. Another one, (just completing his three score years) when on trains, goes from car to car, and politely and quietly seating himself in front or back of the passenger, introduces the "People's College." Our motto, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." Inspired words! Let each one of us make them ours in the best sense. Let us introduce circles as rapidly as possible. Every day that passes now is forty minutes behind, and it is difficult to catch up. It can be done up to the first of January. Class writing paper has been prepared. Communicate with either of the undersigned concerning it. Rev. Frank Russell, Mansfield, Ohio, president Class of '87. K. A. Burnell, 150 Madison St., Chicago, secretary Class of '87.

The Rev. C. S. Woodruff, of Bayonne, N. J., class of '82, was present at Chautauqua this year, and passed under the Arches with the class of '83. On his return home he took occasion to preach upon the subject of education, and mention the Chautauqua plan particularly. As a result he has organized a local circle of over sixty, and it is still growing. He says: "Every pastor ought to visit Chautauqua. After being inspired he

should spread his enthusiasm among all his people. Let us cast out the devil of bad literature by giving the people good reading."

The Johnstown, N. Y., local circle, includes among its officers a critic and an orthoepist—two excellent officers. Much exact knowledge of pronunciation, spelling, use of words, and forms of expression may be obtained at evening sessions, if critical and wise persons are selected.

There is an energetic circle of twelve members at Shushan, N. Y., the outgrowth of one member who began the readings two years ago. There is something contagious in the C. L. S. C.

Nothing could show better the peculiar work of the C. L. S. C. than the following suggestive toasts offered at the "Opening Day Exercises" at Meriden, Conn.; they were: "The C. L. S. C., a beneficial force in the life of a business man; as a coöperative with the duties of a school teacher; for young working people, establishing an alliance between labor and culture; as promoting Christian growth and culture; for the wife and mother at home."

A very pleasant and inspiring piece of news comes from the same circle. A young printer belonging to the circle became so much interested in his studies, and so anxious for further development that leaving his trade he has undertaken a college course. The circle did a kindly act when they presented to him that most necessary book for a student—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

A local circle whose work is done by correspondence has been started in the province of Ontario. There are but two members, but a dozen might carry on the work with equal success. For readers who are remote from the regular societies this plan may be utilized and made a means both of culture and of sociability.

A novel and exceedingly useful idea comes to us from Union City, Indiana. On a neatly printed program there is given the outline of the exercises for four months. The circle meets fortnightly, and the date, place of meeting, exercises and participants are given for eight sessions, so that there can be no mistake or misunderstanding about the work to be done. The plan is to be commended to all circles.

The class of '85, C. L. S. C., held a meeting at the grounds of the New England Assembly at Framingham and organized by the election of the following officers: President, Rev. J. E. Fullerton, of Hopkinton, Mass.; Vice Presidents, Miss Lena A. Chubbuck, New Bedford, Mass., Alice C. Earle, Newport, R. I., Miss Marcia E. Smith, Swanton, Vt., J. B. Underwood, Meriden, Conn.; Secretary and Treasurer, Albert B. Comey, South Framingham, Mass. Plans were suggested looking to the social and other interests of the New England members; said plans to be perfected as soon as the details can be arranged by the executive committee. It is earnestly desired that all persons in the New England States belonging to class '85 will send their name and address to the Secretary. The President cordially solicits correspondence from members of the class upon matters pertaining to its interests.

From the Silver Creek, N. J., *Local* we learn that the meeting for re-organization of the C. L. S. C. has been held, and that on October 8 the first regular meeting took place. Several new members have joined the circle.

At Spring Mills, N. J., though several members have moved from the village, and a few have dropped the course, they report a prospect of doubling their numbers.

A circle of eleven members is reported at Greencastle, Pa.

Osceola, Iowa, has a circle of seventeen members, class of '87.

Some one inquires for a copy of "the rules of the C. L. S. C. to guide in their meetings." There are no rules to guide in the meetings of the local circles. The wide diversity of circumstances under which they exist would make a fixed organization impracticable. What would fit the great circles of Troy, N. Y., and Pittsburgh, Pa., would be of little use to the small circle of the village. The many plans and outlines of work in this department are presented especially to guide new circles to the plan best suited to their needs.

Montana has sent us reports of several energetic circles; the one at Bozeman, of fifteen members, is the last reported.

A circle has been organized at Hood River, Oregon.

The Summer Assembly at Monteagle, Tenn., did some excellent work in the interest of the C. L. S. C. Many circles are being formed as a result of the efforts made there to spread information concerning the methods and object of the organization.

One zealous C. L. S. C. worker writes us that while traveling through the west in search of health she has succeeded in making many think about the course, and has persuaded ten to enroll for '84. It is such individual effort that extends the boundaries of our work.

At Mountain Lake Park, Md., Assembly there was formed last summer a very interesting circle. The members are widely scattered. They come from West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, but have formed the "Mt. Lake Park C. L. S. C.," which they are keeping up while belonging to the local circles at their homes. There are some forty-three members.

As an example of how the attention of your community may be drawn to the C. L. S. C., we quote the following from the Petersburg Va., *Mail*: "Everybody has heard of Chautauqua, and the readers of *The Mail* have enjoyed several excellent papers concerning that institution from the pen of Mrs. C. D. Tinsley, of this city, who spent the summer there. But there are many people who do not know that the C. L. S. C. is spreading out its branches in all directions and offering very fine advantages to people who desire to undertake a systematic course of reading. The course extends over a period of four years, and embraces religious, scientific, and general literature of a substantial character. The books are cheap, and it is said that one may cover the whole course by reading for forty minutes each day. At the end of the fourth year, if the student has gone over the ground, a diploma is given, bearing the seal of the C. L. S. C. A number of ladies and gentlemen of this city have handed in their names. The writer is favorably impressed with what he has seen of it, and cheerfully commends it to the public. All information required may be had of Mr. C. D. Tinsley, of this city."

A member from Canada writes: "As one of the class of '84—the 'Irrepressibles'—and having caught the inspiration at Chautauqua, I can hardly write or say anything strong enough to express my admiration of the movement. I wish the officers could do something for Palestine. When visiting it a year ago I induced my dragoman, Herbert C. Clark, of Joppa, to subscribe then and there for *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, as we were sitting on the ruins of the old wall of Mount Zion, above the valley of Hinnom. Mr. Clark writes me that he enjoys it exceedingly. I was much of the time for ten days with Dr. Selah Merrill, the U. S. Consul, and his lady, who worthily represents the women of America. There are many fine people speaking the English language in Jerusalem and other points, who are cut off from many of the advantages of our Christian civilization. Nothing prospers under the administration of the stupid Turk, and literature especially is discouraged. I believe the C. L. S. C. is just what these good people need."

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Vermont (West Brattleboro).—For the past three years, there have been at West Brattleboro, Vt., informal gatherings of from eight to twelve members of the C. L. S. C., who called themselves a "circle." But until this year there has been no formal organization. At the meetings subjects were taken up in the way decided upon at the previous meeting. These meetings were found to be of much profit and interest to ourselves. As we learned to know and appreciate the "Chautauqua Idea," we began to see growth could not be expected without organization. Accordingly a meeting was called for the evening of September 20, to which all were invited, whether they proposed to join or not. At this meeting the aims and methods of the C. L. S. C. were fully discussed, and an organization was effected under the name of the "Vincent Circle," with a president and secretary. There was also a committee for program chosen, to serve for two months. It was decided to hold meetings once in two weeks, at houses of the members. We are happy to say that we start upon our new year with a membership of thirty-nine, eighteen of whom are regular members, representing classes '84, '86 and '87. Nor is this all the gain. Another circle has been organized, under the name of "Pansy." This circle is composed wholly of new members, who thought they could work to better advantage separately. It has twenty-two members. No doubt the secretary will report to you, as the circle is very wide-awake, and means to profit by the experience of the '84s. It has been thought best to devote the time at the meetings during October and November to Grecian history, as that is the principal subject for study during those two months. The following was the program for the first meeting, October 4. The second meeting was similar in character :

1. Responsive Reading from "Assembly Hymnal."
2. C. L. S. C. Song No. 6, from "Assembly Hymnal."
3. Report of Secretary.
4. Introduction of the subject of "Grecian History," by Prof. H. H. Shaw.
5. Paper on "The Advantages of the Study of Grecian History."
6. Instrumental Music.
7. Reading of Selections pertaining to Greece, from the Second Canto of "Childe Harold."
8. Blackboard Drill on "Outlines of Grecian History," by Rev. C. H. Merrill.
9. Question Box, Questions to be answered at next meeting.
10. C. L. S. C. Song No. 19.
11. Closing Prayer.

After the regular exercises, which began at 7:30, closing at 9, an hour was spent in a social way.

Massachusetts (Lawrence).—Immediately after the Assembly at Framingham, a meeting was called in the interests of the Circle in one of our city churches, at which its purpose and method of working were fully explained. Two circles were already in existence, and with these as a basis we put in some hard work during the month of September, securing to date forty-two new members, with more to come. Two additional circles have been formed, so that we now have four, with a total membership of about one hundred. October 1, Opening Day, was duly observed by a union Round-Table of all the circles, and a large number of invited friends. A program consisting of music and readings was given, all appropriate to the occasion. We have engaged Prof. W. C. Richards for a course of lectures in November, and shall have others from time to time through the winter. We have also arranged for a monthly union meeting, each local circle in turn conducting the exercises for the evening.

Massachusetts (Franklin).—As the Bryant Bell at Chautauqua rang out its call to study on October 1, the members of our local circle assembled to celebrate the first anniversary of their existence as a local circle. Complimentary tickets were issued to their friends, and at the hour of opening the chapel was

filled, the audience numbering not far from five hundred. Promptly on the hour, the new members of Class of '87 (the Pansy class) marched into the room, and taking position in open ranks allowed the Class of '86 to pass through; they taking position on the right, opened ranks, and allowed the president of the circle and the speaker of the evening to pass through, receiving as a greeting the Chautauqua salute. The program consisted of instrumental music, singing of selections from Chautauqua Songs, an address of greeting from the president, Rev. G. E. Lovejoy, the commencement address by Rev. A. E. Winship, of Boston, and the recital of the anniversary poem by Miss Laura Pond. The whole affair was a helpful and enjoyable opening of the Chautauqua work for 1883 and 1884. The circle starts upon its work with increased membership and enthusiasm, and one and all are ready to say God bless the originator of the C. L. S. C., and God speed the work in the days to come!

Connecticut (Meriden).—The Meriden branch of the C. L. S. C., held Opening Day exercises; nearly every member was present, together with a few invited guests, mostly those who have especially assisted them in their work during the past three years. The exercises were opened by the circle singing from Chautauqua Songs a song of welcome, after which an address of introduction of the several classes to the guests and a synopsis of the work of the Circle, was delivered by the president, who also took occasion to speak encouragingly to each class, and referred to their several colors and what they symbolized. At the close of the address a prayer of thanksgiving was offered, when the company sat down to a banquet of good things. After supper several toasts were offered and responded to, and several testimonials of interest in the success of the organization offered. The C. L. S. C. feel ~~justly~~ proud of their success, and all who have taken time to examine into its aim and the results accomplished, commend them highly.

Connecticut (Hartford).—Within a few days a general interest has been manifested with regard to a C. L. S. C. circle in Hartford—more than fifty having expressed their desire to become members of the Class of '87. Last year, however, Hartford had but a few Chautauqua readers. Among them was a little circle of five young ladies not long out of school. They found the Chautauqua course just what they needed to give form and direction to their studies, and they sat down to the table of good things spread before them as to a mental banquet. A severe bereavement met the circle in the loss of one of their members, a young lady who had been an eager student and whose enthusiasm had done much to help the circle. By her suggestion Greek had been introduced into the course, and the Iliad was being read in connection with the Greek literature. At the last meeting before her death when it was proposed to omit some of the less interesting portions, she said, earnestly: "Don't let us skip any. Let us do our duty." The shock of her death was such that at first it seemed that they could not go on with their work, but the words of their departed friend came back to them with peculiar meaning: "Let us do our duty," and with chastened hearts they took up their work again. They did not find the course too laborious, but were able to add to it the White Seal course and some valuable supplementary reading upon the topics in question. Now, with undiminished interest, they are ready to go on with the second year, hoping that a large band will be ready to accompany them.

New York (Johnstown).—A meeting for the reorganization of Johnstown C. L. S. C. was held September 26, 1883. The names of fifteen new members were enrolled; so we launch our little craft of twenty-two members, with a prospect of taking an occasional recruit as we journey on. We have decided to meet every alternate week. At our next meeting, October 10, we read an outline on Greek History, Vol. ii., Part vii., a paper on American literature, and selections from THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Pennsylvania (Erie).—The officers and members of the Erie local circle of the C. L. S. C. presented a very elaborate program at its opening session Monday evening, October 8, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall in this city. The hall was densely crowded, and the interest steadily increased to the close. The organization was completed, and its roll bids fair, this season, to be seventy-five strong.

Delaware (Wilmington).—Through the zealous efforts of the pastor of Asbury M. E. Church, the Asbury local circle was organized during September last. It has about thirty members. Among the members is one graduate of the class of '83. Considerable interest in the course has been aroused through the city, and there are more persons to join.

District of Columbia (Washington).—A meeting of the Banner Circle was held September 17 for reorganization and general talk concerning the work for 1883-84. Quite a large number of our members of last year attended, and from the number of applicants for admission, it seems that we will be compelled to abandon our idea of meeting from house to house of the several members and meet at the church. It is exceedingly gratifying to note the continued interest in the work. Our meetings are held every Monday night. The pastor of one of the churches in another section of our city, attended our last meeting, in order that he might learn enough about the C. L. S. C. to organize a circle among many of his members, who seem anxious to join. We spent many pleasant and instructive evenings last year over our work, and hope to realize as much benefit from the studies of this year. Knowing of the benefits of the C. L. S. C. we are always glad to help others to join. One of our members has been influenced, through last year's work, to attend college.

Ohio (Cincinnati).—The reception to the Class of 1883, of Cincinnati and vicinity, took place on Friday evening, September 28. The spacious parlors where the reunion was held were fragrant with flowers. A beautiful piece of crayon work—"Welcome, 1883," with C. L. S. C. monogram—prepared by the superintendent of penmanship of Cincinnati public schools, together with a fine portrait of Dr. Vincent, held conspicuous places. The following was the program:

Piano solo—Miss Clara Looker.
Address of welcome to the Class of 1883—Mr. John G. O'Connell.
Class song of 1882.
Toast—"The Class of 1882." Response by Mrs. M. J. Pyle.
Class song of 1883.
Toast—"The Class of 1883." Response by Mr. Clifford Lakeman.
Vocal solo—"The Flower Girl." Miss Clara Looker.
Toast—"The Cincinnati Circles." Response by Miss Bessie Hicks.
Song—"Join O Friends in a Memory Song."
Toast—"Chautauqua." Response by Mr. M. S. Turrell.
Song—"C. L. S. C. Commencement Carol."
Toast—"Our Chancellor, Dr. J. H. Vincent." Response by Miss Harriet Wilson.
Song—"Sing Psalms over the Past."

Letters of regret were then read from unavoidable absentees. Time and space will only permit of the publication of the following letter, which is an embodiment of the sentiment contained in the others:

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., September 24, 1883.

Rev. J. G. O'Connell, President C. L. S. C. Alumni Association of Cincinnati, Ohio:—Please accept my thanks for your very kind invitation to attend the C. L. S. C. reception, Friday evening, September 28. The intervening 700 miles will prevent. But does not the Chancellor of the Out-of-Doors University say that, "When the bell at Chautauqua rings on memorial days, all true Chautauquans hear its echo?" And as this same Chancellor teaches so diligently the superiority of mind over matter, why may I not apply this teaching to my own case and say to you that I will be with you in some sort of soul-telephonic manner, and hear your speeches and join in your songs, and enjoy with you the feast of reason and the flow of soul?

I am sorry I said I couldn't go. I think you may expect me. I read

most carefully the report of Commencement Day, and welcomed (in my heart) all the '83s.

A popular writer in a most popular magazine says: "There are in this life three stages of existence. The first, when we believe every thing is white. The second, when one is sure every thing is black; the third, when one knows that the majority of things are simply gray."

Members of the C. L. S. C. have gone a step further than that. To us, all the world has a golden hue. How can one fully understand the meaning of the terms, "communion of Saints," and "brotherly kindness," unless he has spent a season at Chautauqua as a student, in full sympathy with the great work being done there? What grand opportunities are there afforded for growth and symmetrical development of character.

Please tell your Alumni Association how glad I am to be counted one of its members. I thank you again for your kind remembrance of me.

Wishing you a most joyous reunion, and uniting with you in warmest love for our Alma Mater, I am yours sincerely,

HATTIE N. YOUNG.

The officers were elected for the coming year, and after a handsome collation bountifully served, the society parted for the evening, filled with additional enthusiasm for the success of their Alma Mater. President, Mr. John G. O'Connell; Vice Presidents, Mr. M. S. Turrell, Mrs. M. J. Pyle, Miss Mary E. Dunaway; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Clifford Lakeman; Recording Secretary, Miss Julia Kolbe; Treasurer, Miss Selina Wood.

Illinois (Mattoon).—This is the first year of the C. L. S. C. of Mattoon. We organized the last of September, and have an enthusiastic membership of over twenty. We take the lessons as given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, sometimes assigning the work to individuals, and again we have general recitations. During the winter we had an afternoon with Longfellow; also a lecture upon the History of Greece, and one upon the Sun, with diagrams. Most of us have completed the work for the year, and have written the memoranda. Our meetings have been both profitable and interesting.

Iowa (Anamosa).—Our C. L. S. C. circle was organized in January, 1883, with a membership of nine ladies, all of whom have taken up the four years' course of study. The order of exercises varies somewhat, but is always exceedingly interesting, each study receiving due investigation and research. Generally, however, our president assigns the different subjects to the members on the preceding meeting, thus giving each leader time to prepare questions which will bring out all the points of interest in the lesson. Amid crowding duties we are glad to note in our membership an increasing enthusiasm over the C. L. S. C. work.

Iowa (Quasqueton).—We are a struggling little company of two regular members of the C. L. S. C. We have not been lacking in interest ourselves, and are heartily in sympathy with the C. L. S. C.; think it is a grand, good thing.

Missouri (Kansas City).—The Kansas City local circle was reorganized on September 25, and was ready to begin work promptly the first week in October. We have at present forty-four members. Our circle has propagated the Chautauqua Idea, and sent off branches until now there are at least six circles in the city, and about three hundred of our citizens are reading the course.

Missouri (Independence).—A local circle was organized here in September with forty-seven regular members. We have a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and board of managers. We meet every Friday evening, and thus far have followed the conversational plan. All are interested, and the Chautauqua enthusiasm has the true ring. Already the '87s are looking forward to the day when they will pass through the Arches.

C. L. S. C. ROUND-TABLE.*

DR. VINCENT: What are the advantages of the C. L. S. C.? What are the advantages to our homes?

A VOICE: Unity in the family, in study and spirit.

A VOICE: System of reading at home.

A VOICE: It brings good literature into the house.

A VOICE: It trains intelligent citizens in the house.

A VOICE: It saves time that would be otherwise wasted.

A VOICE: It gives pleasant subjects of thought while we are about our daily work.

A VOICE: It promotes conversation.

A VOICE: It leads us into new lines of work.

A VOICE: It makes us more attractive to each other.

A VOICE: It keeps husbands at home in the evening. [Laughter.]

MR. MARTIN: It keeps wives home in the evening.

A VOICE: It crowds out unprofitable occupation.

A VOICE: It leads to farther investigation.

A VOICE: It cultivates the conversational powers.

DR. VINCENT: It not merely brings subjects of conversation, it brings the power of conversation.

A VOICE: It makes the Southern people love the Northern people.

A VOICE: It lifts the home up a little higher.

A VOICE: It crowds out gossip.

A VOICE: It cultivates a missionary spirit.

DR. VINCENT: In what respect?

A VOICE: In getting people into the circle and into all kinds of work.

A VOICE: A lady says it makes the evening hearth exceedingly pleasant.

A VOICE: It inspires us to want to help others.

A VOICE: It has in one instance made a Christian of an Infidel.

A VOICE: In more than one instance.

A VOICE: There is a book in the course that will do that every time it is attentively read.

DR. VINCENT: What is that?

A VOICE: "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation."

A VOICE: And the "Tongue of Fire."

A VOICE: And "The Outline Study of Man" is a wonderful book.

A VOICE: It helps fathers and mothers to grow up with their children.

A VOICE: It helps them cultivate their memory.

A VOICE: I found that I could remember dates much better than before.

REV. W. D. BRIDGE: It brings the old into sympathy with the young.

A VOICE: It gives even old men books they would not have read.

A VOICE: It creates a spirit of union among all kinds of people that belong to it.

A VOICE: It brings the grown people into sympathy with the public school and its work.

A VOICE: It makes us better Christians and workers in the church.

A VOICE: It was suggested a moment ago that it brings the older people into sympathy with the young: I think it brings the young people into sympathy with the old.

A VOICE: It increases the respect of the young for the old also.

A VOICE: It teaches old people to become younger.

A VOICE: It makes old people wish that the thing had been thought of earlier.

A VOICE: It brings us to Chautauqua.

DR. VINCENT: That is a great thing for Chautauqua as well as for us.

A VOICE: It teaches us never to be discouraged.

A VOICE: It teaches us the spirit of propriety.

A VOICE: The first of the Chautauqua mottoes has been noticed; the other two should come in for their share.

DR. VINCENT: The other two mottoes should be recognized. It helps us to "keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

A VOICE: It shows in the class of '82 the proof of the third motto, "Never be discouraged."

A VOICE: It teaches us to "look up, and not down."

DR. VINCENT: To "look forward and not backward," to "look out and not in," and "to lend a hand."

A VOICE: It leads to an investigation of science by people who had never thought of it before.

MR. INGHAM: It teaches all classes to find a book store.

DR. VINCENT: Brother Ingham is in the book trade. [Laughter.]

A VOICE: It teaches people that no one is too old to study.

A VOICE: It gives a higher idea of the responsibility of life.

A VOICE: It makes the bookseller keep good books. [Applause.]

DR. VINCENT: It makes the bookseller keep the books at a lower figure.

A VOICE: It develops the habit of systematic thought and work.

A VOICE: It discovers people to themselves, showing themselves their natural bent and power.

A VOICE: It breaks down the deep seated denominational prejudices.

DR. VINCENT: Without in the slightest degree diminishing our loyalty to them.

A VOICE: It fits the mind for its eternal mission and home.

A VOICE: It makes one see what a wonderful thing a book is.

A VOICE: It puts the divine idea into all the study: "We study the words and works of God," and this promotes unity of scientific and religious pursuits.

A VOICE: It selects a course of reading that we would not ourselves select.

A VOICE: It teaches us the value of time.

A VOICE: It teaches us to recognize God in everything.

A VOICE: It furnishes a good channel for the expenditure of money in connection with young people.

DR. VINCENT: We ought to say in connection with that, it builds up an individual library that acquires an individual preciousness; when a man looks at it he is rich, for he owns books bought himself. The square yards of books are not worth much. The books that are mine are worth much to me.

A VOICE: It makes it plain that the world is going forward and not back.

A VOICE: It helps the world to go forward, and helps others to acquire knowledge.

A VOICE: It gives us a hint as to the powers and possibilities of the mind.

A VOICE: It teaches me how very little I know myself.

A VOICE: I think it teaches old and young to appreciate art in its different forms.

DR. VINCENT: It enables people to distinguish between good preaching and poor preaching.

A VOICE: It teaches that faithful labor, though in a very limited degree, will be rewarded here and hereafter.

A VOICE: And that it will accomplish a great deal of good in addition to the reward.

A VOICE: It awakens latent energies in the mind.

A VOICE: It makes the common people better critics.

DR. VINCENT: It makes what they would call where caste prevails "common people" better critics. We have no common people in this country. We are all kings.

A VOICE: It makes us understand better the Chautauqua Idea.

*From the record of '82. Held in the Hall of Philosophy in August, 1882, at 5 p. m. [This report had been overlooked, and as it contains much that will be interesting, is here published.]

A VOICE: It makes us patient in weakness and suffering.

A VOICE: It helps us bear the burdens of life.

DR. VINCENT: In many places there is no social enjoyment for those who do not dance. The C. L. S. C. gives us congenial society. I have known many people where the habit of dancing and card playing prevailed, to justify these indulgencies on the ground that there was nothing else to do. In a few such places the C. L. S. C. has turned the dance and the card table out of doors. Of course some of you do not look at that matter as I do. There may be some of you who dance or allow your children to attend dancing school, and some of you allow your children to play cards. I have avoided dogmatism on all subjects where the Word of God does not come in as the final authority. I never like to dogmatize about these things. But I do believe that such is the condition of society to-day, and such are the unseen perils of the day—perils always present—that the family that can enjoy itself thoroughly in an intellectual way, so as not to create a taste for the stimulating power of the dance and the card table and of the theater is a safer, and in the long run, a happier family than the family otherwise controlled by so-called worldly tastes. [Applause.] It becomes us to be very free from dogmatism about these things, because we do not want to lay down laws that have not been laid down for us; but if we can, let us substitute the influences of the C. L. S. C. for these things.

WRITTEN PAPER: The C. L. S. C. gives new hope and courage to those who have thought that the days for personal improvement had gone by.

DR. VINCENT: Dr. Wilkinson, in his address the other day, made reference to the fact that I myself had never enjoyed college opportunities. I did enjoy the very best academic opportunities up to the time that I should have entered college, but circumstances, which seemed very much like Providence, interposed at that crisis in my life, where the question was settled by three contingencies. I suffered from a bronchial affection, and my friends regarded me in great peril physically. I submitted three questions to three men after serious thought and earnest prayer, and resolved to be governed by the decision of the three men if they should decide in the same line. To one, an able scholar and a most efficient preacher, and a man occupying a high position in the church, I submitted the question of my intellectual fitness, and gave him a long account of my intellectual history. To another man, my father, I submitted the financial part of the business. That was a question that he alone could settle. To a distinguished physician, one of the ablest in New York City, I submitted the question of my physical health. Now, said I, if these three men combine in their decision, I shall consider the question settled in that way. If they differ, I shall consider it still open. The decision of all three was quite in a given line, and I entered very soon into the active ministry.

The fact that I lacked the *prestige* of the college was humiliating to me to the last degree. It made me morbid for years. I was too honest to impose on people, and therefore too likely to betray myself where no good could come of it, and where there was no necessity of it. But my humiliation led me to do this thing: To turn my theological studies and the preparation of sermons into means of mental discipline; to acquire the habit of laying hold of a subject, and of holding on to it, and persisting in holding on to it until I could master it, so that if I did not have more than a smattering (and I did have a smattering of Greek and Latin and Hebrew to begin with), I would have the discipline of thinking on subjects and of tearing them open on my own account. I tried to do that through all the years of my active ministry.

—I drew up for myself a sort of C. L. S. C. thirty years ago, and took glimpses of all that the boy examines in college, so that the C. L. S. C. of to-day developed out of it, and different as it may be, it is the result of bitter experience and immense effort, so far as I was personally concerned.

I really ought not to have mentioned these things to you. I have never done so anywhere except to a limited circle of friends. When I watch boys in college, their pleasures and struggles; when I look at the buildings, at the bronze statue of the first president of Yale, the libraries, the art department, the scientific department; when I hear that old bell ring from day to day, when I look on the *campus* and see the boys marching or lounging, singing the college songs; when I see them striving for preëminence in the athletic arena; when I remember that certain prerogatives depend upon victory on this side or the other; when I see old men who were students fifty or sixty years ago, the oldest that are left, and see the joy that comes from the inspiration of such memories, then I see that it is a great thing to be able to give old people and every-day people a touch of the joy and hope and memory that colleges alone can give, and no one unless identified with such an institution can feel.

It is for that purpose that we have the "Hall in the Grove," and the "Arches," the "Memorial Days," the "Badges," the "Diplomas," etc. Privileges heretofore limited to college life are thus and now guaranteed to the old and the young. This is another benefit that comes from the C. L. S. C. [Applause.] I should have taken a shorter time to tell it, but I could not.

WRITTEN PAPER: In accordance with your request for the members of the Circle to remember each other at the throne of grace each Sabbath afternoon, would it not be well to have a set hour, say five o'clock, Sunday afternoon?

DR. VINCENT: The suggestion is a good one. We will call five o'clock Sunday afternoon "Our Sacred Hour." Mr. Bridge, make an item for the columns of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, that it may reach all the members of the Circle.

As I said the other night, we are not all of the same way of thinking, but we may all think upward, and whatever the degree of our thought and the kind of our faith, if the look be upward, there will be an uplift. If with sincere desire we pray for others and seek God's glory, he will lead us into all truth. Let us appoint with your approval five o'clock Sabbath afternoon for the uplook in order to uplift. Those who approve lift your hands.

My friends, while the formal worship—the going aside and kneeling down, and observing the form of worship—is very useful, the idea of prayer is not limited to the place or particular mode, or to the words you speak. Prayer is sometimes the mightiest that leaps without words out of the inmost heart to the highest heaven. Let us think a prayer wherever we may be. Sometimes when people are too busy with their hands and under the pressure of every-day labor to retire, and have not words or place for the specific act of prayer, the uplift of the soul, the upreach, is prayer that brings down abundant blessings. Let it be so with us. Let us not be bound too much by times and circumstances and words. Let us have the heart, and let forms and words come as they will, and let us not neglect times and forms and words.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "EASY LESSONS IN VEGETABLE BIOLOGY."

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. How is the word Biology made up, and what does it mean? A. It is made up of two Greek words—*bios*, life, and *logos*, a discourse. It means the study of living things.

2. Q. What does Biology include in its survey? A. Both animals and vegetables, and considers their forms and peculiarities, the parts of which they are composed, their relations to each other, and the uses which they serve.

3. Q. What are the subjects of Physics and Chemistry? A. The general forces of nature and the changes in non-living matter.

4. Q. What is the teaching of the Bible and of all the religions of mankind, the belief of the most eminent philosophers, the doctrine held by the early Christian fathers, and maintained by the majority of scientific and unscientific men as to the difference between a living body and the same body after death? A. That it arises from the union of matter and spirit.

5. Q. What is it that entitles any thing to be called a living being? A. The presence of little particles of living matter scattered through it.

6. Q. What does this living matter look like when seen through the microscope? A. Like a little bit of jelly or albumen. It is generally transparent; is neither quite solid or fluid.

7. Q. What is it called? A. It is often called protoplasm, or first formation. It is also called by the better term bioplasm, or living formation.

8. Q. What is said as to the resemblance of the particles of bioplasm to one another, no matter where they belong? A. They always look alike. There is no difference under the microscope between the bioplasm of a blade of grass or a whale, or an oak, a rose, a dog, or a man.

9. Q. What does chemical examination show as to all living matter? A. That it is composed of the same elementary materials. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen enter into the construction of every piece of bioplasm.

10. Q. In what three different states do we recognize matter in every bioplast, or living particle? A. Matter not yet alive, but about to become so, called pabulum, or nutriment. Living matter in the strictest sense, or bioplasm. Formed material, or matter which was alive, but is so no longer.

11. Q. What peculiarity has living matter as to motion? A. All bioplasm has spontaneous motion. Non-living matter has inertia.

12. Q. What are the three kinds of motion of bioplasm? A. Inherent motions of individual particles among themselves. Constant change of shape. Wandering movements.

13. Q. What is the peculiarity of living matter as to the power of nutrition and growth? A. The non-living increases in size by external additions; but bioplasm selects appropriate material from its food, or pabulum, changes the chemical relations of this material, and appropriates it to its own structure in such a way that it grows from within.

14. Q. What is the peculiarity of bioplasm as to reproduction? A. Bioplasm can generate or reproduce its own kind of living matter.

15. Q. What power has a living thing to preserve its own identity? A. A living being preserves its identity amid all the material changes which take place.

16. Q. In the grouping together of living things according to their real relationships, what do types represent? A. General plans of structure.

17. Q. How are classes formed? A. By the special modification of a type.

18. Q. What are orders? A. They are groups of the same class related by a common structure.

19. Q. What is a family or genus? A. A still smaller group having generally the same essential structure.

20. Q. What is a species? A. It is the smallest group whose structure is constant.

21. Q. What are individuals? A. They are the units of organic life, forming a complete animated existence.

22. Q. What are peculiarities of races or breeds called? A. Varieties.

23. Q. How are vegetables and animals distinguished from each other? A. By the term kingdom, and the types in each kingdom are called sub-kingdoms.

24. Q. Under what five types or plans of structure can all the multitude of plants which clothe the earth or dwell in the sea be

arranged? A. Protophytes, Thallogens, Acrogens, Endogens and Exogens.

25. Q. What are the elementary masses of bioplasm usually called? A. They are usually called cells, even if they are merely pieces of animated jelly, uninclosed by an outside shell or membrane.

26. Q. What is the principal difference between animals and plants? A. The latter can be nourished by simple mineral or chemical (that is unorganized) matter, while animal nutrition requires material which has been organized, or made part of a living being.

27. Q. What do most vegetable cells produce on the outside? A. A membrane or cell wall, within which the living matter is, as it were, imprisoned.

28. Q. What concentrations of living matter are there within a cell? A. A concentration called a *nucleus*, and sometimes a still further concentration within the nucleus, called *nucleolus*, or little nucleus.

29. Q. Of what substance is the cell wall composed? A. A substance somewhat like starch, called cellulose.

30. Q. When it becomes solid how is it known? A. As woody tissue.

31. Q. How is common wood made up? A. Of a number of these cells arranged side by side.

32. Q. Of what shape may vegetable cells be? A. They may be globular, oval, conical, prismatic, cylindrical, branched, or of any other form.

33. Q. What are some of the varieties of formed material into which the bioplasm within the cell wall may be transformed? A. They may be solid, as coloring matter, starch, crystals, and resin; or fluid, as oil and gum, or solutions of sugar or tannin.

34. Q. What is the most important of these substances called? A. Chlorophyll, the source of the green color of plants.

35. Q. What other product of vegetable cells is even more widely distributed than chlorophyll? A. Starch.

36. Q. How do cells generate? A. By self-multiplication.

37. Q. What are the simplest forms of plant life? A. Those that consist of a single cell.

38. Q. In the higher classes of plants what is the character of the union of cells which forms tissues and organs? A. It is permanent.

39. Q. What are made by the union of cells into groups? A. The woody fibers of plants, and the cellular tissue which makes the softer, fleshy and pithy parts.

40. Q. What has observation shown as to the production of new cells in the highest plants? A. That they are not produced everywhere uniformly, but in particular spots.

41. Q. What terms have been applied to places of this kind? A. Growing-point, and growing or formative layer.

42. Q. Where may growing-points and formative layers be seen? A. Growing-points may be seen in the tips of buds, and formative layers between the wood and bark of trees.

43. Q. What names have been given to the tissue which is here formed by the division and union of cells? A. Formative or generating tissue.

44. Q. What are in direct contrast to the generation tissues? A. The healing tissues, or cork tissues.

45. Q. How are vessels made? A. By the union of several cells, the partition-walls disappearing, while the union continues at the margin.

46. Q. What are bast-tubes or bast-fibers? A. They are long, pointed, thick-walled tubes, commonly united into bundles.

47. Q. To what part of the flower is the term nectaries, or honey-glands, given? A. To any part of a flower which secretes honey or sugary fluids.

48. Q. What is the first independent tissue formed in flowering plants by the union of cells? A. The epidermis or skin.

49. Q. What is each of the pores found among the epidermic cells called? A. A stoma, or mouth.

50. Q. What are hairs? A. They are epidermal structures, composed of one or more cells.

51. Q. What do we find next to the epidermis? A. The cortex, or bark, often composed of cells containing starch or chlorophyll.

52. Q. What is beneath the bark? A. The formative layer or cambium, in which thin-walled cells become transformed into vascular or bast-cells, and thence are changed into permanent cells.

53. Q. What do groups of cells thus formed, united into bundles and penetrating the rest of the tissue, form? A. The fibro-vascular bundles.

54. Q. What are the simpler types of plants that have no fibro-vascular bundles, called? A. Cellular plants.

55. Q. What are the rest termed? A. Vascular plants.

56. Q. Of what does the fundamental tissue generally consist? A. Of thin-walled cells containing starch, although other forms of cells may be present.

57. Q. What is the simplest form of individual plant life? A. A particle of living matter inclosed in a membrane or cell-wall.

58. Q. What are plants of this type of structure called? A. Protophytes.

59. Q. Where are many of these one-celled plants found? A. In the green slime which grows on stones and on boards in damp places.

60. Q. What is one of the simplest forms, often found in rain-water casks, called? A. The protococcus.

61. Q. What are the unicellular plants most interesting to those who study with the microscope? A. Diatoms.

62. Q. In the living state where are diatoms found abundantly? A. In every pond, rivulet, ocean and rock-pool.

63. Q. What do they form in a fossil state? A. Large strata of rock material.

64. Q. What are thallophytes? A. Plants composed of a tissue of cells, or bioplasts, but with no clear distinction of stem, root and leaves.

65. Q. What three classes are included under this type? A. Algæ, or sea-weeds; Lichens, or the dry, leafy, or mossy patches on trees, stones, etc.; and Fungi, or mushrooms, molds, and their allies.

66. Q. Into what three orders have Algæ, or sea-weeds, been divided? A. The red, the olive and the green sea-weeds.

67. Q. How are Fungi regarded by some scientists? A. As neither animal nor vegetable, but forming a sort of third kingdom.

68. Q. What seems to be the principal business of the Fungi? A. The removal of the waste material of both animal and vegetable life.

69. Q. What are Acrogens? A. Plants which grow at the summit only, and not in diameter.

70. Q. What plants do we find in fresh-water ponds and rivers, growing in tangled masses of dull green color that illustrate the manner of growth in the type of Acrogens? A. Stone-worts, consisting of two genera, Chara and Nitella.

71. Q. What are the nodes, and what the internodes in the stone-worts? A. The points on the axis, or stem, from which the branchlets spring, are called nodes, and the intervening parts are internodes.

72. Q. How is each internode formed? A. By the growth and elongation of single cells.

73. Q. How are the branchlets produced? A. By the subdivision of single cells.

74. Q. What other families of plants are examples of Acrogens? A. Ferns and Mosses.

75. Q. What are Endogens? A. Plants whose vessels and woody fibers first grow within the stem. The seed has but a single lobe, or cotyledon.

76. Q. What families of plants are found in the type of Endogens? A. Grasses, Rushes, Lilies, and Palms, with similar families.

77. Q. In the growing plant what part grows from the axis upward, and what part from the axis downward? A. The stem grows from the axis upward, and the root downward.

78. Q. What is the root formed by the downward elongation of the axis called? A. It is called the primary root.

79. Q. What is the stem of a plant? A. That part which bears the leaves, flowers, and fruit.

80. Q. What is the length of life of the stem and roots? A. It may be only a single year, or annual; two years, or biennial; or a number of years, or perennial.

81. Q. What are thorns? A. Undeveloped branches, and many plants which are thorny when wild are not so under cultivation.

82. Q. Of what are leaves constituted? A. Cells, with cavities, fibro-vascular bundles and epidermis.

83. Q. How do the veins in the leaves of Endogens differ from those in the leaves of Exogens? A. They are generally parallel or straight in Endogens, and do not form a network as in Exogens.

84. Q. What are five of the names given to leaves according to their shapes? A. Lanceolate, or narrow and tapering; oblong, or narrow and not tapering; cordate, or heart-shaped; sagittate, or arrow-shaped; and ovate, or egg-shaped.

85. Q. What is the function or use of leaves? A. To expose the juices of the plant to light and air, and thus aid in forming the woody matter of the stem and the various secretions.

86. Q. What constitute a plant's organs of nutrition? A. The root, stem and leaves.

87. Q. What is the flower of a plant? A. It is the organ, or assemblage of organs, for the production of the seed.

88. Q. What are the four whorls in which the parts of a flower are usually arranged called? A. The outer whorl is the calyx, the next the corolla, the third the stamens, and the innermost the pistil.

89. Q. To what is the term fruit applied in botanical language? A. To the mature, perfect pistil, whether dry or succulent.

90. Q. What nutritious grains are classed among the family of Endogens called grasses? A. Wheat, barley, oats, rice and Indian corn.

91. Q. What other families are noted members of the type of Endogens? A. Palms and bananas.

92. Q. What are some of the other families of the type of Endogens? A. The orchid, the lily and the bulrushes.

93. Q. What are Exogens? A. Plants whose woody fibres grow in outer layers. The seed has two lobes, or cotyledons.

94. Q. How many different species are included in this type? A. About seventy thousand.

95. Q. What are Incomplete Exogens? A. Those whose flowers have no corolla. They are of two kinds.

96. Q. What are the first kind? A. Those whose seeds are naked, as in the cone-bearing family, consisting of the fir and spruce tribe, the cypress tribe, and similar plants.

97. Q. What are the second kind? A. Those whose seeds are contained in the ovary, as the amaranth, buckwheat, laurel, nettle, fig, and the catkin-bearing family.

98. Q. What are some of the plants in the next sub-division of the type of Endogens, those whose flowers have both calyx and corolla? A. The honeysuckle, teasel, lobelia, convolvulus, primrose, and labiate and composite families.

99. Q. What are some of the families of plants found in another class of Exogens that also have calyx and corolla, but the corolla has distinct petals, and the stamens are attached to the calyx? A. The umbelliferous, the leguminous, and the cactus families.

100. Q. What are the distinguishing characteristics of the highest class, or the most perfect Exogens? A. The calyx and the corolla are present, the petals are distinct and inserted into the receptacle, and the stamens grow from beneath the ovary.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

President—Lewis Miller.

Superintendent of Instruction—J. H. Vincent, D.D.

Counselors—Lyman Abbott, D.D.; J. M. Gibson, D.D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D.D.; W. C. Wilkinson, D.D.

Office Secretary—Miss Kate F. Kimball.

General Secretary—A. M. Martin.

I.—AIM.

This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited), so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

2.—METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.

3.—COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study prescribed by the C. L. S. C. shall cover a period of four years.

4.—ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.

Each year's Course of Study will be considered the "First Year" for new pupils whether it be the first, second, third, or fourth of the four years' course. For example, "the class of 1887," instead of beginning October, 1883, with the same studies which were pursued in 1882-83 by "the class of 1886," will fall in with "the class of '86," and take for their first year the second year's course of the '86 class. The first year for "the class of 1886" will thus in due time become the fourth year for "the class of 1887."

5.—C. L. S. C. COURSE OF READING, 1883-84

I. REQUIRED.

History of Greece.* By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 2; parts 7, 8, 10 and 11. Price, \$1.15.

Stories in English History by the Great Historians. Edited by C. E. Bishop, Esq. Price, \$1.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 16, Roman History; No. 24, Canadian History; No. 21, American History; No. 5, Greek History. Price, 10 cents each.

Preparatory Latin Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price, \$1.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 23, English Literature. By Prof. J. H. Gilmore. Price, 10 cents.

Primer of American Literature. By C. F. Richardson. Price, 30 cents.

Biographical Stories by Hawthorne. Price, 15 cents.

How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By W. Blaikie. Price, cloth, 80 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology. By Dr. J. H. Wythe. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 18, Christian Evidences; No. 39, Sunday-School Normal Class Work; No. 43, Good Manners; No. 4, English History. Price, 10 cents each.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN, price, \$1.50, in which will be published:

Sunday Readings. Selected by Dr. J. H. Vincent.

Readings in Commercial Law. By Edwin C. Reynolds, Esq.

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Readings in German History and Literature.

Readings in Roman History.

Readings in American Literature.

Readings about the Arts, Artists, and their Masterpieces.

Readings in Physical Science.

ADDITIONAL READINGS FOR STUDENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1884.

Hints for Home Reading. By Dr. Lyman Abbott. Price, cloth, \$1; boards, 75 cts.

The Hall in the Grove. By Mrs. Alden. (A Story of Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.) Price, \$1.50.

Outline Study of Man. By Dr. Mark Hopkins. Price, \$1.50.

II. FOR THE WHITE SEAL.

Persons who pursue the "White Seal Course" of each year, in addition to the regular course, will receive at the time of their graduation a white seal for each year, to be attached to the regular diploma.

History of Greece.* By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 2. Completed. Price, \$1.15.

Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature. Vol. 2. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.

Church History. By Dr. Blackburn. Price, \$2.25.

Bacon's Essays. Price, \$1.25.

III. REQUIRED.—FOR THE WHITE (CRYSTAL) SEAL FOR GRADUATES OF '82 AND '83.

For the benefit of graduates of the C. L. S. C. who, being members of local circles, wish to continue in the same general line of reading as undergraduate members, a White Crystal Seal Course is prepared. This consists mainly of books belonging to the current year's study, but not previously read by the graduates. An additional white seal is also offered to the graduates, the books for which are specified under paragraph 4. Some of these books were in the first four year's course, and are therefore to be re-read. The payment of one dollar at one time entitles a graduate to the White Crystal and White Seals for four years. If only fifty cents is paid, it will be credited for but one year.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Required Reading.

History of Greece.* By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 2. Completed. Price, \$1.15.

Preparatory Latin Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price, \$1.

Credo. By Dr. L. T. Townsend. Price, \$1.

Bacon's Essays. Price, \$1.25.

IV. REQUIRED.—FOR ADDITIONAL WHITE SEAL FOR GRADUATES OF '82 AND '83.

Brief History of Greece. By J. Dorman Steele. Price, 60 cents.

Stories in English History by the Great Historians. Edited by C. E. Bishop. Price, \$1.

Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology. By Dr. J. H. Wythe. Price, cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Biographical Stories. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Price, 15 cents.

How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By W. Blaikie. Price, cloth, 80 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cts.

Primer of American Literature. By C. F. Richardson. Price, 30 cents.

Chautauqua Text-Books, Nos. 4, 5, 16, 18, 21, 23, 39 and 43. Price, each, 10 cents.

*Students of the new class (1887) to be organized this fall, and graduates of the classes of '82 and '83, not having read volume 1 of Timayenis's History of Greece, will not be required to read volume 2, but instead of volume 2, of Timayenis's, will read "Brief History of Greece." Price, paper, 60 cts.

The following is the distribution of the books and readings through the year:

October.

History of Greece.* Vol. 2. By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Parts 7 and 8.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 5, Greek History. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.

Primer of American Literature. By C. F. Richardson.

Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

November.

History of Greece.* Vol. 2. By Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Parts 10 and 11.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 5, Greek History. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.

Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

December.

Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology. By Dr. J. H. Wythe.

Biographical Stories. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 24, Canadian History.

Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

January.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. 14 chapters.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 18, Christian Evidences. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.

Chautauqua Text-Books.—No. 39, Sunday School Normal Class Work.

Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN

February.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. By J. B. Walker. Completed.

6.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Members of the C. L. S. C. may take, in addition to the regular course above prescribed, one or more special courses, and pass an examination upon them. Pupils will receive credit and testimonial seals to be appended to the regular diploma, according to the merit of examinations on these supplemental courses.

7.—THE PREPARATORY COURSE.

Persons who are too young, or not sufficiently advanced in their studies to take the regular C. L. S. C. course, may adopt certain preparatory lessons for one or more years.

For circulars of the preparatory course, address Miss K. F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, New Jersey.

8.—INITIATION FEE.

To defray the expenses of correspondence, memoranda, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., (by New York or Philadelphia draft, Post-office order on Plainfield, N. J., or the new Postal Note, to be ready about September 1.) Do not send postage-stamps if you can possibly avoid it. Three-cent stamps will not be received.

N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure to state to which class you belong, whether 1884, 1885, 1886, or 1887.

9.—APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Persons desiring to unite with the C. L. S. C. should forward answers to the following questions to Miss K. F. KIMBALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J. The class graduating in 1887 should begin the study of the lessons required October, 1883. They may begin as late as January 1, 1884.

1. Give your name in full.
2. Your post-office address, with county and State.
3. Are you married or single?
4. What is your age? Are you between twenty and thirty, or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.?
5. If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years?
6. What is your occupation?
7. With what religious denomination are you connected?
8. Do you, after mature deliberation, resolve, if able, to prosecute the four years' course of study presented by the C. L. S. C.?
9. Do you promise, if practicable, to give an average of four hours a week to the reading and study required by this course?
10. How much more than the time specified do you hope to give to this course of study?

10.—TIME REQUIRED.

An average of forty minutes' reading each week-day will enable the student in nine months to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course of reading on the same subjects has been indicated. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes during one's secular toil will lighten labor, brighten life, and develop power.

11.—MEMORANDA.

The annual 'examinations' will be held at the homes of the members, and in writing. Duplicate Memoranda are forwarded, one copy being retained by each student and the other filed out and forwarded to the office at Plainfield, N. J.

12.—ATTENDANCE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Persons should be present to enjoy the annual meetings at Chautauqua, but attendance there is not necessary to graduation in the C. L. S. C. Persons who have never visited Chautauqua may enjoy the advantages, diploma, and honors of the "Circle."

13.—MISCELLANEOUS.

For the history of the C. L. S. C., an explanation of the LOCAL CIRCLES, the MEMORIAL DAYS to be observed by all true C. L. S. C. members, ST. PAUL'S GROVE at Chautauqua, etc., etc., address (inclose two-cent stamp) Miss K. F. KIMBALL, Plainfield, N. J., who will forward the "Chautauqua Hand-Book, No. 2," sixty-four pages. Blank forms, containing the ten questions given in paragraph 9, will also be sent on application.

14.—CHAUTAUQUA PERIODICALS.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN, organ of the C. L. S. C.; 76 pages; ten numbers; \$1.50 per year. CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD, organ of Chautauqua meetings; 8 pages; 48 columns. Daily in August; 10 numbers. Contains the lectures delivered at Chautauqua; \$1 per volume. Both periodicals one year, \$2.50. Address Dr. Theodore L. Flood, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

15.—BOOKS OF THE C. L. S. C.

For all the books address Phillips & Hunt, New York, or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago.

*Students of the new class (1887) to be organized this fall, not having read volume 1 of Timayenis's History of Greece, will not be required to read volume 2, but instead of volume 2, of Timayenis's, will read "Brief History of Greece." Price, paper, 60 cts.

†We ask this question to ascertain the possible future intellectual and moral influence of this "Circle" on your homes.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON II.—BIBLE SECTION.

The Bible from God Through Man.

By J. L. HURLBUT, D.D.

The Sunday-school teacher in his work uses one book, and one only. To that one book he appeals as an authority; the doctrines contained in that book he asserts as truth; the moral system of that book he insists upon as the standard for man's obedience. It is therefore necessary to know concerning the Bible:

I. The claims of the Bible believer.

II. The evidences supporting those claims.

I. There are *four claims* made on behalf of the Bible by those who believe in it.

1. *Its Genuineness.* By this we mean that we possess the book substantially as it was written. Not that we have an absolutely perfect text, or that the translations represent precisely the original, or that we know just when or by whom all the books were written, but that the work has come into our possession without serious mutilation or interpolation. We can accept it as the Bible.

2. *Its Authenticity.* By this we mean that the book contains the truth. Its records are trustworthy history; its reports of discourses or parables or conversations give the substance of their thoughts; its statements upon every subject can be depended upon as honest and truthful.

3. *Its Inspiration.* By this we mean simply that this book came from God. "Divine inspiration we understand to be an extraordinary divine agency upon teachers while giving instruction, whether oral or written, by which they were taught what and how they should write or speak." (Dr. Knapp, quoted by McClintock and Strong.)

4. *Its Authority.* By this we mean that the Bible contains God's law, and was given to us as the standard in life. It contains "the only rule, and the sufficient rule, for our faith and practice." No doctrine is to be accepted unless it is in accordance with the teachings of the Bible, and no law is binding which conflicts with the higher law of the Scriptures.

II. *The Evidences Supporting these Claims.* It is not necessary to present the proofs of each claim apart from the others. Those attesting the genuineness of the Bible will be given with Lesson iv, "The Canon of Scripture;" but the other claims are so linked together that the proofs of one are the proofs of all. If the Bible can be proven *true*, its truth is of such a nature as to show a divine original; and if it proceeds from God, it comes as God's law. Hence we present together the *Ten Evidences* of its Authenticity, Inspiration and Authority.

1. *Its Adaptation to Human Need.* (1) We start with the proposition that *there is a God*; a person who governs the universe; not a mere personification of law or force, but a spiritual existence. (2) *God has a Law.* If God has no law for man, then for man there is practically no God. (3) *We have a right to know that law.* What would be thought of a law-maker with absolute power, who concealed his decrees, yet expected his subjects to obey them, and punished them for disobedience? (4) *We find just such a law as we need in the Bible, and we find it nowhere else, for it is not stamped into our consciousness, nor is it written in nature.* (5) We conclude then that *the Bible contains the Divine Revelation.*

2. *Its General Acceptance.* The common consent of intelligent society has accredited this book as authentic and divine. (1) We find an *early acceptance* among those best acquainted with its facts, and nearest to them; the Old Testament regarded as divine among the Jews; the New Testament among the Christians. (2) We find a *continuous acceptance* through all

the centuries since; at no time the chain of belief being broken. (3) We find a *present acceptance* now; in this age of searching investigation, when nothing is accepted on ground of tradition only, the Bible has more readers, more students, more believers in the intelligent classes than at any previous period of its history.

3. *Its Characteristics.* The Bible contains four traits which, taken together, distinguish it from all other books. (1) *Its Variety.* Written at intervals through 1,600 years, by more than thirty authors, in different lands and different languages, it contains history, poetry, genealogy, biography, ethics, epistles, doctrine, and many other classes of composition. (2) *Its Harmony.* Underneath its variety of the surface there is a harmony, so that its statements and its principles are nowhere discordant. Contrast with this the discords of scientists. Could we place on one shelf sixty-six books on astronomy, written during sixteen centuries, by thirty writers, and find them harmonious? (3) *Its Unity.* Amid all the different subjects of the Bible there is one unifying purpose. It presents as its theme *Redemption*, and every chapter in every book falls into line in relation to that central thought. (4) *Its Progressiveness.* There is a steady development of truth in Scripture, a growing light through its centuries. We see the revelation beginning with Adam, taking a step upward with Noah, another with Abraham, again with Jacob, and so mounting higher in turn with Moses, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Malachi, Peter and Paul, each on a loftier platform of spiritual knowledge than the age before him, until John crowns the pyramid of truth in his gospel and the Apocalypse. Not all the earth can show another book besides the Bible with all these four traits, which show the work divine.

4. *The Harmony of its Relations.* The statements of the Bible come into relation with facts ascertained in various departments of knowledge; yet in none of these do we find contradiction, in all an ever increasing harmony as our knowledge grows. (1) *With Localities.* The Bible names more than two thousand places in the ancient world; lands, rivers, seas, mountains, towns, villages, brooks, etc., yet not a single locality has been placed wrongly by the Scripture. (2) *With Existing Institutions.* We find in the world such bodies of people as the Jews, the Samaritans, the Christian church; such services as the passover, baptism, the Lord's Supper, etc. Take away the Bible and none of these can be accounted for; open the Bible, their origin is plain. (3) *With Historical Monuments.* During the present century thousands of ancient inscriptions have been brought forth and deciphered, and the history of great empires has been written, bearing close relation to the history of the Bible. But not a line of the Bible annals has been discredited by these explorations, and many Bible statements have been placed in clearer light. (4) *With Science.* Though "the conflict of science and the Bible" has been often referred to, yet the testimony of the best scientists is that the opening chapters of Genesis are in substantial and growing accord with geology; that the tenth chapter of Genesis tallies with the latest conclusions of comparative philology; and that modern astronomy furnishes the best illustrations of the attributes of God as revealed in Scripture.

5. *The Fulfillment of its Prophecies.*—It is very evident that no man, unaided by Divine wisdom, can know the future and make prediction of coming events. Yet there is a book containing many prophecies, which have been fulfilled to the letter. (1) There are *predictions concerning places*, as Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Tyre, Egypt, all differing in their statements, yet all brought to pass. (2) There is a series of predictions concerning Christ, beginning in Eden and extending through the Old Testament, growing in definiteness as the hour of fulfillment drew near, and all accomplished. Thus the New Testament and the Old mutually prove each other.

6. *The Person of Christ.*—We find in the gospels four accounts, by different writers, of one Person. They tell us that

he was at once God and man; that he grew up in a country village, yet surpassed all the wisdom of the philosophers; that he could create food, yet suffered hunger; that he could raise the dead, yet submitted to be tortured and crucified; that he was free from worldly ambition, yet became the founder of the greatest kingdom earth has seen. The life, the character, the personality, is so unique and original that no one could have invented it. Hence the writers of the gospels must have drawn their sketch from the life.

7. *The Candor of its Writers.*—The authors of these documents write like honest men, telling their story plainly, without partisan bias. They relate the sins of their heroes, Abraham's deception, Jacob's double-dealing, Moses' anger, David's crime, Peter's denial, Paul's quarrel with Barnabas. Their tone of sincerity shows the truthfulness of the narration.

8. *The Elevation of its Teachings.*—Here is a book, written in an age when even the most cultured nations worshiped idols and held the grossest conceptions of God, with correspondingly low ideals of morals for men. Yet in such ages, the Bible presents a view of God to which the world has been slowly broadening its vision; and a standard of character which rises far above that of Plato, Cicero, or Confucius, and is now adopted as the ideal manhood by ethical philosophers. Whence, but from a divine source, came those lofty teachings of the Scriptures?

9. *Its Influence Upon the World.*—What the Bible has done shows the hiding of its power. (1) *See its effects upon nations.* The lands where it is honored, America, England, North Germany, are the three lands of most advanced civilization and largest hope for the race. The lands where it is forbidden, as Spain, or where it is unknown, as China, are those whose condition is most hopeless. (2) *See its effects upon individuals.* The people who study the Bible are not the drunkards, thieves, criminal classes. Those who have the word in their minds and hearts become purer, better, higher than others. It transforms men from sinners to saints, and its influence makes earth a picture of heaven. No false book, no deceiving book could thus make the world better.

10. *Its Self Convincing Power in Experience.*—There is in the consciousness of man a conviction that the religion of the Bible rests upon a sound foundation. And he who puts the Bible to the test in his own experience, who lives its life, and follows its law, and enjoys its communings, finds an assurance to the satisfaction of his spiritual nature, that this book contains God's message to his soul. Every Christian's experience is, therefore, a testimony to the truth and the inspiration of Scripture.

[To those who wish to pursue this subject further we recommend the following works: "Credo," by L. T. Townsend; "The Logic of Christian Evidences," by Dr. Wright; Chautauqua Text Book No. 18; "Christian Evidences," by Dr. Vincent; "The Christ of History," by Principal Young; "Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament," by Rawlinson & Hackett; "The Story of Creation," by Dr. Campbell; and "Farmer Tompkins and His Bibles," by W. J. Beecher, D.D.]

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS.—S. S. SECTION.

LESSON II.—THE SUPERINTENDENT: HIS QUALIFICATIONS, DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITY.

By R. A. HOLMES, A.M.

In Lesson I we considered the place, purpose and prerogatives of the Sunday-school. That it may keep to its place, accomplish its purpose, and enjoy its prerogatives, efficient organization is necessary. By universal consent the chief officer of such organization is called "The Superintendent." Experience has proved that the character of the school and its success or failure, as measured by the standards already given, depend very largely upon the character of the superintendent and his understanding of his work. This lesson will content itself with answering briefly three questions:

I. *What are the Qualifications of the Model Superintendent?*—The purpose of the school is the conversion and spiritual education of those who are under its influence. This, therefore, must be the purpose of the superintendent. As one can not teach what he does not know, so he can not accomplish a purpose unless he knows practically the steps which lead to its accomplishment. The superintendent therefore must be (a) *both converted and spiritually educated.* Conversion implies oneness with Christ in will and desire. Christ's will is the conversion of the world. To effect it he instituted the church on earth. The superintendent must therefore be (b) *a member of the church, and a firm believer in it and its power.*

The church in its endeavor to accomplish its holy mission has instituted the Sunday-school. Its special function is the teaching of the word. Its great need is and has been competent teachers. Their appointment and continuance in office rests with the superintendent. The superintendent should therefore be (c) *a good judge of human nature; (d) a person of approved teaching ability.*

The school in active operation uses as its only text-book the Holy Scriptures. The text-book is a difficult one. It deals with the deepest problems of spiritual life and death. It is the offspring of a remote day, and is filled with allusions to a state of society and social customs entirely foreign to anything with which we are familiar. A trained teacher in secular education with no knowledge of this book may make utter failure as a teacher of it. A knowledge of it in its entirety is absolutely essential to the teacher in the Sunday-school. The superintendent must therefore be (e) *a thorough and intelligent scholar in Bible lore.*

The membership of the Sunday-school, aside from teachers and officers, is largely composed of children and youth. By nature humanity tires of monotony. Children are more restive under monotonous routine than those who have won self-control by culture. To keep in the school its children and youth, to keep them interested in its purposes while in the school, and to hold them untiringly to the true work of the school, needs fertility of brain to give proper variety to the conduct of the school, intelligence to discern the effects of all measures that are adopted, tact to change and adapt to the ever varying conditions of school life, and common sense to direct and govern the whole. The superintendent must therefore be (f) *a person fertile in expedients* and (g) *a person of intelligence, tact and common sense.*

But often in the conduct of the school infelicities occur. The different parts do not move in harmony with each other. Cases of variance between pupils and teachers arise. Often times the school suffers from financial lack. The chief officer of the school is the one to whom all such matters come for final adjudication. The superintendent therefore must be (h) *a person of good executive ability*, that with firm, strong hand he may hold each part of the system of which he is the center revolving in its own orbit, never flagging, never tiring, never ceasing to do its own part in the work, never clashing with any other. Such are some of the principal qualifications of the superintendent.

II. *What should be his personal character?*—In general, all that is suggested in the foregoing outline as to qualifications. But our requirements must not end there. A man may be a so-called Christian and yet be far from possessing the character which is an essential to the Sunday-school superintendent. He may be a church member, and be even less than a so-called Christian. He may be a good judge of human nature, and yet himself a poor illustration of it. He may be possessed of fine teaching power, and yet misuse it. He may know the Bible as well as Erasmus, and yet be like Erasmus, the subject of Luther's keen reproach of being everything in word, and nothing in deed. He may be all we have described, and yet lack in character.

The superintendent therefore should be pious, "having rev-

erence for God, and for religious duties." He should be devout, that is, should carry into daily life the active expression of his piety. This would forbid sudden anger, inconsiderate levity, trifling with Scriptures, by thoughtless quotations, and all outward conduct that does not comport with true consecration. He should be honest, truthful in word and act, humble, loyal, and scrupulously observant of the Sabbath.

His constant motto should be as he daily studies to build character in himself and others, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Let the student make for himself an outline of what the superintendent should be in character.

III. *What are his duties?*—They are four fold. (1) To his church. (2) To his pastor. (3) To his teachers. (4) To his pupils.

His duties to his church are plain.

1. *He should attend the regular services of the church regularly.*—This can admit of no negative. He should do it for its effect on himself. He should do it as an encouragement to his teachers. He should do it as an example to his pupils.

2. *He should impress habitual church going as a duty upon his teachers and pupils* from the desk in the Sunday-school room, and should use all means to effect the object.

3. *He should contribute regularly and uniformly to all the benevolent objects* which the church presents as worthy of Christian liberality. The reasons for this are too plain to need mention.

4. *He should urge to the same duty the teachers and pupils of the school*, that they may each do their part, no matter how small, in the work of Christian benevolence.

5. *He should contribute of his means as God prompts* him to the support of his church, and not measure himself by the standard of proportionate values. He should also teach the same duty in his school.

6. *He should be loyal to his own particular church*; should know its particular beliefs; should pray for its particular welfare; and fearlessly do whatever lies in his power to promote its purity and peace.

II. *His duties to his pastor.*

1. Is that of *Coöperation*. The pastor and superintendent should know each other's plans and purposes thoroughly. The pastor should always be able to feel that in his superintendent

he has one upon whom he can depend, who will aid him in his work; share with him a certain portion of the duties devolved upon him, and in all possible ways be like Aaron and Hur, hand upholders in the fight against Amalek.

2. That of *Allegiance*. The pastor is the one man of all the church upon whom all eyes are fixed. Among his multitude of acts, some will be misunderstood. Among the multitude of tongues some will be captious and critical. A spark may kindle a conflagration. The superintendent owes it to church and pastor to be loyal to his pastor and render him the knightly service which the king could expect from the lord. He should also teach the same duty to teachers and pupils in the school.

3. *He should be his Pastor's Index Rerum*; not his mentor, but his reference, to which he can turn for information concerning affairs in that portion of the church represented by the school. Sick children to be visited, poverty to be helped with true charity, anxious souls looking for the Savior, these and many similar are within the superintendent's knowledge oft times, when unknown to the pastor. To bring them to the pastor's knowledge is an evident duty.

4. That of *Harmony*. The pastor and superintendent should agree. The school should have no plans or methods contrary to the pastor's desires. Church and school should walk the same path, and in it go hand in hand.

III. *His duties to his Teachers*. While these are many we mention but five, and these without discussion, leaving the student to fill up the outlines.

1st. *Supervision of Work*. 2d. *Personal and close Acquaintance*. 3d. *Frequent Visiting*. 4th. *Individual Coöperation*. 5th. *A Weekly Teacher's Meeting*.

IV. *What are his duties to his Pupils?*

1st. *To know each one personally*. It is the measure of the superintendent's power. 2d. *To visit them at their homes*, or to insure a visit by their teachers. It is his chief means of knowledge concerning them. 3d. *To review their knowledge of the lesson* regularly, from week to week, and at the quarter's end to conduct a thorough and systematic review of the quarter's teaching. 4th. *To urge them to all of the various duties* which are required of one in the Christian life. 5th. *To aid their home training*, or supplement it, in providing suitable methods for using their spare time. 6th. *To set before them the constant example* of a pure and holy life.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE C. L. S. C. PLAN.

No organization that has appeared in the past fifty years has been more favored than the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. From the first the surroundings have been such as to aid its growth. Eminent educators and literary men pronounced their blessings on its head the day it was born. Thousands of people shouted its praises to the echo, in the grove at Chautauqua, as soon as they saw what it was and heard its name. Chautauqua had a history of five years, to place behind the C. L. S. C.—a history of enterprising investigation in the fields of science and philosophy, Biblical literature, church and Sunday-school work, and moral reforms. It was five years of hard work to popularize useful information on all these lines of thought. This was a good beginning for the C. L. S. C., and right here it started. With the summer meetings at Chautauqua it has been associated during these first five years of its history. The C. L. S. C. Commencement exercises are held in the Hall of Philosophy, in St. Paul's grove, at

Chautauqua, and from thence the diplomas are sent out to the graduates all over the world.

It never was the design of Dr. Vincent or Mr. Lewis Miller, the founders of Chautauqua, that all the work of students should be pressed into the compass of three weeks of meetings in August, but rather that Chautauqua should be carried into towns and cities, into homes and offices and workshops all over the land. When the C. L. S. C. appeared and its curriculum was announced with the promise that every person who should complete the four years course of reading in ancient and modern history and literature, the sciences, philosophy and art, would graduate and receive a diploma signed by the officers of the C. L. S. C., the idea was easily carried abroad. The press of the country was ready, as we now see, to assist. The plan was written up and philosophized upon from the beginning; but more than this was needed to insure success. To make the Chautauqua Idea as practical in a town five hundred or a thousand miles away as it was at Chautauqua was a hard task

to perform; but when it was decided that the *individual* could enroll his name in the C. L. S. C. office and pursue his studies at home, or when traveling, by devoting forty minutes a day to his books, and could fill out examination papers at the end of each year, the practicability of the plan was admitted by everybody. The organization was simple, the working of the system has been almost perfect, and each succeeding year has witnessed a marvelous growth; classes ranging from 7,000 up to 14,000 members have been enrolled from year to year until the present outlook is more encouraging than all the past.

The local circle has come to be an important factor in the working of the organization. Men are clannish, and in the work of education the world has always recognized the social element as a powerful agency. It was natural that in the C. L. S. C. men and women, who had no scruples on the question of the co-education of the sexes, should come together and effect local organizations, elect their officers and do their work methodically, under the inspiration of one another's presence. Just as in raising a building ten men are stronger than one man, so in a town or city ten persons will lift up the Chautauqua Idea in more homes and attract the attention of more people to it than one person possibly can. "In union there is strength," and while the practical working of the "local circle" is to be seen in the growing intelligence of its individual members, it is a fact that through the local circle the C. L. S. C. is taking hold of the people in all parts of our land, and thus demonstrating that the founders of Chautauqua have inaugurated an educational system which has the merit of being a "Home College," whose privileges may be enjoyed by all classes and conditions of people. While it is not sectarian or even denominational, it is Christian, and carries correct ideas of God and the Bible, of Jesus Christ and redemption, of the Holy Ghost and Christian life into every reader's mind and into every family where the course of study is received.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Our heritage of civil and religious liberty is an outgrowth of the Reformation, begun in the fifteenth century. By common consent the Protestant churches confess indebtedness to Martin Luther, the principal agent raised up by God for the deliverance of his people. We gladly join our brethren of a free press and the heralds of a free gospel, in making some mention of this fourth centennial day. Want of space must greatly abridge the tribute we would bring, and forbids any attempt to weave such fitting chaplets as other hands will certainly bring to the altar.

Four hundred years ago to-day, November 10, 1483, Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, Saxony. The great German reformer, whose words shook the world, and whose power, after centuries, is felt by millions indebted to him, was of humble origin, his parents being peasants of the poorer class, but religious, honest, self-respecting people. He refers tenderly to them, and says: "In supporting their family they had a hard and bitter fight of it." His own privations and hardships in early life were met with something of the heroism and persistence of endeavor that marked his later years. In school, though a sprightly lad, full of fun and frolic, and often corrected for his faults by a severe master, he was yet a diligent student, eager for communion with all truth. His ambition and thirst for knowledge led him gracefully to accept what was unfavorable in his circumstances, yet not passively or without methods of improving them. The spirited youth, with some others under like pecuniary embarrassments, rather than leave school, for a time sought bread in the neighboring villages, and found way to the hearts of their benefactors by singing at their doors. The songs of the boys seem to have been offered and accepted as a remuneration for the material aid they needed, and thus the depressing sense of mendicancy was not so seriously felt. He earned his master's degree when yet

young, having by his proficiency in both classical studies and philosophy attracted the attention of some scholarly men. He left school with honors, but not happy. Soon after began the great struggle of his eventful life. On a careful introspection he found in his quickened soul cravings that human knowledge could not satisfy. Educated a Catholic, and observant of all their rites and ceremonies, but finding little comfort in them, in his unrest and almost despondence, he entered a monastery, thinking by fastings, penance and prayers to find relief for a wounded conscience. The way to him was dark; the conflict terrible; the unhappy monk knew of sin, but not the Savior. The day of his deliverance was at hand, though for a time he saw but the dawn. With the Bible found in his cell as his almost only guide, he at length clearly apprehended the way of salvation by faith alone—believing he was justified. The change was great, and the whole tenor of his after life confessed it. The strong, earnest, cultured man, rejoicing now in the gospel liberty, himself baptized with the spirit and fully consecrated to work for others, was a fit instrument for inaugurating any needed reformation. Led by the spirit and ever true to his convictions, he was soon, though wishing to avoid the issue, in open conflict with the Papal authorities. How bravely, and with what results the battle was fought, is well known. It was an open, manly fight. Any disguise with him was simply impossible. He never masked his own position, nor sought to flank that of the enemy. The warfare, on his part, was honorable, but the shafts he forged were pointed, and hurled with tremendous force. His multitudinous disquisitions, essays and replies came in quick succession, as the exigencies of the controversy called for them. He wrote, any reader will say, rapidly, from the fullness of his mind and heart; and very few authors have left on their works so strong an impress of their own personality. He is perhaps best known in his "Table Talk." There is a freshness in these off-hand sayings that is charming, and quite disarms criticism. His greatest gift to the German people was his faithful translation of the Bible into their vernacular, and his commentaries that are still held in high esteem. The reformer's influence, great while he lived, has increased immensely during the four centuries. As a biblical critic and expositor his ability is now recognized by the general church. He held to the spiritual and supernatural in religion, but recognized the human as well as divine factor in the books of the Bible, and in that, too, the church is in sympathy with him.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

Of this question it is the political aspect which at the present time is most prominent. It is becoming a grave, disturbing force in our politics. Viewing the temperance cause in the light of political action, it is clear that it is advancing, and that those who have the cause at heart have reason to thank God and take courage. No little chagrin was felt when it was known that the noble action of the people of Iowa a year ago, in voting for constitutional prohibition, was, owing to a technicality, of none effect. But again in that great state the battle has been fought; this time in a different way. The Republican party there had the wisdom to champion the prohibition measure; this plank was squarely inserted in the party platform, and in the campaign recently closed it was the leading issue. We have the result of the election, and it should give the friends of temperance encouragement and hope. A second time this righteous principle has triumphed. The Republican party has won the day, and if its avowed purpose is redeemed in the State of Iowa, the sale of strong drink will soon be made a crime. We turn to the state of Ohio, and here, too, we see sure tokens that the temperance cause is moving forward. The confession comes from prominent politicians, that if, in Ohio as in Iowa, their party had adopted prohibition it might have been better. This was not done; but the question in the late election was

submitted to a popular vote and the result, all things considered, is most encouraging. Some sanguine people may have had faith that the prohibitory amendment would be carried, but perhaps the number was not large. That it received the great vote it did in a state where the liquor interest is of such magnitude and so strongly entrenched, is something to cheer and make thankful the hearts of good people.

One does not need the vision of a prophet to see that the day of the triumph of prohibition in our country is coming on. The right is to win. The time is in the not-distant future when state laws and state constitutions will say that men shall not make their living by pandering to the depraved appetite of fellow men. The rum-seller's business will be made illegal and criminal. Even those who are looking forward to the prohibition of the liquor traffic by the national constitution will not long be called fanatical and visionary. But meanwhile other work for temperance besides that looking to this condition of things, so much to be desired, should not be neglected. Personal effort to preserve the youth and reclaim men is always demanded. People are clearly in error who say: "Prohibition or nothing." Laws whose aim is the curtailing of liquor selling, should be sought, enacted, sustained and enforced as better than none at all. Until we can have prohibition, let us have as stringent restrictive enactments as possible. It is a short-sighted view of things which prompts such a sentiment as this: "If we can not have prohibition, let us have free rum." The adage of the "half-loaf" and the "whole" is full of sound wisdom. We can but think there are earnest temperance men who make a grave mistake. Prohibition—unquestionably the true measure to apply to the liquor traffic, and for whose adoption we should persistently work—fills their minds and hearts. They bend their energies to secure this. But for other legal measures, falling short of this desideratum, and aiming only to restrict the wretched traffic, they have no support. Everywhere restrictive liquor statutes are seen very imperfectly executed for want of interest and determined effort on the part of temperance people, whose rigid enforcement would work a grateful change in our communities. If the law says that the saloon shall not be opened on Sunday; that it shall be closed at a certain hour of the night; that intoxicants shall not be sold to youth under a certain age, or by any provision looks to the diminution of the great curse of our people, it should be regarded as good so far as it goes, for so much of prohibition as it contains, and should have the support of good citizens, though their hope looks and their labors are directed to the total prohibition by law of the sale of strong drink as a beverage. To make the best and most of what we have is the true policy in every issue of life. If we can not have prohibition now, we can see that our laws are enforced. When they are thoroughly enforced, we will be much nearer prohibition.

AN EXTRA DAY IN THE CALENDAR.

"There is an island off the coast of New Zealand where the day of the week changes. There Saturday is Sunday, and Sunday, Monday. When Sunday noon closes, Monday noon begins. A man sits down to his dinner Sunday noon, and it is Monday noon before he is done eating."

A correspondent sends us the above statement and asks, is it correct? We answer: Not to the islanders, who, as ourselves, have but 365 solar days in a year. But to a stranger coming there on his voyage round the world, who has 366 at his disposal, it is true. He has one day to spare, has no name or place for it in the week, and just drops it out of his reckoning, as though it had never been. The explanation is simple enough, even for the young. The revolution of the earth on its axis, from west to east, once in 24 hours, gives the sun an apparent motion round the earth from east to west. To us the sun rises and sets. The succession of day and night is just the same as if the sun really went round the earth. As the sun's apparent motion is from east to west, a man traveling eastward, at whatever speed, will see the sun rise, reach the meridian, and set, a little sooner each day than the day before. So the time indicated by his watch, and that by the sun will differ more and more as he goes on; and what he gains each day in time will evidently be to a solar day, as the distance traveled is to the earth's circumference. One degree east will make a difference of four minutes, fifteen degrees an hour, one hundred and eighty degrees twelve hours. Having reached the one hundred and eightieth meridian, his chronometer and the sun are just twelve hours apart, so he changes his reckoning, to avoid confusion, and at noon Sunday calls it Monday. The correction is of course too much, but if he waits till beyond that time it amounts to more than half a day, and is constantly increasing. If the error is to be corrected all at once—and this is the only way that is found practicable—it should be done when it amounts to half a day. When he has completed the circuit of the earth a whole day will have been gained. If another man, from the same place of departure, go west, or with the sun, he will lose a day, and the two meeting would be, if neither had changed his reckoning, two whole days apart—yet each had the same number of hours and minutes. He who had the greater number of days had them just so much shorter. There is, of course, no reason in the nature of things, why the days of the week should be changed on the one hundred and eightieth meridian rather than elsewhere. There must be some point from which longitude is reckoned, and to avoid confusion English and American navigators agree on Greenwich, near London, and their nautical charts, almanacs, etc., are arranged accordingly. If they had taken as their starting point Washington, the one hundred and eightieth meridian would have been west of where it is, the number of degrees between the places.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The privilege of joining the new C. L. S. C. class just forming will be granted till the first day of January, 1884. This class will graduate in October. It begins work with genuine Chautauqua enthusiasm. Send applications for membership to Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.

The Protestant Episcopalians held their General Convention in Philadelphia in October, and during this month they consecrated an assistant Bishop for New York City, and another for the city of Baltimore. The Methodist Episcopal Church will hold their General Conference in the same city in May, 1884.

General Sherman says that he regards the Indian question as substantially eliminated from the problem of the army. The completion of the trans-continental lines of railway, and the extensive emigration into the territories have made large contributions to the settlement of the question. But for all that, we shall find many demands made upon us by the Indians in the future. Fair treatment of them will go far toward preventing trouble.

Governor Murray, of Utah, reports to the Secretary of the Interior that a secret organization among the Mormons, which

has been in existence for a number of years, nullifies the laws of the United States and prevents the execution of the decrees of the Supreme Court. The Governor proposes to repeal the act giving a legislature to the territory, and to rule the people directly by the United States Government. That is a good suggestion, but why does not Governor Murray do something to prevent Mormon missionaries importing men, and especially women, from European countries to keep their ranks full? We send missionaries to foreign lands to preach the gospel, and permit the Mormons to bring agents of evil over here by the hundreds and thousands.

The lively canvass for the election of Mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., has brought to light the fact that the cost of the Brooklyn bridge was \$21,000,000.

That fine military organization known as the Cleveland Greys has decided to purchase ten acres of land on the shores of Chautauqua Lake for a summer camping ground.

General Sheridan is now commander of the armies of the United States. His abilities as a fighter, which made his splendid reputation in the Shenandoah Valley and on other fields of battle, are not needed now, but rather the qualities which made him an excellent quartermaster as a staff officer. The nation is to be congratulated that while the great generals of the war, Grant and Sherman, are retiring, so capable and worthy an officer as Sheridan, who won a world-wide fame by his skill and heroism in battle, is promoted to this important command.

It is estimated that the German-American element in this country can not fall short of nine millions. This embraces all that were born in the Fatherland, and all that were born of German parents in this country, and that speak the German language.

Three hundred thousand voters in Ohio declared themselves in favor of constitutional prohibition at the election in October. The moral force of that vote is tremendous. Never before did the Prohibitionists, who believe in carrying their cause into politics, act more wisely than when they compelled an old and powerful political organization to take up their cause and plead for its success—"wisdom is justified of her children." If they did fail the effort was a great success, as is every action for a good cause. When the dominant political party shall adopt prohibition as one of the chief planks in its platform it will hold the Christian and temperance voters in its ranks, but when it throws this cause overboard these people will think seriously of turning their political machinery upside down.

Mr. V. C. Dibble expresses these sensible views on a live question in a recent number of the *Journal of Education*: "The objection to classical culture rests upon the assumption that it is not practical; an assumption which, although not uncommon, is nevertheless incorrect. There is no issue between classical education and that which is practical. The only education worthy of any serious advocacy is the practical—that which is adapted to the condition of its subjects, and which will prepare them for the real work which life will demand of them. Education is in fact life begun."

The paper on which the United States currency is printed is manufactured at Dalton, Mass., and the Boston *Herald*, in a recent issue, gives the following particulars: Eighteen or twenty Treasury girls, who earn \$3 a day, count the sheets, examining each one closely, and rejecting all imperfect ones. An automatic register at the end of the machine registers every sheet as it is cut off and laid down. The register man takes them away in even hundreds, and they are immediately counted in the drying room. In all the various processes of finishing every sheet is counted, and they are again counted on their re-

ceipt at the Treasury Department in Washington. The great protection of the government against counterfeiting lies in the paper here made. The distinctive feature is the introduction of colored silk threads into the body of the paper while it is in the process of manufacture. They are introduced while the paper is in the pulp, and are carried along with it to the end of the machine, where it is delivered as actual paper. This has been more fatal than anything else to the professional counterfeiters.

The political work during the past month has been a contest in several states for state officers. Massachusetts has attracted the attention of politicians everywhere, because General Butler was the most conspicuous figure in the campaign. He was a musical candidate. Editors of political papers never failed to criticize him and to praise him. He mixed up with schools, charitable institutions, moral reforms, and the industries of the state. He has been defeated by a heavy majority, and Mr. Robinson, the Republican candidate, elected over him. It is now predicted by the wise ones that this will close General Butler's race for the presidency, but this may prove to be false, because all ordinary rules fail when applied to an abnormal character like General Butler. He rides the stormiest sea of any man in American politics.

Concerning candidates for the Presidency, all aspirants seem to be using a kind of tactics that will keep their names out of sight, while they gather all the strength possible for the coming struggle. In late years a number of eminent men have run well in the newspapers and in political street talk, but when the votes were counted in the National Convention they failed. Senator Don Cameron is in Europe, and rumor says he will remain there till late in the summer of 1884. Ex-Senator Conkling has lost his political influence, and Senator Logan is obliged to share the political fortunes of his party in Illinois with Secretary Robert Lincoln. This trio, Cameron, Conkling and Logan, who were mighty forces in the last National Republican Convention, will not be able to dominate the action of their states in the next campaign for the Presidency. Perhaps, as one result, the voice of the people will be more potential, and, in such a case, correct ideas of government will triumph.

Ready made houses is an important branch of manufacturing in some parts of the country. "A correspondent of the *Old Colony Memorial* paid a visit not long ago to Fairfield, Maine, where a large establishment is located for the production of these knock down houses, and he says that few have any idea to what extent this business has been carried in Waterville and its neighborhood, or to what perfection it has been brought. In the establishment to which we refer dwelling houses are made, like boots and shoes, in any quantity, and of any size or style, and for any market in the wide world. Not long since this concern received a single order for fifty houses for Cape May, to be delivered speedily and in complete finish. These houses were to be, not sheds nor shanties, but regularly ordered dwellings; and they were made accordingly and so delivered, and contain hundreds of occupants at this moment. An order will be received for a \$50,000 hotel, or an ornate, French-roof, cottage for a fine country estate, and these as easily and expeditiously furnished as an ordinary boarding house for a country village, or a barn for a ranch in Kansas or Colorado." This would be a good plan for persons to adopt who contemplate building cottages at Chautauqua. Try it.

"The first railroad in Palestine is being laid out, and the preliminary survey has been completed as far as the Jordan. It is to run between Acre and Damascus, and is called the Hamidié line, because it is named after his present Majesty, the Sultan Abdul Hamid. Probably one reason why the firman has been granted so easily lies in the fact that it passes through a great extent of property which he has recently acquired, to

the east of the plain of Esdraelon. The concession is held by ten or twelve gentlemen, some of whom are Moslems and some Christians, but all are Ottoman subjects resident in Syria. Among the most influential are the Messrs. Sursock, bankers, who own the greater part of the plain of Esdraelon, and who have, therefore, a large interest in the success of the line."

Several eminent Englishmen have visited this country during the past month. Lord Coleridge, representing the law, Henry Irving the stage, Matthew Arnold, literature, and Père Hyacinthe, theology. The reception of these gentlemen in our eastern cities indicates that the world has a peculiar fondness for its own. Henry Irving was received by more people, entertained more elegantly, and eulogized with more applause, than any one in the list. Yet he has not done a tithe as much for the elevation of his fellow men across the waters as any one of the others. Is it not still true, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light?"

A Hindoo prophet, Babu Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, has come to this country from the Orient. He was educated in the religion of Brahminism. Some years ago he renounced idolatry, and in company with his cousin, Keshub Chunder Sen, joined the Brahmo Somaj, a theistic movement started in 1830 by Ram Mohun Roy. Mr. Sen and Mr. Mozoomdar have since become prominent leaders in this religious and social movement. Mr. Mozoomdar left India last spring for a tour around the world. He is about forty-two years of age, is above the average height, is of dark complexion and finely-cut features. He is the author of two books; one on "The Faith and Progress of the Brahmo Somaj," and one just published entitled "The Oriental Christ," which is a devout and poetic conception of Christ as seen by an Oriental mind.

The term "dude" is a very convenient nickname for the over-nice or simpering individuals who are found in considerable numbers on every line of the world's work. There is the fashionable dude, scholarly dude, literary dude, artistic dude, etc. They are a useless class of persons, unless they serve as scare-crows to frighten other people from the line of life on which they move. Perhaps this is as good service as can be claimed at the hands of such a set of weaklings.

The Arctic relief expedition has proven to be a great failure. No relief for the Greeley party was provided by the expedition, and yet it has returned home. The verdict which public opinion seems to render is, that the "Arctic Relief Expedition" was *badly managed* from first to last.

It is said that one result of President Arthur's visit to the Northwest is a determination to appoint only residents of territories to the important territorial offices. This is a concession to the people of the territories who are dissatisfied with appointments from without.

The decision of the Supreme Court on the Civil Rights bill turns the whole question over to the government of the states in which the colored people live. If they do not secure justice there, they have another high privilege in reserve, namely, the right of appeal to a higher court.

The dynamite explosions in October, on the underground railroad in London, were ineffectual attempts as movements either against the city or general government. Some Irish leaders claim that the Irish did not do the mischief, but that designing Englishmen who mean to keep up perpetual war between Ireland and England, were the guilty parties. The ways of this conflict are as dark as the railroad tunnel under London.

The Chautauqua Board of Trustees will hold their annual meeting at the Sherman House, in Jamestown, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 9th and 10th of January, 1884.

The *Deaf-Mute Advance* comes to our table once every week, from Jacksonville, Ill. As the name indicates, it is published in the interest of deaf-mutes, and is doing much to inspire with a desire for education the class of people to whom it ministers. In a late number the editor says: "A young lady from the country came to Danville some days ago, driven by a green boy, who had his first view of town life. She had occasion to go to the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the boy, when he went home, said he saw the people there 'winking at each other on their fingers.'"

Mr. Moody successfully opened his great mission in England on Nov. 4. Four meetings were held, each of which was attended by from 4,000 to 6,000 persons. The iron hall built for the occasion proved to be complete in all its arrangements, affording seating room for 5,800 persons. All around on the sides of the hall appropriate texts were displayed, such as "God is Love," and over the platform, "We pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." Mr. Sankey sang with customary effect. Mr. Moody's powerful addresses showed that he had not lost his hold on the people. At the close of the evening meeting a man in the hall shouted out that Mr. Moody's last mission in London had been a failure. Mr. Moody answered by calling for volunteers to come out boldly on the Lord's side, whereupon about three thousand men arose *en masse*. The incident caused much excitement.

The first number of *The Outlook*, the paper published in the interest of the class of '84, is out. It is a stirring little sheet, brimming over with class news, class gossip and class enthusiasm. The '84s are especially fortunate in having such an editor as Mr. Bridge to lead them. This little quarterly will undoubtedly do much toward awakening the class and making their closing year even more brilliant than their beginning. Let every member subscribe.

A novel and entertaining exhibit was held in Paris in October. It was called "The Exposition of the Incoherent Arts," and was arranged by and contributed to by young artists. Such a collection of absurdities is rarely seen, this one being on a much larger scale than those in previous years, and those who attend go to laugh. It is necessary to be a Frenchman and a Parisian to thoroughly appreciate all the happy hits and plays upon words, but even a foreigner can find food enough for laughter. The proceeds of the exhibition are for the poor of Paris, and it is expected that it will net quite a good sum. The exhibition abounds in pictures of the realistic school. For instance, where there is a figure wearing a shoe it will very likely be a genuine shoe attached; or hair will be stuck on instead of painted, suns and moons be represented by gold and silver paper pasted on, and one painting gives a ship sailing along accompanied by fishes, the fishes being two or three regular dried herrings glued to the canvas. One of the most prominent pictures is a portrait of the lecturer and critic, M. Henri de Lapommeraye. The hair and mustache, the eyeglass, the book just laid down, the letter he is reading, and the glass of sugar and water at hand, are all real objects attached to the picture, and of course, stand out most "naturally" from the canvas. No. 85 is entitled, "Poem of a Pig." It is a very striking geometrical fantasy, the five different handlings of plain geometrical figures giving a pig drama in five acts. First act, pig strolling along seeking whom he may devour; second act, a sudden noise startles him, he scents the wind; third act, feeling he is pursued, he turns his head; fourth act, a knife shines in the air, he guesses, he flees; fifth act, fate is fate, and the beast sees heaven. No. 167 is "A Wild Pansy" (study of flowers). One forgets that "*une pensée sauvage*" can also mean a savage thought, and the surprise comes in to find the flowers of the picture are a fierce young boy and a scared-looking cat, and the boy is murdering the cat by running a spear through its neck. These are but samples of the whimsicalities.

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR DECEMBER.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN.

On the twenty-first day of this month, in our latitude, occurs the shortest day in the year. The sun rises at 7:20 and sets at 4:37, making the day's length 9 hours, 17 minutes. This is also the day on which properly our winter begins. The sun has reached the winter solstice, his most southerly point, and now begins his journey northward, causing the days to grow gradually longer.

THE MOON.

The moon's phases occur in the following order: First quarter, on the 7th, at 6:38 a. m.; full moon on the 13th, at 10:20 p. m.; last quarter on the 21st, at 3 a. m., and new moon on the 29th, at 7:51 a. m., Washington time (or, according to the "new reckoning," eight minutes and twelve seconds later in each case). The moon approaches nearest to the earth on the 12th, at 10:24 a. m., and is farthest away on the 24th, at 10:12 a. m. Its greatest altitude in this latitude will be on the morning of the 14th, when it will be $60^{\circ} 53'$ above the southern point of our horizon.

MERCURY

Will be evening star during the entire month. But it matters little, so far as seeing it with the naked eye is concerned, until near the close of the month, whether it be morning or evening star. On the 1st it sets at 4:35 p. m., and is then too near the sun to be seen. On the 30th it sets at 6 p. m., a few minutes before the moon, and about $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south of the latter body. On the 31st it sets at 6:03 in the evening, about one and one-third hours later than the sun, and $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north of where the sun disappears. On both these evenings, and for several days both before and after these times, this planet is visible to the ordinary eye, and by its bright white light is readily recognized. Although visible several times each year, it is a remarkable fact that it has been seen by comparatively few persons. In the higher latitudes it is much more difficult to see than in the lower, and the atmosphere of some parts of Europe is very unfavorable for its observation.

VENUS

Will also be evening star throughout the month, setting on the 1st at 5:36, and on the 31st at 6:36 in the evening. It is at its greatest distance from the sun at 2 p. m. on the 12th. By far the brightest star in the west after sunset, a failure to recognize it would be almost impossible. It is the *Hesperus* of the ancients. On the evening of the 31st it is about seven degrees south and a little west of the moon.

MARS

Will be the morning star, rising at 9:45 p. m. on the 1st, and at 7:51 p. m. on the 31st. From the 1st to the 23d it will have a direct motion, that is, a motion from west to east, of 11 minutes and 18 seconds of arc; on the 23d, it will be stationary, and from the 23d till the end of the year it will have a retrograde motion, that is, from east to west, of one minute and forty-two seconds of arc. About nine o'clock on the evening of the 18th, it is north of the moon $8^{\circ} 18'$.

JUPITER,

King of the planets, will also rank as morning star. On the 1st he will rise at 8:33, and on the 31st at 6:23 in the evening, and like Mars will maintain nearly the same position in the heavens during the whole month, his motion being $9' 22''$ retrograde. On the 16th, at 9:51 p. m., he will be $5^{\circ} 43'$ north of the moon. The moons of Jupiter can be readily seen with a telescope of moderate power, or good opera glasses.

SATURN,

Though properly an evening star, shines from "dewy eve till early dawn," rising on the 1st at 4:27 p. m., and setting next morning at 6:47; and on the 31st rising at 2:21 in the afternoon, and setting the following morning at 4:42. His motion will be $9' 9''$ retrograde, and on the 12th at 7:53 p. m., he will be 55 minutes north of the moon. The rings of Saturn are an object of great interest to every observer and the present is a favorable time to see them in great splendor, though the view in December 1884 and 1885 will be still finer.

URANUS

Begins the month by rising at 1:02 a. m., (thus putting himself among the morning stars), and at the close of the month at 11:11 p. m. His motion, which is direct, but only $1' 42''$ in thirty days, seems slow enough, but when we reflect that he actually travels an average absolute distance of over thirty million miles a day, we can but wonder at his terrific speed. He is located about two degrees southeast of *Beta Virginis*, and "can be seen with the naked eye, if one knows where to look."

NEPTUNE,

The most distant of the planets, rises on the 1st at 3:30 p. m., and sets on the 2d at 5:26 a. m., and on the 31st rises at 1:31 in the afternoon and sets the following morning at 3:25. His motion is retrograde, and amounts to $2' 34''$ for the month. This planet is of no special interest to the ordinary reader, as "to recognize its disk with ease," requires a magnifying power of three hundred or upward.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR DECEMBER.

EASY LESSONS IN VEGETABLE BIOLOGY.

It will be observed that many of the words and expressions used by Dr. Wythe in his "Lessons" are pronounced and explained in the "Glossary and Index." Where such explanations and pronunciations occur, of course no notes have been prepared.

P. 12.—"Albumen," al-bu'men. The word is derived from *albus*, the Latin word for white. Albumen forms a part of all animal fluids and solids. The white of an egg is almost pure albumen. In the vegetable world it is the food laid up for the nourishment of the embryo around which it lies.

P. 13.—"Slide." A small slip of glass about three inches long by one wide. It is intended to place objects on which are to be examined under the microscope. The "cover" here referred to, is a square of very thin glass, which is placed over the object to hold it in place.

"Capillary attraction," cap'il-la-ry. When a capillary (hair-like) tube is dipped into a liquid, there is an attraction between the solid and the

particles or molecules of the liquid which causes the latter to rise in the tube if it wets it, or to sink if it does not.

"Heated stage." The simplest means for heating the stage or slide upon which an object is placed, is by a small alcoholic lamp placed at the corner of the stage.

P. 15.—"32 deg. F." 32 degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer. This scale, invented in 1714, by Fahrenheit, is commonly used in England and America, although the centigrade scale (where the distance between the boiling point and zero is divided into one hundred parts) takes its place largely on the continent, and in most scientific works.

P. 18.—"Amoeba," a-moe'ba. Readers who live in warm climates will have no trouble in finding the *amoeba* attached to the stems of plants or floating in pools of stagnant water. To find a specimen in December in temperate latitudes will be more difficult, but by collecting grass and stems of water plants, with water from a pool, and keeping them in a warm room for a time, specimens may be obtained.

P. 22.—“Cinchona,” cin-chō’na. The tree from which the well known drug, Peruvian bark, is obtained.

“Quinine,” Kwī’nin is Webster’s preferred pronunciation, kwe-nin’, Worcester’s. Quinine is an alkaloid obtained from the cinchona bark.

P. 28.—“Nucleus.” The nucleus may be easily seen in a thin section from an apple or potato, placed under a microscope.

“Mucilaginous,” mū-ci-lāg’i-noūs. Like mucilage.

P. 29.—“Silica,” sil’i-ca. Flint or quartz.

P. 31.—“Tannin,” tăn’nin, or tannic acid. An astringent principle found in nut-galls and the bark of many trees. If treated with ether a solid is obtained which is soluble in water. It is used in tanning leather.

“Starch.” The grains of starch are easily found. Wheat, oats, arrow-root, sage and tapioca all furnish excellent examples.

“Crystals.” Rāph’i-des is the name given by botanists to the little crystals found in the tissues. A section of an onion will reveal them. Also, the juice of the hyacinth.

P. 34.—“Cochineal Cactus,” cōch’i-neal. The cactus from which the cochineal insects, whose bodies are sold in the shops for a red dye, are obtained. The plant is also called cochineal fig, and is raised with as great care for food for the insect, as is the mulberry tree for the silk worm.

P. 35.—“Vessels.” The “dotted” vessel, or duct, is a long, open tube whose sides are marked by pores, or dots. A transverse section of a radish will furnish an example. A fern will furnish an example of “reticulated” cell; almost any common plant contains the “annular” and “spiral” cells.

P. 36.—“Epidermis.” All varieties of cells will be found in the epidermis together with the mouths, or stomata. For examination a layer should be carefully removed with a razor or knife, a little water put on it to prevent too rapid drying, and the whole covered by a thin glass.

P. 37.—“Volatile oil.” That which wastes away when exposed to the atmosphere; as musk.

P. 39.—To prepare sections of wood for slides there is a very simple instrument which may be made at home by any one possessed of a little ingenuity. Let a block of hard wood be selected, one and one-fourth inches square by two inches in length, its ends perfectly smooth. In one end drill a hole one-fourth of an inch in diameter, lengthwise, one and one-half inches. In the other end insert a common wood screw, its point filed square, until it reaches the hole. In the side of the block, one-half inch from the end in which the hole has been bored, insert another screw, with square point; this is to be used as a clamp. To cut the section take a branch the proper diameter, and which has been boiled in water, place it in the hole, and clamp solidly with the screw at the side. With a keen razor cut off the end even with the block. By turning the screw in the end of the block the branch will be pushed forward any distance desired, and the section can be cut by a sliding motion of the razor across the stem. The slices should be removed from the knife with a camel’s hair brush, slightly dampened, and may be preserved in weak spirits. The work is, of course, very delicate, and requires the skill and nicety of touch which only practice brings. To mount the sections in Canada balsam, as Dr. Wythe advises, the object should be placed exactly in the center of the slide, which must be carefully cleaned from dust, and a drop of the balsam placed upon it; hold the slide over a flame until the balsam spreads over the object. Air bubbles should be broken with a needle. A glass cover, warmed, should now be placed on the object and pressed sufficiently to remove the superfluous balsam. The whole should be put in a warm place until thoroughly dry.

P. 42.—“Showers of blood,” or blood-rain. A shower of reddish dust mixed with rain, which has been known to fall in several places on the eastern coast of the Atlantic.

P. 42.—“Diatoms.” “They are found in great abundance in the mud of rivers, lakes and ponds. They are also present in those deposits of clay which once formed the beds of rivers and lakes, and which are now dry. In order to procure the diatoms from these deposits, the earth or clay should be well washed with pure water, and the deposit allowed to settle and the water poured off. This may be repeated several times. The deposit is then to be washed with hydrochloric acid, and when the effervescence is over, the acid is poured off, and a fresh portion is added. This may be repeated several times. When no action occurs by its use cold, the deposit may be transferred to a watch-glass, and

kept over a spirit lamp, at a temperature of about 200° for three or four hours. The deposit must then be well washed with pure water, and will be found to consist almost entirely of diatoms.”—*Lankester*.

P. 47.—“Fungi,” fūn’ji. No class is so easy to study in the winter. If fruit, bread and the like are allowed to mould, any number of interesting objects will be found. In the woods fungi are to be gathered from bark and old logs. Of these the peziza, or cup-moulds will be found most pleasing. Lichens also abound, and numerous sections can be made from them.

P. 62.—“Big Trees.” These Big Trees are Cedars (*sequoia gigantea*). “Calaveras,” kā-lā-vā-rās.

“Buds.” Many plants form their buds in the fall. A careful search will reveal such for examination. The lilac and trailing arbutus form their flower buds in autumn, and in vigorous plants a section of the bud will show distinctly the flower stowed away for spring.

P. 63.—“Leaves.” “Opposite” leaves are seen in the chickweed and fuchsia; “whorled,” in Prince’s pine; the “alternate,” in the rose family. The arrangement of leaves on the stem has been reduced to a science, called *phyllotaxy*.

P. 64.—“Bracts.” Seen in the camellia and strawberry. The white portion of the calla blossom is a colored bract called spathe; also, the “pulpit” of the common Indian turnip or Jack-in-the-pulpit.

“Sessile” leaves are seen in the upper leaves of the common primrose and spring beauty. All plants of the violet and the rose families bear *stipules*.

P. 65.—“Lanceolate,” as in the peach; *oblong*, the radical leaves of shepherd’s purse; *cordate*, in the blood-root; *sagittate*, in the stem leaves of shepherd’s purse; *ovate*, in chickweed and violet; *pinnate*, as in the rose; *bipinnate*, as in the sensitive plant.

P. 68.—When the stamens and pistils are on separate trees or plants, the fertilization is accomplished in various ways; insects or birds carry the pollen in many cases, in others the wind wafts it.

“*Hypogynous*,” as in the cress, radish, cabbage, and other cruciform plants.

P. 69.—*Perigynous*, as in the rose family; *epigynous*, as in the caraway, celery, and parsnip.

P. 76.—“*Labiata*.” The word means lip-shaped, and the order is named from the peculiar shape of the corolla.

P. 77.—“*Composite*,” or compounded; “*Herbaceous*,” her-bā’shus. Plants with soft stems which die every year.

“*Coriander*,” cō’ri-an’der; “*Asafoetida*,” ās’a-fēt’i-da.

P. 78.—“*Papilionaceous*,” pa-pil’yo-nā’shus. From the Latin for butterfly.

“*Tamarind*,” tām’a-rīnd. A tree 60 to 80 feet in height, with dense foliage. A native of Africa and India. Its pods are preserved and used as a medicine, or as an article of diet.

“*Senna*,” sēn’na. A drug prepared from the dried leaves of the cassia, a shrub raised in India and Nubia. A variety of cassia is found in the United States, but its leaves are less powerful. “*Acacia*,” a-ka’sht-a. “*Mimosa*,” mī-mō’sa.

P. 79.—“*Ranunculus*,” ra-nūn’cu-lūs. The word means a little frog. Pliny is said to have so named this species because many of its members grow in water where frogs abound.

“*Aconite*,” ac’o-nite. A plant related to the Hellebores; the common wolf’s bane, or monk’s hood.

“*Cruciate*,” kru’sht-at. The petals are arranged in the form of a cross.

P. 80.—“*Chimborazo*,” chim-bo-rā’zo. A peak of the Andes in Ecuador. It is the sixth in height among the lofty peaks of the range.

P. 82.—“*Floras*.” The whole number of plants native to any section forms its flora.

“*Urticaceæ*,” ur-ti-ca’ce-æ. Nettles.

P. 83.—“*Rhododendrons*,” rhō’dō-dēn’dron; “*Azalias*,” a-zā’le-as. These plants both belong to the order of heathworts or *Ericaceæ*, the order to which the huckleberry, cranberry, trailing arbutus, and other well-known plants belong.

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES.

P. 14.—This picture, West declared sixty-seven years after it was painted, contained some touches that he never surpassed.

P. 15.—“Camera-obscura,” cām’e-ra ob’scū’ra. Literally, a dark chamber.

P. 16.—“Parma.” A province in the north of Italy.

“Death of Wolfe.” This picture contained one feature which at that period was entirely new. West used costumes in his picture which were appropriate to the time and character. Before this the classical costume was used on all occasions. It is said that Sir Joshua Reynolds, the president of the royal academy before West, tried to dissuade him from this innovation, but was the first to acknowledge his success.

P. 24.—“Gulliver,” gūl’li-ver. The hero of a satire, “Gulliver’s Trav-

els,” by Swift. He is represented first as a surgeon, and then as captain of several ships. He takes voyages, during which he discovers many strange countries, among them the country of the Lilliputs (lil’li-pūt), a race of little men.

P. 29.—“Uttoxeter,” ūks’e-ter.

P. 34.—“Merry-Andrew.” One whose business it is to make sport for others—a clown, a court fool.

P. 68.—“Oxenstiern,” ōks’en-steern’.

P. 70.—“Lutzen,” loot’sen. A town of Prussia.

P. 72.—“Muscovy,” mus’co-vy. The former name of Russia.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

GERMAN HISTORY.

P. 129, c. 1.—“Merovingians,” mer-o-vin’gi-ans. The first Frankish king of whom we have authentic accounts was Chlodio, who ruled about the middle of the fifth century. His successor, Merovæus, gave his name to the first *house*, or dynasty of the Franks; of him we know little more than that he fought against Attila.

“St. Remigius,” re-mij’i-us, or St. Remy, reh’mé’. (439?–533.) The Apostle of the Franks. When but a young man he was made Bishop of Rheims. By his zealous work he spread Christianity widely through the Frankish kingdom. A contemporary declares him to have been the most eloquent man of his times.

“Rheims,” reemz. A city in northeastern France, whose bishops date from the fourth century, and whose cathedral is one of the finest gothic edifices in Europe.

P. 129, c. 2.—“Arian.” The religion of Arius, a bishop of the fourth century, who held that Christ, though chief of created beings, was not equal to God. A book lately issued by Appleton & Co., “Arius the Libyan,” will be found to be an interesting account of his life and doctrines.

“Paris.” The first account which we have of Paris is from Cæsar, who visited it in the last century before Christ. It was then but a collection of huts on an island in the Seine, and was called Lutetia.

“Poitiers,” poi-teerz’. A town of France, one hundred and eighty miles southwest of Paris.

“Abderrahman,” ābd-er-rāh’mān; “Viceroy,” vice’roy. One who rules in the place of a king; a substitute. “Caliph,” cal’iph. The successors of Mohammed were all called caliphs.

“Damascus.” Soon after the death of Mohammed Damascus was captured by his followers and made their capital. Such it remained for ninety years. On the fall of the Ommiyades, their successors, the Abbassides chose Bagdad as their capital.

P. 130, c. 1.—“Islam,” iz’lam. Meaning obedience, submission, is a name given to the religion of Mohammed.

“Gregory I.” (540–604.) Born of a noble family and educated for public life, he was made prefect of Rome in 573, but his strong religious nature led him to give up his position, turn over his wealth to the Church and become a monk. Through the fourteen years of his pontificate, Gregory employed every means to purify and strengthen the Church, sending missionaries into all parts of the world, combating Arianism and rectifying many abuses.

“Augustin.” The Apostle of the English. A Benedictine monk at Rome when chosen by Gregory I. to go on a mission to the Saxons. He went to England about 597, was received kindly by King Ethelbert, and allowed to preach through Kent. After a time Ethelbert adopted Christianity and was baptized. This led to the complete triumph of the religion throughout the kingdom. Augustin was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and until his death had charge of the Church in England.

“Holy See.” A name given to the office of the pope, and also applied to the pope himself, or his court. *See* is derived from the Latin verb “to sit,” and literally means a seat, or site, hence a place where power is exercised.

P. 130, c. 2.—“Asceticism,” as-cet’i-cism. The practice common among members of the early Church of withdrawing from all business and society to devote themselves to a rigorous life of penance and self-denial.

“Vatican Hill.” The *Mons Vaticanus* of the ancient Romans, from which the palace of the Vatican takes its name.

“Dacia,” da’ci-a. A province of the Romans north of the Danube, and comprising parts of the present countries of Hungary, Transylvania and Roumania.

“Dalmatia,” dal-mā’ti-a. A narrow strip of country lying along the eastern shore of the Adriatic, now belonging to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

“Istria,” is’tri-a. A peninsula, now of Austria, on the northeastern coast of the Adriatic.

“The German Crown.” In 1806, one thousand and six years after the crowning of Charlemagne, a league known as the Confederation of the Rhine, and of which Napoleon Bonaparte was protector, was formed between the central and southern German states. Its real object was to aid France against Prussia and Austria. The king of Germany resigned his crown then, and the empire came to an end.

P. 131, c. 1.—“Roland.” Roland, or Orlando, was the nephew of King Charlemagne, brought up by him and trained to be a warrior. He is the hero of one of the most famous stories of the middle ages, “The Song of Roland.” Various authors have used this tale. The *Orlando furioso* of Ariosto, and *Orlando innamorato* of Boiardo, are prominent among these. In a metrical narrative the story was sung by the minstrels of those times. According to this song Charles had been seven years in Spain warring against the heathen, until there remained but one king unsubdued, Marsilius of Saragossa. He had promised homage, and the step-father of Roland, Ganelon, was, by Roland’s advice, sent on an embassy to him. Ganelon was angry because Roland had advised that he be sent, and in revenge betrayed to Marsilius the pass through which the rear guard and most valiant portion of Charles’ army, under Roland would pass. Charles, with the body of his army, passed through, and when Roland appeared with his twenty thousand men, an army of four hundred thousand heathens attacked him. Roland fought until only a fragment remained before blowing his enchanted horn to summon Charles to his aid. Before his uncle could reach the pass every man was dead. The Saracens fled back to Spain, but the king pursued, completely defeating them. But the death of Roland robbed the conquest of all its glory, and threw France into mourning.

“Paladin,” pāl’a-dīn. A distinguished knight.

“Roncesvalles,” ron-thés-vāl’yés. The pass in which Roland and his band were destroyed.

“Otto the Great.” Otto I. (936–973.)

“Ardennes,” ar’den’. The forest of Ardennes lies in the northeastern part of France, covering a portion of the department of the same name, and extending into Belgium.

P. 131, c. 2.—“Frisian,” fris’i-an. Belonging to the Frisians, a tribe formerly living beyond the Batavi, but pushed to the borders of the North Sea by the Franks.

“Aix,” aks. A town in southern France whose thermal springs were known to the Romans.

“Alcuin,” āl’kwin. (735–804.) His great reputation for learning caused Charles to invite him in 780 from England, his native country, to open a school in France. This institution is supposed to have been the germ of the present University of Paris. Alcuin afterward opened a school at Tours, which became very famous.

“Verden.” A town lying southeast of Bremen, in Prussia.

P. 132, c. 1.—“Haroun-al-Raschid.” See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

“Bretons.” The inhabitants of Brittany, the triangular peninsula which extends from the western coast of France into the Atlantic Ocean. “Almayne,” al'-main.

P. 132, c. 2.—“Eginhard,” ēg'in-hart. He had been a pupil of Alcuin, and by him was introduced at court. Eginhard's history of Charles and his accounts of the Franconian kings have given him a permanent place among the writers of the middle ages. See Longfellow's poem, “Emma and Eginhard,” in “Tales of a Wayside Inn.”

NOTES ON GERMAN LITERATURE.

It will be found helpful to read the extracts from German Literature in connection with the “Outline of German Literature” in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November, thus fixing the period to which each author belongs. Care has been taken in selecting the extracts to choose only from those who are in the first rank, and omit all minor writers. The selections are intended to show the style of each, and the lines of thought which he followed.

P. 132, c. 2.—“Würzburg,” wurts'burg. A city of Bavaria on the Main, whose history dates back to the sixth century.

“Minster.” The word comes from the Latin *monasterium*, and is applied to the church or chapel belonging to a monastery; also, as here, to a cathedral.

“War of Wartburg.” In 1206 the landgrave, Hermann I., summoned the poets of his nation to a musical tournament in the castle of Wartburg, in the Thuringian Forest. The competition ran so high that it was called the Wartburg war, and in 1300, a poem, “The War of Wartburg,” appeared, celebrating the event.

P. 134, c. 1.—“Luther.” The value of Luther's literary work can not be estimated. As a poet, his hymns have won him a permanent place. Beside his original verses, he re-arranged and set to music many of the Psalms, thus really founding the church music of Germany. His translation of the Bible must be counted his most important work; but beside this he left a mass of sermons, theses, tracts and controversial writings which, at the time of their writing, wielded wide influence. These latter show most plainly the fiery spirit of their author, his clear conceptions of truths, and his pure style. Special attention should be called to his “Table Talk,” which contains numberless short and pithy statements of his opinions, and to his Catechism on the Decalogue, Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

P. 134, c. 2.—“Nathan the Wise.” This was Lessing's last drama, and was written to show his own religious views and to advocate the wide toleration in which he believed. The three chief characters, Nathan a Jew, Saladin a Mohammedan, and a Christian are thrown together, and their association causes a strong friendship in spite of their diverse views. They practice the utmost charity toward each other. The story of the “Three Rings” contains the point of the drama. It is taken from an old Italian novel.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 142, c. 1.—“Nicolo Pisano,” pe-sā'no. (1200?–1278?) His architectural works are also important, he having designed churches for Padua, Venice and Florence, and a campanile for Pisa.

“Pisa,” pee'sā. A city of Italy, west of Florence, on the river Arno. Its cathedral contains much fine art.

“Siena,” sī-en'nā. A city of Tuscany, south of Florence.

“St. Dominic,” dōm'i-nik. (1170–1221.) The founder of the order of “preaching friars.”

“Bologna,” bo-lon'yā. An Italian city at the foot of the Apennines, and north of Florence.

“Andrea Orcagna,” or-kān'yā. (1299–1389.) The son of a Florentine sculptor who instructed him in art. His surname, Orcagna, is said to have been a corruption of L'Archagnuolo (the Archangel). His fame as a painter and architect was equal to that as a sculptor.

“San Michele,” mī-kā'la. The churches of Italy are almost without exception named after the saint to which they are dedicated, as in this case, San Michele, after St. Michael.

“Giotto,” jōt'ō. (1276–1336.) He was born near Florence, and brought up a shepherd lad. While tending his sheep it is said that a Florentine painter found him drawing on the surface of a rock, and was so convinced of his genius that he took him to Florence to be educated. His talent was so great that he was soon employed in the decoration of the church at Assisi. The details of his life are not known except that he traveled extensively through Italy, being employed in ornamenting many prominent buildings. It is as a painter that Giotto is best known, and as such he did much to awaken art from its unnatural and stiff forms, and to introduce realism. “Campanile,” kām-pa-nē'la.

“Ghiberti,” gee-bēr'tee. (1378–1455.) He learned the trade of a goldsmith, but at that time the goldsmith's art included others, especially designing and coloring. At first Ghiberti was a fresco painter, but was called to sculpture by his success with the bronze doors over which he spent most of his life. “San Giovanni,” jo-vān'nee.

P. 142, c. 2.—“Donatello,” do-nā-tēl'ō. (1383–1466.) He was a native of Florence. One of the Medici became his patron, and he was enabled to apply himself to art. He was a painter of merit as well as a sculptor, and the only one of the age worthy to be ranked with Ghiberti.

“Brunelleschi,” broo-nēl-lēs'kee. (1377–1444.) Better known as an architect than as a sculptor. “Zenobius,” ze-no'bi-us.

“Lucca del Robbia,” del-rob'e-ā. (1400?–1463?) He was trained to the goldsmith's art, but took up sculpture. To him is attributed the interest in porcelain which started in Europe in the fifteenth century. His process of glazing was probably learned from the Saracens, and consisted essentially in using stanniferous (containing tin) enamel. This rendered the terra-cotta work permanent, and gave a white background.

“Uffizi,” oof-fe'tsi. “A palace of Florence whose galleries are among the best of Europe. It contains paintings of all the principal European schools, and many famous statues. There are halls devoted to sculptures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, drawings of the old masters, engravings, ancient bronzes, medals, gems, cameos, intaglios, the whole forming one of the finest collections in the world.” There is also a library in the palace which is rich in manuscript and letters of Italian writers.

“Verrocchio,” vāir'rok'ke-o. (1432–1488.) Of the very little known of Verrocchio, the most interesting fact is that he was the first to take a mould of the human form to aid in designing.

“Leonardo da Vinci,” le-o-nar'do dā vīn'chee. (1452–1519.) A native of Florence. In youth he was recognized as an almost universal genius and speedily surpassed all instructors. He became attached to the court of Milan in 1483 as a musician and improvisatore, and remained there until 1499, when he removed to Florence. About this time he was employed in various cities as an architect and engineer. He went to France in 1515 with Francis I., as court painter, and there died. As a sculptor we have no remains of his work. Vinci was as remarkable a thinker as artist. Hallam says of his literary fragments: “They are like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind. The discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologies are anticipated by da Vinci, within the compass of a few pages.”

“Contucci,” con-tuk'che. “Sansovino,” sän-so-vee'no. (1460–1529.) Sansovino was a Florentine, and his early works were executed there. Thence he went to Rome and worked, and in 1513 took charge of the Holy House of Loreto, at which he worked until his death.

P. 143, c. 1.—“Loreto,” lo-rā'to. “The Holy House, in which, according to tradition, the Virgin Mary was born, the annunciation and incarnation took place, and the holy family resided on their return from Egypt. The legend is that the house was transported by angels in 1291 from Nazareth to the eastern coast of the Adriatic, and thence in 1294 to the coast of Italy. It is a rudely built brick house, 13½ feet high, with one door and one window. * * * The relics, treasures and offerings of different pilgrims are numerous and valuable. The house is enclosed in a marble casing, which is covered with exquisite sculptures.”

“Buonarroti,” boo-ō'nā-rot'ee. (1475–1563.) A painter, sculptor, and architect. He came from a family of high rank. His artistic genius was early displayed, and he was put under masters to study. Lorenzo de' Medici, pleased with his ability, took him to his palace, where he studied until his patron's death in 1492. He was summoned to Rome by

Julius II., to design his tomb, and in 1508 he began the decoration of the Sistine chapel. When seventy years old he was called upon to take up architecture, and finish St. Peter's, then under way. For the rest of his life he was engaged upon this church, together with several other buildings of Rome. Michael Angelo was not only an artist, but a writer; his sonnets are among the best in any literature.

"Centaur's." Fabulous creatures of mythology—half man and half horse.

"Carrara," kār-rā'rā. A city of northern Italy, which gives its name to a chain of mountains belonging to the Appenines. They contain quarries of fine and valuable marble.

"Giuliano," joo-le-ā'no; "Lorenzo," lo-ren'zo; de' Medici, da mēd'-e-chee. A family distinguished in Florentine history, of which Lorenzo, called The Magnificent (1448-1492), was the most famous member. Giuliano, his brother, was assassinated in 1478, an attempt being made against them both, instigated, some say, by Pope Sixtus IV.

"Modena," mod'e-na; "Bagarelli," bah-gah-rah'lee.

"Padua," pad'u-a; "Riccio," ret'cho. (1480-1532.)

"Tatti," tah'tee. (1479-1570.) Also called Jacopo Sansovino, from his master. Tatti was a Florentine, and worked in his native city and at Rome until 1527, when he went to Venice; there he founded a school and did much work.

"Mars." The Roman god of war, corresponding to the Greek Ares.

"Neptune," nep'tune. In Roman mythology the god of the sea. The Posidon of the Greeks.

P. 143, c. 2.—"Pacher," pa'ker. He lived about 1480.

"Veit Stoss." (1483-1533.) His early labors were in the churches of his native city. The second period of his life was spent in Nuremberg where many of his works remain. Of them it is said: "They are distinguished by a tender fervor and grace, a mild softness of form, and a clearly developed style of relief, with a great deal of life likeness."

"Jörg Syrlin," yürg seer'len. He lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century.

"Riemenschneider," re'men-schn'ter; "Von Schrenburg," fon schren'burg; "Vischer," fish'er. He began his work in 1489, and died 1529.

"Chef d'œuvre," shā-doov'r, masterpiece.

"Regensburg," re'gens-borg. The German name for Ratisbon, a city of Bavaria.

"Apollo," a-pōl'lo. One of the most popular of Greek divinities. Numerous offices were filled by him; he was the god of song and music, of prophecy, of punishment, of protection, and of the sun. Smith says of him: "It may safely be asserted that the Greeks would never have become what they were without the worship of Apollo." And again: "In him the brightest side of the Grecian mind is asserted."

"Orpheus," or'phe-us. "Eurydice," eu-rid'i-ce. Orpheus was a poet and musician of Grecian mythology. His lyre enchanted even the beasts of the field, and the rocks were moved from their places at its sound. His wife, Eurydice, died and was carried to Hades, but Orpheus followed and by the music of his lyre won back his wife on condition that he should not look upon her until they were past the bounds of the infernal regions. His love overpowered him, he turned to see if she followed, only to see her disappear. His grief, it is said, led him to treat the Thracian women with contempt, and he was murdered by them.

"Maximilian," maks-i-mil'yan; "Innsbruck," ins'brook.

"Fontainebleau," fon'tan'blō'. A suburb of Paris, famous for its splendid palace. This palace was begun in the tenth century, and has been added to, remodeled and ornamented by various monarchs since. Its architecture is of all schools, its pictures, statues and books invaluable.

P. 144, c. 1.—"Bernini," bér-nee'nee. He began work for the pope at the age of eighteen, and spent several years on the churches and palaces of Rome. His fame was so great that he was invited to Paris in

1665 to complete the Louvre; but his plans for this were never carried out. His latter life was spent in Italy.

"Alessandro Algardi," al-les-san'dro āl-gar'dee. (1598-1654.) "Pugget," pū'zha'. (1622-1694.) "Girardon," zhe'rar'don'. (1628-1715.) "Houdon," oo'don'. (1741-1828.)

"Pigalle," pe'gal'. (1714-85.) "Duquesnoy," dü'ka'nwā'. (1594-1646.) "Schlüter," schlt'ler. (1662-1714.)

"Winckelman," wīnk'el-mān (1717-1768). A German archæologist. His researches and writings stimulated the interest since taken in archæology, and he is regarded as its founder. Also his theories of the beautiful and "History of Art" opened a new field in German thought.

"Canova," kā-no'vā; "Pompeii," pom-pe'yi; "Herculeum," her'cu-la'ne-um.

"Theseus," the'se-us. A legendary hero of Attica, of whom many wonderful adventures are told. This story of the Minotaur (a monster, half man, half bull,) is that Theseus was taken to Crete along with the youths and maidens which were offered every year to the monster. The king's daughter fell in love with him and gave him a sword with which he killed the Minotaur, and then escaped from the labyrinth in which he was confined, by a thread which he had unraveled as he went in.

"Dannecker," dān'ek-er. (1758-1841.) "Chaudet," sho'da. (1763-1810.) "Thorwaldsen," tor'wawld-sen; "Villa Carlotta," ve'lyā car-lot'a.

"Gutenberg," goo'ten-bérg. (1400?-1468.) The reputed inventor of printing.

"Mayence," mā'yāngs. The French name for Mentz, a city of Hesse on the banks of the Rhine. "Leuchtenberg," loik'ten-bérg.

P. 144, c. 2.—"Schadow," shā'do; "Stettin," stet'teen. A town of Prussia.

"Blucher," bloo'ker; "Naïvete," nā'ev-tā, simplicity, ingenuousness.

"Rauch," rowk; "Bülow," bū'lo; "Scharnhorst," sharn'horst; "Charlottenburg," shar-lut'ten-boorg. A town of Prussia.

"Dürer," dü'rér. (1471-1528.) A German painter and engraver.

P. 145, c. 1.—"Thiergarten," teer'gar-ten. A park in Berlin.

"Schierelbein," she'el-bin; "Dirschau," deer'show. A town of Prussia.

"Rietschel," reet'shel; "Friedenskirche," frē'dens-ker'ka; "Hähnel," hā'nel; "Brühl," brül; "Schwanthaler," shwān'tā-ler; "Bosio," bo'si-o; "Duret," dü'rā'; "Pradier," prā'de-ā'; "Barye," bā're'.

P. 145, c. 2.—"Steinhauser," stīn'how-zer; "Carlsruhe," karls'roo; "Hildebrand," hil'de-brand; "Kessels," kēs'els.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 146, c. 1.—"Whately," hwat'li. (1787-1863.) Archbishop of Dublin; author of several important works, chief among which is his "Elements of Logic."

"Thackeray," thāk'e-rī. (1811-1863.) An English novelist.

P. 146, c. 2.—"Steele." (1671-1729.) An English essayist.

"Addison." (1672-1719.) An English poet and essayist.

P. 147, c. 1.—"Benjamins," "a smart coat." It is said to have been so called from a tailor of that name who first made it. Perhaps also from association with the "coat of many colors."

"Purlieu's," pūr'lūs. The outer part of the inn, here. The word means *pure place*, and was first applied to that portion of the forest around the castle which was free or pure from the forest laws; hence it came to mean the outer part of any place.

P. 147, c. 2.—"Plethoric," ple-thor'ic; over-full. "Negus." A drink made from water, wine, sugar, nutmeg, and lemon-juice, and said to have received its name from its first compounder, Colonel Negus.

"Sunnyside." Irving's home on the Hudson, near Tarrytown. The house is an old Dutch mansion. It was near here that Rip Van Winkle lived.

"Eildon Hills," eel'dun. A group of hills in southern Scotland.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Putnam's Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing." Work for Women, by George J. Manson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West Twenty-third Street, 1883.

"The Primer of Politeness." A Help to School and Home Government, by Alex. M. Gow, A.M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories," by Oscar

Browning, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, 1882.

"The Life of Washington and the History of the American Revolution," by Washington Irving. With illustrations. Centennial edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883.

"Mother Truth's Melodies." Common Sense for Children—A Kindergarten, by Mrs. E. P. Miller. Chicago and New York: Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., 1883.

"The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play," by Helen Campbell. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883.

"Beyond the Gates," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.

"Mary Lamb," by Annie Gilchrist. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1883.

"Bright and Happy Homes." A Household Guide and Companion, by Peter Parley, Jr. Chicago & New York: Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., 1882.

"Sketches and Anecdotes of American Methodists of 'The Days that Are no More,'" by Daniel Wise, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe, 1883.

"Handbook of Dates." Arranged Alphabetically and Chronologic-

ally. Compiled by Henry Clinton Brown. New York: A. Lovell & Co., 1883.

"Library of Biblical and Theological Literature," edited by George R. Crooks, D.D., and John F. Hurst, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe, 1883.

"Contrary Winds, and Other Sermons," by Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1883.

"Arius the Libyan." An Idyl of the Primitive Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1884.

"A Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry," by Prof. Victor von Richter. Authorized translation of the third German edition, by Edgar F. Smith, A.M., Ph.D. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co., 1883.

"Holland and Its People," by Edmondo De Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Caroline Tilton. Fifth edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"All Aboard for Sunrise Lands." A Trip through California, Across the Pacific to Japan, China and Australia, by Edward A. Rand. Illustrated. New York and Chicago: Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., 1883.

"Summer Rambles in Europe," by Alex. Clark. New York: Nelson & Phillips, publishers, 1879.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.

JANUARY.

GERMAN HISTORY.

By REV. W. G. WILLIAMS, A.M.

IV.

The C. L. S. C. student is already aware that it is not pretended here to write the history of Germany, but properly these are entitled "Readings in German History." To write with any degree of fulness or detail the history of a people which has played so large and important a part in the modern world, would require more volumes than are the pages allotted to us. It has been, and still remains the design to select those events and characters of greatest interest, and which have had the largest influence upon the current of subsequent history. The purpose, also constantly in view, has been to stimulate the reader to further study of the subject, by perusal of the best works accessible to the reader of English.

In this number no choice is left us but to pass, with only a glance or two, over the long period from the death of Charlemagne to that day-dawn of modern history, the Reformation. It is the period in which the historian traces, successively the beginning, vicissitudes, decay and extinction of the Carlovigian, Saxon, Franconian and Hohenstauffen houses. Following these is the great interregnum which precedes the Reformation. Included in this long stretch of time are what is known as the "dark ages." Yet in Germany it was not all darkness, for now and then a ray of light was visible, prophetic of the rising sun, which heralded by Huss, appeared in the person and achievements of Martin Luther. It is about the work and character of the latter personage that we purpose to make the chief part of this chapter. Especially are we disposed so to do, now that protestant christendom is celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great reformer, and all civilized mankind has its attention called to his bold doctrines and brave career.

But, before we are prepared for Luther, we must note the change which has come in the claims and pretensions of the church. The different attitude which made possible a few centuries later, such a mission as Luther's can not better be exhibited than during the reign of the Franconian Emperor, Henry the Fourth.

HENRY THE FOURTH—HIS SUPPLIANT VISIT TO CANOSSA.

The student of the history of the Romish church⁹ is aware that during the first five centuries after Christ the pope was vested with little, if any, other powers or dignities than those which pertained to him as Bishop of Rome. His subsequent claim to unlimited spiritual and political sway was then unthought of, much less anywhere advanced. Even for another five centuries he is only the nominal head of the church, who is subordinate to the political potentates and dependent upon them for protection and support in his office. But in the year 1073 succeeded one Gregory VII., to the tiara, who proposed to erect a spiritual empire which should be wholly absolved from dependency on kings and princes. His pontificate was one continuous struggle for the success of his undertaking. Of powerful will, great energy and shrewdness and with set purpose his administration wrought great change in the papal office and the relations of the church to European society. His chief measures by which he sought to compass his design were the celibacy of the priesthood and the suppression of the then prevalent custom of simony. The latter bore especially hard on the German Emperor, much of whose strength lay in the power to appoint the bishops and to levy assessments upon them when the royal exchequer was in need. In the year 1075 Gregory proclaimed his law against the custom, forbidding the sale of all offices of the church, and declaring that none but the pope might appoint bishops or confer the symbols of their authority. With an audacity unheard of, and a determination little anticipated, he sent word to Henry IV., of Germany, demanding the enforcement of the rule throughout his dominion under penalty of excommunication. The issue was a joint one, and a crisis inevitable. No pope had ever assumed such an attitude or used such language to a German Emperor. Henry was not disposed and resolved not to submit. So far as a formal disposition of the difficulty was concerned the case was an easy one. He called the bishops together in a synod which met at Worms. They proceeded with unanimity to declare Gregory deposed from his papal office and sent word of their action to Rome. The pope, who had used every artifice to gain popularity with the people, was prepared for the contest and answered back with the ban of excommunication. The emperor might have been able to carry on the struggle with some hope of success had he been in favor with his own subjects. But he had alienated the Saxons by his harsh treatment of them and the indignities heaped upon them; and others of his states looked upon him with suspicion. Pitted against the ablest foe in Europe, he found himself without the sympathy and aid of those to whom alone he could look for help. Meanwhile Gregory was sending his agents to all the courts of Europe and employing every intrigue to effect the emperor's dethronement. In 1076 a convention of princes was called to meet near Mayence, Henry not being permitted to be present. So heavy had the papal excommunication fallen by this time that the emperor sent messengers to this convention offering to submit to their demands if they would only spare his crown. Gregory was inexorable, and they adjourned without any reconciliations being effected, to meet in a few months at Augsburg. Henry

now realized the might of the hand that for centuries had been silently gathering the reins of spiritual power, only to grasp at last the political supremacy as well. With the burden of excommunication ready to crush out his imperial scepter he sued for pardon at any price. The pope had retired for a time to the castle of Canossa, not far from Parma. Thither went the Franconian Emperor of Germany to implore the papal forgiveness. He presented himself before the gate barefoot, clad in a shirt of sack-cloth, and prayed that he might be received and forgiven as a penitent sinner. But Gregory chose to prolong the satisfaction he had in witnessing his penitence. So throughout the whole day, without food, in snow and rain, he stood begging the pope to receive him. In the same condition and without avail, he stood the second and the third day. Not until the morning of the fourth day did the pope admit him, and then his pardon was granted on conditions which made his crown, for the time, a dependency of the Bishop of Rome.

But the struggle of the German rulers with popedom was not ended at Canossa. Henry himself renewed it a few years later with far better results to his side. The spirit of protestantism was ever alive in some form in Germany, and, as we have said, was prophetic of him who should rise in the fifteenth century and dare to protest against the claim of spiritual supremacy by the autocrat of Rome. From that time till now it has been a by-phrase with German princes in their conflicts with the church that they "will not go to Canossa."

BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

At this time superstition and dense ignorance were widespread. Stories of magic were constantly told and believed, and the miracles with which the church offset them were hardly less absurd. Other terrors were added. Public justice was administered so imperfectly that private and arbitrary violence took its place; while the tribunals which formerly sat in the open sunlight before the people now covered themselves with night and secrecy. "The Holy Feme" sprang up in Westphalia. Originally a public tribunal of the city, such as is found in Brunswick, and in other places, it afterward spread far and wide, but in a changed form. Its members held their sessions in secret and by night. Unknown messengers of the tribunal summoned the accused. Disguised judges, volunteer officers, from among "the knowing ones," gave judgment, often in wild, desolate places, and often in some ancient seat of justice, as at the Linden-tree at Dortmund. The sentence was executed, even if the criminal had not appeared or had made his escape. The dagger, with the mark of the Feme, found in the dead body, told how surely the avenging arm had struck in the darkness. It was a fearful time, when justice, like crime, must walk in disguise.

The habits of thought which made possible such beliefs and actions as these were part of the same movement to which the corruption of church doctrine and government must also be referred. The perverted Roman Christianity from which the Reformation was a revolt was not the Christianity of Charlemagne, nor even that of Hildebrand. Hasty readers sometimes imagine that the church, for many centuries before the Reformation, had firmly held the doctrines which Luther rejected. But, in fact, most of them were recent innovations. Peter the Lombard, Bishop of Paris in the twelfth century, was the first theologian to enumerate "the Seven Sacraments," and Eugene IV., in 1431, was the first of the popes to proclaim them. The doctrine of transubstantiation was first embodied in the church confession by the Lateran Council of November, 1215, the same which first required auricular confession of all the laity. It was more than a century later before the celibacy of the clergy and the denial of the sacramental cup to all but priests became established law, and the idea that the pope is the vicar of Christ upon earth, and the bearer of divine honors, was accepted. All these corruptions of the earlier faith were the results of ambition in the hierarchy, and of gross and sensual modes of thought in the people; and the same causes led to the rapid

development, in the fifteenth century especially, of the worship of the Virgin Mary, who was honored with ceremonies and prayers from which Christians of earlier ages would have shrunk as blasphemous. Nor can the church of the beginning of the sixteenth century be understood by studying the confession adopted by the Council of Trent a generation or more afterward. The teachings and practices which called forth Luther's protest were far too gross, when once explained, to bear the examination of sincere friends of Romanism; who, without knowing it themselves, were greatly influenced, even in their formal statements of belief, by the controversies of the Reformation. The value of that great event to the world can not be comprehended without a knowledge of what it has done for the Catholic church within its own boundaries.*

PREPARING FOR THE REFORMATION.

Prior to the fourteenth century all learning was monopolized by the church. Its power was exercised to make every branch of knowledge harmonize itself with the teachings of Catholic Christianity. In revolt against these shackles arose a few independent spirits who sought to rest religious doctrine on the foundations of reason to some degree, at least. Nevertheless, superstitions still clung to and mingled with all these new studies, and the age did not witness their separation. The higher intelligence traveled gradually, but very slowly. The art of printing came to its assistance and proved to be its strongest auxiliary. To Germany belongs the glory of this invention, and she can boast no higher service rendered to mankind. The art of wood-engraving was the preliminary step which led to it. It was soon employed for pictures of sacred scenes and persons; so that the many who could neither read nor write had a sort of Bible in their picture collections. But the grand conception of making movable types, each bearing a single letter, and composing the words of them, was first formed by John Gutenberg, of the patrician family of Gänsefleisch, of Mayence. He was driven from his native city by a disturbance among the guilds, and went to Strasburg, where he invented the art of printing about the year 1450. Great trouble was experienced in discovering the proper material in which to cut the separate letters; neither wood nor lead answered well. Being short of resources, Gutenberg formed a partnership with John Faust, also of Mayence. Faust's assistant, Peter Schöffer, afterward his son-in-law, a skillful copyist and draughtsman, discovered the proper alloy for type-metal, and invented printing-ink. In 1461 appeared the first large book printed in Germany, a handsome Bible, exhibiting the perfection that the art possessed at its very origin.

When Adolphus of Nassau captured Mayence in 1462, the workmen skilled in the art, which had been kept a secret, were scattered through the world; and by the end of the fifteenth century the principal nations of Europe, and especially Italy, France, and England, had become rivals of Germany in prosecuting it. Books had previously been transcribed, chiefly by monks, upon expensive parchment, and often beautifully ornamented with elaborate drawings and paintings. They had therefore been an article of luxury, and confined to the rich. But a book printed on paper was easily made accessible to all classes, for copies were so numerous that each could be sold at a low price. Beside books of devotion, the writings of the Greek and Latin poets, historians and philosophers, most of which had fallen into oblivion during the Middle Ages, now gradually obtained wide circulation. After the fall of Constantinople, and the subjugation of Greece by the Turks, fugitive Greeks brought the works of their forefathers' genius to Italy, where enlightened men had already begun to study them. This branch of learning, called "the Humanities," spread from Italy through Germany, France, England, and other countries, and contributed powerfully to produce a finer taste and more intelligent habits of thought, such as put to shame the rude ig-

*Lewis.

norance of the monks. It was the art of printing that broke down the slavery in which the blind faith of the church held the human mind; and even the censorship which Rome set up to oppose it was not able to undo its work.

Just as the convents fell before the art of printing, so did the castles of the robber knights before the invention of gunpowder. Thus, at the coming of the Reformation, these degenerate remnants of the once noble institutions of knighthood were swept away. It is supposed by many that the knowledge of gunpowder was brought into Europe from China during the great Mongolian emigration of the thirteenth century, the Chinese having long possessed it. The Arabs, too, understood how to make explosive powder, by mixing saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. But all the Eastern makers produced only the fine powder, and the art of making it in grains seems to have been the device of Berthold Schwarz, a German monk of the Franciscan order, of Freiburg or Mayence, in 1354; and he is commonly called the inventor of gunpowder. He had a laboratory, in which he devoted himself to alchemy; and is said to have made his discovery by accident. But as early as 1346, a chronicle reports that there was at Aix "an iron barrel to shoot thunder;" and in 1356 the armory at Nuremberg contained guns of iron and copper, which threw missiles of stone and lead. One of the earliest instances in which cannon are known to have been effectively used in a great battle was at Agincourt in 1415. But gunpowder was long regarded with abhorrence by the people, and made its way into general use but slowly.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben on the 10th of November, 1483, on the eve of St. Martin's day, in the same year as Raphael, nine years after Michael Angelo, and ten after Copernicus. His father was a miner and possessed forges in Mansfield, the profits of which enabled him to send his son to the Latin school of the place. There Martin distinguished himself so much that his father intended him for the study of law. In the meantime Martin had often to go about as one of the poor choristers singing and begging at the doors of charitable people at Magdeburg and at Eisenach, to the colleges of which towns he was successively sent. His remarkable appearance and serious demeanor, his fine tenor voice and musical talent procured him the attention and afterward the support and maternal care of a pious matron, into whose house he was taken. Already, in his eighteenth year, he surpassed all his fellow-students in knowledge of the Latin classics, and in power of composition and of eloquence. His mind took more and more a deeply religious turn; but it was not till he had been two years studying at Eisenach that he discovered an entire Bible, having until then only known the ecclesiastical extracts from the sacred volume and the history of Hannah and Samuel. A dangerous illness brought him within the near prospect of death; but he recovered and tried hard to obtain inward peace by a pious life and the greatest strictness in all external observances.† He then determined to renounce the world, and in spite of the strong opposition of his father, became a monk of the Augustine order of Erfurt. But in vain; he was tormented by doubt, and even by despair, until he turned again to the Bible. A zealous study of the exact language of the gospels gave him not only a firm faith, but a peace and cheerfulness which was never afterward disturbed by trials or dangers.‡

In the year 1508 the elector of Saxony nominated him professor of philosophy in the university of Wittenberg; and in 1509 he began to give biblical lectures. These lectures were the awakening cause of new life in the university, and soon a great number of students from all parts of Germany gathered round Luther. Even professors came to attend his lectures and hear his preaching. The year 1511 brought an apparent

interruption, but in fact only a new development of Luther's character and knowledge of the world. He was sent by his order to Rome on account of some discrepancies of opinion as to its government. The tone of flippant impiety at the court and among the higher clergy of Rome shocked the devout German monk. He then discovered the real state of the world in the center of the Western church. He returned to the university and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the end of 1512. The solemn oath he had to pronounce on that occasion, "to devote his whole life to study, and faithfully expound and defend the Holy Scripture," was to him the seal of his mission. He began his biblical teaching by attacking scholasticism, at that time called Aristotelianism. He showed that the Bible was a deeper philosophy. His contemporaries praised the clearness of his doctrine. Christ's self-devoted life and death was its center; God's eternal love to mankind, and the sure triumph of Faith, were his texts.*

SALE OF PAPAL INDULGENCES—LUTHER'S RESISTANCE.

In the year 1517, the pope, Leo X., famous both for his luxurious habits and his love of art, found that his income was not sufficient for his expenses, and determined to increase it by issuing a series of absolutions for all forms of crime, even perjury, bigamy and murder. The cost of pardon was graduated according to the nature of the sin. Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, bought the right of selling absolutions in Germany, and appointed as his agent a Dominican monk of the name of Tetzel. The latter began traveling through the country like a peddler, publicly offering for sale the pardon of the Roman church for all varieties of crime. In some places he did an excellent business, since many evil men also purchased pardons in advance for the crimes they *intended* to commit; in other districts Tetzel only stirred up the abhorrence of the people, and increased their burning desire to have such enormities suppressed.

Only one man, however, dared to come out openly and condemn the papal trade in sin and crime. This was Dr. Martin Luther, who, on the 31st of October, 1517, nailed upon the door of the church at Wittenberg a series of ninety-five theses, or theological declarations, the truth of which he offered to prove, against all adversaries. The substance of them was that the pardon of sins came only from God, and could only be purchased by true repentance; that to offer absolutions for sale, as Tetzel was doing, was an unchristian act, contrary to the genuine doctrines of the church; and that it could not, therefore, have been sanctioned by the pope. Luther's object, at this time, was not to separate from the church of Rome, but to reform and purify it.

The ninety-five theses, which were written in Latin, were immediately translated, printed, and circulated throughout Germany. They were followed by replies, in which the action of the pope was defended; Luther was styled a heretic, and threatened with the fate of Huss. He defended himself in pamphlets, which were eagerly read by the people; and his followers increased so rapidly that Leo X., who had summoned him to Rome for trial, finally agreed that he should present himself before the Papal Legate, Cardinal Cajetan, at Augsburg. The latter simply demanded that Luther should retract what he had preached and written, as being contrary to the papal bulls; whereupon Luther, for the first time, was compelled to declare that "the command of the pope can only be respected as the voice of God, when it is not in conflict with the Holy Scriptures." The Cardinal afterward said: "I will have nothing more to do with that German beast, with the deep eyes and the whimsical speculations in his head!" and Luther said of him: "He knew no more about the Word than a donkey knows of harp-playing."

The Vicar-General of the Augustines was still Luther's friend, and, fearing that he was not safe in Augsburg, he had him let

*Lewis.

†Bunsen.

‡Taylor.

*Bunsen.

out of the city at daybreak, through a small door in the wall, and then supplied with a horse. Having reached Wittenberg, where he was surrounded with devoted followers, Frederick the Wise was next ordered to give him up. About the same time Leo X. declared that the practices assailed by Luther were doctrines of the church, and must be accepted as such. Frederick began to waver; but the young Philip Melancthon, Justus Jonas, and other distinguished men connected with the university exerted their influence, and the elector finally refused the demand. The Emperor Maximilian, now near his end, sent a letter to the pope, begging him to arrange the difficulty, and Leo X. commissioned his Nuncio, a Saxon nobleman named Karl von Miltitz, to meet Luther. The meeting took place at Altenburg in 1519; the Nuncio, who afterward reported that he "would not undertake to remove Luther from Germany with the help of 10,000 soldiers, for he had found ten men for him where one was for the pope"—was a mild and conciliatory man. He prayed Luther to pause, for he was destroying the peace of the church, and succeeded, by his persuasions, in inducing him to promise to keep silence, provided his antagonists remained silent also.

This was merely a truce, and it was soon broken. Dr. Eck, one of the partisans of the church, challenged Luther's friend and follower, Carlstadt, to a public discussion in Leipzig, and it was not long before Luther himself was compelled to take part in it. He declared his views with more clearness than ever, disregarding the outcry raised against him that he was in fellowship with the Bohemian heretics. The struggle, by this time, had affected all Germany, the middle class and smaller nobles being mostly on Luther's side, while the priests and reigning princes, with a few exceptions, were against him. In order to defend himself from misrepresentation and justify his course, he published two pamphlets, one called "An Appeal to the Emperor and Christian Nobles of Germany," and the other "Concerning the Babylonian Captivity of the Church." These were read by tens of thousands, all over the country.

Pope Leo X. immediately issued a bull, ordering all Luther's writings to be burned, excommunicating those who should believe in them, and summoning Luther to Rome. This only increased the popular excitement in Luther's favor, and on the 10th of December, 1520, he took the step which made impossible any reconciliation between himself and the papal power. Accompanied by the professors and students of the university, he had a fire kindled outside of one of the gates of Wittenberg, placed therein the books of canonical law and various writings in defence of the pope, and then cast the papal bull into the flames, with the words: "As thou hast tormented the Lord and His saints, so may eternal flame torment and consume thee." This was the boldest declaration of war ever hurled at such an overwhelming majority; but the courage of this one man soon communicated itself to the people. Frederick the Wise was now his steadfast friend, and, although the dangers which beset him increased every day, his own faith in the righteousness of his cause only became firmer and purer.*

LUTHER AT WORMS.

Meanwhile Charles of Spain had succeeded Maximilian and became Karl V. in the list of German emperors. Luther wrote to the new emperor asking that he might be heard before being condemned. The elector Frederick also interceded, and the diet of Worms was convened January 6, 1521. Luther was summoned to appear. "I must go; if I am too weak to go in good health, I shall have myself carried thither sick. They will not have my blood after which they thirst unless it is God's will. Two things I can not do—shrink from the call, nor retract my opinions." The emperor tardily granted him the safe conduct on which his friends insisted. In spite of all warnings he set out with the imperial herald on the 2nd of April. On the 16th he entered the city. On his approach to Worms the

elector's chancellor entreated him in the name of his master not to enter a town where his death was already decided. Luther returned the simple reply, "Tell your master that if there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on its roofs, I would enter." When surrounded by his friends on the morning of the 17th, on which day he was to appear before the august assembly, he said, "Christ is to me what the head of the gorgon was to Perseus; I must hold it up against the devil's attack." When the hour approached he fell on his knees and uttered in great agony a prayer such as can only be pronounced by a man filled with the spirit of him who prayed at Gethsemane. He rose from prayer, and followed the herald. Before the throne he was asked two questions, whether he acknowledged the works before him to have been written by himself, and whether he would retract what he had said in them. Luther's address to the emperor has been preserved, and is a masterpiece of eloquence as well as of courage. The following is a part of his words: "I have laid open the almost incredible corruptions of popery, and given utterance to complaints almost universal. By retracting what I have said on this score, should I not fortify rank tyranny, and open a still wider door to enormous impieties? I can only say with Jesus Christ, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.'" Addressing himself directly to the emperor, he said: "May this new reign not begin, and still less continue, under pernicious auspices. The Pharaohs of Egypt, the kings of Babylon and of Israel never worked more effectually for their own ruin than when they thought to strengthen their power. I speak thus boldly, not because I think such great princes want my advice, but because I will fulfill my duty toward Germany as she has a right to expect from her children." The contemptible emperor, seeing his physical exhaustion, and thinking to confound him, ordered him to repeat what he had said in Latin. Luther did so. It was, however, when again urged to retract that we witness what seems the highest point of moral sublimity in Luther's career. "I can not submit my faith either to the pope or to councils, for it is clear that they have often erred and contradicted themselves. I will retract nothing unless convicted by the very passages of the word of God which I have just quoted." And he concluded by saying: "Here I take my stand. I can not do otherwise: so help me God. Amen."*

From that day Luther's life was in greatest and constant danger. The papal dogs had scented the blood of a heretic, and were on his track. Leaving Worms, he was seized by friends under the guise of enemies, as he was passing through the Thuringian forest, and carried away and hid in the castle of Wartburg. Here, secreted from his enemies for many months, he busied himself with translating the New Testament into German. His version proved to be among the most valuable of the services he rendered. In many respects it is superior to any other translations yet made. With all his scholarship, he ignored the theological style of writing, and sought to express the thoughts of the inspired writers in words comprehensible by the commonest people. To this end he frequented the marketplace, the house of sorrow, and of rejoicing, in order to note how the people expressed themselves in all the circumstances of life. "I can not use the words heard in castles and courts," he said; "I have endeavored in translating to give clear, pure German."

Luther lived twenty-five years after the diet of Worms—years of heroic battle, sometimes against foes inside of his movement of reform as well as against the church, which never gave up the struggle. He wrote many works, some controversial, others expository of the Bible. His "Battle Hymn" also revealed him the possessor of rare poetic genius.

He died at Eisleben, February 17, 1546. For some time, under the weight of his labors and anxieties, his constitution had been breaking down. The giant of the Reformation halted

*Taylor.

*Dunstan.

in his earthly course, but the gigantic spirit and work moved on. As the solemn procession which bore his body from Eisleben to Wittenberg passed, the bells of every village and town were tolled, and the people flocked together, crowding the highways. At Halle men and women came out with cries and lamentations, and so great was the throng that it was two hours before the coffin could be laid in the church. An eye-witness says: "Here we endeavored to raise the funeral psalm, 'Out of the depths have I called unto thee,' but so heavy was our grief that the words were wept rather than sung." Mr. Carlyle closes his "Spiritual Portrait of Luther" with the following words of noble and beautiful tribute: "I call this Luther a true great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green, beautiful valleys with flowers! A right spiritual hero and prophet; once more, a true son of nature and fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to heaven."

[To be continued.]

EXTRACTS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE.

JOHANN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN.

No critic has displayed a keener feeling for the beauty and significance of such works as came within his knowledge, or a truer imagination in bridging over the gulfs at which direct knowledge failed him. And his style, warm with the glow of sustained enthusiasm, yet calm, dignified, and harmonious, was worthy of his splendid theme.—*Sime.*

More artistic and æsthetic views have prevailed in every direction since Winckelmann became a recognized authority.—*Schlegel.*

The Apollo of the Vatican.

Among all the works of antiquity which have escaped destruction the Apollo of the Vatican reaches the highest ideal of art. It surpasses all other statues as Homer's Apollo does that of all succeeding poets. Its size lifts it above common humanity, and its altitude bespeaks its greatness. The proud form charming in the manliness of the prime of life seems clothed with endless youth.

Go with thy soul into the kingdom of celestial beauty and seek to create within thyself a divine nature, and to fill thy heart with forms which are above the material. For here there is nothing perishable, nothing that mortal imperfection demands. No veins heat, no sinews control this body; but a heavenly spirit spreading like a gentle stream fills the whole figure.

He has foiled the Python against which he has just drawn his bow, and the powerful dart has overtaken and killed it. Satisfied, he looks far beyond his victory into space; contempt is on his lip and the rage which possesses him expands his nostrils and mounts to his forehead. Still the peace which hovers in holy calm upon his forehead is undisturbed; his eye like the eyes of the muses is full of gentleness.

In all the statues of the father of gods which remain to us in none does he come so near to that grandeur in which he has revealed himself to the poets as he does here in the face of his son. The peculiar beauties of the remaining gods are united here in one: the forehead of Jupiter, pregnant with the goddess of wisdom, eyebrows which reveal his will in their arch, the full commanding eyes of the queen of the gods, and a mouth of the greatest loveliness. About this divine head the soft hair, as if moved by a gentle breeze, plays like the graceful tendrils of a vine. He seems like one anointed with the oil of the gods, and crowned with glory by the Graces.

Before this wonderful work of art I forgot all else. My

bosom throbs with adoration as his with the spirit of prophecy. I feel myself carried back to Delos and to the lyric halls, the places which Apollo honored with his presence; then the statue before me seems to receive life and motion like Pygmalion's beauty; how is it possible to paint, to describe it? Art itself must direct me, must lead my hand, to carry out the first outlines which I attempt. I lay my effort at its feet as those who would crown the god-head, but can not attain the height, do their wreaths.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

He was a seer—a prophet. A century has passed since his birth, and we revere him as one of the first among the spiritual heroes of humanity.—*Vischer. Speech at the Centenary Festival of Schiller's birthday (1859).*

That Schiller went away early is for us a gain. From his tomb there comes to us an impulse, strengthening us, as with the breath of his own might, and awakening a most earnest longing to fulfill, lovingly, and more and more, the work that he began. So, in all that he willed to do, and in all that he fulfilled, he shall live on, forever, for his own nation, and for mankind.—*Goethe.*

Goethe and Schiller greatly excelled in their department of literary labor, becoming oracles in all such matters. And since their names have gone into history, they share, perhaps not quite equally, the highest niche in the pantheon of German literature. Schiller was, at once, a fine thinker, and poet, able to weave his own subtle thoughts, and the philosophies of other transcendentalists into verse, as exquisite as their speculations were, at times, dreamy and incomprehensible. Carlyle, in a glowing tribute to Schiller, concedes to Goethe the honor of being the poet of Germany; and so perhaps he was, though it is difficult to compare men so widely different. They differed in this: Goethe, with his rich endowment of intellect, was born a poet—an inspired man, the ever springing fountain within him poured forth copiously; Schiller, with genius hardly surpassed, seems a more laborious thinker, ever seeking truth, while his finely wrought stanzas are a little more artificially melodious. He is the most beloved because his countrymen think he had more heart, and breathed out more ardent aspirations for political freedom. We commend what is excellent in his works; the facts and truths expressed with refreshing clearness, and usually of good moral tendency, but we can not ignore his philosophical skepticism, and warn the admiring reader against its pernicious influence. In the supreme matter of religious faith our captivating author was evidently much of his life adrift on stormy seas, "driven of the winds and tossed." If the fatuity of the venture was not followed by dismal and utter shipwreck, he was near the fatal rocks, and suffered great loss. The beginning was in this respect most full of promise, and his environment favorable. The home training in a devout religious family, and the teachings of the sanctuary had made a deep impression on the mind of the thoughtful youth, and as solemn vows were made as ever passed from human lips. His was for a season really a life of prayer and consecration to Christian service. But all that passed away. And how the change was brought about it is not hard to discover. Though blameless in character, and full of noble aspirations while yet in his adolescence, quite too early, he became acquainted with infidel writings of Voltaire—a perilous adventure for any youth. The foundations on which he rested were shaken, and he fled to the positive philosophy of Kant and others, who interpreted away all that was distinctively true and life-giving in the Scriptures. Faith, whose mild radiance brightened the morning, suffered a fearful eclipse before it was noon: and thence, like a wanderer, he groped for the way; "daylight all gone." The great man needed God, but turned from him—sought truth with worshipful anxiety, but, in his sad bewilderment, found it not. The difference between his states of faith and unfaith is strongly stated in his own words that we here give. The first extract

was written on a Sabbath in 1777. The other tells, about as forcibly as words can, of the unrest and disappointment that were afterward felt.

Sabbath Morning.

God of truth, Father of light, I look to thee with the first rays of the morning sun, and I bow before thee. Thou seest me, O God! Thou seest from afar every pulsation of my praying heart. Thou knowest well my earnest desire for truth. Heavy doubt often veils my soul in night; but thou knowest how anxious my heart is within me, and how it goes out for heavenly light. Oh yes! A friendly ray has often fallen from thee upon my shadowed soul. I saw the awful abyss on whose brink I was trembling, and I have thanked the kind hand that drew me back in safety. Still be with me, my God and Father, for there are days when fools stalk about and say, "there is no God." Thou hast given me my birth, O my Creator, in these days when superstition rages at my right hand, and skepticism scoffs at my left. So I often stand and quake in the storm; and oh, how often would the bending reed break if thou didst not prevent it; thou, the mighty Preserver of all thy creatures and Father of all who seek thee. What am I without truth, without her leadership through life's labyrinth? A wanderer through the wilderness overtaken by the night, with no friendly hand to lead me, and no guiding star to show me the path. Doubt, uncertainty, skepticism! You begin with anguish, and you end with despair. But Truth, thou leadest us safely through life, bearest the torch before us in the dark vale of death, and bringest us home to heaven, where thou wast born. O my God, keep my heart in peace, in that holy rest during which Truth loves best to visit us. If I have truth then I have Christ; if I have Christ then have I God; and if I have God, then I have everything. And could I ever permit myself to be robbed of this precious gem, this heaven-reaching blessing by the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness in thy sight? No. He who hates truth will I call my enemy, but he who seeks it with simple heart I will embrace as my brother and my friend.

Later in life his anguish is openly expressed in his philosophical letters. "I felt, and I was happy. Raphael has taught me to think, and I am now ready to lament my own creation. You have stolen my faith that gave me peace. You have taught me to despise what I once revered. A thousand things were very venerable to me before your sorry wisdom stripped me of them. I saw a multitude of people going to church; I heard their earnest worship as they united in fraternal prayer; I cried aloud, 'That truth must be divine which the best of men profess, which conquers so triumphantly and consoles so sweetly.' Your cold reason has quenched my enthusiasm. 'Believe no one,' you said, 'but your reason; there is nothing more holy than truth.' I listened, and offered up all my opinions. My reason is now become everything to me; it is my only guarantee for divinity, virtue, and immortality. Woe unto me henceforth, if I come in conflict with this sole security!"

The following lines are given as a specimen of his verse. They are taken from Carlyle's translation of the "Song of the Alps:"

By the edge of the chasm is a slippery track,
The torrent beneath, and the mist hanging o'er thee;
The cliffs of the mountains, huge, rugged, and black,
Are frowning like giants before thee;
And, would'st thou not waken the sleeping Lawine,
Walk silent and soft through the deadly ravine.

That bridge with its dizzying, perilous span,
Aloft o'er the gulf and its flood suspended,
Think'st thou it was built by the art of man,
By his hand that grim old arch was bended?
Far down in the jaws of the gloomy abyss
The water is boiling and hissing—forever will hiss.

Duty—Fame of.

What shall I do to be forever known?

Thy duty ever.

This did full many who yet slept unknown—

Oh! never, never!

Thinkest thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom *thou* knowest not?
By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Life will be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead.

The following verse is from the oft-recited "Song of the Bell," and is exquisite:

Ah! seeds how dearer far than they
We bury in the dismal tomb,
When hope and sorrow bend to pray,
That suns beyond the realm of day
May warm them into bloom.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

Goethe differs from all other great writers, except perhaps Milton, in this respect, that his works can not be understood without a knowledge of his life, and that his life is in itself a work of art, greater than any work which it created. . . . He is not only the greatest poet of Germany; he is one of the greatest poets of any age. . . . He was the apostle of self-culture.—*Sime.*

A Criticism on the Poems of J. H. Voss.

Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works even be it against his will. In this case he is present to us, and designedly; nay, with a friendly alacrity, sets before us his inward and outward modes of thinking and feeling; and disdains not to give us confidential explanations of circumstances, thoughts, views, and expressions, by means of appended notes.

And now, encouraged by so friendly an invitation, we draw nearer to him; we seek him by himself; we attach ourselves to him, and promise ourselves rich enjoyment, and manifold instruction and improvement.

In a level northern landscape we find him, rejoicing in his existence, in a latitude in which the ancients hardly expected to find a living thing.

And truly, winter there manifests his whole might and sovereignty. Storm-borne from the pole, he covers the woods with hoar frost, the streams with ice—a drifting whirlwind eddies around the high gables, while the poet rejoices in the shelter and comfort of his home, and cheerily bids defiance to the raging elements. Furred and frost-covered friends arrive, and are heartily welcomed under the protecting roof; and soon they form a cordial confiding circle, enliven the household meal by the clang of glasses, the joyous song, and thus create for themselves a moral summer.

And when spring herself advances, no more is heard of roof and hearth; the poet is always abroad, wandering on the soft pathways around his peaceful lake. Every bush unfolds itself with an individual character, every blossom bursts with an individual life, in his presence. As in a fully worked-out picture, we see, in the sun-light around him, grass and herb, as distinctly as oak and beech-tree; and on the margin of the still waters there is wanting neither the reed nor any succulent plant.

Around him, like a dweller in Eden, sport, harmless, fearless creatures—the lamb on the meadows, the roe in the forest. Around him assemble the whole choir of birds, and drown the busy hum of day with their varied accents.

The summer has come again; a genial warmth breathes through the poet's song. Thunders roll; clouds drop showers; rainbows appear; lightnings gleam, and a blessed coolness overspreads the plain. Everything ripens; the poet overlooks

none of the varied harvests; he hallows all by his presence.

And here is the place to remark what an influence our poets might exercise on the civilization of our German people—in some places, perhaps, have exercised.

His poems on the various incidents of rural life, indeed, do represent rather the reflections of a refined intellect than the feelings of the common people: but if we could picture to ourselves that a harper were present at the hay, corn, and potato harvests—if we recollected how he might make the men whom he gathered around him observant of that which recurs to them as ordinary and familiar; if, by his manner of regarding it, by his poetical expression, he elevated the common, and heightened the enjoyment of every gift of God and nature by his dignified representation of it, we may truly say he would be a real benefactor to his country. For the first stage of a true enlightenment is, that man should reflect upon his condition and circumstances, and be brought to regard them in the most agreeable light.

But scarcely are all these bounties brought under man's notice, when autumn glides in, and our poet takes an affecting leave of nature, decaying, at least in outward appearance. Yet he abandons not his beloved vegetation wholly to the unkind winter. The elegant vase receives many a plant, many a bulb, wherewith to create a mimic summer in the home seclusion of winter, and, even at that season, to leave no festival without its flowers and wreaths. Care is taken that even the household birds belonging to the family should not want a green fresh roof to their bowery cage.

Now is the loveliest time for short rambles—for friendly converse in the chilly evening. Every domestic feeling becomes active; longings for social pleasures increase; the want of music is more sensibly felt; and now, even the sick man willingly joins the friendly circle, and a departing friend seems to clothe himself in the colors of the departing year.

For as certainly as spring will return after the lapse of winter, so certainly will friends, lovers, kindred meet again; they will meet again in the presence of the all-loving Father; and then first will they form a whole with each other, and with everything good, after which they sought and strove in vain in this piece-meal world. And thus does the felicity of the poet, even here, rest on the persuasion that all have to rejoice in the care of a wise God, whose power extends unto all, and whose light lightens upon all. Thus does the adoration of such a being create in the poet the highest clearness and reasonableness; and, at the same time, an assurance that the thoughts, the words, with which he comprehends and describes infinite qualities, are not empty dreams and sounds, and thence arises a rapturous feeling of his own and others' happiness, in which everything conflicting, peculiar, discordant, is resolved and dissipated.

Faustus.

Faustus. Oh, he, indeed, is happy, who still feels,
And cherishes within himself, the hope
To lift himself above this sea of errors!
Of things we know not, each day do we find
The want of knowledge—all we know is useless:
But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts
This hour of beauty and benignity:
Look yonder, with delighted heart and eye,
On those low cottages that shine so bright
(Each with its garden plot of smiling green),
Robed in the glory of the setting sun!
But he is parting—fading—day is over—
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh, for a wing to raise me up from earth,
Nearer, and yet more near, to the bright orb,
That unrestrained I still might follow him!
Then should I see, in one unvarying glow
Of deathless evening, the reposing world
Beneath me—the hills kindling—the sweet vales,

B-IV-4

Beyond the hills, asleep in the soft beams
The silver streamlet, at the silent touch
Of heavenly light, transfigured into gold,
Flowing in brightness inexpressible!
Nothing to stop or stay my godlike motion!
The rugged hill, with its wild cliffs, in vain
Would rise to hide the sun; in vain would strive
To check my glorious course; the sea already,
With its illumined bays, that burn beneath
The lord of day, before the astonished eyes
Opens its bosom—and he seems at last
Just sinking—no—a power unfelt before—
An impulse indescribable succeeds!
Onward, entranced, I haste to drink the beams
Of the unfading light—before me day—
And night left still behind—and overhead
Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea!—
A glorious vision, while the setting sun
Is lingering! Oh, to the spirit's flight,
How faint and feeble are material wings!
Yet such our nature is, that when the lark,
High over us, unseen in the blue sky
Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves
Press up from earth, as 'twere in rivalry;—
And when above the savage hill of pines,
The eagle sweeps with outspread wings—and when
The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,
Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely!

Wagner. I, too, have had my hours of reverie;
But impulse such as this I never felt.
Of wood and fields the eye will soon grow weary;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings.
How different are the pleasures of the mind;
Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,
They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful;
They spread a sense of pleasure through the frame,
And when you see some old and treasured parchments,
All heaven descends to your delighted senses!

FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL.

His most important work is his "History of Ancient and Modern Literature." Throughout his exposition he is a propagandist of his special ideas; but the book is of lasting importance as the earliest attempt to present a systematic view of literary development as a whole.—*Sime.*

Extracts from History of Literature.

LITERARY INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.—On attentively considering the influence exercised by the Bible over mediæval as well as more modern literature and poetry, and the effects of the Scriptures, viewed as a mere literary composition on language, art, and representation, two important elements engage our observation. The first of these is complete simplicity of expression or the absence of all artifice. Almost exclusively treating of God and the moral nature of man, the language of the Scriptures is throughout living and forcible, devoid of metaphysical subtleties and of those dead ideas and empty abstractions which mark the philosophy of all nations—from the Indians and Greeks down to modern Europeans—whenever they undertake to represent those exalted objects of contemplation, God and man, by the light of unassisted reason. . . . Corresponding simplicity or absence of affectation also mark the poetical portions of Holy Writ, notwithstanding the copiousness of noble and sublime passages with which they abound. . . . The second distinctive quality of the Bible, in reference to external form and mode of representation, exerting an immense influence over modern diction and poesy, is the all pervading typical and symbolic element—not only of its poetical but of the didactic and historical books. In the case of the Hebrews this peculiarity may be partially regarded as a national peculiarity, in which the Arabs, their nearest of kin, participated.

It is not impossible that the prohibition concerning graven images of the Divinity contributed to cherish this propensity; the imagination restricted on one side sought an outlet in another. The same results flowed from similar causes among the followers of Mahomet. In those portions of Holy Writ in which oriental imagery is less dominant, as for instance in the books of the New Testament, symbolism nevertheless prevails. This spirit has, to a great extent, influenced the intellectual development of all Christian races.

MEDIAEVAL GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.—The real mediæval is nowhere so thoroughly expressed as in the memorials of the architectural style erroneously called gothic, the origin of which, as also its progressive features, may, to this day, be said to be lost in obscurity and doubt. The misnomer is now generally admitted, and it is commonly understood that this mediæval style did not originate with the Goths, but sprung up at a later date, and speedily attained its full maturity without exhibiting various gradations of formation. I allude to that style of Christian art which is distinguished by its lofty vaults and arches, its pillars which resemble bundles of reeds, and general profusion of ornament modeled after leaf and flower. . . . Whoever the originators, it is evident that their intention was not merely to pile up huge stone edifices, but to embody certain ideas. How excellent soever the style of a building may be, if it convey no meaning, express no sentiment, it can not strictly be considered a creation of art; for it must be remembered that this, at once the most ancient and sublime of creative arts, can not directly stimulate the feelings by means of actual appeal or faculty of representation. Hence architecture generally bears a symbolical hidden meaning, whilst the Christian architecture of mediæval Germany does so in an eminent and especial degree. First and foremost there is the expression of devotional thought towering boldly aloft from this lowly earth toward the azure skies and an omnipotent God. . . . The whole plan is replete with symbols of deep significance, traced and illustrated in a remarkable manner in the records of the period. The altar pointed eastward; the three principal entrances expressed the conflux of worshipers gathered together from all quarters of the globe. The three steeples corresponded to the Christian Trinity. The quire arose like a temple within a temple on an increased scale of elevation. The form of the cross had been of early establishment in the Christian church, not accidentally, as has been conjectured by some, but with a view to completeness, a constituent part of the whole. The rose will be found to constitute the radical element of all decoration in this architectural style; from it the peculiar shape of window, door and steeple is mainly derived in their manifold variety of foliated tracery. The cross and the rose are, then, the chief symbols of this mystic art. On the whole, what is sought to be conveyed is the stupendous idea of eternity, the earnest thought of death, the death of this world, wreathed in the lovely fullness of an endless blooming life in the world that is to come.

READINGS IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.*

IV.—THE SEA.

It has been ascertained that water covers about three times more of the earth's surface than the land does. We could not tell that merely by what we can see from any part of this country, or indeed of any country. It is because men have sailed round the world, and have crossed it in many directions, that the proportion of land and water has come to be known.

Take a school-globe and turn it slowly round on its axis. You see at a glance how much larger the surface of water is than the surface of land. But you may notice several other interesting things about the distribution of land and water.

In the first place you will find that the water is all connected together into one great mass, which we call the sea. The land, on the other hand, is much broken up by the way the sea runs into it; and some parts are cut off from the main mass of land, so as to form islands in the sea. Britain is one of the pieces of land so cut off.

In the second place, you cannot fail to notice how much more land lies on the north than on the south of the equator. If you turn the globe so that your eye shall look straight down on the site of London, you will find that most of the land on the globe comes into sight; whereas, if you turn the globe exactly round, and look straight down on the area of New Zealand, you will see most of the sea. London thus stands about the centre of the land-hemisphere, midway among the countries of the earth. And no doubt this central position has not been without its influence in fostering the progress of British commerce.

In the third place, you will notice that by the way in which the masses of land are placed, parts of the sea are to some extent separated from each other. These masses of land are called continents, and the wide sheets of water between are termed oceans. Picture to yourselves that the surface of the solid part of the earth is uneven, some portions rising into broad swellings and ridges, others sinking into wide hollows and basins. Now, into these hollows the sea has been gathered, and only those upstanding parts which rise above the level of the sea form the land.

When you come to examine the water of the sea, you find that it differs from the water with which you are familiar on the land, inasmuch as it is salt. It contains something which you do not notice in ordinary spring or river water. If you take a drop of clear spring water, and allow it to evaporate from a piece of glass, you will find no trace left behind. Take, however, a drop of sea water and allow it to evaporate. You find a little white point or film left behind, and on placing that film under a microscope you see it to consist of delicate crystals of common or sea salt. It would not matter from what ocean you took the drop of water, it would still show the crystals of salt on being evaporated.

There are some other things beside common salt in sea water. But the salt is the most abundant, and we need not trouble about the rest at present. Now, where did all this mineral matter in the sea come from? The salt of the sea is all derived from the waste of the rocks.

It has already been pointed out how, both underground and on the surface of the land, water is always dissolving out of the rocks various mineral substances, of which salt is one. Hence the water of springs and rivers contains salt, and this is borne away into the sea. So that all over the world there must be a vast quantity of salt carried into the ocean every year.

The sea gives off again by evaporation as much water as it receives from rain and from the rivers of the land. But the salt carried into it remains behind. If you take some salt water and evaporate it the pure water disappears, and the salt is left. So it is with the sea. Streams are every day carrying fresh supplies of salt into the sea. Every day, too, millions of tons of water are passing from the ocean into vapor in the atmosphere. The waters of the sea must consequently be getting saltier by degrees. The process, however, is an extremely slow one.

Although sea water has probably been gradually growing in saltiness ever since rivers first flowed into the great sea, it is even now by no means as salt as it might be. In the Atlantic Ocean, for example, the total quantity of the different salts amounts only to about three and a half parts in every hundred parts of water. But in the Dead Sea, which is extremely salt, the proportion is as much as twenty-four parts in the hundred of water.

Standing by the shore and watching for a little the surface of the sea, you notice how restless it is. Even on the calmest summer day, a slight ripple or a gentle heaving motion will be seen.

Again, if you watch a little longer, you will find that whether

*Abridged from Science Primer on Physical Geography, by Prof. Geikie.

the sea is calm or rough, it does not remain always at the same limit upon the beach. At one part of the day the edge of the water reaches to the upper part of the sloping beach; some six hours afterward it has retired to the lower part. You may watch it falling and rising day by day, and year by year, with so much regularity that its motion can be predicted long beforehand. This ebb and flow of the sea forms what are called tides.

If you cork up an empty bottle and throw it into the sea, it will of course float. But it will not remain long where it fell. It will begin to move away, and may travel for a long distance until thrown upon some shore again. Bottles cast upon mid-ocean have been known to be carried in this way for many hundreds of miles. This surface-drift of the sea water corresponds generally with the direction in which the prevalent winds blow.

But it is not merely the surface water which moves. You have learnt a little about icebergs; and one fact about them which you must remember is that, large as they may seem, there is about seven times more of their mass below water than above it. Now, it sometimes happens that an iceberg is seen sailing on, even right in the face of a strong wind. This shows that it is moving, not with the wind, but with a strong under-current in the sea. In short, the sea is found to be traversed by many currents, some flowing from cold to warm regions, and others from warm to cold.

Here, then, are four facts about the sea:—1st, it has a restless surface, disturbed by ripples and waves; 2ndly, it is constantly heaving with the ebb and flow of the tides; 3dly, its surface waters drift with the wind; and 4thly, it possesses currents like the atmosphere.

For the present it will be enough if we learn something regarding the first of these facts—the waves of the sea.

Here again you may profitably illustrate by familiar objects what goes on upon so vast a scale in nature. Take a basin, or a long trough of water, and blow upon the water at one edge. You throw its surface into ripples, which, as you will observe, start from the place where your breath first hits the water, and roll onward until they break in little wavelets upon the opposite margin of the basin.

What you do in a small way is the same action by which the waves of the sea are formed. All these disturbances of the smoothness of the sea are due to disturbances of the air. Wind acts upon the water of the sea as your breath does on that of the basin. Striking the surface it throws the water into ripples or undulations, and in continuing to blow along the surface it gives these additional force, until driven on by a furious gale they grow into huge billows.

When waves roll in on the land, they break one after another upon the shore, as your ripples break upon the side of the basin. And they continue to roll in after the wind has fallen, in the same way that the ripples in the basin will go on curling for a little after you have ceased to blow. The surface of the sea, like that of water generally, is very sensitive. If it is thrown into undulations, it does not become motionless the moment the cause of disturbance has passed away, but continues moving in the same way, but in a gradually lessening degree, until it comes to rest.

The restlessness of the surface of the sea becomes in this way a reflection of the restlessness of the air. It is the constant moving to and fro of currents of air, either gentle or violent, which roughens the sea with waves. When the air for a time is calm above, the sea sleeps peacefully below; when the sky darkens, and a tempest bursts forth, the sea is lashed into waves, which roll in and break with enormous force upon the land.

You have heard, perhaps you have even seen, something of the destruction which is worked by the waves of the sea. Every year piers and sea walls are broken down, pieces of the coast are washed away, and the shores are strewn with the wreck of ships. So that, beside all the waste which the surface

of the land undergoes from rain, and frost, and streams, there is another form of destruction going on along the coast-line.

On some parts of the coast-line of the east of England, where the rock is easily worn away, the sea advances on the land at a rate of two or three feet every year. Towns and villages which existed a few centuries ago, have one by one disappeared, and their sites are now a long way out under the restless waters of the North Sea. On the west coast of Ireland and Scotland, however, where the rocks are usually hard and resisting, the rate of waste has been comparatively small.

It would be worth your while the first time you happen to be at the coast, to ascertain what means the sea takes to waste the land. This you can easily do by watching what happens on a rocky beach. Get to some sandy or gravelly part of the beach, over which the waves are breaking, and keep your eye on the water when it runs back after a wave has burst. You see all the grains of gravel and sand hurrying down the slope with the water; and if the gravel happens to be coarse, it makes a harsh grating noise as its stones rub against each other—a noise sometimes loud enough to be heard miles away. As the next wave comes curling along, you will mark that the sand and gravel, after slackening their downward pace, are caught up by the bottom of the advancing wave and dragged up the beach again, only to be hurried down once more as the water retires to allow another wave to do the same work.

By this continual up and down movement of the water, the sand and stones on the beach are kept grinding against each other, as in a mill. Consequently they are worn away. The stones become smaller, until they pass into mere sand, and the sand, growing finer, is swept away out to sea and laid down at the bottom.

But not only the loose materials on the shore suffer in this way an incessant wear and tear, the solid rocks underneath, wherever they come to the surface, are ground down in the same process. When the waves dash against a cliff they hurl the loose stones forward, and batter the rocks with them. Here and there in some softer part, as in some crevice of the cliff, these stones gather together, and when the sea runs high they are kept whirling and grinding at the base of the cliff till, in the end, a cave is actually bored by the sea in the solid rock, very much in the same way as holes are bored by a river in the bed of its channel. The stones of course are ground to sand in the process, but their place is supplied by others swept up by the waves. If you enter one of these sea-caves when the water is low, you will see how smoothed and polished its sides and roof are, and how well rounded and worn are the stones lying on its floor.

So far as we know, the bottom of the sea is very much like the surface of the land. It has heights and hollows, lines of valleys and ranges of hills. We can not see down to the bottom where the water is very deep, but we can let down a long line with a weight tied to the end of it, and find out both how deep the water is, and what is the nature of the bottom, whether rock or gravel, sand, mud, or shells. This measuring of the depths of the water is called sounding, and the weight at the end of the line goes by the name of the sounding-lead.

Soundings have been made over many parts of the sea, and something is now known about its bottom, though much still remains to be discovered. The Atlantic Ocean is the best known. In sounding it, before laying down the telegraphic cable which stretches across under the sea from this country to America, a depth of 14,500 feet, or two miles and three-quarters, was reached. But between the Azores and the Bermudas a sounding has been obtained of seven miles and a half. If you could lift up the Himalaya mountains, which are the highest on the globe, reaching a height of 29,000 feet above the sea, and set them down in the deepest part of the Atlantic, they would not only sink out of sight, but their tops would actually be about two miles below the surface.

A great part of the wide sea must be one or two miles deep.

But it is not all so deep as that, for even in mid-ocean some parts of its bottom rise up to the surface and form islands. As a rule it deepens in tracts furthest from land, and shallows toward the land. Hence those parts of the sea which run in among islands and promontories are, for the most part, comparatively shallow.

You may readily enough understand how it is that soundings are made, though you can see how difficult it must be to work a sounding line several miles long. Yet men are able not only to measure the depth of the water, but by means of the instrument called a dredge, to bring up bucketfuls of whatever may be lying on the sea floor, from even the deepest parts of the ocean. In this way during the last few years a great deal of additional knowledge has been gathered as to the nature of the sea floor, and the kind of plants and animals which live there. We now know that even in some of the deepest places which have yet been dredged there is plenty of animal life, such as shells, corals, star-fishes, and still more humble creatures.

We can not, indeed, examine the sea bottom with anything like the same minuteness as the surface of the land. Yet a great deal may be learnt regarding it.

If you put together some of the facts with which we have been dealing in the foregoing lessons, you may for yourselves make out some of the most important changes which are in progress on the floor of the sea. For example, try to think what must become of all the wasted rock which is every year removed from the surface of the land. It is carried into the sea by streams, as you have now learnt. But what happens to it when it gets there? From the time when it was loosened from the sides of the mountains, hills, or valleys, this decomposed material has been seeking, like water, to reach a lower level. On reaching the hollows of the sea bottom it can not descend any further, but must necessarily accumulate there.

It is evident, then, that between the floor of the sea and the surface of the land, there must be this great difference: that whereas the land is undergoing a continual destruction of its surface, from mountain crest to sea shore, the sea bottom, on the other hand, is constantly receiving fresh materials on its surface. The one is increased in proportion as the other is diminished. So that even without knowing anything regarding what men have found out by means of deep soundings, you could confidently assert that every year there must be vast quantities of gravel, sand and mud laid down upon the floor of the sea, because you know that these materials are worn away from the land.

Again, you have learnt that the restless agitation of the sea is due to movements of the air, and that the destruction which the sea can effect on the land is due chiefly to the action of the waves caused by wind. But this action must be merely a surface one. The influence of the waves can not reach to the bottom of the deep sea. Consequently that bottom lies beyond the reach of the various kinds of destruction which so alter the face of the land. The materials which are derived from the waste of the land can lie on the sea floor without further disturbance than they may suffer from the quiet flow of such ocean currents as touch the bottom.

In what way, then, are the gravel, sand and mud disposed of when they reach the sea?

As these materials are all brought from the land, they accumulate on those parts of the sea floor which border the land, rather than at a distance. We may expect to find banks of sand and gravel in shallow seas and near land, but not in the middle of the ocean.

You may form some notion, on a small scale, as to how the materials are arranged on the sea bottom by examining the channel of a river in a season of drought. At one place, where the current has been strong, there may be a bank of gravel; at another place, where the currents of the river have met, you will find, perhaps, a ridge of sand which they have heaped up; while in those places where the flow of the stream has been

more gentle, the channel may be covered with a layer of fine silt or mud. You remember that a muddy river may be made to deposit its mud if it overflows its banks so far as to spread over flat land which checks its flow.

The more powerful a current of water, the larger will be the stones it can move along. Hence coarse gravel is not likely to be found over the bottom of the sea, except near the land, where the waves can sweep it out into the path of strong sea currents. Sand will be carried further out, and laid down in great sheets, or in banks. The finer mud and silt may be borne by currents for hundreds of miles before at last settling down upon the sea bottom.

In this way, according to the nearness of the land, and the strength of the ocean currents, the sand, mud, and gravel worn from the land are spread out in vast sheets and banks over the bottom of the sea.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[January 6.]

ON SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY.

By ISAAC TAYLOR.

Read the Gospels, simply as historical memoirs; and by such aids as they alone supply, make yourself acquainted with him who is the subject of these narrations. Bring the individual conception as distinctly as possible before the mind; allow the moral sense to confer, in its own manner, and at leisure, with this unusual form of humanity. "Behold the man"—even the Savior of the world, and say whether it be not historic truth that is before the eye. The more peculiar is this form, yet withal symmetrical, the more infallible is the impression of reality we thence receive. What we have to do with in this instance, is not an undefined ideal of wisdom and goodness, conveyed in round affirmations, or in eulogies; but with a self-developed individuality, in conveying which the writers of the narrative do not appear. In this instance, if in any, the medium is transparent: nothing intervenes between the reader and the personage of the history, in whose presence we stand, as if not separated by time and space.

It may be questioned whether the entire range of *ancient history* presents any one character in colors of reality so fresh as those which distinguish the personage of the evangelic memoirs. The sages and heroes of antiquity—less and less nearly related, as they must be, to any living interests, are fading amid the mists of an obsolete world; but he who "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," is offered to the view of mankind, in the eyes of immortality, fitting a history, which, instead of losing the intensity of its import, is gathering weight by the lapse of time.

The Evangelists, by the translucency of their style, have given a lesson in biographical composition, showing how perfectly individual character may be expressed in a method which disdains every rule but that of fidelity. It is personal humanity, in the presence of which we stand, while perusing the Gospels, and to each reader apart, if serious and ingenuous, and yet incredulous, the Savior of the world addresses a mild reproof—"It is I. Behold my hands and my feet; reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." And can we do otherwise than grant all that is now demanded, namely, that the Evangelists record the actions and discourses of a real person?

It is well to consider the extraordinary contrasts that are yet perfectly harmonized in the personal character of Christ. At a first glance, he always appears in his own garb of humility—lowliness of demeanor is his very characteristic. But we must not forget that this lowliness was combined with nothing less than a solemnly proclaimed and peremptory challenge of rightful headship over the human race! Nevertheless, the oneness

of the character, the fair perfection of the surface, suffers no rent by this blending of elements so strangely diverse. Let us then bring before the mind, with all the distinctness we can, the conception of the Teacher, more meek than any who has ever assumed to rule the opinions of mankind, and who yet, in the tones proper to tranquil modesty, and as conscious at once of power and right, anticipates that day of wonder, when "the king shall sit on the throne of his glory," with his angels attendant; and when "all nations shall be gathered before him," from his lips to receive their doom! The more these elements of personal character are disproportionate, the more convincing is the proof of reality which arises from their harmony.

We may read the Evangelists listlessly, and not perceive this evidence; but we can never read them intelligently without yielding to it our convictions.

If the character of Christ be, as indeed it is, altogether unmatched in the circle of history, it is even less so by the singularity of the intellectual and moral elements which it combines, than by the sweetness and perfection which result from their union. This will appear the more, if we consider those instances in which the combination was altogether of an unprecedented kind.

Nothing has been more constant in the history of the human mind, whenever the religious emotions have gained a supremacy over the sensual and sordid passions, than the breaking out of the ascetic temper in some of its forms; and most often in that which disguises virtue, now as a specter, now as a maniac, now as a mendicant, now as a slave, but never as the bright daughter of heaven. Of the three Jewish sects extant in our Lord's time, two of them—that is to say, the two that made pretensions to any sort of piety, had assumed the ascetic garb, in its two customary species—the philosophic (the Essenes) and the fanatical (the Pharisees); and so strong and uniform is this crabbed inclination, that Christianity itself, in violent contrariety to its spirit and its precepts, went off into the ascetic temper, within a century after the close of the apostolic age, or even earlier.

Under this aspect, then, let us for a moment consider the absolutely novel phenomenon of the Teacher of a far purer morality than the world had heretofore ever listened to; yet himself affecting no singularities in his modes of living. The superiority of the soul to the body was the very purport of his doctrine; and yet he did not waste the body by any austerities! The duty of self-denial he perpetually enforced; and yet he practiced no factitious mortifications! This Teacher, not of abstinence, but of virtue; this Reprover, not of enjoyment, but of vice, himself went in and out among the social amenities of ordinary life with so unsolicitous a freedom as to give color to the malice of hypocrisy, in pointing the finger at him, saying, "Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber; a friend (companion) of publicans and sinners!" Should we not then note this singular apposition and harmony of qualities, that he who was familiar with the festivities of heaven did not any more disdain the poor solaces of mortality, than disregard its transient pains and woes? Follow this same Jesus from the banquets of the opulent, where he showed no scruples in diet, to the highways and wildernesses of Judea, where, never indifferent to human sufferings, he healed—"as many as came unto him."

These remarkable features in the personal character of Christ have often, and very properly, been adduced as instances of the unrivaled wisdom and elevation which mark him as pre-eminent among the wise and good.

It is not, however, for this purpose that we now refer to them, but rather as harmonies, altogether inimitable, and which put beyond doubt the historic reality of the person. Thus considered, they must be admitted by calm minds as carrying the truth of Christianity itself.

[January 13.]

There are, however, those who will readily grant us what, in-

deed, they can not with any appearance of candor deny—the historic reality of the person of Christ, and the more than human excellence which his behavior and discourses embody; but at this point they declare that they must stop. Let such persons see to it—they can not stop at this point; for just at this point there is no ground on which foot may stand.

What are the facts?

The inimitable characteristics of nature attach to what we may call the common incidents of the evangelic history, and in which Jesus of Nazareth is seen mingling himself with the ordinary course of social life.

But is it true that these characteristics suddenly, and in each instance, disappear when this same person is presented to us walking on another, and a high path, namely, that of supernatural power? *It is not so*, and, on the contrary, very many of the most peculiar and infallible of those touches of tenderness and pathos which so generally mark the evangelic narrative, belong precisely to the supernatural portions of it, and are inseparably connected with acts of miraculous beneficence. We ask that the Gospels be read with the utmost severity of criticism, and with this especial object in view, namely, to inquire whether those indications of reality which have already been yielded to as irresistible evidences of truth, do not belong as fully to the supernatural, as they do to the ordinary incidents of the Gospel? or in other words, whether, unless we resolve to overrule the question by a previous determination, any ground of simply historic distinction presents itself, marking off the supernatural from the ordinary events of the evangelic narratives?

If we feel ourselves to be conversing with historic truth, as well as with heavenly wisdom, when Jesus is before us, seated on the mountain-brow, and delivering the Beatitudes to his disciples; is it so that the colors become confused, and the contour of the figures unreal, when the same personage, in the midst of thousands, seated by fifties on the grassy slope, supplies the hunger of the multitude by the word of his power? Is it historic truth that is presented when the fearless Teacher of a just morality convicts the rabbis of folly and perversity; and less so when, turning from his envious opponents, he says to the paralytic, "Take up thy bed and walk?" Nature herself is before us when the repentant woman, after washing the Lord's feet with her tears, and wiping them with her hair, sits contrasted with the obdurate and uncourteous Pharisee; but the very same bright forms of reality mark the scene when Jesus, filled with compassion at the sight of a mother's woe, stays the bier and renders her son alive to her bosom.

Or, if we turn to those portions of the Gospels in which the incidents are narrated more in detail, and where a greater variety of persons is introduced, and where, therefore, the supposition of fabrication is the more peremptorily excluded, it is found that the supernatural and the ordinary elements are in no way to be distinguished in respect of the simple vivacity with which both present themselves to the eye. The evangelic narrative offers the same bright translucency, the same serenity, and the same precision, in reporting the most astounding as the most familiar occurrences. It is like a smooth-surfaced river, which, in holding its course through a varied country reflects from its bosom at one moment the amenities of a homely border, and at the next the summits of the Alps, and both with the same unruffled fidelity.

As the subject of a rigorous historic criticism, and all hypothetical opinions being excluded, no pretext whatever presents itself for drawing a line around the supernatural portions of the Gospels, as if they were of suspicious aspect, and differed from the context in historic verisimilitude. Without violence done to the rules of criticism, we can not detach the miraculous portions of the history, and then put together the mutilated portions, so as to consist with the undoubted reality or the part which is retained.

Or take the narrative of the raising of Lazarus of Bethany.

A brilliant vividness, as when a sunbeam breaks from between clouds, illumines this unmatched history; and it rests with equal intensity upon the stupendous miracle, and upon the beauty and grace of the scene of domestic sorrow. If we follow Martha and Mary from the house to the spot where they meet their friend, and give a half-utterance to their confidence in his power, at what step—let us distinctly determine—at what step, as the group proceeds toward the sepulchre, shall we halt and refuse to accompany it? Where is the break in the story, or the point of transition, and where does history finish, and the spurious portion commence? Is it when we approach the cave's mouth that the gestures of the persons become unreal, and the language untrue to nature? Where is it that the indications of tenderness and majesty disappear—at the moment when Jesus weeps, or when he invokes his Father, or when, with a voice which echoes in hades, he challenges the dead to come forth; or is it when "he who was dead" obeys this bidding?

We affirm that, on no principles which a sound mind can approve, is it *possible* either to deny the reality of the natural portions of this narrative, or to sever these from the supernatural. But this is not enough; for it might be in fact more easy to offer some intelligible solution of the difficulty attaching to the supposition that the gospels are not true, in respect of the ordinary, than of the extraordinary portion of their materials. If we were to allow it to be possible (which it is not) that writers showing so little inventive or plastic powers as do Matthew the Publican, and John of Galilee, should, with the harmony of truth, have carried their imaginary Master through the *common* acts and incidents of his course; never could they, no, nor writers the most accomplished, have brought him, in modest simplicity, through the *miraculous* acts of that course. Desperate must be the endeavor to show that, while the ordinary events of the gospel must be admitted as true, the extraordinary are incredible. On the contrary, it would be to the former, if to any, that a suspicion might attach; for, as to the latter, they can not but be true: if not true, whence are they?

The skepticism, equally condemned as it is by historical logic and by the moral sense, which allows the natural and disallows the supernatural portion of the history of Christ, is absolutely excluded when we compare, in the four Gospels separately, the narrative of what precedes the resurrection, with the closing portions, which bring the crucified Jesus again among his disciples.

[January 20.]

If those portions of the evangelic history which reach to the moment of the death of Christ are, in a critical sense, of the same historic quality as those which run on to the moment of his ascension, and if the former absolutely command our assent—if they carry it as by force, then, by a most direct inference, "is Christ risen indeed," and become the first fruits of immortality to the human race. Then it is true that, "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." No narrative is anywhere extant comparable to that of the days and hours immediately preceding the crucifixion; and the several accounts of the hurried events of those days present the minute discrepancies which are always found to belong to genuine memoirs, compiled by eye-witnesses.

The last supper and its sublime discourses; the agony in the garden, the behavior of the traitor, the scenes in the hall of the chief priest, and before the judgment-seat of the Roman procurator, and in the palace of Herod, and in the place called the Pavement, and on the way from the city, and in the scene on Calvary, are true—if anything in the compass of history be true.

But now, if our moral perceptions are in this way to be listened to, not less incontestably real are the closing chapters of the four Gospels, in which we find the same sobriety and the same vivacity; the same distinctness and the same freshness; the same pathos and the same wisdom, and the same majesty; and yet all

chastened by the recollected sorrows of a terrible conflict just passed, and mellowed with the glow of a triumph at hand.

Let it be imagined that writers such as the Evangelists might have led their Master as far as to Calvary; but could they, unless truth had been before them, have reproduced him from the sepulchre? What abruptness, harshness, extravagance, what want of harmony, would have been presented in the closing chapters of the Gospels, if the same Jesus had not supplied the writers with their materials by going in and out among them after his resurrection.

On the supposition that Christ did not rise from the dead, let any one whose moral tastes are not entirely blunted, read the narrative of his encounter with Mary in the garden, and with his disciples in the inner chamber, and again on the shore of the lake; let him study the perfect simplicity and yet the warmth of the interview with the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. The better taste of modern times, and the just sense of what is true in sentiment and pure in composition, give us an advantage in an analysis of this sort. Guided, then, by the instincts of the most severe taste, let us spread before us the final portion of the Gospel of Luke, namely, the twenty-fourth chapter, which reports a selection of the events occurring between the early morning of the first day of the week, and that moment of wonder when, starting from the world he had ransomed, the Savior returned whence he had come. Will any one acquainted with antiquity affirm that any writer, Greek, Roman, or barbarian, has come down to us, whom we can believe capable of conceiving at all of such a style of incident or discourse; or who, had he conceived it, could have conveyed his conception in a style so chaste, natural, calm, lucid, pure? Nothing like this narrative is contained in all the circle of fiction, and nothing equal to it in all the circle of history; and yet nothing is more perfectly consonant with the harmonies of nature. We may listlessly peruse this page, each line of which wakens a sympathy in every bosom which itself responds to truth. But if we ponder it, if we allow the mind to grasp the several objects, we are vanquished by the conviction that all is real. But if real, and if Christ be risen indeed, then is Christianity indeed a *religion of facts*; and then we are fully entitled to a bold affirmation and urgent use of whatever inferences may thence be fairly deduced.

Acute minds will not be slow to discern, as in perspective before them, the train of those inferences which we shall feel ourselves at liberty to deduce from the admission that Christianity is *historically true*. This admission can not, we are sure, be withheld; and yet let it not be made with a reserved intention to evade the consequences. What are they? They are such as embrace the personal well-being of every one; for, if Christianity be a history, it is a history still in full progress; it is a history running on, far beyond the dim horizon of human hopes and fears.

[January 27.]

But it is said, all this, at the best, is *moral evidence only*; and those who are conversant with mathematical demonstrations, and with the rigorous methods of physical science, must not be required to yield their convictions easily to *mere moral evidence*.

We ask, have those who are accustomed thus to speak, actually considered the import of their objection; or inquired what are the consequences it involves, if valid? We believe not; and we think so, because the very terms are destitute of logical meaning; or imply, if a meaning be assigned to them, a palpable absurdity.

If, for a moment, we grant an intelligible meaning to the objection as stated, and consent to understand the terms in which it is conveyed, as they are often used, then we affirm that some portion of even the abstract sciences is less certain than are very many things established by what is called moral evidence—that a large amount of what is accredited as probably true within the circle of the physical and mixed sciences is *im-*

measurably inferior in certainty to much which rests upon moral evidence; and further, that so far from its being reasonable to reject this species of evidence, the mere circumstance of a man's being known to distrust it in the conduct of his daily affairs, would be held to justify, in his case, a commission of lunacy.

No supposition can be more inaccurate than that which assumes the three kinds of proof, *mathematical*, *physical*, and *moral*, to range, one beneath the other, in a regular gradation of certainty; as if the mathematical were in all cases absolute; the physical a degree lower, or, as to its results, in some degree, and always, less certain than those of the first; and, by consequence, the third being inferior to the second, necessarily far inferior to the first; and therefore, always much less certain than that which alone deserves to be spoken of as *certain*, and in fact barely trustworthy in any case.

Any such distribution of the kinds of proof is mere confusion, illogical abstractedly, and involving consequences, which, if acted upon, would appear ridiculously absurd.

It is indeed true that the three great classes of facts—the *universal*, or absolute (mathematical and metaphysical)—the *general*, or physical, and the *individual* (forensic and historical) are pursued and ascertained by three corresponding methods, or, as they might be called, three logics. But it is far from being true that the three species of reasoning hold an *exclusive* authority or sole jurisdiction over the three classes of facts above mentioned. Throughout the physical sciences the mathematical logic is perpetually resorted to, while even within the range of the mathematical the physical is, once and again, brought in as an aid. But if we turn to the *historical* and *forensic* department of facts, the three methods are so blended in the establishment of them, that to separate them altogether is impracticable; and as to *moral* evidence, if we use the phrase in any intelligible sense, it does but give its aid, at times, on this ground; and even then the conclusions to which it leads rest upon inductions which are physical, rather than moral.

The conduct of a complicated historical or forensic argument concerning individual facts, resembles the manipulations of an adroit workman, who, having some nice operation in progress, lays down one tool and snatches up another, and then another, according to the momentary exigencies of his task.

That sort of evidence may properly be called *moral*, which appeals to the moral sense, and in assenting to which, as we often do with an irresistible conviction, we are unable, with any precision, to convey to another mind the grounds of our firm belief. It is thus often that we estimate the veracity of a witness or judge of the reality or spuriousness of a written narrative. But then even this sort of evidence, when nicely analyzed, resolves itself into physical principles.

What are these convictions which we find it impossible to clothe in words, but the results in our minds, of slow, involuntary inductions concerning moral qualities, and which, inasmuch as they are peculiarly exact, are not to be transfused into a medium so vague and faulty as is language, at the best?

As to the mass of history, by far the larger portion of it rests, in no proper sense, upon *moral* evidence. To a portion the mathematical doctrine of probabilities applies—for it may be as a million to one—that an alleged fact, under all the circumstances, is true. But the proof of the larger portion resolves itself into our knowledge of the laws of the material world, and of those of the world of mind. A portion also is conclusively established by a minute scrutiny of its agreement with that intricate combination of small events which makes up the course of human affairs.

Every *real* transaction, especially those which flow on through a course of time, touches this web-work of small events at many points, and is woven into its very substance. Fiction may indeed paint its personages so as for a moment to deceive the eye, but it has never succeeded in the attempt to foist its factitious embroideries upon the tapestry of truth.

We might take as an instance that irresistible book in which Paley has established the truth of the personal history of St. Paul ("The *Horæ Paulinæ*"). It is throughout a tracing of the thousand fibres by which a long series of events connects itself with the warp and woof of human affairs. To apply to evidence of this sort, the besom of skepticism, and sweepingly to remove it as consisting only in *moral evidence*, is an amazing instance of confusion of mind.

It is often loosely affirmed that history rests mainly upon moral evidence. Is then a Roman camp moral evidence? Or is a Roman road moral evidence? Or are these and many other facts, when appealed to as proof of the assertion that, in a remote age, the Romans held military occupation of Britain, moral evidence? If they be, then we affirm that, when complete in its kind, it falls not a whit behind mathematical demonstration, as to its certainty.

Although it is not true that Christianity rests mainly upon moral evidence, yet it is true that it might rest on that ground with perfect security.

It is to this species of evidence that we have now appealed; not as establishing the heavenly origin of Christianity, which it *does* establish, but simply as it attests the historic reality of the person of Christ, and here we must ask an ingenuous confession from whoever may be bound in *foro conscientiæ* to give it, that the notion of Christianity, and the habitual feelings toward it of many in this Christian country, are such as if brought to the test of severe reasoning could by no ingenuity be made to consist either with the supposition that Christianity is historically false, or that it is historically true! This ambiguous faith of the cultured, less reasonable than the superstitions of the vulgar (for they are consistent, which this is not,) could never hold a place in a disciplined mind but by an act, repeated from day to day, and similar to that of a man who should refuse to have the shutters removed from the windows on that side of his house whence he might descry the residence of his enemy.

If Christianity be historically true it must be granted to demand more than a respectful acknowledgment that its system of ethics is pure; or were it historically false, we ought to think ourselves to be outraging at once virtue and reason in allowing its name to pass our lips. *While bowing to Christianity as good and useful, and yet not invested with authority toward ourselves, we are entangled in a web of inconsistencies, of which we are not conscious, only because we choose to make no effort to break through it. If Christianity be true, then it is true that "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," and must, "every one of us, give an account of himself to God." What meaning do such words convey to the minds of those who, with an equal alarm, would see Christianity overthrown as a controlling power in the social system; or find it brought home to themselves, as an authority, they must personally bow to? Christians! How many amongst us are *Christians*, as men might be called philosophers, who, while naming Newton always with admiration, should yet reserve their interior assent for the very paganism of astronomy.

A religion of facts, we need hardly observe, is the only sort of religion adapted powerfully to affect the hearts of the mass of mankind; for ordinary or uncultured minds can neither grasp, nor will care for, abstractions of any kind. But then that which makes Christianity proper for the many, and indeed proper for all, if motives are to be effectively swayed, renders it a rock of offense to the few who will admit nothing that may not be reduced within the circle of their favored generalizations. Such minds, therefore, reject Christianity, or hold it in abeyance, not because they can disprove it, but because it will not be generalized, because it will not be sublimated, because it will not be touched by the tool of reason; because it must remain what it is—an insoluble mass of facts. In attempting to urge consistency upon such persons, the advocate of Christianity makes no progress, and has to return, ever and again, to

his document, and to ask: Is this true, or false? If true, your metaphysics *may* be true also; but yet must not give law to your opinions; much less, govern your conduct.

Resolute as may be the determination of some to yield to no such control, nevertheless if the evangelic history be true, "one is our Master, even Christ." He is our Master in abstract speculation—our Master in religious belief, our Master in morals, and in the ordering of every day's affairs.

It will be readily admitted that this our first position, if it be firm, sweeps away, at a stroke, a hundred systems of religion, ancient and modern, which either have not professed to rest upon historic truth, or which have notoriously failed in making good any such pretension. These various schemes need not be named; they barely merit an enumeration; they are susceptible of no distinct refutation, for they are baseless, powerless, obsolete.

Say you that Christianity is intolerant in thus excluding all other systems? A religion which excludes that which is false is not therefore intolerant. If it be true, it must exclude all that is untrue. Let us have a religion willing to walk abreast with other religions—religions affirming what it denies, and denying what it affirms—but indulgent toward all. An intolerant religion is the religion of a sect, and of a sect in fear.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By G. M. STEELE, D.D.

IV.

DISTRIBUTION.

I. Distribution in economics embraces those principles on which the proceeds of industry are divided among the parties employed in their production.

If each man owned all the capital concerned in his business, and performed all the labor involved in each product, this question would be a very simple one. But when, as in the manufacture of chairs, of hardware and watches, and in the building of houses, there are many laborers of widely diverse capabilities, and especially when we remember that there are innumerable subsidiary occupations, as in the preparing of materials, the making of tools and machines, the protection of the workmen, the superintendence of the business, and in many other ways, the problem becomes a most complicated one.

The subject may be divided as follows:

1. *Wages*, or the compensation of labor.
2. *Profits*, or the compensation of the proprietor or employer.
3. *Interest*, or compensation for capital reckoned as money.
4. *Rent*, or compensation for the use of land.
5. *Taxes*, or compensation for protection by the government.

II. On the subject of *wages* diverse and contradictory opinions prevail. A large proportion of the British economists hold the theory that a low rate of wages is all that can be maintained, or is, on the whole, desirable among ordinary unskilled laborers. That a man should have compensation sufficient to furnish him with such food, raiment and shelter as are essential to keep him in good working condition; also, in addition, enough to enable him to support a wife (with what she can herself earn), and to rear at least two children, themselves prepared to become laborers; and to make some additional allowances for probable periods of sickness and inability to labor. So much is deemed absolutely essential even to the capitalist and employer, in order that their interests may not suffer. The school of writers referred to profess to find in the human constitution a law which prevents wages from going much beyond this limit. It is said that if they do go much beyond this, the population will multiply so rapidly, and the num-

ber of laborers will so greatly increase, that wages will not only fall back to their limit, but that great suffering will ensue.

Most American writers reject this view, though some of them appear to hold opinions logically implying it. Henry C. Carey takes the ground that there is not only no such law; but that there is one of a diametrically opposite character, which as thoroughly coincides with, as this antagonizes, the general provisions of an all-wise and beneficent creator. This law, as developed by Mr. Carey, is substantially that in any community where violence is not done to natural principles in the relations between capitalists and laborers, the share of the latter in the joint product to which both are contributors, is constantly increasing. While at first the capitalist receives much more than half, as time and the development of society go on his proportion is steadily diminishing till it becomes a small fraction of the whole, while that of the laborer is steadily increasing. At the same time, though the *proportion* of the capitalist is always smaller, the *amount* is always larger, owing to the always increasing productiveness; and for the same reason both the *proportion* and the *amount* received by the laborer is enhanced. Evidence of this might be made obvious by comparing the compensation received by laborers in the earlier ages of almost any civilized race as compared with that received in its most advanced stage; and this, too, notwithstanding the vast imperfections under which society has labored and the unnatural conditions to which the laboring classes in all the earlier periods of history have been subjected. In the opinion of some writers this law is one of the grandest and most important of the recent discoveries in political economy.

III. Wages depend upon various considerations. Some of the chief of these are physical ability, greater or less degree of skill, agreeableness or disagreeableness of the work, greater or less difficulty and cost of preparation, constancy or inconstancy of employment, amount of trust involved, intellectual and moral qualities required, social conditions, the character of the government, etc.

There is a distinction to be made between *nominal* and *real* wages. The former is the amount of money received for a certain amount of labor. The latter is the amount of useful commodities which that money will purchase. Sometimes a dollar a day is better compensation than a dollar and a half at other times, since in the latter case the dollar and a half may purchase fewer of the necessities of life than the dollar in the former case.

Men fail sometimes to get a clear understanding of the terms *dear* labor and *cheap* labor. A Russian serf at fifty cents a day is dearer than an ordinary American laborer at a dollar and a half, simply because the labor of the latter would be about four or five times as efficient as that of the former. In other words, that labor is the cheapest which will produce the most at the least expense.

The interested and wise laborer will seek information wherever he can find it on the effect of even moderate education on individual wages, (and this he will find to be very considerable; on the sanitary conditions which are best for laborers, the real and ultimate effects of strikes and trades unions, and the advantages and disadvantages of coöperative industry and trade, and the great benefit to be derived from making the laborer a sharer in the profits of any business in which he may be engaged. The employer also would receive great benefit from a careful study of these same questions, as well as from a consideration of the results of paying in all cases not the lowest wages for which labor can be procured, but the highest which he can really afford, since in many cases the quality and quantity of work secured from this cause, more than compensates the extra outlay.

IV. *Profits* are the share of the product which go to the proprietor or employer. Very often the latter are confounded with the capitalist, and hence arises a like confusion concerning the nature of profits. Among more recent writers a distinct place

is assigned to the *employer*, whereas formerly he was practically lost sight of. But in our modern system of industry he is one of the most important, if not actually the most important factor in the system. The capitalist is not necessarily an employer—more frequently than otherwise he is incompetent for this office. Nor is the employer always a capitalist. He is a man who must have the somewhat rare ability to organize and superintend labor so as to get the most possible out of it, and at the same time have such financial talent as will enable him to make the best possible disposition of his means in buying material, etc., and the best possible disposition of his goods in selling. Frequently the capital which he uses is borrowed. Profits, then, are what remains after paying all stipulated wages and salaries, including a fair compensation to the employer himself, together with the material, rent, interest on capital owned or borrowed, taxes, insurance, etc. Obviously no one would assume all the care and responsibility, and incur the risk implied in any considerable business unless something more was likely to come from it to him than what his talent and ability would bring in the way of salary. Sometimes the profit is very small; sometimes, also, it is very great. Free competition will furnish the requisite conditions usually, so that the profits will not be so large as to be disadvantageous to the community generally.

V. *Interest* depends upon various considerations. That the compensation implied is proper is obvious from the fact that though ostensibly money is that which is loaned, in most cases it is really capital in some other form; and no one denies that when a man lends his horse, or his mill, or his farm, he should receive something for the use of it.

The rate of interest depends upon several conditions: 1. The amount of money in circulation. 2. The amount of other capital. 3. The rate of profit, which again depends upon the industrial system and the state of society; as society develops the rate diminishes. 4. The security or insecurity of property. 5. The facilities with which the securities can be reconverted into money. 6. The promptness and regularity of the payment of the interest. On these last two conditions rests in part the low rate of interest on government bonds.

VI. *Rent* is intimately connected with the value of land, and land is the most important instrument and condition of wealth. In most countries, other than ours, the land is principally in the possession of a few owners who let it to other parties for agricultural and other purposes, and receive compensation therefor. The amount of compensation depends upon the value of the land. For this latter reason we may treat the whole question of the value of land under the head of rent, though on some accounts it should be considered in another place.

The theory respecting rent which has prevailed in England, and largely in this country for the most of the present century, is that of Ricardo; and closely connected with it is his theory of value. He held that rent arises in this way: On the first settling of a new country, where there is an abundance of more or less fertile land, none of the land has any value. Every man takes as much as he wants, selecting, of course, the most productive. As population increases the best land will be all taken up. Then those who want land must have a poorer quality, or a second grade. Now, one who gets this second quality would rather pay something for the first quality than to have the former for nothing. So when all the land of the second grade is all taken up, and the third quality begins to be occupied, it is deemed more profitable to pay something for the second quality, and still more for the first quality than to have the third for nothing. Closely connected with this theory of rent is that of Malthus concerning population, which is, that there is a law of the uniform increase of population, so that unless artificial checks are applied over-population must, at no distant day, become the condition and bane of humanity. Another theory closely related to both these is that of "dimin-

ishing returns," as stated by J. S. Mill. Substantially this is, that after a certain, not very advanced period in the development of agriculture, a given amount of land will produce less and less in proportion to the labor expended upon it. That is, after a certain degree of culture, a given quantity of land which yields a given quantity of product, while it will produce more if the labor upon it is doubled, will not produce double the former quantity. It follows from these theories, taken in combination, that as men multiply and their wants increase, the provision for those wants proportionately diminishes—a most unnatural and dismal theory, and up to the present time quite contrary to human experience.

A more reasonable, more natural, and far more hopeful doctrine is that developed by Mr. Carey. He declares it altogether untrue that the most productive lands are those first occupied. On the contrary, in the infancy of society men are wholly unable to subdue the richer soils. These must wait till society becomes more numerous and capable of combination. At first only the thinner soils can be cultivated, on account of the feebleness of the inhabitants. Then, as the latter increase in numbers and in the power and art of combination, the deeper and heavier soils can be subdued, and finally, those which are covered with gigantic forests or rich swamps and vast deposits of vegetable mold. These are many times more productive than the soils first cultivated, and thus for a long period proportionately *increasing* instead of *diminishing* returns are found to go with the increase of population. There is scarcely any nation, the inhabitants of which have even now cultivated its most productive soil, and it is likely to be some time yet before the theoretical limit of diminishing returns is reached.

The Malthusian doctrine of population is also widely, though not universally rejected, and it is evident that various counter-acting principles prevail to affect the law of the uniform increase of population, even if that were demonstrably or approximately true. It is tolerably obvious that the fecundity of the human race diminishes as its development and civilization increase. This, taken in connection with the preceding statements, gives us great grounds, at least, for dispensing with the more forbidding features of what has been called "the dismal science."

Mr. Carey's theory of the occupancy of land, as he abundantly shows, is consistent, and the only one consistent, not only with the great fundamental principles of association, but with the facts reached in the history of every civilized nation. He also holds that the value of land depends upon the same principle as that of any other value, namely, the labor that has been expended upon it. For, as he shows, there is in general no land that has a value which exceeds that of the labor which has been requisite to bring it and the property related to it into its present condition.

VII. *Taxation* furnishes the compensation paid to the government for its protection. Government is simply the agent of society, and those who are the individual constituents of this agency are entitled to a share of the aggregate product proportionate to the amount and quality of the labor bestowed.

The great economical question concerning taxation is how to secure the greatest degree of protection to persons and property at the least possible expense to the persons protected. Its decision depends partly upon the expensiveness of the government agencies, and partly upon the methods of levying and collecting the taxes. As to the former, there is a great variety of usage in different nations, or in the same nation at different periods. Not only is this difference seen in the amount of compensation paid to personal agents directly concerned in the administration of public affairs, but in the costliness of the public buildings and other means for carrying out the purposes of the government. It is evident a true economy does not demand either parsimony or niggardliness in these respects. The *best* agents can only be secured by making the compensation

to correspond to that paid for the same grade of services in other employments. The edifices and other structures and furniture should both correspond with the purposes for which they are to be used, and with the general style of expenditure prevailing in the community. But all expense for the mere sake of show, all extravagance and prodigality, and all compensation bestowed as a reason for partisan service or out of personal favoritism, is not only uneconomical, but for the most part fraudulent.

In the levying and collecting of taxes for revenue two general methods are pursued, namely, *direct* and *indirect*. In the former the tax is paid by the party upon whom it is levied. Such are taxes upon real estate, tools, machinery, domestic animals, etc. In indirect taxation the tax, though levied upon one person, is usually paid by another. Thus, during our civil war, there was a stamp-tax of one cent on each bunch of matches. The manufacturer paid the tax to the government, but the consumer of matches paid a cent more for each bunch of matches than it would have otherwise cost him. Duties on foreign imports are of this character.

Direct taxes, though by far more just and equitable than indirect, are far less popular. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the fact that when the tax-payer meets his obligation in the former case he does it consciously and with a clear sense that he is parting with so much actual wealth. In the latter case it is often done unconsciously, and almost always without realization of the fact. Yet, for this very reason, it is better that the tax be direct than indirect.

READINGS IN ART.

I. ARCHITECTURE.* INTRODUCTION.

Architecture may be described as building at its best, and when we talk of the architecture of any city or country we mean its best, noblest, or most beautiful buildings; and we imply by the use of the word that these buildings possess merits which entitle them to rank as works of art.

The architecture of the civilized world can be best understood by considering the great buildings of each important nation separately. The features, ornaments, and even forms of ancient buildings differed just as the speech, or at any rate the literature, differed. Each nation wrote in a different language, though the books may have been devoted to the same aims; and precisely in the same way each nation built in a style of its own, even if the buildings may have been similar in the purposes they had to serve. The division of the subject into the architecture of Egypt, Greece, Rome, etc., is therefore the most natural one to follow.

But certain broad groups, rising out of peculiarities of a physical nature, either in the buildings themselves or in the conditions under which they were erected, can hardly fail to be suggested by a general view of the subject. Such, for example, is the fourfold division to which the reader's attention will now be directed.

All buildings, it will be found, can be classed under one or other of four great divisions, each distinguished by a distinct mode of building, and each also occupying a distinct place in history. The first series embraces the buildings of the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Greeks, and was brought to a pitch of the highest perfection in Greece during the age of Pericles. All the buildings erected in these countries during the many centuries which elapsed from the earliest Egyptian to the latest Greek works, however they may have differed in other respects, agree in this—that the openings, be they doors, or be they spaces between columns, were spanned by beams of wood or lintels of stone. Hence this architecture is called architecture of the beam, or, in more formal language, trabeated architec-

ture. This mode of covering spaces required that in buildings of solid masonry, where stone or marble lintels were employed, the supports should not be very far apart, and this circumstance led to the frequent use of rows of columns. The architecture of this period is accordingly sometimes called columnar, but it has no exclusive claim to the epithet; the column survived long after the exclusive use of the beam had been superseded, and the term columnar must accordingly be shared with buildings forming part of the succeeding series.

The second great group of buildings is that in which the semicircular arch is introduced into construction, and used either together with the beam, or, as mostly happened, instead of the beam, to span the openings. This use of the arch began with the Assyrians, and it reappeared in the works of the early Etruscans. The round-arched series of styles embraces the buildings of the Romans from their earliest beginnings to their decay; it also includes the two great schools of Christian architecture which were founded by the Western and the Eastern Church respectively—namely, the Romanesque, which, originating in Rome, extended itself through Western Europe, and lasted till the time of the Crusades, and the Byzantine, which spread from Constantinople over all the countries in which the Eastern (or Greek) Church flourished, and which continues to our own day.

The third group of buildings is that in which the pointed arch is employed instead of the semicircular arch to span the openings. It began with the rise of Mohammedan architecture in the East, and embraces all the buildings of Western Europe from the time of the First Crusade to the revival of art in the fifteenth century. This great series of buildings constitutes what is known as pointed, or, more commonly, as gothic architecture.

The fourth group consists of the buildings erected during or since the Renaissance (*i. e.*, revival) period, and is marked by a return to the styles of past ages or distant countries for the architectural features and ornaments of buildings; and by that luxury, complexity, and ostentation which, with other qualities, are well comprehended under the epithet modern. This group of buildings forms what is known as Renaissance architecture, and extends from the epoch of the revival of letters in the fifteenth century to the present day.

The first two of these styles occupy those remote times of pagan civilization which may be conveniently included under the broad term ancient; and the better known work of the Greeks and Romans—the classic nations—and they extend over the time of the establishment of Christianity down to the close of that dreary period not incorrectly termed the dark ages.

It may excite surprise that what appears to be so small a difference as that which exists between a beam, a round arch, or a pointed arch, should be employed in order to distinguish three of the four great divisions. But in reality this is no pedantic or arbitrary grouping. The mode in which spaces or openings are covered lies at the root of most of the essential differences between styles of architecture, and the distinction thus drawn is one of a real, not of a fanciful nature.

Every building when reduced to its elements, as will be done in these papers, may be considered as made up of its (1) floor or plan, (2) walls, (3) roof, (4) openings, (5) columns, and (6) ornaments, and as marked by its distinctive (7) character, and the student must be prepared to find that the openings are by no means the least important of these elements. In fact, the moment the method of covering openings was changed, it would be easy to show, did space permit, that all the other elements, except the ornaments, were directly affected by the change, and the ornaments indirectly; and we thus find such a correspondence between this index feature and the entire structure as renders this primary division a scientific though a very broad one.

A division of buildings into such great series as these can not, however, supersede the more obvious historical and geograph-

* Abridged from "Architecture, Classic and Early Christian," by T. Roger Smith and John Slater.

cal divisions. The architecture of every ancient country was partly the growth of the soil, *i. e.*, adapted to the climate of the country, and the materials found there, and partly the outcome of the national character of its inhabitants, and of such influences as race, colonization, commerce, or conquest brought to bear upon them. These influences produced strong distinctions between the work of different peoples, especially before the era of the Roman Empire. Since that period of universal dominion all buildings and styles have been influenced more or less by Roman art. We accordingly find the buildings of the most ancient nations separated from each other by strongly marked lines of demarcation, but those since the era of the empire showing a considerable resemblance to one another. The circumstance that the remains of those buildings only which received the greatest possible attention from their builders have come down to us from any remote antiquity, has perhaps served to accentuate the differences between different styles, for these foremost buildings were not intended to serve the same purpose in all countries. Nothing but tombs and temples have survived in Egypt. Palaces only have been rescued from the decay of Assyrian and Persian cities; and temples, theaters, and places of public assembly are the chief, almost the only remains of architecture in Greece.

A strong contrast between the buildings of different ancient nations rises also from the differing point of view for which they were designed. Thus, in the tombs, and, to a large extent, the temples of the Egyptians, we find structures chiefly planned for internal effect, that is to say, intended to be seen by those admitted to the sacred precincts, but only to a limited extent appealing to the admiration of those outside. The buildings of the Greeks, on the other hand, were chiefly designed to please those who examined them from without; and though no doubt some of them, the theaters especially, were from their very nature planned for interior effect, by far the greatest works which Greek art produced were the exteriors of the temples.

The works of the Romans, and, following them, those of almost all western Christian nations, were designed to unite external and internal effect; but in many cases external was evidently most sought after, and, in the north of Europe, many expedients—such, for example, as towers, high-pitched roofs, and steeples—were introduced into architecture with the express intention of increasing external effect. On the other hand, the eastern styles, both Mohammedan and Christian, especially when practiced in sunny climates, show in many cases a comparative disregard of external effect, and that their architects lavished most of their resources on the interiors of their buildings.

Passing allusions have been made to the influence of climate on architecture; and the student whose attention has been once called to this subject will find many interesting traces of this influence in the designs of buildings erected in various countries. Where the power of the sun is great, flat terraced roofs, which help to keep buildings cool, and thick walls are desirable. Sufficient light is admitted by small windows far apart. Overhanging eaves, or horizontal cornices, are in such a climate the most effective mode of obtaining architectural effect, and accordingly in the styles of all southern peoples these peculiarities appear. The architecture of Egypt, for example, exhibited them markedly. Where the sun is still powerful, but not so extreme, the terraced roof is generally replaced by a sloping roof, steep enough to throw off water, and larger openings are made for light and air; but the horizontal cornice still remains the most appropriate means of gaining effects of light and shade. This description will apply to the architecture of Italy and Greece. When, however, we pass to northern countries, where snow has to be encountered, where light is precious, and where the sun is low in the heavens for the greater part of the day, a complete change takes place. Roofs become much steeper, so as to throw off snow. The horizontal cornice is to a large extent disused, but the buttress the turret, and other vertical features,

from which a level sun will cast shadows, begin to appear; and windows are made numerous and spacious. This description applies to gothic architecture generally—in other words, to the styles which rose in northern Europe.

The influence of materials on architecture is also worth notice. Where granite, which is worked with difficulty, is the material obtainable, architecture has invariably been severe and simple; where soft stone is obtainable, exuberance of ornament makes its appearance, in consequence of the material lending itself readily to the carver's chisel. Where, on the other hand, marble is abundant and good, refinement is to be met with, for no other building material exists in which very delicate mouldings or very slight or slender projections may be employed with the certainty that they will be effective. Where stone is scarce, brick buildings, with many arches, roughly constructed cornices and pilasters, and other peculiarities both of structure and ornamentation, make their appearance, as, for example, in Lombardy and North Germany. Where materials of many colors abound, as is the case, for example, in the volcanic districts of France, polychromy is sought as a means of ornamentation. Lastly, where timber is available, and stone and brick are both scarce, the result is an architecture of which both the forms and the ornamentation are entirely dissimilar to those proper to buildings of stone, marble, or brick.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The remains of Egyptian architecture with which we are acquainted indicate four distinct periods of great architectural activity: (1) the period of the fourth dynasty, when the great pyramids were erected (probably 3500 to 3000 B. C.); (2) the period of the twelfth dynasty, to which belong the remains at Beni-Hassan; (3) the period of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, when Thebes was in its glory, which is attested by the ruins of Luxor and Karnak; and (4) the Ptolemaic period, of which there are the remains at Denderah, Edfou, and Philæ. The monuments that remain are almost exclusively tombs and temples. The tombs are, generally speaking, all met with on the east or right bank of the Nile: among them must be classed those grandest and oldest monuments of Egyptian skill, the pyramids, which appear to have been all designed as royal burying-places. A large number of pyramids have been discovered, but those of Gizeh, near Cairo, are the largest and the best known, and also probably the oldest which can be authenticated. The three largest pyramids are those of Cheops, Cephren, and Mycerinus at Gizeh. These monarchs all belonged to the fourth dynasty, and the most probable date to be assigned to them is about 3000 B. C. The pyramid of Cheops is the largest, and is the one familiarly known as the Great Pyramid; it has a square base, the side of which is 760 feet long,* a height of 484 feet, and an area of 577,600 square feet. In this pyramid the angle of inclination of the sloping sides to the base is $51^{\circ} 51'$, but in no two pyramids is this angle the same. There can be no doubt that these huge monuments were erected each as the tomb of an individual king, whose efforts were directed toward making it everlasting, and the greatest pains were taken to render the access to the burial chamber extremely hard to discover. This accounts for the vast disproportion between the lavish amount of material used for the pyramid and the smallness of the cavity enclosed in it.

The material employed was limestone cased with syenite (granite from Syene), and the internal passages were lined with granite. The granite of the casing has entirely disappeared, but that employed as linings is still in its place, and so skilfully worked that it would not be possible to introduce even a sheet of paper between the joints.

In the neighborhood of the pyramids are found a large number of tombs which are supposed to be those of private persons.

* Strictly speaking, the base is not an exact square, the four sides measuring, according to the Royal Engineers, north, 760 feet 7.5 inches; south, 761 feet 8.5 inches; east, 760 feet 9.5 inches; and west, 764 feet 1 inch.

Their form is generally that of a *mastaba* or truncated pyramid with sloping walls, and their construction is evidently copied from a fashion of wooden architecture previously existing. The same idea of making an everlasting habitation for the body prevailed as in the case of the pyramids, and stone was therefore the material employed; but the builders seem to have desired to indulge in a decorative style, and as they were totally unable to originate a legitimate stone architecture, we find carved in stone, rounded beams as lintels, grooved posts, and—most curious of all—roofs that are an almost exact copy of the early timber huts when unsquared baulks of timber were laid across side by side to form a covering.

When we come to the series of remains of the twelfth dynasty at Beni-Hassan, in middle Egypt, we meet with the earliest known examples of that most interesting feature of all subsequent styles—the column. Whether the idea of columnar architecture originated with the necessities of quarrying—square piers being left at intervals to support the superincumbent mass of rock as the quarry was gradually driven in—or whether the earliest stone piers were imitations of brickwork or of timber posts, we shall probably never be able to determine accurately, though the former supposition seems the more likely. We have here monuments of a date fourteen hundred years anterior to the earliest known Greek examples, with splendid columns, both exterior and interior, which no reasonable person can doubt are the prototypes of the Greek doric order.

Egyptian temples can be generally classed under two heads: (1) the large principal temples, and (2) the small subsidiary ones called Typhonia or Mammisi. Both kinds of temple vary little, if at all, in plan from the time of the twelfth dynasty down to the Roman dominion.

The large temples consist almost invariably of an entrance gate flanked on either side by a large mass of masonry, called a pylon, in the shape of a truncated pyramid. The axis of the ground-plan of these pylons is frequently obliquely inclined to the axis of the plan of the temple itself; and indeed one of the most striking features of Egyptian temples is the lack of regularity and symmetry in their construction. The entrance gives access to a large courtyard, generally ornamented with columns: beyond this, and occasionally approached by steps, is another court, smaller than the first, but much more splendidly adorned with columns and colossi; beyond this again, in the finest examples, occurs what is called the hypostyle hall, *i. e.*, a hall with two rows of lofty columns down the center, and at the sides other rows, more or less in number, of lower columns; the object of this arrangement being that the central portion might be lighted by a kind of clerestory above the roof of the side portions. This hypostyle hall stood with its greatest length transverse to the general axis of the temple, so that it was entered from the side. Beyond it were other chambers, all of small size, the innermost being generally the sanctuary, while the others were probably used as residences by the priests. Homer's hundred-gated Thebes, which was for so long the capital of Egypt, offers at Karnak and Luxor the finest remains of temples; what is left of the former evidently showing that it must have been one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected in any country.

It must not be imagined that this temple of Karnak, together with the series of connected temples is the result of one clearly conceived plan; on the contrary, just as has been frequently the case with our own cathedrals and baronial halls, alterations were made here and additions there by successive kings one after another without much regard to connection or congruity, the only feeling that probably influenced them being that of emulation to excel in size and grandeur the erections of their predecessors, as the largest buildings were almost always of latest date. The original sanctuary, or nucleus of the temple, was built by Useratesen I., the second or third king of the twelfth dynasty.

Extensive remains of temples exist at Luxor, Edfou, and Philæ.

It should be noticed that all these large temples have the *mastaba* form, *i. e.*, the outer walls are not perpendicular on the outside, but slope inward as they rise, thus giving the buildings an air of great solidity.

The Mammisi exhibit quite a different form of temple from those previously described, and are generally found in close proximity to the large temples. They are generally erected on a raised terrace, rectangular in plan and nearly twice as long as it was wide, approached by a flight of steps opposite the entrance; they consist of oblong buildings, usually divided by a wall into two chambers, and surrounded on all sides by a colonnade composed of circular columns or square piers placed at intervals, and the whole is roofed in. A dwarf wall is frequently found between the piers and columns, about half the height of the shaft. These temples differ from the larger ones in having the outer walls perpendicular.

The constructional system pursued by the Egyptians, which consisted in roofing over spaces with large horizontal blocks of stone, led of necessity to a columnar arrangement in the interiors, as it was impossible to cover large areas without frequent upright supports. Hence the column became the chief means of obtaining effect, and the varieties of form which it exhibits are very numerous. The sculptors appear to have imitated as closely as possible the forms of the plant-world around them. In one they represent a bundle of reeds or lotus stalks. The stalks are bound round with several belts, and the capital is formed by the slightly bulging unopened bud of the flower, above which is a small abacus with the architrave resting upon it: the base is nothing but a low circular plinth. The square piers also have frequently a lotus bud carved on them. At the bottom of the shaft is frequently found a decoration imitated from the sheath of leaves from which the plant springs. As a further development of this capital we have the opened lotus flower of a very graceful bell-like shape, ornamented with a similar sheath-like decoration to that at the base of the shaft. This decoration was originally painted only, not sculptured, but at a later period we find these sheaths and buds worked in stone. Even more graceful is the palm capital, which also had its leading lines of decoration painted on it at first, and afterward sculptured. At a later period of the style we find the plant forms abandoned, and capitals were formed of a fantastic combination of the head of Isis with a pylon resting upon it. In one part of the temple at Karnak is found a very curious capital resembling the open lotus flower inverted. The proportion which the height of Egyptian columns bears to their diameter differs so much in various cases that there was evidently no regular standard adhered to, but as a general rule they have a heavy and massive character. The wall-paintings of the Egyptian buildings show many curious forms of columns, but we have no reason for thinking that these fantastic shapes were really executed in stone.

Almost the only sculptured ornaments worked on the exteriors of buildings were the curious astragal or bead at all the angles, and the cornice, which consisted of a very large cavetto, or hollow moulding, surmounted by a fillet. These features are almost invariable from the earliest to the latest period of the style. This cavetto was generally enriched, over the doorways, with an ornament representing a circular boss with a wing at each side of it.

One other feature of Egyptian architecture which was peculiar to it must be mentioned, namely, the obelisk. Obelisks were nearly always erected in pairs in front of the pylons of the temples, and added to the dignity of the entrance. They were invariably monoliths, slightly tapering in outline, carved with the most perfect accuracy; they must have existed originally in very large numbers. Not a few of these have been transported to Europe, and at least twelve are standing in Rome, one in Paris and one in London.

ANALYSIS OF BUILDINGS.

The early rock-cut tombs were, of course, only capable of

producing internal effects; their floor presents a series of halls and galleries, varying in size and shape, leading one out of the other, and intended by their contrast or combination to produce architectural effect. To this was added in the latter rock-cut tombs a façade to be seen directly in front. Much the same account can be given of the disposition of the built temples. They possess one front, which the spectator approaches, and they are disposed so as to produce varied and impressive interiors, but not to give rise to external display. The supports, such as walls, columns, piers, are all very massive and very close together, so that the only wide open spaces are courtyards.

The circle, or octagon, or other polygonal forms do not appear in the plans of Egyptian buildings; but though all the lines are straight, there is a good deal of irregularity in spacing, walls which face one another are not always parallel, and angles which appear to be right angles very often are not so.

The later buildings extend over much space. The adjuncts to these buildings, especially the avenues of sphinxes, are planned so as to produce an air of stately grandeur, and in them some degree of external effect is aimed at.

The walls are uniformly thick, and often of granite or of stone, though brick is also met with; *e. g.*, some of the smaller pyramids are built entirely of brick. In all probability the walls of domestic buildings were to a great extent of brick, and less thick than those of the temples; hence they have all disappeared.

The surface of walls, even when of granite, was usually plastered with a thin fine plaster, which was covered by the profuse decoration in color already alluded to.

The walls of the propylons tapered from the base toward the top, and the same thing sometimes occurred in other walls. In almost all cases the stone walls are built of very large blocks, and they show an unrivaled skill in masonry.

The roofing which remains is executed entirely in stone, but not arched or vaulted. The rock-cut tombs, however, contain ceilings of an arched shape, and in some cases forms which seem to be an imitation of timber roofing. The roofing of the hypostyle hall at Karnak provides an arrangement for admitting light very similar to the clerestory of gothic cathedrals.

The openings were all covered by a stone lintel, and consequently were uniformly square-headed. The interspaces between columns were similarly covered, and hence Egyptian architecture has been, and correctly, classed as the first among the styles of trabeated architecture. Window openings seldom occur.

The columns have been already described to some extent. They are almost always circular in plan, but the shaft is sometimes channeled. They are for the most part of sturdy proportions, but great grace and elegance are shown in the profile given to shafts and capitals. The design of the capitals especially is full of variety, and admirably adapts forms obtained from the vegetable kingdom. The general effect of the Egyptian column, wherever it is used, is that it appears to have, as it really has, a great deal more strength than is required. The fact that the abacus (the square block of stone introduced between the moulded part of the capital and what it carries) is often smaller in width than the diameter of the column aids very much to produce this effect.

Mouldings are very rarely employed; in fact, the large bead running up the angles of the pylons, etc., and a heavy hollow moulding doing duty as a cornice, are all that are usually met with. Sculpture and carving occur occasionally, and are freely introduced in later works, where we sometimes find statues incorporated into the design of the fronts of temples. Decoration in color, in the shape of hieroglyphic inscriptions and paintings of all sorts, was profusely employed, and is executed with a truth of drawing and a beauty of coloring that have never been surpassed. Almost every object drawn is partly conventionalized, in the most skillful manner, so as to make it fit its place as a piece of a decorative system.

The character is gloomy, and to a certain extent forbidding, owing to the heavy walls and piers and columns, and the great masses supported by them; but when in its freshness and quite uninjured by decay or violence, the exquisite coloring of the walls and ceilings and columns must have added a great deal of beauty: this must have very much diminished the oppressive effect inseparable from such massive construction and from the gloomy darkness of many portions of the buildings. It is also noteworthy that the expenditure of materials and labor is greater in proportion to the effect attained than in any other style. The pyramids are the most conspicuous example of this prodigality. Before condemning this as a defect in the style, it must be remembered that a stability which should defy enemies, earthquakes, and the tooth of time, was far more aimed at than architectural character; and that, had any mode of construction less lavish of material, and less perfect in workmanship, been adopted, the buildings of Egypt might have all disappeared ere this.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

If one is not too critical there is a good deal of pleasure to be got out of Halleck's volume.—*National Magazine* (1852).

Dana, Halleck and Bryant rose together on steady wings and gave voices to the solitude; Dana with a broad, grave undertone like that of the sea; Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain dells; and Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage.—*Bayard Taylor*.

To * * * *

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm, blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given,
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not, though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

In Memory of Joseph Rodman Drake.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long, sad night and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where,
Or whence, the sounds are brought from, and their power,
Though brief, is boundless.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Among the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature was Richard Henry Dana, the last of the writers of his generation who achieved success both in prose and verse, and won the right to be ranked among the most vigorous authors of the first half of the present century.—*James Grant Wilson.*

From "THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL."

Turn with me from pining thought
And all the inward ills that sin has wrought;
Come, send abroad a love for all who live,
And feel the deep content in turn they give.
Kind wishes and good deeds—they make not poor;
They'll home again, full laden, to thy door.
The streams of love flow back where they begin;
For springs of outward joys lie deep within.

E'en let them flow, and make the places glad
Where dwell thy fellow-men, shouldst thou be sad,
And earth seems bare, and hours, once happy, press
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness
More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear
The music of those waters running near;
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,
And thine eye gladden with the playing beam,
That now upon the water dances. Now,
Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.

Is it not lovely? Tell me, where doth dwell
The power that wrought so beautiful a spell?
In thine own bosom, brother? Then, as thine,
Guard with a reverent fear this power divine,
And if, indeed, 'tis not the outward state,
But temper of the soul, by which we rate
Sadness or joy, e'en let thy bosom move
With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love;
And let each feeling in thy breast be given
An honest aim, which, sanctified by heaven,
And springing into act, new life imparts,
Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.

The earth is full of life; the living hand
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers, and raise from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be full,—
Earth which thou tread'st,—and thy poor mind be dull,
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep!

Thou "living dead man," let thy spirits leap
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow
Thro' thy soul's shut-up mansion. Wouldst thou know
Something of what is life, shake off this death;
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all nature 's quick, and learn to be
Sharer in all thou dost touch or see;
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;
Give to thy soul air, thy faculties expanse;
Love, joy, e'en sorrow—yield thyself to all!
They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall,
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind;
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole;
And be, like man at first, A Living Soul!

A Clump of Daisies.

Ye daisies gay,
This fresh spring day
Closed gathered here together,
To play in the light,
To sleep all the night,
To abide through the sullen weather;

Ye creatures bland,
A simple band,
Ye free ones, linked in pleasure,
And linked when your forms
Stoop low in the storms,
And the rain comes down without measure;

When the wild clouds fly
Athwart the sky,
And ghostly shadows, glancing,
Are darkening the gleam
Of the hurrying stream,
And your close, bright heads gayly dancing;

Though dull awhile,
Again ye smile;
For, see, the warm sun breaking;
The stream's going glad,
There's nothing now sad,
And the small bird his song is waking.

The dew-drop sip
With dainty lip!
The sun is low descended,
And moon, softly fall
On troops true and small;
Sky and earth in one kindly blended.

And, morning! spread
Their jewelled bed
With lights in the east sky springing;
And, brook! breathe around
Thy low murmured sound!
May they move, ye birds, to your singing;

For in their play
I hear them say,
Here, man, thy wisdom borrow;
In heart be a child,
In words, true and mild;
Hold thy faith, come joy, or come sorrow.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn, primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lakes, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wild ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glory of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in its vicissitudes.—*Washington Irving.*

His soul is charity itself—in all respects generous and noble.—*Edgar A. Poe.*

We may have had elsewhere as faithful citizens; as industrious journalists; as ripe scholars, and poets, it may be, equally gifted and inspired, but where have we had another who has combined in his own person all these? In him a rare combination of extraordinary qualities was united; strength and gentleness, elevation of thought and childlike simplicity, genius, common-sense; and practical wisdom. Where there were controverted questions, whether men agreed with him or not, they never for an instant doubted his nobleness of purpose.—*Rev. R. C. Waterston.*

To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,—

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

Extract from Bryant's Translation of the Iliad. Book I. (620-774.)

* * * But when now, at length,
The twelfth day came, the ever-living gods
Returned together to the Olympian mount
With Jove, their leader. Thetis kept in mind
Her son's desire, and, with the early morn,
Emerging from the depths of ocean, climbed
To the great heaven and the high mount, and found
All-seeing Jove, who, from the rest apart,
Was seated on the loftiest pinnacle
Of many-peaked Olympus. She sat down
Before the son of Saturn, clasped his knees
With her left arm, and lifted up her right
In supplication to the Sovereign One:

"O Jupiter, my father, if among
The immortals I have ever given thee aid
By word or act, deny not my request.
Honor my son, whose life is doomed to end
So soon; for Agamemnon, king of men,
Hath done him shameful wrong: he takes from him
And keeps the prize he won in war. But thou,
Olympian Jupiter, supremely wise,
Honor him now, and give the Trojan host
The victory, until the humbled Greeks
Heap large increase of honors on my son."

She spake, but cloud-compelling Jupiter
Answered her not; in silence long he sat.
But Thetis, who had clasped his knees at first,
Clung to them still, and prayed him yet again:—

"O promise me, and grant my suit; or else
Deny it,—for thou need'st not fear,—and I
Shall know how far below the other gods
Thou holdest me in honor." As she spake,
The cloud-compeller, sighing heavily,

Answered her thus: "Hard things dost thou require,
And thou wilt force me into new disputes
With Juno, who will anger me again
With contumelious words; for ever thus,
In presence of the immortals, doth she seek
Cause of contention, charging that I aid
The Trojans in their battles. Now depart,
And let her not perceive thee. Leave the rest
To be by me accomplished; and that thou
Mayst be assured, behold, I give the nod;
For this, with me, the immortals know, portends
The highest certainty: no word of mine
Which once my nod confirms can be revoked,
Or prove untrue, or fail to be fulfilled."

As thus he spake, the son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls
Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount
Olympus trembled. Then they parted, she
Plunging from bright Olympus to the deep,
And Jove returning to his palace home;
Where all the gods, uprising from their thrones,
At sight of the Great Father, waited not
For his approach, but met him as he came.

And now upon his throne the Godhead took
His seat, but Juno knew—for she had seen—
That Thetis of the silver feet, and child
Of the gray Ancient of the Deep, had held
Close counsel with her consort. Therefore she
Bespoke the son of Saturn harshly, thus:—

"O crafty one, with whom, among the gods,
Plottest thou now? Thus hath it ever been
Thy pleasure to devise, apart from me,
Thy plans in secret; never willingly
Dost thou reveal to me thy purposes."
Then thus replied the Father of the gods
And mortals: "Juno, do not think to know
All my designs, for thou wilt find the task
Too hard for thee, although thou be my spouse.
What fitting is to be revealed, no one
Of all the immortals or of men shall know
Sooner than thou; but when I form designs
Apart from all the gods, presume thou not
To question me or pry into my plans."

Juno, the large-eyed and august, rejoined:—
"What words, stern son of Saturn, hast thou said!
It never was my wont to question thee
Or pry into thy plans, and thou art left
To form them as thou wilt; yet now I fear
The silver-footed Thetis has contrived—
That daughter of the Ancient of the Deep—
To o'erpersuade thee, for, at early prime,
She sat before thee and embraced thy knees;
And thou hast promised her, I can not doubt,
To give Achilles honor and to cause
Myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleet."

Then Jove, the cloud-compeller, spake again:—
"Harsh-tongued! thou ever dost suspect me thus,
Nor can I act unwatched; and yet all this
Profits thee nothing, for it only serves
To breed dislike, and is the worse for thee.
But were it as thou deemest, 't is enough
That such has been my pleasure. Sit thou down
In silence, and obey, lest all the gods
Upon Olympus, when I come and lay
These potent hands on thee, protect thee not."

He spake, and Juno, large-eyed and august,
O'erawed, and curbing her high spirit, sat
In silence; meanwhile all the gods of heaven
Within the halls of Jove were inly grieved.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A man of true genius.—*Edgar A. Poe.*

A man's heart beats in his every line.—*George Gilfillan.*

Of all our poets Longfellow best deserves the title of artist.—*Griswold.*

They (Longfellow's poems) appear to me more beautiful than on former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verses dwells more agreeably than ever on my ear, and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling and their spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life.—*William Cullen Bryant in letter to Longfellow.*

Santa Filomena.

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Rural Life in Sweden.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead

hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the flagrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarian peasant-women, traveling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of their foot, and soles of birch bark.

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

Passages from Longfellow.

If you borrow my books do not mark them, for I shall not be able to distinguish your marks from my own, and the pages will become like the doors in Bagdad, marked by Morgiana's chalk.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ROUEN.—I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth the effect would not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overpowered my imagination; and I stood for a long time motionless, gazing entranced upon the stupendous edifice. I had before seen no specimen of Gothic architecture, save the remains of a little church at Havre, and the massive towers before me, the lofty windows of stained glass, the low portal, with its receding arches and rude statues, all produced upon my untrained mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place, the lamps that burned on the distant altar, the kneeling crowd, the tinkling bell, and the chant of the evening service that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes, filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church, the huge columns that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above, the long and shadowy aisles, the statues of saints and martyrs that stood in every recess, the figures of armed knights upon the tombs, the uncertain light that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel, and the form of the cowed and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favorite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church—all I had read of, but had not seen—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I can never feel again.—*Outre-Mer*.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth. —*Maidenhood*.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

We often excuse our want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

[End of Required Reading for January.]

NIGHT.

By A. ST. J. A.

I saw the sun sink slowly in the west,
Painting the cloudless skies with liquid gold;
I saw the angel of the night unfold
His dewy wings, and lowly o'er his breast
Bow down his head in meek humility,
As one who works his Master's wise behest.
I saw the moon in radiant garb uprise
And sail majestic o'er the tranquil skies,
Like some bright vessel on a waveless sea.
And as I gazed, a sense of perfect rest
Stole o'er me, and the sorrows that infest
The life of all no longer burdened me,
But, with the light, fled peacefully away.

Ceased had the plaintive carol of the thrush,
And stillness brooded over everything,
As if the dark-robed angel had unfurled
His ebon pinions and, from off his wing,
Shook silence down upon a sleeping world;
Or the last sigh of the departing day,
Borne through the trees in one long-whispered "Hush!"
Had breathed o'er all a spirit of repose.

So may life's sun, which at the dawn uprose
Resplendent in its ever-growing light,
In peaceful glory sink at evening's close
Beyond the margin of death's silent sea,
And the grey shadows of that wondrous night,
Which ends in day eternal, fall on me.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

III.—THE MORBID STATESMAN.

A study in morbid anatomy! John Randolph, of Roanoke, might have said, with *Mrs. Gummidge*, "everything goes contrary with me;" for not only every quality of his nature, but all the circumstances of his life conspired to create in him a sum of unhappiness not often concentrated upon one individual; and this, notwithstanding his opportunities for usefulness were exceptionally good, his career brilliant, his abilities of the highest order, and his motives in the main praiseworthy. To understand such untoward results flowing from such conditions we must as well know his surroundings as study his character.

John Randolph was born, near Petersburg, Va., June 2, 1773,—a subject of George III. He was descended on his father's side from an old English family; on the other side from an older American family—a royal line, too, viz: that of Pocahontas, the Indian princess, by Captain Rolfe. In this fusion and confusion of blood can probably be found the cause of much disease in him, and of that decay of his family which brought such disappointment and disaster to his most cherished hopes. Indian blood showed itself in his swarthy complexion and straight black hair, in his placing one foot straight before the other in walking, and in his vengeful temper. The Randolphs led in the effort of Virginia planters to transplant the manners and institutions of the English aristocracy to the new country, with the very important difference that the American aristocracy was to be rooted in African slavery. This solecism was adhered to by the Randolphs after most of the other first families of Virginia had learned theories of government more American and more democratic. Such dreamers desired to have the English laws of entail and primogeniture reenacted by the Virginia legislature; defended slavery after it had become a burden and a loss to them, and had sunk Virginia from the first to the eighth rank among the states; and they advocated state-sovereignty to the last. Their conservatism became obstruction against all changes. Randolph condensed their theory of government into the famous aphorism, "a wise and masterly inactivity," which his sympathetic biographer, as late as 1850, declared "embraces the whole duty of American statesmen." So they were forced along with the progress of the country, backward—as the cattle went into the cave of Cacus—and with despairing gaze turned toward the receding past. "The country is ruined past redemption; it is ruined in the spirit and character of the people," cried Randolph, when he found that the United States would not turn back, and he said he would leave the country if he could sell out and knew where to go. Hence, we find Randolph going through his varied political career, protesting like Hamlet:

"The times are out of joint. O, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right."

He was the last man to set anything right, having been born wrong himself. A more delicate, high-strung, untuned human instrument was never set up; it was, moreover, set in a frame out of order in every part. A skin as thin and delicate as a girl's; nerves all on the surface; a remarkably precocious intellect of poetic cast; proud and affectionate in disposition, and "a spice of the devil in his temper," as he said. "A spice!" This was a mild term (a thing Randolph was not often chargeable with using) to apply to a person who at the age of four years would fly into such a passion as to swoon away and remain for some time unconscious. Every function of his organism seemed to be influenced by his mood; his mood responded like a thermometer to his environment; disappointment or mental disturbance would upset the whole machine. Thus natural poetry, sweetness and affection were "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;" and body and mind became in

harmony morbid—almost the only harmony in his organization.

Life, at its best, jars harshly on such natures; but it dealt with the unfortunate Randolph with a severity that might have appalled and broken down a strong and healthy nature. Nothing but physical and moral courage as extraordinary as the rest of his qualities could have carried him through sixty years of pent-up purgatory. While an infant he lost his father; and his mother ("the only human being who ever knew me") was taken away when he was fifteen. The sensitive, irritable, delicate child was left to "rough it" alone.

A succession of blows destroyed the dearest object of his life—the transmission of the family name and estates. One brother, Theodorick, died three years after his mother (1791), and three years later the eldest brother, Richard, the pride and hope of the family. The perpetuation of the line rested then on John and Richard's two infant sons. John Randolph nursed these carefully to manhood, only to see one of them become a hopeless madman from disappointment in love, and the other sicken and die with consumption.

Meanwhile Randolph had himself received a wound which at once blasted his own happiness, and cut off the last hope of succession through himself. He loved; something, we know not what, came between him and his affianced and she married another. Undoubtedly a man of his intense and self-repressed nature threw into this passion extraordinary abandon. At least he never recovered from the disappointment and never married—though, be it said to his credit, cynical as he was, he retained through life the most profound respect for women, and found in their society the only alleviation of his lot. Late in life he wrote: "There was a volcano under my ice, but it is burnt out. The necessity of loving and being beloved was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau's and Byron's creation more imperiously than by myself." Randolph erected a cabin for himself among those of his slaves and there, when not in Congress or traveling abroad he spent his life in solitude, brooding over his misery and ruin, as wretched a recluse and misanthrope as ever breathed out a painful, hopeless existence.

To complete the sad picture, give the hapless victim of himself and circumstances a deeply religious nature and take away the consolations of hope and faith. This last drop was added to the cup and he sipped its dregs all his life. He brought his wonderful intellectual powers to bear on this subject; read, studied, thought, brooded, agonized over it in pursuit of spiritual peace; went through all the variations of skepticism, contrition, hope, despair, conversion, and relapse. Such an analytical mind coupled with a quick and self-depreciating conscience, a high ideal of religious experience, and a downright honesty of purpose could not compromise with its own extreme demands, could accept of no doubtful convictions or half-conversion. The very desire for salvation might seem selfish and unworthy to an unhealthy nature; the failure to feel, to live all that others profess (often without feeling) becomes to it conclusive evidence of the hopeless, forever-lost condition of self. Doubt brought self-condemnation for doubting; self-condemnation in turn brought new doubts. So, in a fog, he traveled perpetually in a circle.

But, through all these years of struggle and misery John Randolph was a just, a pure, a benevolent man, and he discharged his private and public duties with a fidelity and devotedness that they of sound mind and body might well emulate. The contrasts of mood and act of such a man were many and strong; they got him the credit of being crazy, and of being most so when he was most himself—such is the world's usual perception of eccentricity.

The personal appearance of the man, however, encouraged this idea: Tawny complexion, tall thin form, spindle shanks, long hair in a queue, large, black, glowing eyes, pointed chin, beardless face, small effeminate hands, long tapering fingers,

and, above all, a voice shrill, piercing, sonorous and magnetic as a woman's. He dressed in drab or buck-skin breeches, with blue coat and white top-boots, or large buckled shoes. His manner was courteous and attractive to the few whom he regarded as his equals; to the rest of mankind he was dignified and reserved; to no one did he permit familiarity. A man introduced himself to Randolph as Mr. Blunt. "Blunt?" said he with a piercing and repellant glance; "*Blunt!* Ah, I should say so!"

Another stranger addressed him in Washington: "Mr. Randolph, I am just from Virginia; I passed your house a few days ago?" "Thank you, I hope you always will," was the only encouragement the advance received.

Yet, in England, Randolph was thought very approachable and genial. An introduction was not necessary to an acquaintance at all. Perhaps the difference was largely in his health, which was better abroad.

John Randolph first came into prominence in politics in 1798, by the daring act of opposing on the stump the idol of Virginia, the venerable Patrick Henry. Henry took grounds against the State upon its nullification of the laws of the United States, although he had always been an extreme States-rights man. Young Randolph—then aged twenty-five—astounded everybody by daring to meet such a champion; but he had Henry's former record in his favor, and he made a speech of such power that it carried him into the House of Representatives. Referring to these two men, the happy expression was used, "The Rising and the Setting Sun." Henry died soon after.

Randolph took his seat in December, 1799. When he advanced to the Speaker's desk to take the oath, the clerk, moved by his youthful and singular appearance, asked, "Are you old enough to be eligible?" "Ask my constituents," was the only reply his State pride allowed him to make. In one month Randolph had become one of the best marked men of the nation. He broke with the administration of his party under Jefferson on "the Yazoo business"—a bit of early official corruption that rivals anything disclosed in later times. His opposition to the anti-English measures of Madison's administration, and to the war of 1812, cost him his re-election, and he was retired. Henry Clay's star was rising, and a new era was dawning. "The American system" of internal improvements, protection, manufactures, and Federal supremacy was taking shape. The irrepressible conflict of State *versus* Federal powers, had begun under Clay and Randolph—a conflict destined to lead to the duel between these two leaders, and ultimately to be appealed to the arbitrament of civil war.

Defeat cut John Randolph more deeply than it did David Crockett under similar circumstances. Randolph retired to his cabin and brooded; misanthropy gnawed like the vulture at the vitals of Prometheus bound. He longed for human sympathy, and was too proud to accept of it when proffered. It was during this season of disappointment and isolation that his severest religious discipline and the hope of conversion came; then also came the last sundering of his hopes of a lineal successor. "This business of living," he said, "is dull work. I possess so little of pagan philosophy or of Christian patience as to be frequently driven to despair. * * I look forward without hope. * * I have been living in a world [in Washington] without souls, until my heart is dry as a chip, and cold as a dog's nose."

In 1815 Randolph rode into Congress again on the wave of reaction against the war and its burdens, and remained in the House until 1826, when he was elected to the Senate to fill a vacancy. His antagonism against Henry Clay reached a dangerous point in the struggle over the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

Randolph went to England in 1822. He took with him large quantities of books and magazines to be bound, as he would not "patronize our Yankee task-masters, who have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed on foreign books. I shall employ John Bull to bind my books until the time arrives when they

can be properly done south of Mason and Dixon's line." He was received with much honor by all classes in England, where his stout championship of English ideas was well known. His singular appearance was heightened by his very great emaciation, and by a big fur cap with a long fore-piece which he wore. But the splendid intellect, fine manners, and brilliant conversational powers which shone out of this grotesqueness, made him even more noted.

The issue of the Presidential election of 1825 was the occasion of the Randolph-Clay duel. There had been no choice by the people, and the election went to the House of Representatives. Adams, Crawford, Clay and Jackson were the candidates. Clay's friends threw the election to John Quincy Adams. When the latter made up his cabinet, Clay's name appeared at the head, as Secretary of State. The disappointed friends of Jackson and Crawford immediately made charges of a bargain between Adams and Clay, but no one dwelt on it with such persistence and bitterness of invective as Randolph. In a speech in the Senate in 1826, he referred to Adams and Clay as "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—the combination, unheard of till then, of the *Puritan* with the *blackleg*." He also charged Clay with forging or falsifying certain state documents which had been furnished the Senate. A challenge from Clay promptly followed, and was as promptly accepted, Randolph refusing to disclaim any personal meaning as to Clay.

"The night before the duel," says General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, "Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, 'Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay tribute upon mine.' His eyes filled, and resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent."

All efforts to dissuade him from sacrificing himself were unavailing; but he appeared on the "field of honor" in a huge dressing-gown, in which the *locale* of his attenuated form was as well hidden as it would have been in a hog's head. Clay fired, and the ball passed through the gown where it was reasonable to suppose its wearer to be, but in fact was not. Randolph fired his shot in air, and then, approaching Clay he vehemently called out in his shrill voice, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a cloak, sir, you owe me a cloak!" at the same time pointing to the hole in that wrap. Clay replied with much feeling, pointing to Randolph's breast, "I am glad I am under no *deeper* obligation. I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." This ended the encounter, but not the enmity, at least on Randolph's part, as it was a matter of patriotic principle with him.

In 1827 he was again elected to the House, and immediately became the leader of the opposition, then called the Republican party. His speeches were numerous, and furnish some of the finest specimens of American eloquence. Many of his startling phrases became permanent additions to the list of Americanisms, as "bear-garden" (applied to the House of Representatives), and "dough-faces" (trickling Northern politicians). He was remarkable for eclecticism of words and careful accuracy of pronunciation.

When Jackson issued his famous proclamation against the South Carolina nullifiers, Randolph arose from his sick bed and actively canvassed the district, making inflammatory speeches from his carriage to arouse a public sentiment against the proclamation and its author—as if a skeleton, uttering a voice from the grave, had come back to awaken the living. Then we hear of him at the Petersburg races, making a speech and betting on the horses. It was probably on this occasion that he made the retort to a sporting man. Randolph excitedly offered a certain wager on one of the horses. A stranger proposed to take the bet, saying, "My friend Thompson here will hold the stakes." "Yes," squealed the skeleton

statesman, suspiciously, "and who will hold Thompson?"

But the end was drawing on. Ill as he was, he made preparations to go abroad again, and in May, 1833, started for Philadelphia to take passage.

On the boat thence to Philadelphia the dying man—for such now he was—ate heartily of *fried clams*, asked an acquaintance to read for him and criticised every incorrect accent or pronunciation, and talked freely about men, measures, and especially about his horses, which were very fast. The closing scene took place in Philadelphia, in a hotel, among strangers,—fit finale of his desolate, homeless life.

He lingered several days, during which time he took, with great care, the necessary legal steps to confirm his will for the manumission of his slaves. This finally done, he seemed to feel easier in mind and body. The account of the strange end of the eventful history proceeds:

He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button; he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom—but to fix it completely required another hole on the other side. "Get a knife," said he, "and cut one." A napkin was called for, and placed by John, over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed:

"Remorse! REMORSE!"

It was thrice repeated—the last time, at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out, "Let me see the word. Get a dictionary! Let me see the word!"

"There is none in the room, sir."

"Write it down then—let me see the word."

The Doctor picked up one of his cards, "Randolph, of Roanoke." "Shall I write on this?"

"Yes; nothing more proper."

The word *remorse* was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed. It was so done and handed him again. He was extremely agitated.

"Remorse! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation. But I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon. Now let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done.

"What am I to do with the card," inquired the Doctor.

"Put it in your pocket, take care of it, and when I am dead, look at it."

The dying man was propped up in the bed with pillows, nearly erect. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders; and he directed John to place his hat on over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head.

The scene was soon changed. Having disposed of that subject most deeply impressed on his heart, his keen, penetrating eye lost its expression, his powerful mind gave way, and his fading imagination began to wander amid scenes and with friends that he had left behind. In two hours the spirit took its flight, and all that was mortal of John Randolph of Roanoke was hushed in death. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1833, aged sixty years, he breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel, Philadelphia.

From the very necessities of the nature of an Eccentric, John Randolph could not be in harmony with the time in which he lived. But this difference was intensified into enmity by the irritable nature of his mind and the diseased condition of his body; nay, by his very virtues and genius. To increase the enmity and his own misfortune, he threw himself with ardor upon the losing side of an irrepressible conflict in government. I think posterity is better prepared to do him justice than were his contemporaries, for we have passed a settlement of the political conflict, and from pitying hearts can make full allowance for Randolph's unhappy nature and unfortunate lot, while recognizing the purity, honesty and heroism of his character. Which of us would have been a better man in his situation?

THE STORK.

Translated from the Swedish, for THE CHAUTAUQUAN.*

An isle there is in airy distance
Where rise green forests, grim and tall,
Its name eludes one with persistence,
But occupied with genie small;
The dewy air is dawn's fresh greeting,
And drowsy waves the reeds are beating,
There poppies grow, and lilies rare,
These only really thriving there,
But crimson-booted stork there feedeth,
To earthly mothers children leadeth.

In poppy scent with lilies vieing,
He gently flaps at water's brink,
To capture chubby genie trying,
And begs them not to fear or shrink.
The bantlings, in whose souls are blended
Fragrance from both flowers expended,
Which makes the tender sense appear
In these both slumbering and clear,
Around the snowy stork would rally,
And ventured not, but wished to dally.

"Come here, come here," a voice then crying,
The stork soon ruffles up his frill,
He sees two tiny urchins flying
So near as to be touched at will.
But oh, what wings, now waving lightly!
And feathers too, these shifting brightly
In green, as light as young birch leaves
When spring its bath of dew receives,
In red, as pale a hue revealing,
As streak at dawn, the mist concealing!

At night they breast to breast had slumbered,
In moonbeams' silver veil did lie
On poppy-bed by waves unnumbered,
To angels' sweetest lullaby.
Now stand they fresh as early morning,
In sprightly mood, all dullness scorning.
One cries, "Come, long-legs, come to me!"
The stork looks round quite loftily,
And straightway to the youngsters striding,
He asks them, "Do ye feel like riding?"

The boy then answers, "I would try it,
So on thy back pray let me sit!
On earth 'tis lovely, none deny it,
But be not ugly—gently flit!"
And up on snowy plumage springing,
A shower of down around him flinging,
Sat firm. The stork asked, "Lassie, thou,
Wilt thou not also travel now
And be a child to some good mother?"
But no—too timid, shy, this other.

They started off. The pleasure craving,
So free and wild on stork he flew,
And to his sister farewell waving,
Until at last was lost to view.

And she whose fear her trip prevented,
Now wished to be along, repented.
She felt so lonely, was not glad,
And when next year the stork she had,
Who late and early came and started,
Her wish to ride next time imparted.

He answered, "Come then, naught detaining!
'Twas stupid to refuse last year;
Not now the same good mother gaining
As he, the boy thou held so dear,
For she beneath the turf is sleeping;
But come, my little dove, now keeping
Most careful hold around my neck,
And scream not till our course we check!"
And round his neck her arms she twineth,
And heaven's winds his flight assigneth.

On earth they grew up well protected,
The boy to manhood had attained,
A beauteous maiden, she, perfected,
When first they met, as seemed ordained.
Were early memories, reviving,
To draw them soul to soul now striving?
Was it the roguish stork, oh say,
That thus together brought their way?
I think that fate great fondness bore them,
When choosing different mothers for them.

But thou shouldst see the cot so sightly,
The woodland home in which they dwell!
The cause of it I know not rightly
Why storks just there should thrive so well,
And *one* especially, who hovers
On roof which inner chamber covers,
And goes and flaps with all his might
So crimson-booted, silver-white,
And best she worked, the mother hinted,
When he had sticks and straws unstinted.

Each fall he goes, the habit keeping,
But seen each spring again on roof,
From there o'er house and garden peeping;
And can I judge, or take as proof
The children I have seen there playing,
Full often has the stork been straying
To that fair poppy-covered isle,
And now brings lass with winsome smile,
And now a lovely boy, a treasure;
This must afford him constant pleasure.

As pedagogue he struts hereafter,
And trousers of the boys he pecks
With bill, rewarded then with laughter,
If naughtiness or prank detects;
But yet for their protection striving,
And serpents from the garden driving,
And patiently will he comply
When "Long-legs, come!" the children cry.
Each eve from thatch so closely heeding,
If they the psalms are nicely reading.

The art of reading is to skip judiciously. Whole libraries may be skipped in these days, when we have the results of them in our modern culture without going over the ground again. And even of the books we decide to read, there are almost always large portions which do not concern us, and which we are sure to forget the day after we have read them. The art is to skip all that does not concern us, whilst missing nothing that we really need. No external guidance can teach us this, for nobody but ourselves can guess what the needs of our intellect may be. But let us select with decisive firmness, independently of other people's advice, independently of the authority of custom. In every newspaper that comes to hand there is a little bit that we ought to read; the art is to find that little bit, and waste no time over the rest.—*Philip G. Hamerton*

*This translation was made by Miss Marie A. Brown, a lady now in Sweden studying its poetry and preparing a volume of translations for American readers. "The Stork," from C. D. of Wirsén, is among the most popular Swedish poems.—[Ed

GARDENING AMONG THE CHINESE

Translated for THE CHAUTAUQUAN, from "Revue des Deux Mondes."

A French physician, M. Martin, who has for several years been an attaché of the French ambassador at Peking, calls the Chinese the authors of the art of gardening. Since the earliest times their leaders have had the wisdom to have cultivated not only ornamental plants, but as well those which would increase the resources of the inhabitants. Their vast enclosures have often been the nurseries of the provinces, and to excite the ambition of their subjects, the rulers award prizes on many public occasions to those who present to them new flowers or fruits. Our societies of horticulture do no better. The annals of the Tsing dynasty mention mandarins whose business it was to care for the gardens of the emperor, and especially to look after the bamboos. The taste for flowers increased by the encouragement of the authorities gives an astonishing commercial value to certain plants. The *sambac*, whose flowers have at once the odor of the rose and of the orange, as blended in the common jasmine, is used to perfume tea, liquors, syrups and preserves; at Peking a very small branch is worth from ten dollars to twelve dollars and upwards. An *asclepias*, which gives its perfume only at night, has been sold for twenty and thirty ounces of silver, and each year the viceroy of the province of Tche-kiang sends several cuttings of it to Peking for the apartments of the emperor. In order to profit by so lucrative a taste, Chinese horticulture has been for the most part spent in trying to make the most of the treasures of their flora. To this flora we owe the chief of our ornamental flowers—the Chinese pink, sent in 1702 to the Abbé Bignon, and first described in 1705; the aster, sent out in 1728, and which received from a committee of amateurs the name of Queen Marguerite; our autumn chrysanthemum, which for a long time figured on the coat of arms of the emperors; the dicentra (or "bleeding heart"), whose rosy spurred cups look like a double shield; the Chinese rose; the Chinese honeysuckle, whose original name signifies "the gold and silver flower," in reference to its various colors; the begonia, green above and provided with purple veins below; our camellia, which the Chinese call the tea-flower; finally, a flower which we call the isle of Guernsey, because the vessel which brought the bulbs of this elegant amaryllis into England having been shipwrecked in sight of its country, the bulbs, carried by the waves on to the sandy shores of the isle, took root there and were kept alive in the pleasant temperature.

The taste of these Orientals is very different from ours. We are disagreeably affected by the care which they take to diminish the height of all vegetation. The missionaries assure us that they have seen cypresses and pines which were not more than two feet in height, although forty years old, and well proportioned in all their parts. It is one way of obtaining a great number of types in a narrow space, which is precious in a country where the gardens are so elegant and the ownership so divided. It is one of the results of the culture of the family life, and if a stranger is but little pleased by these stunted forms he is, at least, able to extract a moral upon the infinite patience which has produced them. By energy and will they direct as they wish the most obstinate plants, and in their flower-beds imitate lakes, rocks, rivers, and even mountains.

But they have as well their landscape gardens: they are around tombs, and especially the pagodas, those centers of civilization which are at once places of prayer, store-houses for the harvests of the simple, and grazing grounds for the preservation of quadrupeds. It is in these gardens of the extreme East that one sees those avenues of bamboos, whose knots hollowed out leave niches for idols; then there are magnificent specimens of the great thuja of the East, whose sweet-scented imperishable wood is used for making coffins, and reduced to powder is made into aromatic chopsticks, which are burnt be-

fore the statues of their divinities; the fir-tree, with long cones, a native of the northeast; the oak, with leaves like the chestnut tree, and which bears the mistletoe in China; the weeping willow and the funeral cypress, whose bright leaves stand out against the black background of the pines; the *Pinus bungeana*, which grows to an enormous size, and whose trunk becomes so white with age that it might easily pass for limestone. We can not describe the effect of this grand, severe vegetation, intermingled with marble statues and columns, surrounding the lofty conical roofs of the pagodas.

In no country of Europe are the gardeners so skillful in multiplying and cultivating. They have processes of their own. Our gardeners do not know how to use half-rotten planks, which they pierce with holes, fill with earth, and use in the germination of the cutting; when the plant begins to grow they break away the plank. We are far from practicing grafting in their bold style; this horticultural operation is performed among the Chinese in very different ways. They graft successfully the chrysanthemum on the wormwood, the oak on the chestnut, the grape on the jujube tree. These feats, which shock the customs of our horticulturists and even the convictions of our botanists, recall those which the good Pliny relates, and for which he has been charged with ignorance and hyperbole.

Their cleverness in gardening has one outlet of which we are ignorant. We cut our boxwood, and do not save it for the Palm-Sunday festival. The Chinese cultivate plants for holy purposes. The ponds and other bodies of water so numerous in a country where rice is the chief food, gives them opportunity to cultivate in abundance a magnificent water plant, the lotus of the Indus, the sacred plant of the Hindoos. The god Buddha is always represented reposing on the lotus flower, whose root signifies vigor, its great leaves growth, its odor the sovereign spirit, its brilliancy love. Thus it is customary to offer to the idols the beautiful flowers of the lotus; besides, its culture offers a double advantage, its fruitful root and its sweet grains (the beans of Egypt) being used in Chinese cookery. The fruit of one variety of the lemon tree is produced from the separated carpels, which are disjoined at the base of the lemon and developed separately, like the fingers of a hand. This hand is among the Chinese that of their god; *Fo-chou-kan*, as it is called, signifies the sweet smelling hand of Buddha. A writer assures us that the gardeners aid, by bands which are early fastened on the fruit, in bringing about this paying division; they are capable of it.

This union of two very different feelings, the greed for gain and piety, ought not to astonish us much. The simple affection which they have for plants seems to be a kind of religious sentiment. Each plant inspires them with a kind of mystic love which affects certain of their poems. Their literature represents to us a delight in flowers which we do not easily understand. They are enraptured at the sight of a plant, and seek by continued observation to understand its development. One is not surprised at the degree of skill to which such an exalted taste leads their gardeners.

The emperors have always especially encouraged the production of vegetables and orchards, as well as general agriculture. "I prefer," said the emperor Kang-hi, "to procure a new kind of fruit or of grain for my subjects rather than to build an hundred porcelain towers." Two centuries before him one prince published an herbarium containing the plants suitable to cultivate in time of famine, after having consulted with the peasants and farmers.

The Chinese have always displayed the greatest activity in order to assure themselves of their food at the expense of the vegetable world, sometimes from plants which are not cultivated, as from seaweeds, from which they obtain gelatine or a salty condiment, and particularly from those which they can perfect in their gardens. There are to be found in their kitchen gardens not only the most of our common vegetables, as turnips, carrots, radishes, onions, and our salad herbs, but some

peculiar vegetables like the Chinese cabbage whose seeds furnish oil; the rapeseed, the young shoots of which are used in pickles, like those of mustard; fruits similar to our melons and cucumbers; enormous egg-plants, etc. If the garden contains a stream of water, as is frequent, they cultivate according to the depth of the water either aquatic grasses, of which they eat the terminal buds, or water plants like the lotus, or the Chinese cock's-comb, of which all the parts furnish a nourishing fecula, or plants of the melon family, like the watermelon or the peculiar water chestnut, which is at times a scarlet red, and which they gather in the autumn. The picturesque way in which they gather these nuts is well described by M. Fauvel. Men, women and children embark on the canal in tubs, which they push with long bamboos about the floating islets of the chestnut, and which often capsize, to everyone's great amusement.

In some places one observes a singular culture of mushrooms. These cryptograms are greatly valued in China, and not alone on account of their nutritive properties. One species which takes root upon coming into the open air, and which is edible, has so dry a tissue that it keeps almost as fresh as when one gathers it ripe. Ancient writers took it for a symbol of immortality.

It is particularly interesting to examine the Chinese orchards, distinguishing the productions of the north and south. The fruits of the south are less interesting: dates, cocoanut trees, mangoes, bananas, bread trees, pineapples, all tropical fruits which are not exclusively Chinese. The principal fruits of the north are first *the five fruits*, that is, the peach, apricot, plum, the chestnut and the jujube. The most important of Chinese fruit trees is the peach, which most probably is a native of the country. Its winter florescence has been taken by Chinese romance writers as the symbol of love and fidelity. Chinese orchards also furnish many other fruits: several kinds of plums, a fine white pear as round as our bergamot, the berries of the myrica, which pass very well for our strawberries, and which are easily mistaken for the arbutus berry; but for general use nothing equals the Chinese figs and oranges.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

"The Fair Maid of Perth" is at once a photograph and a drama. The beautiful county of Perthshire, with its wild mountains and picturesque lakes, seems transferred bodily as by a camera to the novelist's pages, and the historic incidents are so real and rapid in dramatic interest that they seem lifted from the realm of history into a sort of Shakspearean play.

The story opens with a description of Perth from a spot called the Wicks of Baigle, "where the traveler beholds stretching beneath him the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth with its two large meadows, its steeples, and its towers; the hills of Moncreiff and Kinnoul faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions, and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape."

The time of the story is 1402. Almost a century has elapsed since the battle of Bannockburn—a century of turmoil and strife. Its history seems like a great tempest-tossed sea swept by constantly recurring whirlwinds. Three kings and as many regents reign in turn; and at the opening of our story Scotland is under the government of Robert the Third.

David the Second, only son of Robert Bruce, died childless; his sister, Marjory, married Walter, the Lord High Steward of the realm; their son was crowned Robert the Third, King of Scotland. The family took the name of Stewart, which gave by direct descent the Stuart line to the throne of Britain, and their descendants are to-day upon the thrones of England,

Italy and Greece. The little skiff, tossed ashore upon the rugged cliffs and cold hospitality of Lorne Castle, as described in our last article, carried therefore the ancestor of a long historic line—a line not always fortunate, not always honest, but presenting for the most part during its record of five hundred years a fair average of manhood and womanhood as kings and queens generally run.

Robert the Third found his country torn by civil feuds, and his temper was too mild for those stormy times. His brother, the Duke of Albany, a crafty counselor of the Iago type, provoked strife between father and son. The good king's heart was broken. "Vengeance followed," says Scott, "though with a slow pace, the treachery and cruelty of his brother. Robert of Albany's own grey hairs went, indeed, in peace to the grave, and he transferred the regency, which he had so foully acquired, to his son Murdoch. But nineteen years after the death of the old king, James the First returned to Scotland, and Duke Murdoch of Albany, with his sons, was brought to the scaffold, in expiation of his father's guilt and his own."

Such are the main historic features of the story. The inwoven incidents make us acquainted with many of the customs of humble life which pertain to the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. It portrays the ancient observances of St. Valentine's Day; the fierce conflict of two Highland clans; the bitter jealousy between the Black Douglas and the Earl of March; the trial by Bier-Right in the Church of St. John; the government of Scottish towns and burroughs; the hardihood of the brave burghers who knew their rights, and had the courage to maintain them. It reveals the dissipation of the Court, led on by the much-loved but dissipated son of the king, the Duke of Rothsay, over whom the father mourned, even as David over his son Absalom.

Through this black serge-cloth of history runs a silver thread—the life of Catharine Glover. Her bold and resolute lover, Henry Gow, a smith and armorer by trade, who had the good fortune of being her Valentine, seems too warlike for her gentle and amiable character, or as Harry sums it up briefly in a blunt sentence: "She thinks the whole world is one great minster church, and that all who live in it should behave as if they were at an eternal mass."

The romance abounds with many eloquent passages and poetic touches; even the bold armorer, with his love for hard blows, reveals here and there a touch of sentiment, as where he returns to Perth from a long journey and says: "When I crossed the Wicks and saw the bonny city lie fairly before me, like a fairy queen in romance, whom the knight finds asleep among a wilderness of flowers, I felt even as a bird, when it folds its weary wings to stoop down on its own nest."

The description of the burial of the Highland Chief is the sketch of a master. We are transported to the rugged hills of the northern Highlands. Around us rise lofty mountain peaks; below us stretches the silver expanse of Loch Tay; the black-bannered flotilla carrying the dead leader, Mac Ian, with oars moving to wild music, holds its course to the ruined cathedral of the Holy Isle, where still slumbers the daughter of Henry the First of England, wife of Alexander the First of Scotland. "The monks issue from their lowly portal; the bells peal their death-toll over the long lake; a yell bursts from the assembled multitude, in which the deep shout of warriors, and the shrill wail of females join their notes with the tremulous voice of age, and the babbling cry of childhood; the deer start from their glens for miles around and seek the distant recesses of the mountains, even the domestic animals, accustomed to the voice of man, flee from their pastures into morasses and dingles."

Scott's power as a poet is seen in passages like this, and his power as a dramatist in words like the following placed in the mouth of the heart-broken king, revealing in one condensed sentence of agony the unfortunate state of his country: "Oh, Scotland, Scotland; if the best blood of thy bravest children could enrich the barren soil, what land on earth would excel

thee in fertility? When is it that a white hair is seen on the beard of a Scottish man, unless he be some wretch like thy sovereign, protected from murder by impotence, to witness the scenes of slaughter to which he can not put a period? The demon of strife and slaughter hath possessed the whole land."

But the clouds and mists upon the mountain-heights of royalty do not always envelop the valley, or affect the happiness of those who live in humble spheres; and we are glad to know that Harry Gow is at last made happy by the hand of Catharine. He promises to hand up his broadsword, never more to draw it unless against the enemies of Scotland. "And should Scotland call for it," said Catharine, "I will buckle it round you."

Our next novel, in historic sequence, takes us to the Court of Louis the Eleventh in the year 1468. The reader is introduced to a young Scotchman by the name of Quentin Durward. He is in France seeking employment for his sword; he joins the Scottish archers which form the body-guard of the King; he soon wins the notice and favor of Louis the Eleventh by his courage, address and honesty; he goes as escort for two noble ladies who had fled for refuge from the court of Burgundy to France, and becomes at last as the title of the book would indicate the important personage in the romance, and his honesty is rewarded by the hand of the heroine.

But the great value of this work is the character sketch of Louis the Eleventh, a king who possessed a soul as hardened as that of Mephistopheles, and a brain like that of Machiavelli, whose birth at Florence in 1469 appropriately commemorates the early years of Louis' reign; he found the throne in a tottering condition; in fact all Europe was unsettled. It was the dark hour preceding the dawn of the Reformation. There was some excuse for caution, and perhaps for craftiness in order to preserve his government, but no excuse and no necessity for the cruelty and treachery that marked every day of his life. He seemed malevolent for the sake of malevolence; or as Scott more briefly puts it, "he seemed an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honor to its very source." He surrounded himself with menials, invited low and obscure men to secret councils, employed his barber as prime minister, not for any special ability displayed, but from his readiness to pander to his lowest wishes. In every way he brought disrespect upon the court of his father, "who tore from the fangs of the English lion the more than half-conquered kingdom of France."

Scott places the character of Louis the Eleventh in contrast with that of the Duke of Burgundy; "a man who rushed on danger because he loved it, and on difficulties because he despised them." His rude, chivalrous nature despised his wily cousin, who had his mouth at every man's ear, and his hand in every man's palm. As we read the history of Louis XI. he seems like a great spider slowly but surely spinning his web about his enemies until at last there is no escape. By tortuous policy he "rose among the rude sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom, by distribution of food, and some discipline of blows, comes finally to predominate over those, who, if unsubdued by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces."

Apart from the main thread of history Scott gives us a picture of the Gypsies, or Bohemians, who had just made their appearance in Europe. They claimed an Egyptian descent, and their features attested that they were of eastern origin. Their complexion was positively eastern, approaching to that of the Hindoos. Their manners were as depraved as their appearance was poor and beggarly. The few arts which they studied with success, were of a slight and idle, though ingenious description. Their pretensions to read fortunes, by palmistry and astrology, acquired them sometimes respect, but oftener drew them under the suspicion of sorcerers; and lastly, the universal accusation that they augmented their horde by stealing children, subjected them to doubt and execration. They

incurred almost everywhere sentence of banishment, and, where suffered to remain, were rather objects of persecution than of protection from the law. The arrival of the Egyptians as these singular people were called, in various parts of Europe, corresponds with the period in which Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, affording its natives the choice between the Koran and death. There can be little doubt that these wanderers consisted originally of the Hindostanee tribes, who, displaced and flying from the sabers of the Mohammedans, undertook this species of wandering life, without well knowing whither they were going. Scott gives us in the character of Hayraddin a type of this great family, a brief sketch of which taken as above from his notes we thought would be of interest to the general reader.

The interview of Louis the Eleventh with the astrologer not only reveals the superstition of the king but also places in sharp contrast the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which were cut asunder, as it were, with a sword of light. The old astrologer's apostrophe to the art of printing, which was then invented, is worthy of a place in these historic references: "Believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up, by the invasion of barbarism; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on which knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms." "Hold," said Louis, "shall these changes come in our time?" "No, my royal brother," replied the astrologer, "this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden; the knowledge, namely, of good and evil."

Anne of Geierstein is to a certain extent a sequel to Quentin Durward. The time of the story is four years later; the scene is laid in the mountains of Switzerland. The romance reveals the power of the Vehmic tribunal of Westphalia, a secret organization, whose bloody executions gave to the east of Germany the name of the Red Land. It portrays faithfully the heroic character of the Swiss people who preferred peace to war, but accepted war when the issue meant liberty or servitude.

Two travelers, apparently English merchants, are benighted near the ruined castle of Geierstein. They are hospitably entertained, and after a few days' delay, they join a Swiss embassy on its way to the Court of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, the mission of which embassy was to ask redress for injuries done to the Helvetian Cantons. On their journey they meet with a warlike adventure in which the English travelers have opportunity to display their courage and judgment. They are imprisoned and released; the elder has the misfortune of falling into the hands of the Vehmic court, and the rare good fortune of being released; and so the story moves on as it were from one ambuscade to another, until they reach the court and army of the proud Duke of Burgundy.

They meet *en route* at a Cathedral in Strasburg, Queen Margaret of Anjou, who in the bloody struggle between the House of York and Lancaster had been driven from the English throne. This meeting reveals the fact that the English travelers are no less personages than the Earl of Oxford and his son, who are on their way to persuade, if possible, the Duke of Burgundy to give his support to the House of Lancaster. The duke promises relief; but circumstances combine with his

rashness to prevent the proffered aid. He proposes at first to subdue the haughty Swiss. He dismisses their embassy with scorn, and prepares for a fruitless war in spite of the noble plea of the white haired Landamman: "And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife? Is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of your Highness' household troops than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honor to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men clad in mail over half-armed husbandmen and shepherds—of such conquest small was the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers—if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it with your Highness to judge, what in that event would be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbors? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Ay, men, women and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master."

Well would it have been if the stubborn duke had listened to these words; for Louis the Eleventh was already making peace with the English king, and the balance of power which the duke had held for so many years was slipping from his grasp forever. He attacks the Swiss in their mountain fastnesses, and pays for his rashness with his life. The haughty Queen Margaret dies, and for the time the hope of the House of Lancaster perishes.

But does some fair reader ask: Who is Anne of Geierstein? Is the book all history? Ask the son of the Earl of Oxford, and he will tell you that Anne was the fair maiden who rescued him from a perilous rock the night they were lost near the castle of Geierstein; that she was with the embassy on her way to visit her father; that she again rescued him from imprisonment and death; and after the fall of the House of Lancaster the Swiss maiden becomes his bride.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And so across the hills they went,
In that new world, which is the old."

"But the star of Lancaster," in the language of Scott, "began again to culminate, and called the banished lord and his son from their retirement, to mix once more in politics, and soon thereafter was fought the celebrated battle of Bosworth, in which the arms of Oxford and his son contributed so much to the success of Henry the Seventh. This changed the destinies of young Oxford and his bride; but it is said that the manners and beauty of Anne of Geierstein attracted as much admiration at the English Court as formerly in the Swiss chalet."

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR JANUARY.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN,

The source of all our light and heat, although about three millions of miles nearer to us on the 2d of January than it was on the 3d of July last, affords neither the same quantity of light nor heat; and for two reasons: 1. His rays fall on us more obliquely. 2. He does not remain so long above our horizon. On the 1st he rises at 7:24 a. m. and sets at 4:44 p. m., making our day only nine hours and twenty minutes long; and on the 31st rises at 7:11 a. m. and sets at 5:16 p. m., giving us ten

hours and five minutes for a day's length, an increase of forty-five minutes.

THE MOON

Presents the usual phases in order, as follows: First quarter on the 5th, at 4:27 p. m.; full moon on the 12th, at 10:19 a. m.; last quarter on the 20th, at 12:15 a. m.; and new moon on the 27th, at 11:53 p. m., Washington mean time, which is 8 minutes 12.09 seconds slower than "Eastern time," or the time of the 75th meridian west of Greenwich. The moon is nearest the earth at 11:36 a. m. on the 9th; and most distant from the earth at 6:12 a. m. on the 21st. On the 10th she reaches her greatest elevation, which is $67^{\circ} 42'$ above the horizon in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$ north.

MERCURY

Will be distinctly visible every evening from the first to the thirteenth of the month, setting at 6:06 p. m. on the evening of the former date, and at very nearly the same hour on the latter date. From the 1st to the 11th its motion is from west to east; on the 11th it is said to be stationary; however, it is actually moving in its orbit about thirty thousand miles per hour; but is approaching us in an almost direct line, and thus seems to be at a stand still. On the same day, it arrives at its greatest distance east of the sun, $19^{\circ} 16'$, and then starts on its journey west, approaching the earth, and coming directly between it and the sun, that is, reaching its inferior conjunction about 3:00 on the afternoon of the 20th. On the 31st it will be so far west as to rise one hour and fourteen minutes earlier than the sun.

VENUS

Will be evening star during the month, setting at 6:38 on the evening of the 1st, and at 7:50 p. m. on the 31st. Her motion is direct, amounting, during the month, to 2 hours, 24 minutes, 38 seconds, equal to $36^{\circ} 9\frac{1}{2}'$ of arc, her diameter increasing from 11.6' to 12.8'. This planet will delight the vision of stargazers, not only during January, but several succeeding months.

MARS

Will continue his retrograde motion during the month, moving a little more than one minute per day, making in all 35 minutes 37 seconds. He will be quite a prominent object during the entire night, on the evening of the 1st, rising at 7:50, and on the following morning setting at 9:58; and on the 31st rising at 5:08 p. m., and setting at 7:44 the next morning. His diameter at the latter date will be 15". Can be readily found in the constellation *Leo*, northwest of the bright star *Regulus*. At 1:29 p. m. on the 14th he will be $9^{\circ} 18'$ north of the moon.

JUPITER

Will commence the month as a morning star, rising on the 1st at 6:19 in the evening, and setting next morning at 8:45; but on the 13th will change to an evening star, being on this date in opposition to the sun, and rising as the latter sets at about 5:00 p. m. On the 13th, at 2:53 a. m., he will be $5^{\circ} 41'$ north of the moon. On the 31st he will rise at 4:00 p. m., and next morning will set at 6:34. His diameter at same date will be 43.8". Motion during the month, 16 minutes 12.54 seconds retrograde. The eclipses of this planet's moons, by the body itself, are sometimes used for the purpose of determining longitude. He will be found in the constellation *Cancer*.

SATURN,

"The father of gods and men," rises on the 1st at 2:18 p. m.; sets on the 2d at 4:34 a. m., being over 14 hours above the horizon. On the 31st it rises at 12:12 p. m. and sets next morning at 2:32. Has a retrograde motion of 4 minutes 3.61 seconds. On the 9th at 2:14 a. m. it is only 59' north of the moon. Its diameter is about 18 seconds. Can be found in the constellation *Taurus*, a little northwest of *Aldebaran*, the brightest star of the cluster *Hyades*.

URANUS

Is morning star for the month. On the 1st it rises at 11:08 in the evening; on the 2d at about 10:00 a. m. Although traveling at the rate of over one and one-fourth million miles per hour, it is said to be stationary. As in the case of *Mercury*, it

moves toward us for the time in an almost straight line, and "is not what it seems." It has from the 2d to the end of the month a retrograde motion of 21 minutes 15 seconds of arc. Its diameter is 3.8 seconds. On the 31st it rises at 9:07 in the evening.

NEPTUNE

Will be evening star during the month, rising at 1:35 p. m. on the 1st and at 11:36 a. m. on the 31st, and setting at 3:09 a. m. on the 2d, and at 1:10 a. m. on the 1st of February. On the 8th, at 1:02 a. m., it is 6' south of the moon. On the 28th, at 3:00 p. m., it is stationary. From the 1st to the 28th its motion will be $12\frac{1}{2}$ seconds of arc retrograde, and from the latter date to the end of the month 8.7 seconds of arc direct. Its diameter equals 1.6 seconds. Will be found in the constellation *Aries*. Neptune is so far away that really little is known in regard to it. Its peculiar interest to us centers in the fact developed in its discovery, namely, that notwithstanding comparatively little is definitely settled in astronomical science, a wonderful degree of exactness has been attained in the computation of the places of the heavenly bodies. In 1820, astronomer Bouvard, of Paris, made a new and improved set of tables which formed the basis of the calculations made on the motions of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus. In a few years it was found by observations that Uranus failed to occupy the place assigned him by the tables. In twenty-four years the disagreement amounted to two minutes of arc (a slight error, one would think, but not to be overlooked, and easily measured). The discrepancy led Mr. John C. Adams, an English student, in 1843, and M. Leverrier, a Frenchman, in 1845, each without the knowledge of the other, to attempt to reckon the elements of an unknown planet that would cause the disturbance. Adams, in October, 1845, communicated the results of his efforts to Prof. Airy, Astronomer Royal, who, however, for some reason not very clear, failed to make any search in the quarter directed. In 1846, the result of Leverrier's calculations were published, and bore such a striking similarity to those of Mr. Adams, that Prof. Challis, of Cambridge Observatory, immediately began a very thorough search, and had made considerable progress, when Leverrier in September, 1846, wrote to Dr. Galle, of Berlin Observatory, giving him the elements, and asking him to direct his telescope to a certain portion of the heavens. This the Doctor did, and the result was that on the 23d of September, 1846, the planet afterward called Neptune, was found within a very short distance from the point indicated by both M. Leverrier and Mr. Adams.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

It is a well established fact that the women of the nineteenth century are workers. They work not only from necessity, but very many from choice. An Eastern journal recently remarked in regard to the general feeling among women that they ought and desired to do something, "It is getting to be good form to support yourself." Girls are supporting themselves very generally, but as yet the majority are in the old and over-filled fields of teaching, sewing, and clerking. There is a constant demand among young women for something new. What work is there for them to learn which will be steady, lucrative, and womanly? And what steps must they take to learn it, and to obtain situations? These questions are daily asked. Many plod in ill-paid, uncongenial places, because they see no other avenues open. To show what work there is, and how learned and secured, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have recently published, in their "Handy-Volume Series," a little volume on "Work for Women." The book is decidedly practical. As the author in his preface claims, it answers accurately the questions: "Is there a good chance to get work? How long will it take me to make myself competent? Are there many in the business? How much do they earn? Are there any objections against entering this employment; if so, what are they?"

Exactly the questions which should be asked and satisfactorily answered before entering any work. Among the employments of which the author, Mr. G. P. Manson, speaks, industrial drawing properly holds the foremost place. For women of real taste and originality it is peculiarly suitable; but they must have both qualities. Without either a woman should never run the risk of entering the field; unless, indeed, she can afford to make the experiment. To one familiar with dry goods and house-furnishing, who knows the almost infinite varieties in the patterns of carpets, wall-papers, oil-cloths, calicoes, and the like, there can be no question about the chances for employment for skilled laborers. The work pays, too, and is pleasant. Still more important, there is little danger of one being lowered by it to a mere machine. It is work in which one grows.

Some wise words, worth remembering, are said in regard to phonography. A valuable idea to the learner is that the practical teacher, that is, the *bona fide* reporter, is worth more than many lessons from one who has learned the art simply to teach it, but has never practiced; and that the constant practice of what one may learn from any one of the books on the subject will be of more service than an extended course in a short-hand school. Most excellent is the advice given to ladies studying phonography that they should add book-keeping and type-writing. With these acquirements a woman can not fail in finding employment.

The art of telegraphy is to be learned in about the same way as phonography—by practice and patience. There are about forty schools in the United States where it is taught. Of these the New York Cooper Union School of Telegraphy is undoubtedly foremost; but before selecting a school it is wise to get the experience of a skilled operator—a most excellent plan to follow, by the way, in any field. Women rarely advance in this business beyond a certain rank, and unless luck favors them with a situation in the private office of a generous employer, they rarely reach positions which pay more than sixty dollars per month.

It is astonishing that work which at first thought seems to require so little skill as feather-curling, should average to expert laborers fifteen to twenty dollars per week, through the entire year, and sometimes reach as high as forty dollars per week. But this is the fact, and the work, too, is less confining than sewing. There is a serious drawback, however—the girls and women are not always moral, and the association is thus dangerous. None of the professions of which Mr. Manson speaks are more suitable for women than that of nursing. The feeling that it is a menial service is entirely wrong. There is no position which a woman can hold which requires more character, skill, self-control and wisdom. Mr. Manson, in his chapter on nursing, gives exactly the information which is needed for a woman about to enter the profession. Indeed, this is true of all that he says on the different branches of work which he takes up, among which are photography, proof-reading, type-setting, book-binding, lecturing, public reading, book selling, dress-making and millinery.

There are several varieties of work on which he has made but brief notes, to which we wish he would give further attention. These are employments at which women may earn their living, and yet be at home. There are many women left with families and little homes who struggle to live by sewing, washing, and the like, because they do not know what else to do. There are several employments suitable to them, and in which women almost invariably succeed; such are bee keeping, poultry raising, market gardening and cultivating flowers. A little capital is necessary, but a very little will start a business which, if well managed, can hardly fail to become prosperous. There are two great considerations in favor of such work: it is healthy, and allows one to remain at home. The considerations which should govern a woman in selecting any one of the employments mentioned in this little volume are satisfactorily discussed, and any one desiring information upon the vexed question, "What shall I do?" will receive valuable suggestions.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

By LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

The following animated description of ostrich hunting in Patagonia is taken from a book by Lady Florence Dixie, published by R. Worthington, New York:

As we rode silently along, with our eyes well about us, in the hopes of sighting an ostrich, my horse suddenly shied at something white lying on the ground at a few paces distant. Throwing the reins over his head, I dismounted and walked toward the spot. Amongst some long grass I discovered a deserted nest of an ostrich containing ten or eleven eggs, and calling François to examine them, was greatly chagrined to find that none of them were fresh. With the superstition of an ostrich-hunter François picked up a feather lying close at hand, and sticking it in his cap, assured us that this was a good sign, and that it would not be long before we came across one of these birds.

His prediction was speedily verified, for on reaching the summit of a little hill, up which we had slowly and stealthily proceeded, two small gray objects suddenly struck my eye. I signed to François and my brother, who were riding some twenty yards behind me, and putting spurs to my horse, galloped down the hill toward the two gray objects I had perceived in the distance. "Choo! choo!" shouted François, a cry by which the ostrich-hunters cheer their dogs on, and intimate to them the proximity of game. Past me like lightning the four eager animals rushed, bent on securing the prey which their quick sight had already detected.

The ostriches turned one look on their pursuers, and the next moment they wheeled round, and making for the plain, scudded over the ground at a tremendous pace.

And now, for the first time, I began to experience all the glorious excitement of an ostrich-hunt. My little horse, keen as his rider, took the bit between his teeth, and away we went up and down the hills at a terrific pace. On and on flew the ostriches, closer and closer crept up "Leona," a small, red, half-bred Scotch deerhound, with "Loca," a wiry black lurcher at her heels, who in turn was closely followed by "Apiscuña" and "Sultan." In another moment the little red dog would be alongside the ostriches. Suddenly, however, they twisted right and left respectively, scudding away in opposite directions over the plain, a feint which of course gave them a great advantage, as the dogs in their eagerness shot forward a long way before they were able to stop themselves. By the time they had done so the ostriches had got such a start that, seeing pursuit was useless, we called the dogs back. We were very much disappointed at our failure, and in no very pleasant frame of mind turned our horses' heads in the direction of our camp.

We were a good deal chaffed when we got home on the score of our non-success, and over pipes and coffee that night a serious council of war was held by the whole of our party, as regards ostrich-hunting for the morrow.

Forming a circle was suggested. This being the method by which the Indians nearly always obtain game. It is formed by lighting fires round a large area of ground into which the different hunters ride from all sides. A complete circle of blazing fires is thus obtained, and any game found therein is pretty sure to become the prey of the dogs, as no ostrich or guanaco will face a fire. Wherever they turn they see before them a column of smoke, or are met by dogs and horsemen. Escape becomes almost impossible, and it is not long before they grow bewildered and are captured.

Next morning, the horses being all ready, we lost no time in springing into the saddle. For about half an hour we followed along a line of broken hillocks, after which, calling a halt, we sent forward Guillaume and I'Aria to commence the first and most distant proceedings of the circle. They departed at a brisk canter, and it was not long before several rising col-

umns of smoke testified that they were already busily engaged.

For some time Gregorio and I rode slowly and silently on our way, when a sudden unexpected bound which my horse gave all but unseated me. "Avestruz! Avestruz!" shouted Gregorio, and turned his horse with a quick movement. "Choo! choo! Plata!" I cry to the dog who followed at my horse's heels, as a fine male ostrich scudded away toward the hills we had just left with the speed of lightning. Plata has sighted him, and is straining every limb to reach the terrified bird. He is a plucky dog and a fleet one, but it will take him all his time to come alongside that great raking ostrich as he strides away in all the conscious pride of his strength and speed. "We shall lose him!" I cry, half mad with excitement, spurring my horse, who is beginning to gasp and falter as the hill up which we are struggling grows steeper and steeper. But the ostrich suddenly doubles to the left, and commences a hurried descent. The cause is soon explained, for in the direction toward which he has been making a great cloud of smoke rises menacingly in his path, and, balked of the refuge he had hoped to find amidst the hills, the great bird is forced to alter his course, and make swiftly for the plains below. But swiftly as he flies along, so does Plata, who finds a down-hill race much more suited to his splendid shoulders and rare stride. Foot by foot he lessens the distance that separates him from his prey, and gets nearer and nearer to the fast sinking, fast tiring bird. Away we go, helter-skelter down the hill, unchecked and undefeated by the numerous obstacles that obstruct the way. Plata is alongside the ostrich, and gathers himself for a spring at the bird's throat. "He has him, he has him!" I shout to Gregorio, who does not reply, but urges his horse on with whip and spur. "Has he got him, though?" Yes—no—the ostrich with a rapid twist has shot some thirty yards ahead of his enemy, and whirling round, makes for the hills once more. And now begins the struggle for victory. The ostrich has decidedly the best of it, for Plata, though he struggles gamely, does not like the uphill work, and at every stride loses ground. There is another fire on the hill above, but it lies too much to the left to attract the bird's attention, who has evidently a safe line of escape in view in that direction. On, on we press; on, on flies the ostrich; bravely and gamely struggles in its wake poor Plata. "Can he stay?" I cry to Gregorio, who smiles and nods his head. He is right, the dog can stay, for hardly have the words left my lips when, with a tremendous effort, he puts on a spurt, and races up alongside the ostrich. Once more the bird points for the plain; he is beginning to falter, but he is great and strong, and is not beaten yet. It will take all Plata's time and cunning to pull that magnificent bird to the ground, and it will be a long fierce struggle ere the gallant creature yields up his life. Unconscious of anything but the exciting chase before me, I am suddenly disagreeably reminded that there is such a thing as caution, and necessity to look where you are going to, for, putting his foot in an unusually deep tuca-tuca hole, my little horse comes with a crash upon his head, and turns completely over on his back, burying me beneath him in a hopeless muddle. Fortunately, beyond a shaking, I am unhurt, and remounting, endeavor to rejoin the now somewhat distant chase. The ostrich, Gregorio, and the dog have reached the plain, and as I gallop quickly down the hill I can see that the bird has begun doubling. This is a sure sign of fatigue, and shows that the ostrich's strength is beginning to fail him. Nevertheless it is a matter of no small difficulty for one dog to secure his prey, even at this juncture, as he can not turn and twist about as rapidly as the ostrich. At each double the bird shoots far ahead of his pursuer, and gains a considerable advantage. Away across the plain the two animals fly, whilst I and Gregorio press eagerly in their wake. The excitement grows every moment more intense, and I watch the close struggle going on with the keenest interest. Suddenly the stride of the bird grows slower, his doubles become more frequent, showers of feathers fly in every direction as Plata seizes

him by the tail, which comes away in his mouth. In another moment the dog has him by the throat, and for a few minutes nothing can be distinguished but a gray struggling heap. Then Gregorio dashes forward and throws himself off his horse, breaks the bird's neck, and when I arrive upon the scene the struggle is over. The run had lasted for twenty-five minutes.

Our dogs and horses were in a most pitiable state. Poor Plata lay stretched on the ground with his tongue, hot and fiery, lolling out of his mouth, and his sides going at a hundred miles an hour. The horses, with their heads drooped till they almost touched the ground, and their bodies streaming with perspiration, presented a most pitiable sight, and while Gregorio disemboweled and fastened the ostrich together, I loosened their girths, and led them to a pool hard by to drink. At length they became more comfortable, and as soon as they seemed in a fit state to go on, Gregorio and I lifted the huge bird on to his horse, and tied it across the animal's withers. Encumbered thus, Gregorio turned to depart in the direction of the camp, followed by Plata, while I went in an opposite direction in search of my companions down in the plain. It was not long before I distinguished in the far distance an ostrich coming straight toward me, closely followed by a dog and two horsemen. Galloping to meet them, I was the means of turning the bird into "Peaché's" jaws, for such was the name of I'Aria's dog. The two horsemen turned out to be the old fellow in question and my brother, who arrived, hot and full of excitement, on the scene just as I was throwing myself from my horse to prevent Peaché from tearing the bird to pieces. Leaving I'Aria to complete the hunter's work, my brother and I rode slowly back toward our camp, discussing the merits of our horses, dogs, and the stamina of the two ostriches we had slain.

One by one the other hunters dropped in. They had all been successful, with the exception of Guillaume; and as we stood grouped round the five large ostriches lying on the ground, we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune, and on the excellent sport we had had. At dinner we passed judgment on ostrich-meat, which we now really tasted for the first time, for what we had obtained from the Indian camp had been dry and unpalatable. We thought it excellent; the breast and wings are particularly good; the latter much resemble pheasant.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

The most recent intelligence at hand from the Missionary Boards of the different denominations is so full of general interest and encouragement that we give the results that have been reached. With the tens of thousands of our thoughtful readers, we rejoice greatly in this work so efficiently carried on by the American churches at home and abroad.

The latter part of the nineteenth century is becoming more and more a missionary era. Practical heed is given to the "Great Commission," and the heralds are sent forth into all the world, with the tidings of "peace on earth, and good-will to men."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL BOARD.

This Church, the youngest of the large denominations, and last to enter the foreign field, has done some effective service. A few weeks since some fears were entertained that from a single point where success was not satisfactory, the partially defeated forces might be, for a time, withdrawn. Such fears were groundless, and the orders are for an advance all along the lines. The little company in Bulgaria have struggled under many disadvantages, but will be reinforced, and the work go on.

At the late meeting of the General Committee, in New York, the annual appropriations were advanced to \$750,000, in the confidence that the church will meet the demand.

The Home Missions of this church are numerous. There are reported 2,381 missionaries in the home fields, and more

could be profitably employed in communities unable of themselves to furnish an adequate support. The aggregate of the border missions shows an increase in membership, and of church property. The missionary aid given to feeble churches and to establish churches where none existed, combined with the efforts of other organizations, is doing a work whose value can hardly be over-estimated.

The Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church are in fifteen nations. A larger number of missionaries are in India than in any other country.

The summarized statistics show:

Foreign missionaries and wives	225
Native ordained preachers	246
Native preachers not ordained	187
Native local preachers	317
Native workers in Woman's For. Mis. Society . .	291
Foreign teachers	34
Native teachers	521
Members	29,095
Probationers	9,984

The school system, both for secular and theological education is well organized, and doing a good work. Churches and conferences are organized as in this country.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD.

In the Home Missions the Board employs 1,387 missionaries and 133 missionary teachers. 6,281 were, during the year, added to the mission churches on profession of faith. The total membership of those assisted is 73,669. There was raised for building, repairing and canceling debts on church property \$726,517. The above mission churches are sustained wholly, or in part, by the funds of the Board. Thirty-seven of the number became self-sustaining during the year. The receipts of the Board for the year were \$524,795.61, being an advance of \$81,406.76 over the previous year. We do not wonder that these servants of Christ thank Him, and express their feelings of gratitude to the contributing churches, for their prayers, sympathy and "unprecedented pecuniary aid." The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has work in the following fields: Among the North American Indians, Mexico—the Southern and Northern fields; South America—Brazil, Chili; Africa, Asia, Persia, India, Siam—among the Laos; China, Japan, Chinese in America, Guatemala, Papal Europe, Geneva, France, Belgium, Bohemia and Waldensea.

The Board has in its employ 159 American missionaries, 225 native helpers, 92 of whom are ordained, and 133 licentiate; 286 lay American missionaries, 585 native lay helpers, 18,656 communicants, 21,253 pupils in day and boarding schools.

In their work among the American Indians they have 10 missionaries and 25 native ministers and licentiate.

The receipts for the past year were \$656,237.99; also an advance on the previous year.

These missionary boards, so well sustained by the churches of their denominations, seem to have been both wise in counsels and aggressive in their measures, and their success has been glorious.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

This is the oldest and among the most efficient and successful of all American missionary societies. Organized in 1812, and for a time aided by persons of all the evangelical churches who had the missionary spirit, and whose benevolence thus found a safe and suitable channel, through which its streams could reach the heathen, the Board, with prudent management and liberal support, has had a most successful career. They are now the organ of the Congregationalist church, and have established their posts or centers for extensive operations in all quarters of the globe. The year past is spoken of with thanksgiving, as one of the most satisfactory, and in some departments of the work, as of remarkable progress. After a full and luminous statement of the work of the year, the annual

report closes, saying: "It is quite impossible by such a rapid glance to give any just conception of a work so wide in extent, so varied in character. We may speak of twenty missions and one hundred and forty-six missionaries at eighty different stations, and of 724 other towns, and cities, and islands in which the gospel is preached; we may call attention to 98 high schools and seminaries, in which 3,624 youth of both sexes are enjoying the advantages of higher Christian education; we may mention, one by one, the 278 churches gathered, the 1,737 members added the present year to our roll of membership, till the whole number received on profession of faith from the first till now, including missions closed and transferred, amounts to nearly 90,000; and yet, how can we tell of the moral and spiritual changes wrought in entire communities by the Word and spirit of our God, by the new thought and sentiment vivifying the languages and the literatures, and one day to mould the life and character of tribes and nations constituting one-third of the human race." The Board, after showing that, with the present need and present opportunity, \$2,000,000 could be economically administered in prosecuting their missionary work, reduce the amount to \$1,000,000; and, with modest urgency, ask the churches to regard that as the minimum estimate for 1884. The home work of the Congregationalists is also well organized and prosecuted with vigor.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

This has been long known as a vigorous and aggressive association, doing most effective work in both the home and foreign fields. The expenditures during the past year were \$316,411.94. Of the above amount the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society contributed \$42,977.51; the Woman's Missionary Society of the West, \$20,706.88; the Woman's Society of the Pacific Coast, \$665.23; the Woman's Society of the North Pacific Coast, \$445.31, making an aggregate of \$64,794.93 contributed by the Christian women of the denomination. All departments of their work are reported in a prosperous condition, but we have not the general statistics of the society at hand.

Sir Bartle Frere has observed that he had rarely seen or heard of a missionary institution in South Africa which did not by its measure of success fully justify the means employed to carry it on; and that the worst managed and least efficient missionary institutions he had seen appeared to him far superior as civilizing agencies to anything which could be devised by the unassisted secular power of the government.

CALIFORNIA.

By FRANCES E. WILLARD, President National W. C. T. U.

NO. II.—SAN FRANCISCO SILHOUETTES.

This city is the whispering gallery of all nations. In Constantinople the clamor of tongues is bewildering, while here it is more harmonious, more representative. Here you have a polyglot at the Golden Gate, a universal language. In the east there is no fusion; in the west one better understands Tennyson's vision of all earth's banners furled

"In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Of all places on the globe, go to the California metropolis if you would feel the strong pulse of internationalism. Few have caught its rhythm, as yet, but we must do so if we would be strong enough to keep step with that matchless, electric twentieth century soon to go swinging past. You can almost hear his resonant step on San Francisco pavements; his voice whispers in the lengthening telephone, saying, "Yesterday was good, to-day is better, but to-morrow shall be the red-letter day of all life's magic calendar." I have always been impatient of our planet's name—"the earth." What other, among the shining orbs has a designation so insignificant? That we have put up with it so long is a proof of the awful inertia of the aggregate

mind, almost as surprising as our endurance of the traffic in alcoholic poison. With Jupiter and Venus, Orion and the Pleiades smiling down upon us in their patronizing fashion, we have been contented to inscribe on our visiting cards: "At Home: *The Earth!*" Out upon such paucity of language. "The dust o' the ground" forsooth! That answered well enough perhaps for a dark-minded people who never even dreamed they were living on a star. Even now an army of good folks afraid of the next thing, just because it is the next, and not the last, will doubtless raise holy hands of horror against the proposition I shall proceed to launch forth for the first time, though it is harmless as the Pope's bull against the comet. They will probably oppose me, too, on theologic grounds, for, as Coleridge hath it,

"Time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion."

Nevertheless, since we do inhabit a star, I solemnly propose we cease to call it a dirt heap, and being determined to "live up to my light," I hereby bring forward and clap a patent upon the name

CONCORDIA.

"I move it as a substitute for the original motion," and call the previous question on "the Parliament of Man"—aforesaid by the English Laureate. By the same token, I met half a dozen selectest growths of people in San Francisco who, in the broadest, international way are doing more to make this name Concordia descriptive, rather than prophetic in its application to our oldest home, than any other people I can name. They work among the Chinese, Japanese, and "wild Arabs of the Barbary Coast," they go with faces that are an epitomized gospel, and preach to the stranger within the Golden Gate that he is a stranger no more; they bring glad tidings of good which shall be to all people, for to them, as to their Master, "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female in Christ Jesus."

Look at this unique group photographed upon the sensitive plate of memory by "your special artist." A tall Kentuckian of the best type; "much every way;" "big heart, big head, fine, clear-cut countenance, blue, scrutinizing eyes, large form, wrapped in an ample overcoat, its pockets full of scientific temperance documents," this is Dr. R. H. McDonald, President of the Pacific Bank, Prohibition candidate for Governor, and temperance leader "on the coast." Go with me to his elegant home; see his mother, fair and beaming at eighty-four; and his talented sons, who, though educated largely abroad, have never tarnished their fine physiques with the alcoholic or nicotine poisons. Go to the "Star Band of Hope Hall" on Sunday afternoon and hear his accomplished daughter sing to the little street Arabs of the society, while the Doctor presides over the meeting and introduces the eastern temperance worker, your correspondent and her secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, after whose speeches he presents each dear little child to us, patting them on the head, whispering words of praise for each, and emptying his great pockets of goodies and children's literature. Remember that he has heart and hand open for every good work; know that he has a fortune of seven millions, and pray heaven to send us more wealthy men with wealthy hearts. Beside him stands a small, plain looking man with a royal gray eye; a man of quiet manners, terse, vigorous style, and cultured English utterances, a former sea-captain, who in the ports of China and Japan, as well as Boston and Liverpool, has succeeded in keeping his crew sober, and in teaching them to lay up their money; a gifted head and loyal heart he has; witness his editorials in *The Rescue* and his leadership in founding the great Orphan's Home at Vallejo in the suburbs (both paper and orphanage being conducted by the Good Templars, whose most gifted members are Will D. Gould, the genial lawyer of Los Angeles, Mrs. Emily Pitt Stevens, the best temperance lecturers on the coast, Mrs. M. E. Corigdon, of Mariposa, and Geo. B. Katzenstein, of Sacramento). Very different in method, though

one in aim with the two men I have described, is another redoubtable champion of every good cause, Rev. Dr. M. C. Briggs, who is like a tower "that stands four-square to every wind that blows." Observe that well-knit figure, those herculean shoulders, that dauntless face, and it will go without saying that this man is nature's model of the Methodist pioneer, to whom all hardships are but play; who has a sledge hammer blow for evil doers, but a brother's clasp for the repentant; a man whose deep, musical voice in the palmy days of his prime gave wings to such rhetoric and such argument as combined with the speeches of Starr King and Col. Baker, to save California to the Union. Near the gifted Dr. Briggs stand his lifetime friends and allies, Captain and Mrs. Charles Goodall, the former our Methodist Mæcænus in California, founder of the famous "Oregon Navigation Company," and the true type of a Christian layman, his heart and home open to all who come in the name of the Master whom he loves with the simplicity and fondness of the child. A tall, dark-eyed, impressive man, in life's full prime, comes next. "See Otis Gibson, or you have missed the moral hero of Goldopolis"—this was concurrent testimony coming from every side. Garfield left no truer saying than that the time wants men "who have the courage to look the devil squarely in the face and tell him that he is the devil." Precisely this fearless sort of character is Rev. Otis Gibson. He has been the uncompromising friend of "the heathen Chinese," through all that pitiful Celestial's grievous fortunes on our western shore. When others cursed he blessed; while others pondered he prayed; what was lacking in schools, church, counsel and kindness he supplied. It cost something thus to stand by a hated and traduced race in spite of hoodlum and Pharisee combined. But Otis Gibson could not see why the people to whom we owe the compass and the art of printing, the choicest porcelain, the civil service examination might not christianize as readily on our shores as their own. In this faith he and his noble wife have worked on until they have built up a veritable city of refuge for the defenceless and despairing, in the young and half barbarous metropolis of the Pacific slope. We went to a wedding in this attractive home, where a well-to-do young Chinaman was married to a modest, gentle Chinese girl, rescued from a life of untold misery and sin by this blessed Christian home. Contrary to popular opinion, a chorus of Chinese made very tolerable music, and while a Celestial played one of Sankey's hymns, stately Mrs. Capt. Goodall, the generous friend and patron saint of the establishment, escorted the bride, and after a simple service (with the word "obey" conspicuously left out), the large circle of invited philanthropists was regaled on the refreshments made and provided for such entertainments.

We afterward visited the "Chinese Quarter," so often described, under escort of Rev. Dr. Gibson. We saw the theaters where men sit on the back and put their feet on the board part of the seat; where actors don their costumes in full sight of the audience, and frightful pictured dragons compete with worse discord for supremacy. We saw the joss-house, with swinging censer and burning incense, tapers and tawdriness, a travesty of the Catholic ceremonial, taking from the latter its one poor merit of originality. We saw a mother and child kneeling before a hideous idol, burning tapers, tossing dice, and thus "consulting the oracle," with many a sidelong glance of inattention on the part of the six-year-old boy, but with sighs and groans that proved how tragically earnest was the mother's faith. Dr. Gibson said the numbers on the dice corresponded to wise sayings and advices on strips of paper sold by a mysterious Chinese whose "pious shop" was in the temple vestibule, whither the poor woman resorted to learn the result of her "throw," and then returned to try again, until she got some response that quieted her. Could human incredulity and ignorance go farther? We saw the restaurants, markets and bazars, as thoroughly Chinese as Pekin itself can furnish; the haunts of vice, all open to the day; the opium dens, with their comatose victims; and

then, to comfort our hearts and take away the painful vividness of woman's degradation, Dr. Gibson took us to see a Christian Chinese home, made by two of his pupils, for years trained under his eye. How can I make the contrast plain enough? A square or two away, the horrid orgies of opium and other dens, but here a well-kept dry goods store, where the husband was proprietor, and in the rear a quiet, pleasant, sacred home. The cleanly, kind-faced wife busy with household cares, her rooms the picture of neatness, her pretty baby sleeping in his crib, and over all the peace that comes from praise and prayer. Never in my life did I approach so near to that perception, too great for mortal to attain, of what the gospel has achieved for woman, as when this gentle, honored wife and mother said, seeing me point to an engraving of "The Good Shepherd," on her nursery wall: "*O, yes! he gave this home to us.*"

Otis Gibson conducts the Methodist Mission of San Francisco. In that of the Presbyterian, Mrs. P. B. Browne, a gifted lady, president of the W. C. T. U. of California, is prominent, as she has long been in the Woman's Christian Association. Mrs. Taylor, president of the local W. C. T. U., is a lovely Christian worker, also Mrs. Williams of the same society, and Miss Annie Crary, daughter of that rare editorial genius, Rev. Dr. B. F. Crary of *The California Christian Advocate*, is our most talented and best taught Kindergartner.

But there remains a choice bit of portraiture ere my group of philanthropic leaders is complete. How firm and fine the etching that should accurately show the features of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, whose strong, sweet individuality I have not seen excelled—no, not even among women. From the time when our eastern press teemed with notices of the Presbyterian lady who had been tried for heresy and acquitted, who had the largest Bible class in San Francisco and was founder of that city's Kindergartens for the poor, I made a mental memorandum that, no matter whom I missed, this lady I would see. So at 12:30 on a mild May Sabbath noon, I sought the elegant Plymouth Church, built by Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, and found a veritable congregation in its noble auditorium. Men and women of high character and rare thoughtfulness were gathered, Bibles in hand, to hear the exposition of the acquitted heretic, whom a Pharisaical deacon had begun to assail contemporaneously with her outstripping him in popularity as an expounder of the gospel of love. She entered quietly by a side door, seated herself at a table level with the pews, laid aside her fur-lined cloak and revealed a fragile but symmetric figure, somewhat above the medium height, simply attired in black, with pose and movement altogether graceful, and while perfectly self-possessed, at the furthest remove from being self-assertive. Then I noted a sweet, untroubled brow, soft brown hair chastened with tinge of silver (frost that fell before its time, doubtless at the doughty deacon's bidding); blue eyes, large, bright and loving; nose of the noblest Roman, dominant yet sensitive, chiseled by generations of culture, the unmistakable expression of highest force and mettlesomeness in character, held in check by all the gentlest sentiments: a mouth firm, yet delicate, full of the smiles that follow tears. Wordsworth's lines describe her best:

* * "A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel's light."

The teacher's method was not that of pumping in, but drawing out. There were no extended monologues, but the Socratic style of colloquy—brief, comprehensive, passing rapidly from point to point, characterized the most suggestive and helpful hour I ever spent in Bible class. There was not the faintest effort at rhetorical effect; not a suspicion of the hortatory in manner, but all was so fresh, simple and earnest, that in contrast to the pabulum too often served up on similar occasions, this was nutritious essence. A Bible class teacher is like a hen

with ample brood and all inclined to "take to the grass." How to coax them back from their discursive rambles by discovering the toothsome morsel and restfully proclaiming it, the average teacher "finds not," but it is a portion of "the vision and faculty divine" in this California phenomenon. Let me jot down a few notes :

"What we call the new birth is but the opening of the eyes of the spirit upon its own world." "There can be no kingdom of love to us, unless we enter it by love. We can not be mathematicians unless we enter the kingdom of mathematics. We can not perceive anything unless we address to it the appropriate organ of perception." "Have we risen into any experience of the higher life? Are we in the way of completeness of soul? A soul dark toward God is in sad plight. No meaning in worship—none in prayer—that is a soul diseased." "Baptism makes a child of God as coronation makes a king. But remember, he was a king before he was crowned." As Lucretia Mott said, "We must have truth for authority, and not authority for truth." "Dorcas did not bestow alms-gifts but alms-deeds; wrought not by a Dorcas society, but by Dorcas herself." "Christ's miracles were subject to the laws of the spiritual world. He could not spiritually bless those who were not susceptible to spiritual blessing." "If I would prove to any one that God is his father I must first prove to him that I am his brother."

When the delightful hour was over, among the loving group that gathered around her, attracted by the healing virtue of her spiritual atmosphere, came a temperance sojourner from the east. As my name was mentioned, the face so full of spirituality lighted even more than was its wont, and the soft, strong voice said, "Sometimes an introduction is a *recognition*—and so I feel it to be now." Dear reader, I consider that enough of a compliment to last me for a term of years. I feel that it helped mortgage me to a pure life; I shall be better for it "right along." For if I have ever clasped hands with a truth-seeker, a disciple of Christ and lover of humanity, Sarah B. Cooper held out to me that loving, loyal hand. The only "invitation out" which I gave to myself, and insisted on keeping, was to this woman's home on Vallejo avenue, where, with her noble husband and true-hearted daughter, she illustrates how near the gates of Paradise a mortal home may be. One's ideal seldom "materializes," but in that lovely cottage, with its spotless cleanliness, fair, tasteful rooms, individualized so perfectly that he who ran might read how high the natures mirrored here, in the flower-decked dinner table and the "good talk," in the study upstairs packed with choice books, and the sunset window looking out over the Golden Gate, I stored up memories that ought to yield electric energy for many a day. We talked of the past—and I found that my new friend, as well as her husband, had been for years the pupil of my beloved father in the gospel, our lamented Dr. Henry Bannister, late Professor of Hebrew in Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill. With what reverence and tenderness we talked of that brave, earnest, sympathetic life! We spoke of her experiences as a teacher in the South, and she rejoiced in the good tidings I brought of a "Yankee school-ma'am's" welcome for temperance's sake in nearly one hundred cities of Dixie's land. We talked most of all about God and his unspeakable gift of Christ Jesus our Lord. I found this tireless brain had busied itself with the study of all religions, the testimony of science, philosophy and art; a more hospitable intellect I have not known, nor a glance more wide and tolerant, but "Christ and him crucified" is to that loyal heart "the Chief among thousands and altogether lovely."

Let me give a few sentences from the inspiring letters that come to me across the distance between that bay window by the Golden Gate, and my "Rest Cottage" by the inland sea:

"If I know myself, I have one regnant wish: To help build up the coming kingdom." "I desire you to include me in all your invocations for light and guidance." "We move on in one work, we are co-laborers for a common Master—blessed be His

name. We both aim at one thing: character-building in Christ Jesus. I am to speak before the C. L. S. C. at Pacific Grove, Monterey, on the 'Kindergarten in its Relation to Character-Building.' I shall speak of temperance. Have tried to help women both north and south who are working in their little towns heroically." "The Chautauqua of the Coast, energized by desperate, sometimes almost despairing love for their tempted ones."

The *Independent* and other leading journals have in Mrs. Cooper a valued correspondent, and her work among the little, ill-born and worse-nurtured children of San Francisco's moral Sahara has been described by her own pure and radiant pen. It is one of the most potent forces in that city's uplift toward Christianity. Among the best types of representative women, America may justly count Sarah B. Cooper, the student, the Christian exegete and philosopher, and the tender friend of every untaught little child.

TABLE-TALK OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

When Napoleon was about fourteen, he was conversing with a lady about Marshal Turenne, and extolling him to the skies. "Yes, my friend," she answered, "he was a great man; but I should like him better if he had not burnt the Palatinate."

"What does that matter," he replied briskly, "if the burning was necessary to the success of his plans?"

Napoleon's German master, a heavy and phlegmatic man, who thought the study of German the only one necessary to a man's success in life, finding Napoleon absent from his class one day, asked where he was. He was told he was undergoing his examination for the artillery.

"Does he know anything then?" he asked ironically.

"Why, sir, he is the best mathematician in the school."

"Well," was his sage remark, "I have always heard say, and I always thought, that mathematics was a study only suitable to fools."

"It would be satisfactory to know," Napoleon said twenty years after, "if my professor lived long enough to enjoy his discernment."

In 1782, at one of the holiday school fêtes at Brienne, to which all the inhabitants of the place were invited, guards were established to preserve order. The dignities of officer and subaltern were conferred only on the most distinguished. Bonaparte was one of these on a certain occasion, when "The Death of Cæsar" was to be performed.

A janitor's wife who was perfectly well known presented herself for admission without a ticket. She made a clamor, and insisted upon being let in, and the sergeant reported her to Napoleon, who, in an imperative tone, exclaimed, "Let that woman be removed, who brings into this place the license of a camp."

Bonaparte was confirmed at the military school at Paris. At the name of Napoleon, the archbishop who confirmed him expressed his astonishment, saying that he did not know this saint, that he was not in the calendar, etc. The child answered unhesitatingly, "That that was no reason, for there were a crowd of saints in Paradise, and only 365 days in the year."

Dining one day with one of the professors at Brienne, the professor knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the general to tease the boy.

Napoleon was energetic in his defense. "Paoli, sir," said he, "was a great man! he loved his country; and I shall never forgive my father for consenting to the union of Corsica with France."

One evening in the midst of the Reign of Terror, on returning from a walk through the streets of Paris, a lady asked him:

"How do you like the new Constitution?"

He replied hesitatingly: "Why, it is good in one sense, certainly; but all that is connected with carnage is bad;" and then he exclaimed in an outburst of undisguised feeling: "No! no! no! down with this constitution; I do not like it."

1794. During the siege of Toulon, one of the agents of the convention ventured to criticise the position of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as national commissioners, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

An officer, entering Napoleon's room, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and studying.

"What!" exclaimed his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed!" replied Napoleon, "I have finished my sleep and already risen."

"What, so early?" the other replied.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

When Barras introduced Napoleon to the convention as a fit man to be entrusted with the command, the President asked, "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the convention?"

"Yes," was the reply.

After a time the President continued: "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?"

"Perfectly," replied Napoleon, fixing his eyes upon the questioner; "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

"How could you," a lady asked about this time, "fire thus mercilessly upon your countrymen?"

"A soldier," he replied calmly, "is only a machine to obey orders. This is my seal which I have impressed upon Paris."

Napoleon's apt replies often excited good humor in a crowd. A large and brawny fishwoman once was haranguing the mob, and telling them not to disperse. She finished by exclaiming, "Never mind those coxcombs with epaulets on their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they but feed well and grow fat."

Napoleon, who was as thin as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter."

The fishfag was completely disconcerted, and the crowd dispersed.

1796. "Good God!" Napoleon said in Italy, while residing at Montebello, "how rare men are. There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two—Dandolo and Melzi."

"Europe!" Napoleon exclaimed at Passeriano, "Europe is but a mole-hill; there never have existed mighty empires, there never have occurred great revolutions, save in the east, where lived six hundred millions of men—the cradle of all religions, the birthplace of all metaphysics."

One day Napoleon, conversing with Las Cases, asked him, "Were you a gamester?"

"Alas, sire," Las Cases replied, "I must confess that I was, but only occasionally."

"I am glad," replied Napoleon, "that I knew nothing of it at the time. You would have been ruined in my esteem. A gamester was sure to lose my confidence. I placed no more trust in him."

Some one read an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was stated that Napoleon crossed the bridge first, and that Lannes passed after him.

"Before me! before me!" Napoleon exclaimed. "Lannes passed first, I only followed him. I must correct that error on the spot."

EARLY FLOWERS.

By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH.

The fields and woods of January, when not covered by snow, offer much better opportunities for the study of flowers than we ordinarily believe. Mr. Heath has told, in his "Sylvan Spring," of all the early-comers of the year. If all the flowers which he mentions here are not found this season in a locality, observation extending through several seasons will undoubtedly reveal them. A carefully kept note-book of all the changes in vegetation, the growth, blossoming, etc., will be found most interesting.

January in temperate latitudes is popularly believed to possess no wild flowers in our lanes, fields or hedgebanks; and the reason for the common belief is that no one expects or looks for them, and there is no conspicuous color to attract attention to them at that ordinarily cold and apparently "dead" season of the year. Yet there are not less than twenty-five of our wild flowers that may be found in bloom *somewhere* in January.

A January has probably never yet been known during which it was impossible to find out of doors a daisy (*Bellis perennis*) in flower: not in the open meadow, or on the cold slope of the hillside, but at least in some sheltered nook where a streamlet may flow, unhindered by frost. Says Montgomery:

"On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies."

And this last line explains the true meaning of the specific botanical name of the day's "eye"—*perennis*—which does not mean, as it is usually understood in botanical language, "perennial," simply to indicate that the daisy *plant* lives beyond a period of two years. It means "lasting throughout the year," that is to say, lasting in *blossom* throughout the year, for our daisy is *always* in bloom somewhere.

Another January flower, and one whose blossoms, though it is an annual plant, may be found throughout the year, is the purple dead nettle (*Lamium purpureum*).

Though much like its relative, the later-blooming white or common dead nettle, this pretty plant may be known from *Lamium album*, not only by the purple color of its curious flowers, a color with which its leaves and its leaf-hairs are sometimes suffused, but by its smaller size and by the curious crowding of its alternately-paired heart-shaped leaves on the upper part of the stem, a feature which is not common to its white-flowering congener. The unobservant pedestrian who may linger by the wayside to pluck something which strikes his fancy in the low hedgebank, must often have dreaded the touch of the harmless dead nettles, under the belief that these plants were the widely different, though similarly leaved, "stinging" nettles. If disabused of this impression and induced to handle a flowering stem of the purple dead nettle, with square stem and whorl of stalkless axillary blossoms, he will marvel at the singular-looking corolla, separated from its calyx of five sepals. The generic name *Lamium* comes from a Greek word which means throat, and that, as referring to the blossom, it is aptly applied, will be seen at once. From the depths of this throat, or the corolla tube, in other words, rise the stamens on their long filaments, covered by the upper and concave lip of the corolla, which hangs hood-like over them, whilst the lower lip (for this species belongs to the large natural order called *Labiata*, labiate or lip-flowered plants) is prettily marked with spots of darker purple than the normal color of the blossom.

Though the most we can do with the winter aconite (*Eranthis hyemalis*) is to rank it among our doubtful wild flowers, we must at least give it "honorable mention," noticing its whorl of green leaves at the apex of its solitary stem and its large, yellow, handsome blossom, for it is among the hardy little group of

plants which flower the nearest in point of time to the first day of the new year.

We must not fail to allude in our enumeration of early January flowers to that sweet little plant, the wild heartsease, or pansy (*Viola tricolor*), the progenitor of its host of garden namesakes. Its natural tendency to vary in the color as well as in the size of its blossoms, under varying conditions of growth, will explain the ease with which it can be made subservient to culture. Had it no beauty of its own, its relationship to the violets would claim for it our love and regard; but it is a flower which can not be passed over, for it seems to look at us out of its yellow and darkly-empurpled face with a sort of thoughtful earnestness.

The hellebores come within our enumeration of the January flora, and of these the bearsfoot or foetid hellebore (*Helleborus fatidus*) is the earliest in flower. It grows to a height oftentimes of two feet. Its smooth stem and leaves are dark green; its leaves narrowly lanceolate, serrated along the edges toward their apices. The large flowers are cuplike, are produced in panicles, or branched clusters, and are light yellowish green in color, the cluster of yellow-anthered stamens forming a conspicuous center to each corolla. Every part of the bearsfoot is highly poisonous, but the plant pleases the eye by its striking and handsome form.

It must naturally follow that exceptional hardiness is indicated by capacity to blossom in January. But among all our early flowering plants, there are two which may fairly claim the possession of an especial character for robustness of constitution; for, whilst those we have already mentioned are more or less susceptible to the influence of cold, and some of them will only produce their early blossoms in sheltered nooks, the two we are about to notice can bravely withstand hard frosts in exposed situations.

Of these, the first we shall name is the common groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), and a hardier little plant than this, of its kind, it would be scarcely possible to find. We have seen it in flower in the early part of January, when every stream, pond, and ditch around was frozen almost to the bottom, its soft leaves looking as fresh and glossy as if it had been the height of summer. The groundsel is a member of a little group which includes the ragworts, and they all bear yellow blossoms, and have a strong family likeness. *Senecio vulgaris* really flowers all the year round, and that is why we have it so conveniently among our early January blossoms. That it is so plentiful and so hardy is a wise provision of nature; for its leaves, the florets of its blossoms, and its seeds are very welcome additions to the food of our small birds, who have at least this provision for their comfort during the rigors of our frosts.

The other little wildling of the two we have especially mentioned as being among the hardiest even of the hardy January flora is the common chickweed (*Stellaria media*), a pretty little plant, which, because of its marvelous power of reproduction, and its persistency in intruding within the prim domain of the gardener, is by the last named individual regarded with feelings of bitter enmity, and is mercilessly exterminated whenever it comes into the realm of graveled path and nicely-kept border. Very different are the feelings of the small birds toward the chickweed, for it furnishes them with food which is eagerly sought after and keenly appreciated. Its power of branching and spreading is really marvelous, and it seems almost to lead a charmed life, for the most persevering attempts to uproot and banish it from the ground whereon it has once fairly established itself, ordinarily fail. We have said that its flowers are pretty, but perhaps some unobservant and unreflecting people hardly credit it with the production of blossom, for the minute, oblong, white petals are so much hidden by the green five-cleft calyx which is oftentimes larger than the corolla, entirely enveloping them when in bud, that they are inconspicuous among the mass of spreading green.

And now we have reached, in our pleasant task of enumer-

ating our earliest wild flowers, the delicate and beautiful snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*), the botanical name indicating a milk-white blossom; and though it can scarcely claim to take a place as

"The first pale blossom of the ripening year,"

it may be sometimes seen in bloom before the middle of January. Have the incurious and unobservant noticed more about this beautiful flower than that it is white and drooping, and early in appearing, and, of course, pretty? We fancy not. Yet this delicate white blossom will well repay careful and searching examination.

The advent of a buttercup in bloom in January would appear almost impossible to those who associate this plant only with the golden splendor of the May meadows; and it is a rare circumstance, but one, nevertheless, which has been noted, and noted, also, of the very buttercup (*Ranunculus repens*), to whose extensively creeping habit we owe so much of the profuse magnificence of the later spring. In the pretty lines familiar to almost every child,—

"While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Golden, glossy buttercups,
Spring up here and there,"

we find the early-flowering fact recorded. And, again, the question arises, why is it that "here and there," before the general leafing time, a buttercup may be found to rear its golden head in one spot, while not far off—and, indeed, within sight it may be—there are tens of thousands of plants of the same species which will not blossom until months later? Sometimes the circumstances of position, in the case of the plant in flower, are so obviously more favorable than those of adjoining flowerless congeners, that the necessary explanation is furnished. But oftentimes the early flowering remains a mystery, in spite of all attempts at elucidation. Does not every one of us remember some occasion when a long walk early in the year has revealed the sight of but one daisy or buttercup in bloom in a locality, which, later on, would have been thronged by countless members of the same species? The mere recollection of the solitary flower which gladdened such a walk is delightful. How much more delightful the event itself!

We need, surely, make no apology for giving something more than mere mention of the dandelion (*Leontodon taraxacum*) in our enumeration of early flowers. It is, doubtless, a very "common" flower: but that we venture to think is the very reason why it should *not* be contemptuously dismissed as if it were not worthy of description or consideration. Very often it will happen that the familiar yellow blossom of *Leontodon taraxacum* is the first which we encounter in the early days of the year, and this hardy and persevering plant has this especial claim upon our regard, that it selects ordinarily the most desolate and dismal places as its habitats, covering them oftentimes with a gorgeous sheet of color. Townspeople, and poor townspeople especially, ought to love this plant, for it lights up with its golden glow the surroundings of the most bare and wretched of human habitations.

The dandelion is worthy of attention. The origin of its common name has given rise to some little discussion. That it is a corruption of the French *dents de lion* is very generally accepted; but in spite of varying opinions as to what part of the plant resembles a lion's teeth—whether its roots, by their whiteness, or its florets or leaves, by their indentations, we incline to the leaf theory. The circumstance to note in connection with the leaves is that their teeth-like lobes are turned backwards towards the root from which they all directly spring—a habit which is not at all common to plants with indented leaves. If we look, with a glass to assist the eye, at a dandelion leaf against the light, we shall find something to please us, and something to admire in its venation, in the acute points of the serratures, and in its smooth glossiness. Features of interest to note, too, are its brittle, fleshy, tapering, milky root-stock and

rootlets; its hollow, brittle, milky and radical flower-stem; and its buds, with the golden tips shining above the conspicuous involucre (a word derived from *involucrum*, a case, or wrapper), the involucre in the case of the dandelion consisting of two sets of green scales, the one set enclosing the yellow florets in the manner of a calyx; the other, and narrower set, consisting of a whorl of bracts, or leaf-like appendages, reflexed or bent down. When the blossom opens the upper bracts remain erect. And by-and-by the yellow florets disappear, and are succeeded, each, by a feathery pappus, connected by a slender stalk with a seed, and serving as a wing to bear the seed away when the ripening time arrives. The convex receptacle, in form so much like a pincushion, is, indeed, covered with seeds, whose feathery appendages are crowded into semi-globular form, ready, however, to take flight on the least breath of wind which may be strong enough to bear away to fresh fields and pastures new the tiny germs of the hardy life which lends the beauty of its presence to brighten forlorn waysides and neglected wastes.

We must include the crocus (*Crocus vernus*) among the possible flowers of January, although the flowering calendar of the gardener will ordinarily be found to assign a later date for its period of blossoming.

The crocus blossom offers the advantage of largeness to those who may wish to carefully study the curious organs of plant flowers. The most conspicuous external feature of the common crocus is the long-tubed purple perianth, divided into six segments, or pieces, constituting the vase-like flower head. Within the floral envelope are contained first the ovary, surmounted by a style which traverses the whole length of the long, narrow tube of the perianth, and is crowned just above the point where the tube expands into its petal-like segments, by a curious three-cleft stigma, each lobe of which is club-shaped or wedge-shaped, and jagged at its extremity. Some little distance below the level of the stigma are reared the anthers of the stamens, three in number. When the pollen grains from these organs have fertilized the ovary, by the agency of the stigma and style, the office of the perianth is fulfilled, and it, with the stamens and stigma, begins to wither and disappear. Then the ovary is enlarged, and rising on a slender stalk from the top of the bulbous root on which it was seated when the floral envelope was present, becomes exposed to the air, and ripens the seeds within its three-celled capsule.

In some of our woods in January may occasionally be found, though it is not widely distributed, the green hellebore (*Helleborus viridis*). The five oval-shaped, green lobes which form the floral envelope are not, as at first might be supposed, petals but sepals, the much smaller petals, eight or ten in number, occupying the inner portion of the blossom, and immediately surrounding the numerous stamens. These petals, or, as they might be called, nectaries, contain a poisonous honey, and the whole plant, indeed—leaves and flowers—is very poisonous.

We may perchance, before the month is out, light upon the pretty blue blossoms of the field speedwell (*Veronica agrestis*), with its hairy, deeply-indented and somewhat heart-shaped leaves, placed in opposite pairs along its branching stems, or, perhaps, upon its relative, *Veronica buxbaumii*.

In wood and copse before the close of January, we may note the sylvan precursor of the green splendor of the later spring—the leafing honeysuckle, the earliest harbinger of sylvan verdure in the days to come. The little leaves have not yet revealed their size and form, and without close examination the light-brown, spiry twigs would appear to wear only their normal wintry aspect. But if we look narrowly at them we shall note the tiny spots of green at the stem knots, where the minute leaves are struggling to emerge from the bud cases. Earliest in leaf among the shrubs and trees of the hedgerow and forest, the woodbine is the latest in flower—spreading, even late in autumn, its sweet fragrance through thicket, copse and dell.

Childhood is the sleep of reason.—Rousseau.

BOTANICAL NOTES.

By PROF. J. H. MONTGOMERY.

The numberless uses for india-rubber in this century has made it an indispensable article of commerce and manufacture, consequently its production has become a great industry. Whether the known forests will continue to supply the demand for any considerable time is a practical question. Right here comes the intelligence, that the attention of the government in India has been called to a new source of this useful gum. This new plant which yields large quantities of pure caoutchouc is a native of Cochin China, and is common in Southern India. It belongs to the *dog-bane* family (the same family that yields strychnine), and is called *Prameria Glandulifera*. In lower China its liquid juice is used for medicine by the Anamites and Cambodians, and it also appears among the drugs of China.

The Norwegian, Schübeler, mentions some striking peculiarities of plants in high latitudes. He says that seeds produced in these regions are much larger and weigh more than those grown in more temperate climates. The leaves, also, of most plants are larger in the north than those of the same species farther south. Flowers which are white in warmer climates, become colored when they blossom in the north. All these differences he ascribes to the continued light of long days.

It is noted by naturalists that Arctic plants are destitute of odor as a rule; only a few having a faint scent.

It appears from an English paper that the secretary of the Royal Society transplanted sea-weed to earth that was kept constantly moist, and that the plants grew and flourished under what would seem to be very unnatural circumstances. This would be an experiment worth trying with our fresh water plants.

By placing the stems of freshly cut flowers in a liquid dye their petals may often be colored or changed in color. This will not always happen, however, as certain colors are not absorbed by flowers. These dyes do not in any way change or affect the perfume or freshness.

The time honored method of determining the age of trees by counting their concentric rings has received some very hard blows from recent observations made on the growth of trees. An article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, from the pen of A. L. Childs, M.D., gives some facts which show that these rings do not indicate the age of the tree, and shows what they do indicate. The following passages from the article will give the ground on which his deductions are based: "In June of 1871 I planted a quantity of seed as it ripened and fell from some red maple trees. In 1873 I transplanted some of the trees from these seeds, placing them on my city lots in Plattsmouth, Nebraska. In August, 1882, finding them too much crowded, I cut some out, and, the concentric rings being very distinct, I counted them. From the day of planting the seed to the day of cutting the trees was two months over eleven years. On one, more distinctly marked (although there was but little difference between them), I counted on one side of the heart forty rings. Other sides were not so distinct; but in no part were there fewer than thirty-five. * * * Hence, from my own record, I knew the tree had but twelve years of growth; and yet, as counted by myself and many others, it had forty clear concentric rings. * * * Hon. R. W. Furness, late Governor of Nebraska, so well known as a practical forester, has kindly furnished me with several sections of trees of known age, from which I select the following: A pig-hickory eleven years old, with sixteen distinct rings; a green ash eight years old, with eleven very plain rings; a Kentucky coffee-tree ten years old, with fourteen

very distinct rings, and, in addition to these, twenty-one sub-rings; a burr-oak ten years old, with twenty-four equally distinct rings; a black walnut five years old, with twelve rings. * * * In conclusion, that the more distinct concentric rings of a tree approximate, or in some cases exactly agree, in number with the years of the tree, no one, I presume, will deny; but that in most, and probably nearly all trees, intermediate rings or sub-rings, generally less conspicuous, yet often more distinct than the annual rings, exist is equally certain; and I think the foregoing evidence is sufficient to induce those who prefer truth to error to examine the facts of the case. These sub-rings or additional rings are easily accounted for by sudden and more or less frequent changes of weather, and requisite conditions of growth—each check tending to solidify the newly-deposited cambium, or forming layer; and, as long intervals occur of extreme drought or cold, or other unfavorable causes, the condensation produces a more pronounced and distinct ring than the annual one."

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

The readings for January are: "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," fourteen chapters; Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 18, "Christian Evidences;" Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 39, "Sunday-school Normal Work;" Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

"Memorial Day" for January: "College Day," Thursday, January 31.

The map of southern Europe, by Monteith, contains a good map of Greece. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York. Price, \$5.

Persons who are reading for the additional White Seal for graduates of '82 and '83 need not read the Brief History of Greece if they read Timayenis, Vols. 1 and 2.

By sending forty cents to Miss Edith E. Guinon, Meadville, Pa., members of the classes of '82 and '83 may procure badges.

A student of the C. L. S. C. in Idaho writes: The pupils of the public school will one day be Chautauquans. There is enthusiasm over everything in the course that we enjoy together, and that is a considerable portion of it. We talked over the air when the loveliest blue mist hung for days between us and our most beautiful mountains' snowy peak. * * * My pupils have treated our very near Chinese neighbors with more consideration since the reading of "China, Corea, and Japan." * * * This is only the second year of school-life in our place, and we are largely indebted to the C. L. S. C. for help in overcoming some difficulties incident to a first struggle.

One good English sentence committed every day will greatly enrich one's vocabulary in the course of a year.

"Don't" is a good little manual of manners, but Miss Josephine Pollard's Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 43, on "Good Manners," is better. "Don't" fail to read and practice "Good Manners."

Try to pronounce your words accurately and distinctly. Accept with gratitude all hints which drive you to the dictionary. Avoid over-sensitiveness when corrected by fellow-student, friend or foe.

A telegraph operator writes: "Coming from the beautiful village of —, Wis., where I was a member of a flourishing circle, and finding myself in this little western town on the Minnesota prairies, how could I pass the long tedious hours of the night if it were not for the studies of the C. L. S. C.? I am a night operator for the railroad company, and while the great

majority of the great army of the C. L. S. C. are asleep and dreaming, I am studying. Thank God for the C. L. S. C.! How much broader life seems since I commenced these studies, and it is a pleasant thought to me that in '86, when I graduate, I shall possibly be able to go to Chautauqua, and to shake hands with you."

The Monteagle Assembly (Tennessee) last summer developed an intense C. L. S. C. enthusiasm. The meetings were lively, largely attended, and increased in interest to the very close of the Assembly. A committee was appointed to erect a C. L. S. C. building at Monteagle. I call upon all members of the C. L. S. C. to do what they can in the way of contributions to this Monteagle building. I am anxious not to turn the C. L. S. C. into an advertising channel for local interests, but the Monteagle movement, covering as it does the whole southern field, deserves our hearty sympathies, and I hope that many members will feel free to send contributions of any sum to the secretary, Rev. J. H. Warren, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

I take pleasure in commending to the members of the C. L. S. C. the "Comprehensive Biographical Dictionary," by Edward A. Thomas, published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. It contains several steel-plate engravings and 590 pages. Price, \$2.50 to \$4.50, according to the binding.

Miss S. A. Scull, of Philadelphia, has prepared, and Porter & Coates have published an admirable abridgement of "Greek Mythology," helpfully classified. It is amply illustrated and adapted to the school or to private use.

Every Chautauquan will mourn over the death of Mr. Van Lennep. He was a simple hearted, sincere, unselfish worker, a member of the class of '86, a true friend, a loyal Chautauquan.

Scripture Readings for January, 1884:

First week, Genesis, 1st chapter.

Second week, Genesis, 13th chapter.

Third week, Genesis, 23d chapter.

Fourth week, Genesis, 32d chapter.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

JANUARY, 1884.

The required readings for January, 1884, include "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," by Rev. James B. Walker; Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 18, "Christian Evidences," and No. 39, "Sunday-school Normal Class Work;" the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending January 8).—1. Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, from the "Introduction," page 25, to the end of chapter ii.

2. Readings in German History and German Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for January 6, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending January 16).—1. Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, from chapter iii, page 59, to the end of chapter vi.

2. Readings in Political Economy and Physical Science in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for January 13, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending January 24).—1. Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, from chapter vii, page 90, to the end of chapter ix.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for January 20, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending January 31).—1. Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, from chapter x, page 122, to the end of chapter xiv.

2. Readings in American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for January 27, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

SUNBEAMS FROM THE CIRCLE.

God speed our cause! God keep it true,
 Year after year its work to do,
 Until the perfect morn appears,—
 Until beyond the line of gray
 Climbs up to heaven the perfect day
 That ushers in the Thousand Years.

From a C. L. S. C. poem read before the local circle of Franklin, Mass., October 1, 1883.

In an editorial on the C. L. S. C. a Canadian editor makes the following computation: "The classes of the past numbered a total of 34,800. If 20,000 are added this year we shall have a school of 55,000. Last year's class numbered 14,000, an increase of sixty per cent. The same ratio will give us in another year a membership of 78,000, and in another year of over one hundred thousand. Think of a school of *one hundred thousand pupils!* Where will it stop?"

We have been asked to furnish the names and addresses of the various class presidents. They are as follows: President of class of 1882, Rev. H. C. Pardoe, Danville, Pa.; class of 1883, Rev. H. C. Farrar, Troy, N. Y.; class of 1884, Hon. John Fairbanks, Chicago, Ill.; class of 1885, Mr. Underwood, Meriden, Conn.; class of 1886, Rev. B. P. Snow, Biddeford, Me.; class of 1887, Rev. Frank Russell, Mansfield, O.

A Pittsburgh paper says: The Allegheny County Alumni Association of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has become an institution. Composed as it is of the thinking people of Pittsburgh and Allegheny its success is not phenomenal, but is entirely merited. Last night the alumni were "at home" for the third time at the Seventh Avenue Hotel to their friends. They number about seventy people, and are as proud of their badges with their seals attached as a Knight of the Legion of Honor. The members and their friends met and chatted, much as other people do on such occasions, in the ladies' parlors. The guests were taken care of by the president and secretary in handsome style, and at 8:30 the banquet supper was announced. Supper over the guests were provided with pure cold water, with which to toast the association. Dr. Eaton said it was a most dangerous proceeding at that time of night, nevertheless it prevailed. Dr. Wood announced a song at the conclusion of his toast to the Circle. It was of the Chautauqua series, "We gather here as pilgrim bands." "The C. L. S. C., an untried experiment in 1878, but a grand success in '83," was the topic proposed for Prof. L. H. Eaton. He is one of the oldest and most enthusiastic members of the society, and has only missed one meeting in ten years at Chautauqua. The struggles and triumphs of the order was an easy subject to him and he was generally applauded at the conclusion of his remarks. "The order of the White Seal" by Miss Jennie Adair, followed. Mr. A. M. Martin, Secretary of the Grand Assembly of the Association, spoke upon "The Heroes." He gave a short history of the Circle. The women are pronounced the heroes. "The class of '83," Miss N. G. Boyce; Alumni Song of '83; "Our public schools the pride of the American people," Miss M. E. Hare; Select reading, Miss Lizzie K. Pershing; Grecian history, Mr. D. W. Jones; Lawrenceville class of '82, Thos. J. Ford; The Ladies, Professor Steeth. The toasts were all good, many of them humorous. When the party rose, it was an "all rounder" (cold water) to the prosperity of the Chautauquan culture.

A Pennsylvania member of the C. L. S. C. writes us: "I am a man in middle life (44 years old) with a family of four children to look after. I do a varied business, merchandising, lumbering and farming. I believe they call me the hardest working man in the village, but I have found time to complete the course, and have derived great benefit, as well as enjoy-

ment, while reading. My main object has been to prepare myself as best I could, under the circumstances, to better educate and direct the minds of the children growing up around me, and by encouraging good reading to drive the bad away."

The editor of the *Home and School*, Toronto, (Ont.,) has received the following from a young man in Manitoba: "You will probably remember that I wrote you in regard to some systematic course of reading just about three years ago, and that you sent me circulars of the C. L. S. C., and also said you would be happy to hear of my success in prosecuting the 'course,' etc. Well, owing to a change of circumstances and other unforeseen events, I have been unable to take the 'course,' though I procured some of the books, and have been a constant subscriber to THE CHAUTAUQUAN. I must thank you for sending me those circulars. The little I have read in the 'course' has been a very great benefit to me, indeed. It has improved my mind, and given me a greater desire for more knowledge; but, perhaps, better still is this: This year myself and a younger brother—I am twenty-two years old—have joined the 'Circle,' and we are at present talking about getting up a 'local circle,' and, indeed, have things about arranged for it. I was so pleased with all this that I could not refrain from writing and telling you, as you were the one who first sent me the circulars."

In a pleasant letter to THE CHAUTAUQUAN the secretary of the local circle of Muscatine (Iowa) says: "The graduates of 1882 still remain banded together, and are this year pursuing the special course of Modern History. 'Fifteen' is still a favorite number, the number with which the class was organized in 1878, the number that graduated, and the number that are at present pursuing the special course."

A paper in Muscatine, Iowa, furnishes this word picture: The Bryant memorial, at the residence of P. M. Musser, was one of the most pleasant and successful anniversary meetings in the history of the Muscatine Chautauqua circles. There was a large attendance of both circles and invited guests, and the program proved unusually interesting and entertaining. The music, which was so appropriately interspersed through the program, was of a high order of merit, each number exhibiting much practice and study. The literary program consisted mainly of finely-rendered recitations and readings from Bryant's poems. There was a charmingly-written sketch of Bryant's life, which abounded with valuable and interesting facts in regard to the great poet's life and the development and growth of his poetic genius; also a description of Bryant's 80th year memorial vase, whose design was so exquisite in beauty and expressive in sentiment. The special interest of the evening centered in the discussion on the question—Resolved, that Bryant, as a poet, is more American than Longfellow. The question was evidently adopted, not for the purpose of drawing odious comparisons or in any way detracting from the renown or genius of either of America's greatest poets, but for the purpose of presenting the special characteristics of both. After extending thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Musser for the cordial hospitality of the evening, the exercises closed. The Bryant memorial is an occasion to be remembered.

A lady has related to us this interesting experience in the C. L. S. C.: "In the fall of 1879, while going across the Rocky Mountains in a stage, a lady (a perfect stranger) told me about the C. L. S. C. She had the text-book on English History with her and was studying it. I had just completed a college course, but felt so unsatisfied with the little I knew, and was longing for some one to direct me. I knew not what to read, nor how to read. We were in the same town that winter—Bozeman, Mont.—and with a friend formed a circle of three. Next year I returned home (Missouri), but too late to have a circle. Our people had never heard of it. Well, a meeting was held and

our numbers ran up to forty-seven. How our hearts were gladdened! They have all joined as regular members, and seem so interested. Quite a number have expressed their regret to me that they did not join before."

The president of the Knoxville circle, Mrs. Delia Havey, graduated at Montegale last summer, being the first graduate from the southern Chautauqua. THE CHAUTAUQUAN has neglected to mention that there was a graduate at Montegale, but is very glad to note the fact.

At Lake View a New England Branch of the class of '85 was organized, with the following officers: President, Rev. J. E. Fullerton, Hopkinton, Mass.; vice-presidents, Miss Lena A. Chubbeck, New Bedford, Mass., Miss Alice C. Earle, Newport, R. I., Miss Marcia C. Smith, Swanton, Vt., Mr. J. B. Underwood, Meriden, Conn.; secretary and treasurer, Mr. A. B. Comey, South Framingham, Mass. The badge of class '85 can be obtained of the president. Each member of the class of '85 residing in New England is requested to send his name and address to the secretary at South Framingham, Mass.

The Augusta, Me., local circle puts a copy of THE CHAUTAUQUAN into the Y. M. C. A. reading-room of that city. Through the efforts of the secretary of the circle, a C. L. S. C. circle has been formed among the young men of the association. The Y. M. C. A. reaches in most places a large number of young men whose opportunities for culture are limited. Wherever a society is formed which offers them a systematic and thorough course of reading, they almost invariably will avail themselves of its advantages. Other circles may profitably follow the example of our Augusta friends.

Under the very efficient management of the president, Rev. B. P. Snow, the interests of the class of '86 are being subserved. He requests that secretaries of local circles in New England forward to the secretary of the New England organization of class of '86, Miss Mary R. Hinckley, New Bedford, Mass, name of circle, officers, number of members, and number of class of '86. Those reading alone are requested to forward name and residence. Let this be promptly attended to, that the organization of this energetic branch of the class of '86 may be completed.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Canada (Toronto).—The Metropolitan Circle, C. L. S. C., held the first meeting of the season on Saturday evening, October 27th, and elected officers for the year. The commencement is an encouraging one, and we expect a good season's work. Nearly a quarter of the members are in the graduating class this year, and most of them will probably go to Chautauqua for their diplomas. I must thank the correspondent from Knoxville, Tenn., for the report from that circle in the November CHAUTAUQUAN. It has the right ring. We most heartily reciprocate the greeting, and trust that they, as we, are only in our infancy of strength.

Ontario (St. Thomas).—The *Evening Journal*, of St. Thomas, says of the first meeting of local circles in that city: The inaugural meeting of the St. Thomas Arc of "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" was held last night. Thirteen members reported themselves ready for systematic reading. The work of organization was proceeded with and officers were elected for the ensuing term. The meetings are to be held every alternate Tuesday evening. After completing plans for work in detail, the following resolution relative to the death of the late Mr. Robert Armstrong, was moved and carried: Resolved, that we, the St. Thomas circle of C. L. S. C., desire to express our deep and heart-felt sorrow at the demise of our esteemed and estimable brother, Robert Armstrong, who was removed from our midst by the mysterious and yet wise hand of kind

Providence, all the more to be regretted from the fact that our late brother was taken away ere we had yet fully organized our local circle, he being among the first who united at the inception of it. And, also, we shall miss his cheerful face and his sterling Christian character in our intercourse. But at the same time we feel that what is our loss is his gain, he being admitted into that great circle and to the Fountain-head of all knowledge. Resolved, that our secretary be instructed to record these resolutions in the minutes of our circle, and that our city papers be furnished with a copy of the same.

Maine (Auburn).—The Auburn C. L. S. C. resumed its work in October, and holds its meetings every second and fourth Friday of each month. We have had large accessions to our membership, and we can no longer be accommodated in private parlors. We have obtained the use of the G. A. R. parlor, where we shall meet for the winter. We have used the questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN in our work heretofore, but are now about to try the experiment of the Round-Table method. We think it a good plan to have every member contribute something toward the evening's work and instruction, and to that end "topics" are given out by the president, which are usually historical characters or subjects connected with our reading, and are given in at the next meeting in the form of short essays, or talks, just as the member chooses. We have music to open and close the sessions, and usually find time for some social converse after the work of the evening is over. On the occasion of our observance of Bryant's day, able papers on the "Life" and "Works" of the poet were read, and selections were read by various members, which, with music, made up a very enjoyable program. We have obtained of the county authorities the use of a room in the courthouse building (Auburn being a shire town), free of cost, to be used for natural history collections, and have already made a creditable beginning in the way of minerals. We shall solicit, not to say beg, specimens of anybody and everybody whom we think will be likely to heed our call. Last winter, under the auspices of the united circles of Auburn and Lewiston, Rev. George W. Perry gave a series of six lectures on Astronomy, illustrated by the stereopticon. Mr. Perry's enthusiastic interest in his grand theme, and marked clearness in conveying instruction make him an able lecturer, and his efforts resulted in much profit and quickening of interest among his hearers.

Massachusetts (Lynn).—The Thorndike local circle was formed in this city in October, 1882, with a membership of twenty, which increased during the year to forty, most of whom have kept up the required reading. We are very fortunate in having as our instructor Prof. Edward Johnson, Jr., a well known and successful teacher. Our meetings, which were public, were held in the ladies' parlor of the Boston Street M. E. Church. During the year our instructor gave us several interesting and instructive lectures on subjects connected with the study of the prescribed course. We also had a lecture by Rev. W. N. Richardson, of Saugus, a thorough Chautauquan, on "Self Culture, and the C. L. S. C.," and by the Rev. James L. Hill, of this city, on "How to be at home at home." Our meetings have usually been held monthly, but we have concluded we can do more and better work by having them oftener, and so have decided to meet at the homes of the members semi-monthly. Our meetings are full of interest, and there is an earnest determination among the members to make this year one of great success. We send greeting to our fellow students, and salute them in the words of the song, "All hail! C. L. S. C."

Massachusetts (Winchendon).—The Alpha Circle was organized in December, 1882, with a membership of eleven, and we now number eighteen. Our meetings are held once in two weeks, and are well attended. Our program consists of essays, readings, questions on topics studied, music, recitations, etc.

This year our Committee of Instruction has adopted the plan of choosing for each meeting two members to arrange the program. This gives a greater variety of work and increases the interest among all the members. We find the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* a great help, and frequently use the Chautauquan songs and games.

Connecticut (West Stratford).—A class of twenty-three members has been organized here this fall for C. L. S. C. studies. Much interest is felt, and our meetings are very thoroughly enjoyed. We are proud to add our names to the large army of students looking toward Chautauqua's noble halls.

Rhode Island (Providence).—Hope Circle began its second year by holding its first regular meeting October 22. About seventy-five persons were present. Miss Leavitt, who has visited Chautauqua, conducted a C. L. S. C. Round-Table, which the circle very much enjoyed. About fifty questions were asked, and a few could not be answered; those unanswered were given to a question committee, to be answered by them at the next meeting. We began with fifteen members, now number fifty-nine, and are constantly increasing. We hope, during the winter, to have the other circles which are forming here, meet with us and enjoy the lectures and talks which we propose to have. We celebrated "Bryant's Day" by holding appropriate exercises. The entertainment consisted of piano solos, sketches of the poet's life, reading of his most noted poems, and Chautauqua songs. All memorial days are celebrated in like manner.

New York (Saugerties).—Our little circle began the year's work with increased membership and interest. We now number fourteen. Our weekly meetings are very pleasant. We review the reading by questions and discussion, and have occasional essays. We have grown into the writing so gradually that the word "essay" has been robbed of its terrors. We began with "five minute sketches," and "essays" not exceeding six pages, all writing at the same time, though not always on the same topic. We found no difficulty in securing for our Bryant day a very entertaining paper from one of our young ladies, of a half hour in length.

New York (Troy).—Beman Park Circle, of this city, has fourteen members and four officers. A critic is also appointed at each meeting to observe all errors in language and report at the next meeting. A special feature of our meeting is that our president reads the lessons for one meeting ahead, and selects questions, giving two or three to each member for special study. Our meeting opens with the report of the secretary and the critic of the previous meeting; then the questions that have been given us are read and answered. Each one having given especial attention to his two or three questions, we can converse more intelligently than if we gave the same attention to all. Besides, each seeks to obtain all accessible information on his special subjects, which adds greatly to the interest of the meeting. After this exercise we spend a short time in conversation of a literary character, and then close.

South Carolina (Greenville).—On October 16 some of the young people of this place met and organized a local circle; we now have fifteen members. The membership consists mostly of young ladies and young gentlemen who have finished college, but are desirous of reviewing, and keeping up a literary taste. We endeavored, in our organization, to combine the good features of several different systems which we saw described in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. First, we have a question box, into which each member is expected to place at least one question and not more than four; these questions to have a bearing on the lesson for the evening. The questions are read out by the secretary, one at a time, and the president calls upon some member to answer it. After this we have music by some member of the circle. Thirdly, we have a selection read before the body, which

is followed in turn by an essay. Lastly, about twenty minutes is devoted to a general exercise, during which time any member may occupy the floor in delivering a short talk appropriate to the lesson, or may call upon some one else to do so. All of our members seem enthusiastic, and we think that much good will be done. We appoint a critic at each meeting to note the performances and pass criticisms thereon. We have a complete organization, with a constitution, by-laws, and a full set of officers.

Ohio (Perrysburg).—The local circle here was reorganized the last week in September. We have a membership of fifteen, an increase of nine over last year. This was accomplished by the earnest work of some of our last year's members, who were at Chautauqua during the past summer. We meet once a week. We follow the plan of work laid out in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and enjoy it very much. Our meetings are always opened with one of the Chautauqua songs, followed by the reading of a responsive service, then we talk about the week's reading, or have some one appointed to question the class, and occasionally we have an essay or two. We celebrated Bryant's day by a little entertainment consisting of selected reading from his works, essays, and music. Each member invited two friends, so we had quite a gathering, and we all felt that the evening had not only passed pleasantly, but to us, at least, it was also profitably spent.

Indiana (New Albany).—Our circle is an ever widening one; indeed, it can scarcely be called a complete circle, as it is constantly being broken in order to allow others to join hands with those already enjoying its pleasures. The grading, however, is complete, there being seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen. No particular program is carried out. In our reading we mark anything especially interesting, or about which we wish an explanation; these points are asked for by the president, at the next meeting, and thoroughly discussed or explained. Sometimes when the members are undecided in regard to the answer to any particular question, it is left over for the next meeting, all the members in the meantime examining all the authority they can on the subject.

Illinois (Metropolis).—Our local C. L. S. C. for 1883-4 was organized September 28. Our membership at present is nine, consisting of beginners of the class of 1887. The manner in which the work has been taken up and is being carried on seems to indicate a year of solid work, and necessarily great profit. Our president is energetic and self-sacrificing; and with him as our leader we shall surely succeed.

Kentucky (Hardinsburg).—We are a new society, numbering only ten, organized last September by Miss Anna L. Gardiner, a graduate of the C. L. S. C. class of 1882. What we lack in numbers we make up in zeal. Already we feel that the Chautauqua course of reading and study is necessary to our existence. Our weekly meetings are delightful, and we are studying hard, determined that our circle shall be one of the bright stars in 1887. We celebrated Bryant's day with the following program: Opening exercises, Rev. R. G. Gardiner; Bryant's letter on the C. L. S. C., Miss Anna L. Gardiner; music, Myra Heston; "Planting the Apple Tree," Linnie Haswell; music, Charles Jolly; "The Death of the Flowers," Annie Bassett; music, Linnie Haswell; "Thanatopsis," Clare Jolly; music, Myra Heston; reading, Col. Alf. Allen; music, Miss Clara Jolly; "Forest Hymn," Myra Heston; music, Linnie Haswell; address on Life and Works of W. C. Bryant, Rev. J. G. Haswell; song, "Good-night," Miss Myra Heston.

Kentucky (Lexington).—The second year's work of the Lexington Social Circle began the first week in October, with a membership of thirty, adding to our last year's number several new names. Every month a committee of two is appointed by the leader to prepare questions upon studies we then have.

They have the right to appoint certain persons for any special subject that the lesson may suggest. To give a clear idea of how our circle is conducted I give the order of exercises of October 26. The class was called to order by the leader, and exercises were opened by singing one of the C. L. S. C. songs, followed by roll call, and the minutes of last meeting. Questions were then asked by one of the committee on the lesson in Greek History, bringing out all of the main points in the lesson; then followed questions on American Literature by the other member of committee, bringing in as special subjects, School and Life of John Stuart Mill, Swedenborgian Doctrines, and the Philosophy and Life of Coleridge; all of these having been mentioned in our text-book of Literature. Following these we had criticisms, our C. L. S. C. mottoes given in concert by the class, and the business of the circle. Two hours having been spent very pleasantly and profitably we had second roll call, each member giving a quotation in answer to their names, after which we adjourned.

Tennessee (Knoxville).—The Bryant memorial day was observed by our circle with appropriate services. The hall was tastefully decorated with ivy and flowers. A large picture of Bryant, wreathed with ivy, hung over the organ. The exercises were opened with the C. L. S. C. hymn, "A Song of To-day." At roll call each member responded with a quotation from Bryant. Essays were read on the "Life, Works and Death of Bryant," his "Influence and Friends," and "The Bryant Vase." The following poems were read: "Planting of the Apple Tree," "A Forest Hymn," and "The Flood of Years." The circle then joined in singing the closing hymn, "The Day is Dying." Many visitors were present, and the evening was pronounced by all exceedingly pleasant.

Tennessee (Memphis).—On October 1, 1883, a small band of Memphians met and resolved to pursue the C. L. S. C. course together, under the name of "The Southern Circle." Mr. L. H. Estes, a prominent young lawyer, who spent the month of August at Chautauqua, was elected president, and really it is to his earnest efforts that this circle owes its existence. We meet the first and third Monday of each month, and find the meetings both pleasant and profitable. All are highly interested in the studies, and hope by zealous work to make the circle well worthy of the name it bears.

Michigan (Flushing).—There are twenty-one members of the C. L. S. C. here. All are not able to attend our Hope class, which was reorganized and held its first regular meeting October 5. Eight of us belong to the class of '84, and to each the reading has been a source of much enjoyment and instruction.

Minnesota (Worthington).—The first meeting, held October 29, was very enjoyable. At roll call each member responded with a quotation from Bryant. A paper was then read on the Life and Works of the poet. A short time was given to recitation of the Greek History for the evening, with free conversation on obscure or imperfectly understood points in the studies. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed, and impetus given to a circle already in a flourishing condition.

Iowa (Des Moines).—The Alpha C. L. S. C. sends greeting to sister circles throughout the land. Our class organized last October with thirty members, and though to many of us—who left our school rooms long ago—the work seemed almost appalling, we have realized that we are never too old to learn, and that after a little application our lessons are mastered far more easily than we could have believed. The benefit is not merely what we have acquired during the year, but in the incentive we have to continue.

Missouri (Carthage).—The Carthage Literary Association, composed of the different societies known as C. L. S. C., Alpha, N. N. C., Shakspeare, and C. S. C., held a Longfellow me-

morial service June 1st, 1882. The program was as follows: Piano duet; sketch of Longfellow's life; reading—Rain in Summer; song—The Bridge; recitation—Famine; song—Rainy Day; essay—Longfellow's writings; reading (with chorus)—The Blind Girl; Story of Evangeline; The Chamber over the Gate; recitation—Launching of the Ship; Miles Standish's Courtship; song—Beware. Remarks were made by the president, altogether making a very pleasant and profitable reunion. Our second meeting, a Shakspeare memorial, was held at the Carthage Opera House, June 1, 1883. Program: Cornet solo—Old Folks at Home; essay—The Mound Builders; duet (vocal)—When Life is Brightest; reading—The Casket Scene, Merchant of Venice; solo—Waiting; essay—A Sketch of Elizabeth; Literature; tableau—Isabella; cornet solo—Mocking Bird and Variations; recitation—Le Cid; tableau—Charlotte Corday in Prison; essay—The Daughters of King Lear; solo—The Clouds have Passed Away; essay—Women of Ancient Greece; tableau—Queen Anne. The stage decorations were highly artistic. Not the least attraction was an elaborate monogram, copied from the title page of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. It was composed of scarlet geranium blossoms, the groundwork of the leaves, and rested upon an easel, facing the audience. It elicited many appreciative remarks. Other memorials have been held by the circle, both profitable and pleasant; the last upon Bryant's day.

Dakota (Chamberlain).—Here on the banks of the Missouri, more than a thousand miles from its birthplace, has the Chautauqua Idea found a home. We have formed a circle of twenty-seven members. Two of these belong to the class of '84; the rest are freshmen. In our number are a banker, an editor, a physician, a lawyer, two ministers, and a number of ladies who might well occupy any one of these positions. We meet once a week, and usually the week's readings are reviewed by topics drawn by each of the members from a prepared list. This week we are to have a Longfellow evening, and the first number of our paper is to be read. We intend that you shall hear again from your frontier outpost at Chamberlain.

California (Sacramento).—It may not be too late to mention our reunion of last June; it was held in the Presbyterian Church parlors, which were well filled with an intellectual and deeply interested audience. The place was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers; pillars were twined with ivy, and banners of the different nations whose history we had been studying were arranged upon the walls, with the American flag falling in graceful folds above the familiar C. L. S. C., which was formed of flowers, each letter of a different color, arranged in a half circle over 1883 in green. The literary exercises were followed by the report of the year's work, in which it was stated that twelve hundred and fifty pages had been read during the Chautauqua year of nine months; essays and papers, sixty-two; questions prepared by committees and answered in writing, nine hundred and twenty; total membership, thirty-eight; average weekly attendance, twenty. The circle this year has taken a step forward and has reached the rule of division, since our numbers have increased so rapidly. A second circle has been formed and named, in honor of our leader, "Vincet Circle." At our regular meeting on November 5, Bryant's memorial day was observed by an interesting program after our regular work had been done, omitting only our oral exercises. Our circle of twenty-one members has entered enthusiastically into the year's studies, and our method of work is as follows: Committees select several topics from each study, upon which papers are prepared and read the following week. From eight to ten papers are read at each meeting, and oral exercises, consisting of readings from THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the critic's report, together with our general business, complete the exercises. It is our intention to observe each memorial day, and arrangements are now in progress for an entertainment in which both circles will unite.

C. L. S. C. ROUND-TABLE.*

WAYS OF ORGANIZING LOCAL CIRCLES AND PROVIDING FOR THE POOR.

There are two points which I would be glad to have discussed a little this evening that are of great practical interest to us in extending the growth of the Circle into new territory. The first, in ways of extending the influence of the Circle, and of organizing new local circles. I do not mean ways of conducting circles, or plans of managing your circles, but ways of introducing the work where it is not now introduced, and of organizing new circles in localities that know little or nothing about the work of the C. L. S. C.

Upon this point I should be glad to have testimony or suggestions from any person who has had experience in that line. We all feel that this work should be done. We understand the embarrassments which prevent this extension. Yet, by comparing notes one with the other, we may be able to overcome the embarrassments. I should be glad this afternoon to hear from a number in answer to this question: "How can we organize new circles in localities that do not have them now?"

A VOICE: It seems to me, sir, if we would invite from the locality in which we want to introduce a circle, one or two persons to visit our own circle and see the work we are doing, we might thus incite and be enabled to form a circle, taking the one or two members whom we have invited as the nucleus.

MR. GILLET: I think this is a very valuable suggestion.

REV. W. D. BRIDGE: Make use of C. L. S. C. stationery.

A VOICE: I suggest this: Write an article for the local paper explaining the objects and operations of the Circle, and appoint a time and a place for all persons who have read the paper to meet and talk it over.

MR. GILLET: It is surprising to find out how many editors there are who know nothing about the C. L. S. C. It is a good plan to post them, especially local editors. Introduce them to the little green book, and get them to read it through, or ask them to listen while you read it to them. Any other suggestions?

I will say in that connection that a plan was organized or developed last year in what is known as the correspondence committee. I had hoped that I should be able to have a report from the correspondence committee of the Society of the Hall in the Grove. A plan was organized before leaving Chautauqua, concerning the way in which these articles for the papers should be written. The members of the committee wrote articles for the local papers, and corresponded with persons in different parts of the territory which they represented. As a result several new local circles were formed, and a good many were induced to become members of the circle.

A VOICE: I live in a little town of about one thousand inhabitants. We had already organized a reading circle composed of judges, clerks, merchants, mechanics, business men, and women. We were thinking of taking the course of the C. L. S. C. We shall have no difficulty in getting persons to come for the purpose of organization. I would like to know how we should proceed after we have gotten our people together. How would you organize and conduct a local circle?

MR. GILLET: The question has been asked several times during the Assembly, and has been answered by numerous testimonies from persons who are managers of local circles. The best way is the simplest, appointing as few officers as possible, having some one who will be responsible as conductor or leader of the circle, and then put as much enthusiasm and life into the organization as possible. The local circle organizations vary almost as widely as the different places in which the circles are organized. The organizations depend on the number, the plans, and the dispositions of the persons who belong

to the circle. There are parlor circles, church circles, union circles. Miss Kimball will be able to answer at the office any specific question.

REV. MR. PARDOE: I believe that local circles will organize themselves, if the people understand the nature and the methods of our C. L. S. C. work. There is a gentleman in New York City who has a business engagement with about two thousand of the leading weekly papers of this country, and he proposes to insert an advertisement of any kind in the two thousand weekly papers at a very low rate. I think it would be a very wise thing for the parent organization at Plainfield to make a contract with this gentleman, and throw the whole nature, methods, objects and intentions of the C. L. S. C. work over the United States at one bound.

MR. K. A. BURNELL: In connection with this matter of correspondence, last week a lady told me that she was a member of the correspondence committee, and gave me a very interesting account of the letters she had received, and the joy that she had from the letters that came to her.

A GENTLEMAN: In the part of Pennsylvania from which I come there are literary societies in almost every school house. Could we not in some way bring these societies into our circle?

MR. GILLET: Is there any way of getting the members of such societies into the C. L. S. C.?

A GENTLEMAN: There is.

MR. GILLET: It is not necessary to abandon the organization that already exists to have all the members read the text books of the C. L. S. C. The work can be done under the organization existing, the circle reading the books and reporting to the central office.

MR. GILLET: There is a little bit of tract about an inch and a quarter square, of four pages, that gives the points of the C. L. S. C. At Island Park we sent persons to the back of the audience with a bunch of these tracts, scattered them in the air and everybody was curious to get them and read them. I think a good many became interested who would not but for these little bits of things.

MR. BRIDGE: I will have 20,000 of them here to-morrow night for distribution.

MR. GILLET: Then, of course, you can get the Popular Education Circular by addressing Miss Kimball. It contains the full plans of the C. L. S. C., and you can use them in your correspondence. Any thing else to suggest?

A LADY: There would be no difficulty in organizing circles, but how shall we get people to understand the work and the methods that are adopted. A great many very intelligent persons have given so little attention to this movement as to be utterly in the dark. It will require a good deal of persistence in this work of organizing circles. I have had five years' experience. I have been through the class of '82, and have, unfortunately for the circle, I think, been retained as leader of the circle. We have four circles which coöperate. We found some difficulty in interesting the pastors of the churches in this work. I wish every member of the C. L. S. C. here when she goes home, because I rely on the ladies, to go to her pastor and personally solicit him to take hold of this work and assist her to organize a local circle. We did this in our circle. We secured the services of the pastor as president. We interested him. He took hold of it, and has been quite an assistance to us all the time. I content myself with taking a book and sitting as superintendent, so as to keep the work going on.

It will be necessary to go to young men and women, and older persons, and personally solicit them to join; personally explain to them the nature of the course of reading, and how it is done. You will have to do that by going to them personally until you get them, and then it will require a good deal of grace and a good deal of energy and perseverance to keep them in the Circle after they are there. Young men who work all day at the bench, or in the office at their books, complain that they have not time to read, and you have to overcome that ob-

*Seventh Round-Table, held in the Hall of Philosophy, August 22, 1883, at 5 p. m., Rev. A. H. Gillet conducting.

jection. You must show them that they have the time, and that they can do it. Why, almost every young man, and I may say almost every young woman, spends more time reading the daily newspapers than it would require to read the whole course of the C. L. S. C. in any year. By bringing these things to the attention of these persons you may thus induce them to make an extra exertion in this line.

I say to them in this way, that so far as I am personally concerned, I have not an hour in a week, I have not five minutes in a day to devote to this work, yet for the purpose of inducing them to go into the work, to go into the course of reading, I make the sacrifice and do double work. When they see that one person can do that, they feel like making the effort themselves.

Then I have gone to the newspaper offices and have written up reports of the meetings of the circle. I have taken occasion in these little articles, writing up the proceedings of our meetings, to explain what was meant by the C. L. S. C. course of reading. There are a thousand things we might do for the purpose of inciting an interest in this work.

MR. GILLET: It has been suggested that members might arrange for a series of meetings in September in the cities or large towns near to their homes and send out to these cities or villages one or two of the members of their own circle to talk about the C. L. S. C. and answer such questions as might be asked, requesting the pastors of the churches to announce that the meeting would be held on such an evening of the week. Then let them proceed at once to the organization of a local circle, and appoint persons to take charge of it. I think that there are very few towns in which such local circles could not be organized, if such a course should be taken. Any suggestions in this line? I want to call your attention to another thing, and call out a few suggestions upon as interesting a proposition as the other one. It may be delicate, and I hardly know whether we may be helped by stating it, but I think we may, and I will take the risk, at least, of presenting it. We recognize the fact that a great many people who are connected with the C. L. S. C. are poor; that a great many more would be connected with it but for the fact that they are unable to provide the necessary books, or to incur the simple expense even that a membership in the C. L. S. C. involves. I would like to know if there are any here who have any ways in connection with their local circle work to reach such cases. I think it would aid other circles, and help in aiding a deserving class of people that we are not able now to benefit.

A GENTLEMAN: If some person who has graduated would loan his books to persons who were pursuing the course, it would help them.

MR. GILLET: So far as the books would be usable. The books are changed somewhat each year.

A LADY: We have in Cincinnati a fund for that purpose. We get a few lecturers each year, and have a fund for that purpose. Last year we sent to the different libraries sets of our C. L. S. C. books, and we hope to do that every year, so that we can reach our members through the public libraries by tickets, so that some will not have to buy any books, except the little ten cent books.

MR. GILLET: How many sets of the larger books? Just one set?

A LADY: No, sir, we duplicate some of them. We duplicated the astronomy and some of the larger books.

MR. GILLET: I think the point mentioned is a good one, sets of books in the City Library, and the Women's Christian Temperance Library, or the Y. M. C. A. libraries, or in the church libraries, or Sunday-school libraries. Any other suggestions?

A GENTLEMAN: That would be the best plan—to put them into Sunday-school libraries.

MR. BRIDGE: We have in New Haven a Women's Christian Association with a very flourishing C. L. S. C. branch. There is no membership in the Y. M. C. A. as such. I think it would

be a good thing for our Women's Associations in the towns and cities to make circles of the C. L. S. C.

A GENTLEMAN: In the place where I am there was no regular circle. We only read a partial course, but we intend to join this Circle this year. We gave some entertainments, and we have a fund of \$200 to buy books for this circle.

A GENTLEMAN: In the local circle to which I belong we had a course of lectures which netted us a little sum of money, and we invested that in two sets of C. L. S. C. books last year, and there were two members who were able to join us who would not otherwise have done so.

WRITTEN QUESTION: What would be suggested as the next step after an interview with the pastor and his refusing to assist?

MR. GILLET: Organize without him. I do not know of any other way.

A GENTLEMAN: In large cities many churches have lyceums and literary societies. The city of New York was my birth-place, and until a few years I never heard of the C. L. S. C., and, therefore, I think the suggestion to advertise it very wise, especially in all the large cities. Where there are church lyceums the C. L. S. C. could be very well introduced without having to go through the introductory stage. In this way these church organizations could be made very efficient, I believe. Then church organizations so organized have gone through the initiatory steps. I speak from experience, because I know that in these organizations they lack very much the literary portion, and they need some such systematic work as mapped out by the C. L. S. C., to make them more practical and beneficial. In these large cities you have the organization ready at your hand, and all you want is to give the impetus and the necessary instructions, and put before them this work. I speak of such cities as Newark, New York and Buffalo. There is not so much knowledge in them as there is in some of our small inland towns.

MR. GILLET: A very admirable suggestion. One of the ways in which this correspondence committee would be of vast service to the C. L. S. C. would be along this line.

MR. BRIDGE: New York City has only one local circle.

MR. GILLET: Of course there are readers there, but no local circles. There is very little being done in Chicago. That ought not to be so. If persons who are members, who have a little leisure, will assist the correspondence committee in the circulation of advertising matter and in personal letter writing each year, it will be a great help. I think the problem in advertising is this—an advertisement is headed with the letters C. L. S. C., perhaps in a magazine, and people think it may be some secret society, or something else, and turn from the page.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SIXTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION."—CHAPTERS I TO 14, INCLUSIVE.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. What is the first fact developed in the experience of the human family to be considered as a preparation for the investigation which the author makes? A. There is in the nature of man, or in the circumstances in which he is conditioned, something which leads him to recognize and worship a superior being.

2. Q. To what extent is this characteristic true of man? A. It is true of him in whatever part of the world he may be found, and in whatever condition; and it has been true of him in all ages of which we have any record, either fabulous or authentic.

3. Q. What is the second fact connected with the first one stated? A. Man, by worshiping, becomes assimilated to the moral character of the object which he worships.

4. Q. What history bears testimony to this fact? A. The whole history of the idolatrous world.

5. Q. Leaving the God of the Bible out of view, what has been the character of the objects man has worshiped? A. Those objects have always had a defective and unholy character.

6. Q. What third fact is stated in connection with the other two already given? A. There were no means within the reach of human power or wisdom by which man could extricate himself from the evil of idolatry, either by an immediate, or by a progressive series of efforts.

7. Q. How is this fact maintained? A. From the history of idolatry, the testimony of the heathen philosophers, and the nature of man.

8. Q. What is said of the means and instrumentalities by which his redemption would have to be accomplished if man were ever redeemed from idolatrous worship? A. It would have to be accomplished by means and instrumentalities adapted to his nature and the circumstances in which he existed.

9. Q. What was the first thing necessary to be accomplished for man to relieve himself from the corrupting influence of idolatry? A. That a pure object of worship should be placed before the eye of the soul.

10. Q. What was the second necessary thing in order to man's redemption? A. That when a holy object of worship was revealed the revelation should be accompanied with sufficient power to influence men to forsake their former worship, and to worship the holy object made known to them.

11. Q. What is mentioned as having a tendency to unite the minds of a whole people into one common mind? A. Any cause which creates a common interest and a common feeling, common biases and common hopes in the individual minds which compose a nation.

12. Q. What are some of these causes that are especially strong? A. A common parentage, a common religion, and a common fellowship in suffering and deliverance.

13. Q. Upon what people did these causes operate with peculiar force? A. The Israelites.

14. Q. What follows as the only rational conclusion in regard to the discipline of the descendants of Abraham? A. First, that the overruling intelligence of God was employed in thus preparing material for a purer religious worship than the world then enjoyed; and, second, that a nation could have been so prepared by no other agent, and in no other way.

15. Q. What is essential for man to believe that religion has a divine origin? A. Man can not, in the present constitution of his mind, believe that religion has a divine origin unless it be accompanied with miracles.

16. Q. If, therefore, God ever gave a revelation to man, with what was it necessarily accompanied? A. With miracles, and with miracles of such a nature as would clearly distinguish the divine character and the divine authority of the dispensation.

17. Q. In order to give any divine revelation to the Israelites what two things were necessary? A. First, that God should manifest himself by miracles; and, second, that those miracles should be of such a character as evidently to distinguish them from the jugglery of the magicians, and to convince all observers of the existence and omnipotence of the true God, in contradistinction from the objects of idolatrous worship.

18. Q. In view of the idolatrous state of the world, and especially in view of the character and circumstances of the Israelites, of what is the demonstration conclusive in regard to the miracles of Egypt? A. That the true God could have made a revelation of himself in no other way than by the means and in the manner of the miracles of Egypt; and none but the true God could have revealed himself in this way.

19. Q. In view of the established laws of the mind, how was it necessary that the knowledge of God and human duty should be imparted to the Israelites? A. By successive communica-

tions—necessary that there should be a first step, or primary principles, for a starting point, and then a progression onward and upward to perfection.

20. Q. In accordance with these principles God revealed only what in the introduction of the Mosaic dispensation? A. He revealed only his essential existence to the Israelites.

21. Q. In what way does love for another always influence the will to act? A. In such a way as will please the object loved.

22. Q. What are the most favorable circumstances possible to fix an impression deeply upon the heart and memory? A. First, that there should be protracted and earnest attention; and, second, that at the same time that the impression is made the emotions of the soul should be alive with excitement.

23. Q. In view of the nature and circumstances of the Israelites, what may be affirmed without qualification as to the wonderful series of events connected with the exodus from Egypt? A. That no combination of means, not including the self-sacrifice of the benefactor himself, could be so well adapted to elicit and absorb all the affections of the soul.

24. Q. What are the four conclusions reached in regard to the Israelites at this point in the investigation? A. 1. That they were bound to each other by all the ties of which human nature is susceptible. 2. Their minds were shaken off from idols. 3. They had been brought to contemplate God as their Protector and Savior. 4. They were without laws, either civil or moral.

25. Q. What fact, in regard to a rule of human duty, has the whole experience of the world confirmed beyond the possibility of skepticism? A. That man can not discover and establish a perfect rule of human duty.

26. Q. What is that power in the soul which pronounces upon the moral character of human conduct itself dependent upon and regulated by? A. The faith of the individual.

27. Q. What is said of a law adapted to man's nature? A. It must be addressed to the understanding, sanctioned by suitable authority, and enforced by adequate penalties.

28. Q. In accordance with these legitimate deductions, what did God give the Israelites? A. A rule of life—the moral law—succinctly comprehended in the ten commandments.

29. Q. In order to promote right exercises of heart in religious worship, with what was it necessary that the Israelites should be made acquainted? A. With the holiness of God.

30. Q. In what manner was the idea of God's moral purity conveyed to the Israelites in accordance with the constitution and condition of the Jewish mind? A. By the machinery of the Levitical dispensation.

31. Q. Of what is the demonstration conclusive, both from philosophy and tact, as to the true and necessary idea of God's attribute of holiness? A. That it was originated by the patterns of the Levitical economy, and that it could have been communicated to mankind, at the first, in no other way.

32. Q. What is the only way in which a lawgiver can manifest his views of the demerit of transgression? A. In no other way than by the penalty which he inflicts upon the transgressor.

33. Q. The more holy and just any being is, what follows as to the penalty he would inflict for sin? A. The more he is opposed to sin, the higher penalty will his conscience sanction as the desert of transgressing the Divine law.

34. Q. In what way only would the mind of man receive an idea of the amount of God's opposition to sin? A. By the amount of penalty which he inflicted upon the sinner.

35. Q. By means of burnt offerings what idea was distinctly and deeply impressed upon the minds of the Israelites? A. That God's justice was a consuming fire to sinners, and that their souls escaped only through a vicarious atonement.

36. Q. When would the Mosaic machinery, which formed the abstract ideas, conveying the knowledge of God's true character, be no longer useful? A. After those ideas were orig-

inated, defined, and connected with the words which expressed their abstract or spiritual import.

37. Q. In order to the diffusion of the knowledge of God throughout the world by the method adopted by the Almighty, what three things would be necessary as pre-requisites, and which are facts as matters of authentic history? A. 1. That the Jews who possessed those ideas should be scattered throughout the world. 2. That their propensity to idolatry should be entirely subdued. 3. That the new and spiritual system should first be propagated among those who understood both the spiritual import of the Hebrew language, and likewise the language of the other nations to whom the Gospel was to be preached.

38. Q. What followed as soon as the new dispensation had been introduced, and its foundations firmly laid? A. Jerusalem, the center of the old economy, with the temple and all things pertaining to the ritual service, was at once and completely destroyed, and the old system vanished away forever.

39. Q. What is necessary in order to a perfect system of instruction? A. There must be both precept and example.

40. Q. In what way only could human nature be perfected? A. Only by following a perfect model of human nature.

41. Q. Who is that model character? A. Jesus Christ.

42. Q. Of what is the demonstration manifest that man has received through the medium of Jesus Christ? A. A perfect system of instruction; and a final and perfect revelation of duty to God and man could be given in no other way.

43. Q. What are two facts history furnishes that are peculiar proofs of the Messiahship of Christ? A. First, the Jewish prophets lived and wrote centuries before the period in which Jesus appeared in Judea; second, on account of intimations, or supposed intimations in their prophecies, the Jews were expecting the Messiah about the time that Jesus appeared in Judea.

44. Q. If a person had appeared and conformed to the views which the Jews entertained of a temporal Messiah, of what would it have been direct evidence? A. That he was an imposter.

45. Q. Give three reasons for this conclusion? A. 1. Because their views were partial, prejudiced and wicked. 2. He could not have conformed to their views and sustained at the same time the character of a perfect instructor. 3. He would not have fulfilled the predictions of the prophets concerning him.

46. Q. What follows, therefore, legitimately and conclusively? A. That Jesus Christ was the Messiah of God.

47. Q. In what other way was it necessary that Jesus should establish his claim as the Messiah? A. By miraculous agency.

48. Q. What condition in life would it be necessary that the Messiah should assume in order to benefit the human family in the highest degree by the influence of that condition? A. In that condition which would have the most direct influence in regard to the condition Christ assumed? A. That Christ assumed the only condition which it was possible for him to assume and thereby destroy pride and misery, and produce humility and peace in human bosoms.

49. Q. As it is an acknowledged and experimental fact that the soul finds rest only in meekness, and never in selfishness and pride of mind, of what is the demonstration therefore perfect in regard to the condition Christ assumed? A. That Christ assumed the only condition which it was possible for him to assume and thereby destroy pride and misery, and produce humility and peace in human bosoms.

50. Q. In constituting the human soul, upon what has God, in accordance with his own character, caused its happiness to depend? A. Upon righteousness and goodness.

51. Q. What was the whole force of the Savior's teaching and example designed and adapted to produce? A. Righteousness and benevolence.

52. Q. What conclusion follows from these two statements? A. That Jesus was the Christ of God; because the Christ of God could found his instructions upon no other principles.

53. Q. What are the only two means by which truth can be

brought into contact with the soul? A. By perception and faith.

54. Q. What are their effects upon man's conduct and feelings? A. They are nearly the same, with the following remarkable exception: Facts, which are the subjects of personal observation, every time they are experienced, the effect upon the soul grows less; while, on the contrary, those facts which are received by faith, produce, every time they are realized, a greater effect upon the soul.

55. Q. This being true, which would be the method the better adapted to bring the sublime truths of the new dispensation to bear upon the souls of men? A. Faith.

56. Q. What moral powers of the soul does faith govern? A. The conscience and the affections.

57. Q. Upon what does man's interests, temporal and spiritual, depend? A. Upon what he believes.

58. Q. What does the belief of falsehood always destroy, and how does the belief of truth guide man, and what does it secure for him? A. The belief of falsehood always destroys man's interests, temporal and spiritual, and the belief of truth invariably guides man aright and secures his best and highest good.

59. Q. It having been demonstrated that righteousness and benevolence is the greatest good of the soul, what doctrine is necessarily true? A. That doctrine which rectifies the conscience, purifies the heart, and produces love to God and men.

60. Q. What vital and necessary principle did Christ lay at the foundation of the Christian system? A. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned"—saved in accordance with the moral constitution of the universe, and damned from the absolute necessities existing in the nature of things.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS.

Season of 1884.

LESSON III.—BIBLE SECTION.

The Bible an English Book.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

The Divine Revelation, whether spoken or written, has ever been made to any people in their own language. But as languages change their form and cease to be spoken, that which is plain to one generation becomes an unknown tongue to another. Hence arises the need of versions or translations. In the stages whereby the Bible became an English book, we notice: 1. The ancient versions; 2. The mediæval versions; 3. The modern versions. The student will observe concerning each version: 1. The Scripture included; 2. Language; 3. Date; 4. Place; 5. Authorship; 6. Historical notes.

1. *The Ancient Versions.*—Out of many, we select the five most important:

1. *The Septuagint.*—The Old Testament; from the Hebrew into the Greek, begun at an uncertain date, but completed about 385 B. C., at Alexandria, the metropolis of the Mediterranean, where a third of the population were Jews; by unknown writers, said to have numbered seventy, hence its name Septuagint, "Greek, seventy." This translation, though strongly opposed by the Jews of Palestine, became the Bible of all the Jews of the Dispersion throughout the eastern lands.

2. *The Samaritan.*—Containing the Pentateuch only, in a dialect, the mixture of Hebrew and Aramaic, spoken by the Samaritans, who worshiped on Mt. Gerizim; perhaps made as early as 100 B. C., perhaps later; traditionally said to have been translated by the Samaritan high-priest, Nathanael. For many centuries the existence of this version was questioned, until a copy was brought to Europe in 1616.

3. *The Peshito.*—The whole Bible, in the Aramaic language,

the common dialect (Peshito means "simple" or "common") of the Syrians, perhaps that spoken by Jesus and the Apostles, of unknown authorship and date, perhaps about 175 A. D.; the first translation made under Christian auspices.

4. *The Targums*.—A Hebrew word meaning "interpretations;" a series of Jewish translations of various parts of the Old Testament; ten in number, several covering the same books; in the Chaldaic dialect of Hebrew, dating from Onkelos, A. D. 250 to 1000; arising from the oral translations handed down in the synagogues, written after the destruction of Jerusalem.

5. *The Vulgate*.—Word meaning "common;" whole Bible, in Latin language; completed about A. D. 400, at Bethlehem in Judea, by Jerome; made by revising older Latin translations; at first opposed, but finally the standard Bible of the Roman Catholic Church.

II. *The Mediæval Versions*.—Not many translations were made during the Dark Ages. 1. *Cædmon*, a monk (died 680), translated the Bible stories into rude Anglo-Saxon verse. 2. *Aldhelm* (died 709), a bishop, translated the Psalms into verse. 3. *Bede* (died 735), "the venerable," translated the gospel of John into Anglo-Saxon, completing the work on the day of his death. 4. *King Alfred* (died 901), best of the kings of England, translated certain portions, as the laws of his kingdom, called "Alfred's Dooms." 5. *Wiclif* (died 1384), "Morning Star of the Reformation," a great scholar and enemy of Rome, translated the New Testament into English in 1380, and, aided by friends, the Old Testament in 1384. This great work was in manuscript only, as printing was not yet invented.

III. *The Modern Versions*.—The Reformation brought forth the Bible from neglect and called out numberless versions, of which we notice only a few of the greatest in English history.

1. *William Tyndale*.—One of the early reformers made the best translation ever wrought by any one man. This New Testament was issued in 1525; the Old Testament not until after his martyrdom in 1536.

2. *Miles Coverdale*, a friend of Tyndale, made the first English version by the consent of King Henry VIII., issued in 1535; made not from Greek text, but from Luther's German Bible and the Vulgate; hence, less literal than Tyndale's.

3. *The Great Bible* (1539), made by command of Henry VIII., by the influence of Thomas Cromwell; the first edition a revision of Coverdale and Tyndale; second edition 1540, under direction of Archbishop Crammer, hence known as "Crammer's Bible;" a book of great size, chained to the reading desk in the parish churches.

4. *The Geneva Bible* (1560), made at Geneva, Switzerland, by a number of Puritan exiles from England. Its principal translators were Whittingham, Gilby, Coverdale (above named), and perhaps John Knox; a convenient quarto; the best translation of the time; very popular with the Puritan element in the English Church.

5. *The Bishop's Bible* (1568), under direction of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury under Queen Elizabeth; mainly a revision of the Great Bible; prepared as a rival to the Geneva version, but never as popular among the people, though used among the clergy.

6. *The Douay Bible*, a Roman Catholic version, made not from the original, but from the Vulgate; the New Testament published at Rheims in 1582, the Old Testament at Douay in 1609; the version in use among Romanists, having many notes setting forth their views.

7. *The Authorized Version* (1611), the translation now in general use, made by forty-seven scholars under direction of King James I.; begun in 1607, published in 1611.

8. *The Revised Version* (1881), prepared by a company of English and American scholars; in the main, much more exact than the authorized version, and deserving of general adoption.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON III.—THE TEACHER'S OFFICE AND WORK.

In this brief outline we propose to consider the teacher's office and work in five aspects:

1. *The work of the teacher is for the gospel of Christ, hence, first of all, the teacher should be a Christian*.—No person can properly instruct others in the Gospel unless he be devoted to the service of Christ.

1. *He should be a Christian in belief*.—No one can speak confidently and earnestly in behalf of a cause unless he believes in it. One can teach mythology, but not Christianity, without a firm conviction that the Bible is God's book, and the Gospel the declaration of the divine plan for saving men.

2. *He should be a Christian in experience*; having passed from death unto life, enjoying the consciousness of sonship, and a communion with Christ; for only in this state can he enter into sympathy with the Gospel, understand its mysteries, and guide others into the way of salvation.

3. *He should be a Christian in life*.—The example will teach more weightily than the words; therefore he must show forth in his conduct the character which he would impart, and live in the realm to which he would lead his class.

II. *The teacher's work is under the auspices of the church, and therefore the teacher should be a church member*.

1. *He should be a church member in profession*, giving to the church the benefit of his influence in the community, in return for all the benefits that the church gives to him.

2. *He should be a church member in loyalty*, holding an attachment, not to the church in general, but to that particular church whose doctrines, forms, methods and spirit are most nearly in accord with his own views, and best adapted to aid his growth in grace; devoted to it, laboring for it, and self-denying in behalf of it.

3. *He should be a church member in work*.—There are two classes of people in every church, the idle and the working, those who are carried, and those who carry. The teacher should be one of the working members, bearing the church upon his heart and its work in his hands.

III. *The teacher's work is with the Bible, and therefore the teacher should be a Bible student*.

1. *A Bible student in teachableness*, going to the Word, not in the spirit of criticism, but of reverence; studying it not to inject into it his own opinions, but humbly to obtain truth which shall feed his own soul, and supply the needs of his class.

2. *A Bible student in diligence*.—The cursory glance at a book may answer for the careless reader, but he who has it as his work to teach the Word, must study it; not only the lesson, but the volume which contains the lesson, for unless he has knowledge of the book at large, he cannot understand the specific lesson for his class; therefore the teacher should be a constant, persevering, laborious student of the Bible.

IV. *The teacher's work has relation to living souls, and therefore he must be a friend*.—No mere machine can teach living hearts; to influence souls there must be a soul, not by knowledge only, or by gifts of expression, but by the relation of heart more than by any other power can scholars be led upward to the best in thought and life.

1. *He must be a friend in sympathy*, that is, in capacity to feel with his scholars, which is very different from feeling for them. He must be able in thought and feeling, to put himself in his scholars' place, to see the world through their eyes, and to have an appreciation of their nature.

2. *He must be a friend in helpfulness*.—Not the greatness of our doing for others, but the spirit of it, measures our friendship. By little kindnesses to his class the teacher can win their hearts, and by tying them to himself, tie them to his Master.

V. *The teacher's work is a teaching work, and he must therefore be a teacher*.

1. *He must be a teacher in knowledge*.—He must know his lesson in all its departments and bearings, and with a wealth of

information far greater that he expects to impart to his class; for power in teaching proceeds more from the reserve force of the things known and kept back, than from the things taught.

2. *He must be a teacher in tact*; that is, in wisdom, to know opportunities and skill to use them. Tact is a gift, but it may be cultivated and improved by application. And, "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." James 1:5.

LESSON IV.—THE CANON OF SCRIPTURE.

The English word canon is a literal re-spelling of the Greek word meaning "a straight rod," hence, "a rule or standard." As used in reference to the Bible, it means:

1. The rule or fundamental principle of truth.
2. The catalogue of the books which contain that truth. As there are two testaments, the old and new, it is necessary to notice the canon of each separately, answering the question, "How came the Bible in its present form?"

I. *The Old Testament Canon*.—In the growth of the Old Testament we can trace six stages.

1. *The Oral Period*, extending from the earliest ages down to the time of the patriarchs, during which the Divine Revelation and the records of the past were transmitted by tradition, or in a few detached documents, like Genesis x.

2. *The Mosaic Period* (1500-1400 B. C.) When from ancient manuscripts, tradition and revelation were written the book of Job, and the earliest draft of the Pentateuch, and Joshua.

3. *The Davidic Period* (1100-1000 B. C.), the age of Samuel, David and Solomon, when, after the disorders in the time of the Judges, literature began to flourish anew, and Judges, Ruth, Samuel, the first draft of Psalms and Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and perhaps (but by no means with certainty) Ecclesiastes were written.

4. *The Prophetic Period* (800-600 B. C.), in the decline of the monarchy, when the prophets suddenly arose to prominence, and the books of Kings and most of the prophetic books were written.

5. *The Period of the Restoration* (500-400 B. C.), after the return from captivity, when the writings of all the four greater prophets were arranged, the prophecies of Haggai, Zachariah, and Malachi were delivered, and the historical books of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther were written.

6. *The Period of Arrangement* (400-150 B. C.). With the time of Ezra and Nehemiah a new era began. No more books were added, but the literature was systematized. Ezra made the first compilation of the Scriptures; Nehemiah formed a library of the recognized works (according to ancient Jewish history); the work was revised under the early Maccabean

princes, and the writings assumed their present form. Josephus, the historian, names as authoritative the same works that are now recognized.

II. *The New Testament Canon*.—The Old Testament was in process of construction more than ten centuries, the New Testament, less than one; but in it there was also a growth.

1. *The Early Period*.—Between the death of Stephen, A. D. 37, and the council at Jerusalem, A. D. 50, were written the earliest books, the Gospel of Matthew and the Epistle of James.

2. *The Pauline Period*.—Between the council at Jerusalem, A. D. 50, and the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, appeared the Gospels of Mark and Luke, the Epistles of Peter, the Epistles of Paul and Hebrews.

3. *The Closing Period*, after the destruction of Jerusalem, between 70 and 96 A. D., witnessed the Epistle of Jude, and the Epistles and Gospel of John and the Revelation.

How the systematic canon of New Testament books came to be recognized can not now be ascertained. The matter was probably determined by the inherent fitness of the writings themselves. The worthy books lived, the unworthy dropped out of notice, as may be seen by comparing the New Testament with the New Testament Apocrypha. The councils voiced the sentiment of the church in their decisions; and though there were differences of opinion concerning a few books, extending through the second and third centuries, by A. D. 300 the list of canonical books in the New Testament was generally accepted throughout the church, as it is still held.

III. *The genuineness of the Bible*; that is, the belief that we have the Bible substantially as it was written, without serious interpolation or erasure, is supported by the following evidences (Chautauqua Text-Book No. 18, pp. 26-27):

1. The numerous ancient manuscripts now in existence, which substantially agree in the text.

2. The quotations from Scripture, and references to it, in the writings of the early fathers and in the rabbinical paraphrases.

3. The ancient translations of the Old and New Testaments.

4. The decisions of early and learned councils.

5. The jealousy and watchfulness of opposing sects, all of which base their faith on the same Scriptures.

6. The early controversies between Christians and their enemies, referring to these books as authoritative upon believers.

7. The reverence and scrupulous care of copyists of the Scriptures in all ages.

8. The unimportant character of the "various readings" in the manuscripts, showing that their differences are of trifling account. From these considerations it is certain that our Bible does not essentially differ from the Bible of the primitive church.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE C. L. S. C.

The Chautauqua Circle is unlike all other circles. It possesses three centers. Its intellectual center is the place where the superintendent happens to be at any given moment; for where the king is, there is the court. The center of its enthusiasm, the Mecca of its members, is the Hall of Philosophy, among the beeches of St. Paul's Grove, where once a year the gates are opened, the Arches are garlanded, and the Watch-Fires are kindled. Its business center, which may properly be called the headquarters of the C. L. S. C., is in Plainfield, New Jersey. Few who pass around the corner of a modest brick building near the railway station in that lovely country city, are aware

that they are in the shadow of the walls within which is transacted the business of an organization numbering more than fifty thousand, and extending its arms around the world. Two rooms upon the second floor are all the space at present afforded for the work of the office. There is great need of more enlarged quarters. Its home was assigned when the Circle was about a fourth of its present dimensions, and its business has far outgrown the capacity of its capitol.

One of the two rooms is the place where most of the clerical work of the Circle is carried on by the efficient young secretary and her lady assistants, who number from five to ten at different seasons in the scholastic year. One young lady opens the

letters received, which sometimes number twenty-three hundred in a week, and never fall below eleven hundred, and assort them. Another finds constant employment in answering inquiries, addressing circulars of information, in changing the names and addresses of members who change their residences, or of lady members who get married and change their names. About ten per cent. of these people forget to state to which class they belong, and consequently their names must be hunted up in the different class-registers. [MEM. Whenever you write to the office, *always* mention the graduating year of your class.] Another young lady keeps account of the fees, and writes receipts to those who pay them, and quite frequently finds it necessary to search the big books for the address of a member who has forgotten to tell in what State he lives, and forgotten also that there are twenty-seven towns of that same name in the United States. [MEM. Always be sure to give your postoffice address fully.] A couple more of the staff are busy at certain seasons in filling and addressing the envelopes which are sent three or four times a year to upward of forty thousand people. It requires most of the time of one person to file the letters, postal cards and outline memoranda received from the members, for every scrap of writing sent by members of the C. L. S. C. is duly arranged in its alphabetical place, so that it can be referred to at any minute. The secretary herself sits at a table whereon stands a formidable pile of letters containing questions upon every subject imaginable (beside others unimaginable); outline memoranda to be examined, inquiries concerning seals on diplomas, a labyrinth so intricate that nobody except the secretary has the clue; requests for permission to substitute for the Required Reading Mac-Somebody's history of which nobody else has ever heard the name; and occasionally a letter which warms one's heart, as it tells of the blessing which the C. L. S. C. has brought to a far-away home. No letter remains long unanswered, and no inquiry, however slight, is passed by.

A very careful account is kept with each member of the C. L. S. C., so that quite a history could be written of each student's relation to the office. To each class of the Circle is assigned a large volume, ruled to supply blanks for all the data. In this the names of the members are enrolled in alphabetical order. Opposite each name are recorded the answers upon the application blank; receipts of fees of membership, with dates; receipts of outline memoranda, and a space for report as to the member's final destiny in the C. L. S. C., whether diploma or withdrawal.

The second of the two rooms at the headquarters might be, from its general appearance, either a postoffice or a dove-cote. It is cut up into pigeon holes, which fill it in every part, leaving only narrow aisles for passage. In these boxes are kept the envelopes which represent the members of the C. L. S. C. To every member is assigned a large manilla envelope, upon which is written the name and address; and into that envelope goes every letter received from the said member, with his outline memoranda, and answers to the questions on the application blank. The envelopes are constantly called into use, as letters from the members are frequent; and even after the class which they represent has graduated they are still kept, so that every application, letter, or outline memoranda, from the first day of the Circle's history can be recalled to view. Thus each member can be assured that his name will have a double title to be remembered in the generations to come. In the archives of the C. L. S. C. will be found his enrollment, upon the page of the volume containing the record of his class, and the envelope which bears his name and contains several specimens of his handwriting and signature.

We look forward to a day, it is to be hoped not far distant, when the office work of the C. L. S. C. shall enjoy more ample accommodations. Its growing numbers give increasing work and require larger room, and not long can the headquarters of the C. L. S. C. be kept within their present narrow bounds.

EVANGELISTS.

The term *Evangelist* literally means "publisher of glad tidings." It is met in the book of the Acts of the Apostles and in the writings of Paul, and though from the meager accounts we have of the organization and practical workings of the church in Paul's time it is difficult to determine the precise functions of those to whom it was applied, yet there is general accord in the notion that the Evangelists of the early church were a sort of under-missionaries working under direction of the apostles and preceding the pastors whose business it was to watch over and minister to the local organizations. The position of Evangelist was of great importance and usefulness. The name is bestowed in praise and honor by Paul on one of his most esteemed co-workers.

Although in the literal and best sense every man called to preach the Gospel is an Evangelist in that he is called to proclaim the "glad tidings," yet even in this nineteenth century as well as in the first, there is room and work for the Evangelist as he is conceived in the mind of Paul when he delivers his exhortation to Timothy. So long as there remain, whether within or without the pale of civilization, districts or localities whither the proclamation of "good news" has not come, there is a glorious sphere and mission for the Evangelist.

But not such is our latter-day, nineteenth century Evangelist, as he is commonly seen and known. He is not sent out by and under direction of the apostles, nor does he, as a rule, go in the name of any branch of the organized church. Not unto the heathen or pagan, not even unto the "waste places" where souls are in ignorance, perishing for lack of opportunity to hear the Gospel. No, the "Evangelist" in this age and country is an individual whose call has come in such a way that the organized church is often ignored. He does not precede civilization, but follows it on the railway train—not to the frontier, but to the goodly town or city. Once there, if his preference is consulted, it is not the "ragged portion," with its sin and neglect, but the most popular church with all its auxiliaries of organ, choir, comfortable inquiry room, and the pastor as first subordinate. For gathering a crowd he calls to his aid that valuable assistant, the press. He is a "magnetic" man. He usually brings along with him some marked improvements in methods and theology. The latter sometimes consist in a new and improved definition of conversion, and a short-cut path through the old-fashioned wilderness of repentance. A few weeks of "work," "hundreds of souls," a goodly number of collections for the Evangelist interlarded, and he moves on to the next engagement.

Now that he is gone let us look around and see what he has left behind him. He has made his impression, men say. Yes, and he has left impressions, also. Here is one of them: It is that the regular pastor, to whose zeal and faithfulness the whole work must be indebted if it is to abide and amount to anything, as a servant and workman of the Lord, is very inferior to the stranger who made such a stir during the few weeks of his sojourn. The impression obtains in the church that they need not expect conversions under the regular ministry, but must await the coming of another Evangelist. The result is the lessening of the pastor's influence in his church and community, and the education of the people to expect no more than a "tiding over" of the church till the time of another effort under similar leadership.

But not alone the church is educated to so think and expect, but the education reaches the minister also, and when this is so the result is simply deplorable. Bishop R. S. Foster in a recent address to a conference class has so well and truthfully expressed this result that we give his words: "It has become common in these days to say of preachers, 'this is a revival preacher, and this is not.' There is great harmfulness in the suggestion, for we tend to arrange ourselves around this point: We will be of the revival class, or not of the revival; as if any ministry dare to be anything but a revival ministry; as

if a man could be a minister without this power of the Holy Ghost. We must set out to make ourselves revival preachers, working preachers, that will make sinners feel the power of the truth. And perhaps at this point I may say that it will be well for us to take time and consider the field, for it has become a popular idea for us to supplement our ministry by calling in other people to help us out, by employing evangelists, irresponsibles, running over the land, and burning it to a cinder in many places, asking them to come in and do the work God expects us to do." If any one offers as an objection or protest against the above views the question, "What of Mr. Moody and others of signal success in this field of work?" we answer that when to the name of Moody is added a *few* others the list of their kind is exhausted. So we cite the proverb, "The exception proves the rule."

THE NEW TIME STANDARDS.

One of our humorists has wittily depicted the blank astonishment of ocean voyagers whose watches, "never out of order at home," utterly failed, as their owners journeyed to eastern lands, to keep pace with the flight of time. Each noon as the vessel's officers made their observations and set their chronometers with the advanced meridian reached, found the passengers' "Frodshams" lagging rearward. A matter, however, easily explained. Time is regulated by the sun. Wherever the sun is on a north and south line, or meridian, at that place it is noon, and the time obtained by such an observation (to say nothing of the equation of time) is "local" time. As, then, the vessel moved east, each day it met the sun (or rather the sun reached the meridian) earlier than on the day preceding, and all the watches and clocks had to be put ahead just as many minutes as equaled the number of minutes of longitude made by the vessel. In sailing west, the sun would arrive at the meridian later each day, and time-pieces would be too fast, and would have each day to be correspondingly "turned back."

Of course, the same thing occurs on land. If we travel east our watches become too slow; if west, too fast; and the traveler is constantly occupied comparing his local time with those of the places he visits and of the trains on which he is carried. If in Pittsburgh, he finds western trains running by Columbus time, twelve minutes slower than Pittsburgh; eastern trains *via* Pennsylvania Central R. R., nineteen minutes faster; and eastern trains on the Baltimore and Ohio road fourteen minutes faster—just four standards for one city.

After some fourteen years of discussion among scientists and railroad men, an expedient has been finally adopted by which one clock will exhibit the "time" of the whole world. And it is simply this: Since by the earth's revolution on its axis, any (all) point on the earth's surface passes through 360° every twenty-four hours, or at the rate of 15° each hour, the surface can be divided into twenty-four sections, each 15° of arc, or one hour of time, in breadth, having for its standard time, the time of its (the section's) middle meridian. This makes the difference in time between any two adjacent sections exactly one hour. Thus, if at Greenwich it is noon, from 7½° to 22½° west of Greenwich it is only 11:00 a. m., while in the section included by the meridians 7½° to 22½° east, it is 1:00 p. m. Or, when it is 3:25 p. m. at Greenwich, it is 2:25 and 4:25 p. m. respectively in the sections directly west and east of the Greenwich section; and 1:25 and 5:25 p. m. respectively in the next adjoining sections; and so on. Now applying this principle to our own country, we have the following scheme:

Meridian Standard.	Local time compared with Greenwich time.	Boundaries of Sections.	Name of time.
60° W.	4 hours slow.	52½° to 67½° W.	Eastern.
75° W.	5 " "	67½° to 82½° W.	Atlantic.
90° W.	6 " "	82½° to 97½° W.	Valley or Central.
105° W.	7 " "	97½° to 112½° W.	Mountain.
120° W.	8 " "	112½° to 127½° W.	Pacific.

From which it is readily seen we have but five instead of over fifty standards as heretofore; and that the time of any place can not vary more than thirty minutes from its own local time.

It is proposed that places located between the meridians given in the column headed "Boundaries of Sections," shall adopt the time named in the same line in the next right hand column headed "Name of Time;" for example, places located between the meridians 67½° and 82½° west will adopt "Atlantic" time, which is the local time of the 75th meridian, and is five hours slower than Greenwich and eight minutes 12.09 seconds faster than Washington time. It is not supposed, however, that this will be done as exactly as laid down in the table; for a railroad may be located principally in one section and extend a short distance into another; in which case it would not be worth while to change the standard for the short part. Thus, the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway has its eastern terminus in Pittsburgh, something over 100 miles east of the Central section, in which the main body of the road lies; and this road adopts Central time throughout its whole extent. In like manner, San Antonio and Austin, Texas, are both in the "Mountain" section, but will probably prefer to adopt "Central" time and be respectively thirty-three and thirty-one minutes slower, than to adopt "Mountain" time and be respectively twenty-seven and twenty-nine minutes faster than their local time; and this for the obvious reason that their business connections are much more extensive with the Central than the Mountain region. But these cases do not in the least interfere with the integrity of the general scheme. The minute-hands of all properly regulated time-pieces will always indicate the *same minute*, and all "times" can be estimated by the addition or subtraction of *entire hours*. And in this lies the beauty and simplicity of the device.

With great unanimity the railroads of the United States, and most of the principal cities of the Union have already and without a "jar" adjusted their business to this new basis; and it is to be presumed that as soon as the advantages are fully understood, some cities that are now hesitating will fall into line. The fact is, that while the adoption of the new plan would produce a wonderful uniformity, there would be a few cases in which the disturbance of local time seems great; but it is not any greater than in hundreds of cases where the old method is used. To exhibit the changes we give a few samples: In New Orleans the time is fourteen seconds slower than local time; in St. Louis, forty-nine seconds slower; in Denver, no difference; in Philadelphia, 38.45 seconds slower; in New York, three minutes 58.38 seconds faster; in Baltimore, six minutes slower; in Washington City, eight minutes twelve seconds slower; while in Kansas City the time is eighteen minutes 21.7 seconds slower; in Pittsburgh, twenty minutes three seconds faster; in Cincinnati, twenty-two minutes 18.58 seconds faster; and in Omaha, twenty-four minutes slower than the respective local times.

RESULTS.

By the new system, railroad towns would have a great advantage in that they could obtain their time with greater precision from the railroad clocks, which are regulated by signals from astronomical observatories. Inland towns having no observatories or telegraphs would of course, as they do now, obtain their time as best they could from adjoining cities.

In some places there would still have to be two standards, as in railroad centers; but there never need be more than two, and as these two will always be exactly one hour apart, the adjustment of working hours, business hours, school hours, etc., is a problem involving nothing more than the addition or subtraction of an hour.

The Geodetic Congress which met in Rome a few weeks since, and in which the United States was officially represented by General Cutts, of the Coast Survey, passed, unanimously, resolutions urging the adoption of this system for the whole world, with the meridian of Greenwich, as it always has been

and is now for all nautical calculations, the universal standard. A compliance with this recommendation would reduce, with our present time-pieces, the time of the world to twelve standards (our watches and clocks merely repeating themselves after crossing the 180th meridian), and enable a man to "circumnavigate the globe," and always have correct time without once changing the minute-hand of his watch.

PERE HYACINTHE.

This distinguished orator is again visiting our shores, and very many will avail themselves of the opportunity to listen to his almost peerless eloquence. His mission this time is to raise money, by means of lectures and appeals to the benevolent, for the work in which he is engaged in Paris. A glance just now at this man's remarkable career will be timely.

Father Hyacinthe's real name is Charles Loyson. He was born in Orleans, France, March 10, 1827, and is therefore now nearly fifty-seven years of age. He showed in boyhood some precocity, writing verses which were regarded remarkable for his years. For some years he was a student at the academy of Pau, which institution he left at the age of eighteen to become a student of theology in the school of St. Sulpice. After receiving priest's orders, he taught philosophy for a time at Avignon and theology at Nantes; then for ten years he was in charge of the parish of St. Sulpice. He was past thirty when he entered the convent of the Carmelites at Lyons as a novice. Two years after he became a member of the order, and began preaching in the lyceum at Lyons. He soon acquired great popularity here; and on visiting Bordeaux, Perigueux, and Paris, and giving courses of sermons in these several places, he made a wide and deep impression. It was about 1867 that the liberality of some of Father Hyacinthe's sentiments attracted notice. His orthodoxy became suspected, but his popularity continued to grow. We see him, in 1869, examined by the pope as to his doctrines, whom he seems to have convinced of

his substantial soundness. A little later, however, a great sensation was produced by some of his liberal utterances. The general of the order of Carmelites at Rome warned him that he must change his tone or cease from preaching. His reply to this order was so outspoken against certain practices of the church as to draw from Rome a threat of the major excommunication. He had been preaching in the church of Notre Dame, Paris, and was now prohibited from doing so longer.

It was soon after the opening of the breach between himself and the authorities of his church, in the autumn of 1869, that the great preacher made his first visit to America. His fame had preceded him, and by Protestants he was warmly welcomed. His stay was short, but those permitted to hear him in his few public addresses were ready to admit that his reputation was not amiss as one of the most consummate orators of modern times. The breach with Rome became wider. In 1870 the Pope released him from his monastic vows, and he has since been a secular priest. He earnestly protested against the dogma of papal infallibility proclaimed by the council of that year, and cast his lot for a time with the Old Catholics, headed by Döllinger. He soon chose for himself, however, an independent basis of action. Having, in public address, defended the right of the clergy to marry, he himself married an American lady in 1873, and is now the father of interesting children. His work latterly has been that of an independent preacher in the city of Paris. Like most independent movements, his own has not been a success. In breaking with Rome, he chose not to ally himself with Protestant Christians, and found himself unable to go with Old Catholics. He stands by himself, claiming to be a Catholic, but not a Papist. Of his perfect sincerity those who know him entertain no doubt; but the regret has doubtless been felt by very many that he could not have seen his way clear to devote his brilliant gifts to the cause of Protestant Christianity. The fame of his captivating oratory will long live; but he, perhaps, missed his opportunity to do a great work for the cause of truth in the earth.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN has steadily grown in favor with the public from the time it was first issued. Our old subscribers continue with us, and new ones are being added to the list daily. We are now printing thirty-five thousand copies every month. This circulation is evidence in itself of the rapid growth of the C. L. S. C., and of an increasing demand among reading people for substantial literature. The future of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the whole Chautauqua movement has never been so full of promise to those who are directing the work as it now is, as we enter the year 1884.

Sojourner Truth is dead. For more than half a century she has been a conspicuous figure, a negro woman, firmly advocating abolition and woman suffrage. Her musical bass voice was often used with tremendous effect in assemblies where she spoke for her favorite cause. Redeemed from slavery herself, she saw her children sold into bondage, but she lived to speak on the same platform with Garrison and Wendell Phillips for her cause, and at last to see her race enjoying freedom.

Two great religious celebrations marked the month of November. The anniversary of Martin Luther was observed by church people in all parts of the land, sermons and lectures made the air vocal with the praises of Luther and his deeds in behalf of spiritual Christianity. Our national Thanksgiving day was generally kept by a suspension of business, the hold-

ing of religious services, family gatherings and feasting. The observance of these two days indicates how strong a hold Christianity has upon the American people. Though God is not recognized in the Constitution of the United States, he is honored in a more practical way by being worshiped at the altars of his church, and in the hearts of his people.

Miss Frances E. Willard shows a degree of enterprise unequaled, in the naming of objects, when in her article elsewhere in this number she proposes to change the name of the world. She pays a fine compliment to the Pacific coast as a land of many charms, not the least of which are its elegant homes.

Lewis Miller, Esq., president of the Chautauqua Assembly and the C. L. S. C., has rendered an invaluable service to the Assembly by his wise counsel and unceasing labors ever since the death of Mr. A. K. Warren, last summer. It is expected that the trustees will elect a secretary to succeed Mr. Warren at their meeting in January.

In the fall elections the Republicans defeated General Butler in Massachusetts, retrieved themselves in Pennsylvania, and elected part of their ticket in New York State, in the face of nearly 200,000 majority against them one year ago, but in Ohio they lost the control of the State government, and in Virginia the Mahone party received a terrible reverse. The immediate

effect of these changes is, new hope springs up in the hearts of the Republican leaders that they shall be able to elect the next President.

The contest for the election of Speaker of the House of Representatives presented this new phase of politics in the Democratic party: There was a Northern faction which supported Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and a Southern faction, which proved to be the stronger of the two, which elected Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky. In the history of this nation a great party has been hopelessly divided by a cause of less import than is seen in this contest for the Speakership.

The tariff may come into prominence as a great political issue in the Presidential contest of 1884, and it may be kept out of the battle entirely. The Democratic party has the power to choose the battle ground, and to say over what issue the voters shall wage the war.

The divorce laws of the states are so diversified and are working so much mischief to the family and society, that it would be a safe and easy way out of our troubles if our National Congress would give us a wholesome law on divorce. Eminent lawyers say "there is no principle in the Constitution to prevent it." It would be in the interest of the whole people—and guard the family, which is the very foundation of national life. A copyright law or a bankrupt law are no more national than a divorce law would be.

The lace industry is a most valuable business in France. We know little about it, only as the article is used for decorating the persons and homes of the American people. To Culbert, the protectionist, the rise and growth of this business may be traced. Two hundred and fifty thousand people in France are engaged in its manufacture, and its products are valued at about \$20,000,000 annually. Here is an opening for enterprising American capitalists who are seeking places to invest their money, and as a branch of manufacturing in this country, it would be an opportunity for thousands of needy women to find remunerative and agreeable employment.

It is reported in literary circles that "Anthony Trollope was excluded from *Good Words* (a London religious magazine) because he introduced a dance into a story." If this be true, it shows the sentiment of religious society in England on the dance; to say the least, it is strong evidence that the editor of *Good Words* knows what would offend the taste of his readers, and has the courage to exclude it from his columns.

"The Boston School Committee has tried the experiment of industrial training for about two years on a small scale among the boys in the Dwight school building. About five hours per week have been devoted to mechanical work. The boys have been taught the proper use of tools, and many of the lads have shown such proficiency and have made such rapid progress in this new branch of education that it has been decided to make it a permanent feature of the Boston schools for boys. The subject was brought up in November at a meeting of the School Board, and was favorably considered. The Superintendent of Schools, Professor Seaver, said the objection had been raised that too much time might be taken from other studies. His belief was that, if necessary, it would be better to abandon some other studies and give more time to one that was calculated to give the boys some information of practical value—one that would enable them to become useful members of society early in life, rather than ornamental boys. It was finally voted to request the City Council to appropriate \$2,500 for the equipment and maintenance of a manual training school in the basement of the Latin school building. It is the intention to devote ten hours per week to the new system."

The average daily movement of the wind on the top of Mount Washington in October last was 619 miles; highest tem-

perature 54° 5'; lowest, 6°. The highest velocity of the wind was 94 miles an hour, from the west. There were three inches of snow on the summit at the close of October.

With the introduction of the electric light into the streets of our towns and cities, we meet a new danger from broken wires, charged with electricity, hanging in the air. In New York City, last month, an electric light pole was broken and the wires fell to the ground, when a runaway horse had a strange experience. An officer at Mr. Bergh's office said: "We had no occasion to use the ambulance. The horse seemed to have become entangled in the wires after falling and to have become so charged with electricity that it was unable to get up. The driver received a shock from the horse's body in attempting to lift it, and was thrown violently to the ground. I understood that several others who attempted to help the horse had the same experience. Word was finally sent to the Brush supply office in Twenty-fifth street, and I understood the electricity was cut off from the circuit while the horse was released. The animal was able to walk, and was taken to the stables. I am told that even the harness was so charged with electricity that it was dangerous to touch it." The people must be educated to keep hands off these wires, or what would be a better plan, all companies should be obliged to lay their wires under ground.

A Law and Order League has been organized in St. Louis for the purpose of securing to the city an honest local government.

"The traveler along the highway a mile or so above the village of North Haverhill, N. H., finds," says *The Boston Journal*, "a small graveyard which contains the remains of brave McIntosh, the leader of the Boston Tea Party. For seventy years spring flowers have blossomed and winter winds have blown over a grave unmarked by stone and known to but a few aged people now living who remember his burial. He fills a pauper's grave, having died in the vicinity of 1810 or 1811, at the house of a Mr. Hurlburt, who resided at what is now known as the Poor Farm, and to whose care he had been bid off as a public pauper by public auction as the lowest bidder, according to ye ancient custom, and as recorded upon the town records. That he was the leader without a doubt there is abundant proof, and that to his memory should be erected a suitable monument commemorative of the man and deed would be simple justice."

The unusual fact is reported that in Chicago the wife of the bookkeeper in a National Bank, on discovering recently that her husband was dishonest, went to the president and told him of the fact. In noticing this remarkable circumstance the *Inter-Ocean* says: "Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in Chicago and elsewhere in the country, we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation." The same is true, almost or quite without exception, of the female employes of the government, and their superior skill in counting and handling money has been attested by General Spinner. They are not only more expert in this, but they are sharper eyed than the men. A counterfeit can seldom pass their scrutiny undetected. Indeed, they seem to have a sort of clairvoyance for fraud. Yet some Congressmen, who are chiefly anxious to wield patronage to reward their constituents, favor the exclusion of women from clerkships. They are not merely ungallant, but opposed to faithfulness and economy in the public service.

The great cantilever bridge just completed over Niagara River has been constructed for a double railroad track. It is about three hundred feet above the old railroad suspension bridge, spanning a chasm eight hundred and seventy feet wide between the bluffs, and over two hundred feet deep.

In the Chautauqua School of Theology the reports from departments show a large increase of students for the past month.

The total number now enrolled is as follows: Hebrew, 38; Greek, 132; Doctrinal Theology, 85; Practical Theology, 116; Historical Theology, 25.

The Hon. James G. Blaine excited considerable discussion in the political world during the past month by a letter he published in the *Philadelphia Press*. He objects to distributing the surplus revenue collected by the government among the States, but believes that the income from the tax on distilled spirits might be so divided. This places both Mr. Blaine and the government in an unenviable position. It is blood-money—yes—blood-money. Like the money Judas received for betraying Jesus Christ into the hands of his enemies, so the tax on rum is the price the government has received for betraying innocent wives and children and weak men into the hands of their enemies. Mr. Blaine is a pronounced prohibitionist, and as such he would do well to have as little as possible to do with the tax on rum. It is a dangerous question to handle, in any but one way, and that is for the government to abolish this particular tax by prohibiting the traffic in spirituous liquors.

Any one west of the Mississippi desiring a class badge of '85 can procure it of the Secretary, Mamie M. Schenck, Osage City, Kansas, by sending the sum of ten (10, cents).

Every one in the northeastern States remembers the brilliant sunsets that occurred in the latter part of November. The persistent, intense, red light that streamed up the sky almost to the zenith, was so unusual a phenomenon that many theories have been given in explanation. Of course the first was that of unusual refraction produced by differences of density in the atmosphere; but as the light was observed so far, so long, and before sunrise as well as after sunset, another explanation seems necessary. Prof. Brooks, of western New York, has advanced a reasonable explanation in the suggestion that it was caused by reflection from clouds of meteoric dust in the upper portion of the atmosphere. In confirmation of this, Prof. Brooks claims to have discovered, on the night of November 28, a shower of telescopic meteors near the place in the sky where the sun had set.

The annual report from the United States Mint shows that the total amount of gold and silver received and worked during the year was \$87,758,154, of which \$49,145,559 was gold and \$38,612,595 was silver. The coinage consisted of 98,666,624 pieces, worth \$66,200,705. Of this amount \$28,111,119 was in standard silver dollars. The total amount of fractional silver

in the country is \$235,000,000. The earnings of the mints during the year were \$5,215,509, and the expenses \$1,726,285. The total value of the gold and silver wasted at the four coining mints was \$30,084, while there was a gain from surplus bullion recovered amounting to \$62,658. The director estimates the total coin circulation of the United States, on July 1, 1883, at \$765,000,000, of which \$537,000,000 was gold and \$228,000,000 silver. The estimate on October 1, 1883, was \$544,512,699 of gold, and \$235,291,623 of silver.

The "Children's Aid Society" of New York City held its annual meeting in the American Exchange Bank, in December. It could appropriately be called a society for "diminishing crime and vice," because that is just what the Society is doing among neglected and wicked children. The secretary said: "There were during the past year, in our six lodging houses, 13,717 different boys and girls; 297,399 meals and 231,245 lodgings were supplied. In the twenty-one day and fourteen evening schools were 14,132 children, who were taught, and partly fed and clothed; 3,449 were sent to homes, mainly in the West; 1,599 were aided with food, medicine, etc., through the 'Sick Children's Mission'; 4,140 children enjoyed the benefits of the 'Summer Home' at Bath, L. I. (averaging about 300 per week); 489 girls have been instructed in the use of the sewing machine in the Girls' Lodging House and in the industrial schools; \$10,136.12 has been deposited in the Penny Savings Banks. Total number under charge of the Society during the year, 37,037. The treasurer, George S. Coe, reports that \$251,713.94 was received and \$255,865 paid out."

Any person owning a complete set of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for 1880-1881, with which they are willing to part, may dispose of the same at our office. We will send for the first volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* the fourth volume, or will pay the original price, \$1.50.

The holiday season will bring a brief respite from study, to members of the C. L. S. C. as it does to students in colleges and universities, and indeed we may say, as it does to business and professional men, and everybody. It is a time of good cheer, of merry-making and rejoicing, for Christmas-tide is the most joyful of all our holiday seasons in the suggestions of the day itself, and in the freedom and intensity of feeling with which it is observed. It marks the end of the old year with an exclamation point, and we bow it out with a shout of joy. As the year 1884 comes in, to our scores of thousands of readers we say, *A Happy New Year to you all.*

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JANUARY.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

P. 26.—"Benignus," be-nig'nus. The benign; generous.

"Contumax," con-tu'max. The rebellious; stubborn.

P. 29.—"Theomisey," the-om'is-ey. The author has coined the term from the Greek words for "God" and "Hate," and it means a hatred of God.

P. 32.—"Factitious," fak-tish'us. Factitious ideas are those which have been formed by the thinker, and are opposed to those which are simple and natural; conventional, artificial.

P. 37.—"Criterion," cri-te'ri-on. A rule or test by which actions, facts and judgments are tried.

P. 38.—"Scythians." The inhabitants of Scythia, a country whose borders were never distinctly defined. As described by Herodotus it included parts of eastern Europe and western Asia, its southern bound-

ary being a portion of the Black Sea. Scythia was afterward the name given to a section of Asia north of the Oxus.

"Northmen." The Scandinavian tribes, or the Swedes, Danes and Norwegians.

P. 39.—"Pope." (1688-1744.) An English poet. From early boyhood he was a student and writer. At thirteen he began a course of self-education, and at twelve wrote his "Ode to Solitude." The "Pastorals," his first published work, placed him at twenty-one among the first poets of his time, and introduced him to literary circles. In 1711 his "Essay on Criticism" appeared, and soon after the "Rape of the Lock." Pope's translation of the *Iliad* was the first of his works which was a financial success. In 1725 he edited an edition of Shakspeare, and in 1728 produced "The Dunciad," an attack on various contemporaneous scribblers. Of his other writings the "Moral Essays" are best known.

Pope was never married. He was a little, weakly man, critical, narrow, vain, and often untruthful, but withal generous, clear-minded, and true to his friends.

P. 40.—“Fane.” A place dedicated to some deity; hence a place dedicated for worship.

P. 41.—“Republic.” A work of Plato's, in which he sets forth his ideas of an ideal commonwealth. It treats of both Church and State, but is impracticable for the existing conditions of society.

P. 42.—“Petronius,” pe-tro’ni-us. The period at which he lived is uncertain, but he probably belonged to the age of the Emperor Nero. (A. D. 37-68.) The work here quoted describes the adventures of several young and dissipated men in southern Italy. Only fragments of it remain.

P. 42.—“Seneca.” See C. L. S. C. Notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

P. 43.—“Bengal,” ben-gawl’. One of the ten political provinces of India. It is in the extreme east of the peninsula, and includes the regions lying about the mouth of the Ganges and Bramapootra rivers, and the adjacent hill regions.

“Medhurst.” (1796-1857.) An English missionary who spent most of his life in Java and China. Of the latter country and its people he wrote much. He translated the Bible into Chinese, beside publishing the “Chinese Repository,” a “Chinese and English Dictionary,” etc. “China, its Fate and Prospects” is still a book of high authority.

“Buddha,” bööd’da. The name not of a particular teacher, but of a class of deified teachers among the Buddhists. Great numbers of them have appeared at different times as saviors of the race. The Buddha of the present period is called Sakyamuni.

“Kalé,” ka’lee. The name of one of the many forms of *Doorga* a terrible goddess, so popularly and variously worshiped in Hindoostan. The goddess assumed the name Kalé on the occasion of a battle with a thousand-headed giant-demigod whom she slew. Her most common image is that of a black, or very dark colored woman, with four arms, the upper left arm holding a cimeter, the lower left a human head by the hair. Around her waist as a covering she wears a string of bloody human hands, with an immense necklace of human skulls reaching below the knees. Kalé is a female *Satan*, a most sanguinary goddess, and as terrible as anything the imagination can picture. The ceremonies of her worship require the sacrifice of animals and human beings, and are in keeping with the terrible character they adore.

P. 44.—“Apotheosis,” a-po-the’o-sis. To place among the gods; to deify.

P. 46.—“Numa.” The first king of the Romans. His time is uncertain. He was selected from among the Sabines, after the death of Romulus, and introduced many valuable institutions and laws.

“Augustan Age.” That period in which the Roman mind reached its highest point of culture and activity. Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and many others adorned this period. It was called Augustan from Augustus Caesar, the reigning emperor.

“Jahn,” Otto. (1813-1869.) A German philologist. He studied in the best schools of Europe and held professorships in various universities. He was very liberal in his views, and became famous as an archæologist and philologist. Among his works are editions of Latin classics, a life of Mozart, essays on art, and various miscellaneous papers.

P. 47.—“Allegories.” That is, that the teachings concerning the gods were figurative stories, explaining the facts of human nature and the mysteries of the external world.

“Dionysius.” See Notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October.

“Tholuck,” to’look. Friedrich August Gottreu. (1799-1877.) A German theologian, educated in Berlin, and afterward a professor there. He was transferred to Halle in 1826, where he spent the rest of his life. An eminent Christian, his doctrine at first met with opposition from the rationalism of the university, but changed the views of the majority of the faculty. He left eleven volumes on theology and philosophy.

P. 50.—“Chaotic,” ka-ot’ic. Confused, disordered; like chaos.

P. 53.—“Consanguinity,” kón’san-gwín’i-ty.

P. 56.—“Attrition,” at-trish’un. Wearing away, produced by constant friction.

P. 57.—“Conservator,” con’ser-va’tor. A keeper, preserver.

“Tabularasa.” A blank tablet.

“Concatenation,” con-cât’e-ná’tion. A series of connected events, depending upon one another.

P. 62.—“Concomitant,” con-com’i-tant. A companion; a person or thing connected with another.

“Swedenborg.” (1688-1772.) A native of Sweden educated at Upsal. For several years after leaving the university he was engaged in literary work. Having been appointed Assessor of the College of Mines he assisted the king, Charles XII., in his military operations, until after the death of the latter. His life was spent in scientific pursuits until 1745, when he claimed to have been called of God to reveal a new system of truth. The remainder of his life was spent in work upon the books which explained this system. Briefly, he claimed: One God, revealed to man through Christ; a trinity of principles, not persons; a redemption produced not by vicarious suffering, but by the conquest of the powers of hell; this victory restored to man his spiritual freedom, and gave him an opportunity to work out his salvation; the necessary features of religion are faith and an avoidance of sin. He claimed to reveal a new church—the New Jerusalem of Rev. xxiii—and his followers call themselves members of the “New Jerusalem.” His teachings concerning the future world are to be found in “Heaven and Hell,” and his theology is explained in “True Christian Religion.” Swedenborg claimed his writings to have been revealed in communications with the spirit world, and to the last affirmed his own honesty.

“Irvine,” Edward. (1792-1834.) A Scottish minister educated at Edinburgh, and in 1822 ordained to preach. Having been called to a small church in London he soon attracted, by his eloquence, an immense congregation of the nobility, the learned, and famous. Soon a new church was built for him. In 1825 he began to preach the second advent of Christ as a near event, and also to teach that the nature of Christ was one with ours, even in its infirmities and liabilities to sin, a doctrine which led to much controversy. In 1830 it was reported that supernatural phenomena were taking place in parts of Scotland. Irvine became convinced that the manifestations were divine. Soon after they appeared in his congregation and he published an account of them in Fraser’s Magazine. As a result he lost his popularity, was driven from his church, and set aside by the Scottish presbytery. Irvine’s followers obtained a place of worship and established what is now known as the Catholic Apostolic Church. Irvine claimed to have received ordination from the spirit to preach to this body, and was made bishop a position he held until his death.

“Elymas,” el’y-mas. See Acts xiii; 6-7-8.

“Smith,” Joseph. (1805-1844.) The founder of the Mormons. He first attracted attention by his “Book of the Mormons,” which he pretended to have discovered and translated under angelic guidance. He founded a church at Manchester, N. Y., which was soon moved to Kirtland, Ohio, thence to Missouri, where the conduct of the leaders so incensed the public that they were driven from the country. Smith next located his band in Illinois, but attempting to introduce polygamy as a revealed doctrine, the outraged inhabitants revolted, and in the raid Smith was killed.

P. 67.—“Beelzebub.” The name of the supreme god among all the Syro-Phœnician peoples was Baal, i. e., lord, or owner; and by adding to it *zebub*, insect, the proper name Baalzebub was formed; the fly-god, the avener of insects.

P. 68.—“Typhon.” In Egyptian mythology Typhon (or Set) was the manifestation of the abstract principle of evil, and at first equally honored with Osiris, the principle of good. Afterward he became the god of sin, and so was at war with Osiris, and an enemy of men. It is said that in the tenth dynasty the priesthood, fearing that Typhon was going to conquer in the conquest between good and evil, obtained a royal decree, ratified by sacerdotal order, to banish him out of Egypt.

“Serapis,” ser-a’pis. The worship of Serapis prevailed in the time of the Ptolemies. It is fabled that in the contest of Typhon and Osiris the latter was slain. He returned to earth in a second existence as the god Serapis. The name is thought to be a compound of Osiris and Apis, the soul of the former having entered the body of the bull. The worship of Serapis continued in Egypt long after the Christian era, and was even introduced into Italy.

P. 69.—“Isis.” Isis and Osiris were the only gods worshiped by all the Egyptians. Isis was represented as the wife of Osiris, and with him

one of the great benefactors of the people, he having introduced the plow, and she having taught them how to cultivate grain. As the Greeks influenced somewhat the religion of Egypt, she became the goddess of the moon. The worship of Isis was introduced into Italy in the first century, A. D., and a fine temple built to her at Rome. The ruins of a temple of Isis have been unearthed at Pompeii. In works of art she is represented with the face of Juno, wearing a long tunic, a lotus flower on her head, and in her hand the peculiar Egyptian musical instrument called the sistrum.

"Osiris," o-si'ris. The husband of Isis. He was called "the king of life," "the king of gods," and "ruler of eternity." He introduced civilization among the Egyptians and traveled through many countries, helping the people. He was murdered by Typhon, his brother, and his body thrown into the river Nile. He is represented as having a human form, and always the head of a man. He is colored green, as the god of vivification. His sacred symbols are the evergreen, the tamarisk, and a sort of Ibis with two long plumes at the back of the head.

P. 89.—"Succinctly," suc-sinct'ly. Briefly, concisely.

P. 99.—"Periphrasis," pe-riph'ra-sis. A periphrase; several words used to express an idea; a circumlocution.

P. 107.—"Holocaust," hól'o-caust. A burnt offering, the whole of which was consumed by fire.

P. 138.—"Poarch." The disciples of the poarch were the stoics, or followers of Zeno. See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

"Academy." The disciples of Plato, who taught in a garden near the academy.

P. 149.—"Tacitus." See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October.

"Pliny." See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

P. 148.—"Dulia," dú'li-a. The word comes from the Greek word for slave, and is applied to the worship of an inferior being, as of the saints.

"Juggernaut," jág'ger-naut'. Meaning in Hindoo the lord of the world. One of the most popular of Hindoo idols. His temple is at a town on the Bay of Bengal, and the shrine is considered the most holy in Hindostan. At least one million of people visit there every year. The temple contains several idols. The great festival of Juggernaut occurs in March of each year. The idol is taken from the temple on a ponderous wheeled platform, and is drawn by a crowd of men and women. It is said that votaries in their excitement have cast themselves under the wheels and been crushed, but this has not occurred for several years.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

GERMAN HISTORY.

P. 189, c. 1.—"Charlemagne." After the death of Charlemagne, 814, the kingdom fell to his son Louis. In 843 it was divided between the three sons of the latter. The kingdom remained with the Carolingian house until 911, when the dynasty became extinct. The entire country was divided into many territories or states ruled by dukes, and the election of the king was given to them. After the death of the last of the Carolingians the electors chose Conrad I., a Franconian, after whom the Saxons held the throne until 1024. The Franconians succeeded, ruling until 1125, when the Hohenstaufen dynasty began. This latter ended with the death of Conrad IV., in 1254.

"Interregnum." The first meaning of the word is the time between the death of one king and the accession of his successor; hence a time in which the execution of the government is suspended. Here it refers to an extended period between the death of Conrad IV., 1254, and the rise of the house of Hapsburg. Rudolph I. was the first of this line, and was chosen in 1273, but the house did not become strong until about the time of the Reformation, after which time until the death of the empire, in 1806, it was almost stationary on the throne.

"Dark Ages." In the broadest sense the term "dark ages" refers to a period extending from the fifth century to about the middle of the fifteenth, in which the intellectual activity of Europe was at its lowest point, and corresponding almost to the middle ages. As used here, however, "dark ages" refers to a period in the literary life of Germany, particularly in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. After the time of the Minnesänger and the poets of chivalry there followed nearly two hundred years of great decay in literature. Hallam in his "Literary History," quotes Herren as saying that the thirteenth century was one of the most unfruitful for the study of ancient literature, and Leibnitz as declaring that the tenth century was a golden age of learning compared with the thirteenth; and says himself: "The fourteenth century was not in the slightest degree superior to the preceding age."

"Huss." (1273-1415.) Born at Hussintz, near the border of Bavaria, and educated at Prague, where he afterward became a professor. Having been installed as a preacher he began to declare against the vices of the clergy and the extravagant expenditures in ornamenting the churches. Huss had been made rector of the university, and his bold speech brought about a war between the archbishop of the cathedral at Prague, and the university. The archbishop had burned the writings of Wickliffe, and Huss declared against the act, using such strong arguments that the former was condemned. The charge of heresy was soon after raised against Huss; he was condemned and ordered to leave Prague. He did not remain away long, but was brought back by his zealous partisans. His doctrines, however, again brought down the papal wrath, and he was pronounced a heretic. He continued to preach and write until summoned in 1414 to a general council at Constance.

After a long delay the council condemned him as a heretic, and he was burned at the stake. D'Aubigne says in his "History of the Reformation," "He seemed to enter more deeply than all who had gone before him into the essence of Christian truth. But he attacked rather the lives of the clergy than the errors of the church. And yet he was, if we may be allowed the expression, the John the Baptist of the Reformation. The flames of his martyrdom kindled a fire which shed an extensive light in the midst of the general gloom, and was destined not to be speedily extinguished."

"Henry IV." His father, Henry III., died when the boy was but five years old. His mother was not strong enough to hold in order the nobles of the kingdom, and when Henry was thirteen years old, the regency was seized by an archbishop. After Henry's trouble with the pope, here related, he returned to Germany to find that a new king, called the priest's king, had been elected. Henry immediately appointed a new pope, and began war against Rudolph, the new king. Having defeated him he went to Italy, besieged Rome, and after three years took the city and was crowned emperor. His triumph was short, for his sons soon after rebelled, and Heinrich called his father to sign his own abdication. The old king soon after died in great poverty.

P. 189, c. 2.—"Simony," sim'o-ny. The term is derived from the proper name Simon, who wished to buy the power of the Holy Ghost, (Acts, vii.,) and is applied to the practice of buying ecclesiastical preferment, and of raising parties to church positions for reward.

"Worms," wurmz. A city of Hesse on the Rhine. It is one of the oldest of German cities, and was the scene of the Nibelungenlied. Many diets of the empire were held there.

"Mayence," ma'yangs. The French for Mentz. A city of Germany on the left bank of the Rhine, near its conjunction with the Main. It has been an important city since the time of the Romans. Gutenberg was born and died there.

"Augsburg," owgs'burg. A city of Bavaria, first established by Augustus in the first century. For several centuries it was free, and a most important commercial center.

P. 190, c. 1.—"Canossa," ca-nos'sa. A town in the northeastern part of Italy.

"Parma." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December.

"Holy Feme." These tribunals rose in the twelfth century and disappeared in the sixteenth. Sir Walter Scott, in "Anne of Geierstein," has given an account of the Westphalian Fehmgericht, as it was called.

"Westphalia," west-phá'li-a. A western province of Prussia, bordering on Holland.

"Dortmund," dort'móont. A town of Prussia in the province of Westphalia.

"Hildebrand," híl'de-brand. (1018?-1085.) Pope Gregory VII. He was educated in a monastery and became a monk. Having been

made prior of the abbey of St. Paul, he reformed many abuses and became prominent in the church. He at first refused the office of pope, but was compelled to accept. He immediately, on taking the position, instituted strong measures against simony and the licentiousness of the clergy. He summoned Henry to Rome to answer for his conduct, when there followed the trouble already related. Just before the capture of Rome the pope fled. Although Robert Guiscard soon after triumphed over his (the pope's) enemies, his health was broken, and he retired to Salerno, where he died. His last words are said to have been: "I have loved righteousness and hated wickedness, therefore do I die in exile."

"Peter the Lombard." (1100?-1160.) An Italian theologian. He was a pupil of Abè, and the tutor to the son of the king of France. He afterward became a professor in the university of Paris, and bishop of the city. His greatest work was a collection of passages from the church fathers on doctrinal points. This is still in repute.

"Seven Sacraments." The seven sacraments of both the Latin and Greek Churches are: Baptism, confirmation, penance, the eucharist, extreme unction, order or ordination, and matrimony.

"Eugene IV." (1383-1447.) Pope from 1431 until his death. During this period two important councils were held; that of Basel, in which there were efforts made to heal the Hussite schism, reform the clergy, and bring about a union between the eastern and western churches and the council of Florence. Eugene's term was embittered by civil wars and the outbreaks of numerous enemies.

"Transubstantiation." The Roman Catholic Church believes the bread and the wine used in the eucharist to be converted into the body and blood of Christ.

"Lateran," lat'e-ran. In the Lateran Church at Rome have been held eleven important historical councils. The fourth, at which this doctrine was proclaimed, occurred in November, 1215, and is said to have been "the most important ecclesiastical council ever convened."

"Auricular," au-ric'u-lar. Literally, told in the ear.

P. 190, c. 2.—"Council of Trent." The nineteenth œcumenical council was caused by Luther's doctrines. It began in 1545, and after twenty-five public sessions, adjourned in 1563. The chief results of the council were: Tradition was declared to be equally with the Bible a standard of faith; the Catholic doctrines of sin, justification and the sacraments were defined; and the doctrines of extreme unction, ordination, celibacy, marriage, purgatory, relics, indulgences, etc., were promulgated.

"Gutenberg," goo'ten-bérg. (1400-1468.) The partnership between Faust and Gutenberg was closed in five years (1455) because Gutenberg failed to pay the money advanced. After this Gutenberg carried on a printing house alone until, in 1465, he entered the services of Adolphus of Nassau, as a gentleman of court.

"Faust," fowst. He was a rich goldsmith, and probably had nothing to do with the invention of printing. The books produced by this firm were an indulgence, "An appeal to Christendom against the Turks," and a celebrated Latin Bible called the Mazarin Bible. After the dissolution of this firm Schœffer and Faust carried on the business.

"Schœffer, shô'fer.

P. 191, c. 1.—"Schwartz," shwartz. His true name was Aucklitz, but his fondness for magic, called the *black art*, led to his surname of Schwartz, which in German means black. It is considered by many that Schwartz applied the use of gunpowder to war and the chase, as its composition was supposed to have been known before his time.

"Agincourt," a'zhîn-koor. A town on the road from Calais to Paris, where, in 1415, Henry V., of England, defeated the French army. See "Pictures from English History," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June, 1883.

"Eisleben," is'la-ben. A town of Saxony of some 13,000 inhabitants. It is interesting as the place where Luther was born and died. The house in which he died still stands.

"St. Martin's Day." The day appropriated to St. Martin in the saints' calendar. He was a pope of the Catholic Church in the seventh century. As he opposed the spread of the doctrine of Monothelitism, or the doctrine that Christ had but one will in his two natures, and, as well, opposed the edict of the ruling emperor, which forbade all discussion on this subject, he was stripped of his clerical honors and banished. He is honored as a martyr.

"Raphael," rāf'a-el. (1483-1520.) The most famous of Italian painters.

"Copernicus," ko-per'ni-kūs. (1473-1543.) He first studied medicine and afterward spent some time in Italy, studying astronomy, where he also taught mathematics. In 1503 he returned to Prussia as a clergyman. He found time from his duties to study astronomy, and began to investigate the Ptolemaic system, for which he substituted the planetary system. The arguments and proofs of this system he published in six volumes, the first copy of which was placed in his hands the day of his death.

"Eisenach," i'zen-ak. A city of Germany on the borders of the Thuringian forest. The castle of Wartburg is near the town.

"Erfurt," ér'fóort. A city of Saxony of about 43,000 inhabitants. The most interesting building there is the old Augustine convent, where Luther lived; it is now used for an asylum for orphans.

"Elector." This elector was Friedrich the Wise, of Saxony. (1463-1525.) He founded the university at Wittenberg, and, although not thoroughly in favor of the Reformation, he protected Luther through his whole life. D'Aubigne says of him: "Friedrich was precisely the prince that was needed for the cradle of the Reformation. Too much weakness on the part of those friendly to the work might have allowed it to be crushed. Too much haste would have caused too early an explosion of the storm that from its origin gathered against it. Friedrich was moderate, but firm. He possessed that Christian grace which God has in all times required from his worshipers—he waited for God."

"Wittenberg." A town of Saxony of about 12,000 inhabitants. The great elector, Luther and Melancthon are buried here. The town is interesting to art students for several pictures of Cranach's which it contains. Schadow's statue of Luther is here, and also one of Melancthon by Drake (see Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December). The university of Wittenberg was united to that of Halle in 1815.

P. 191, c. 2.—"Scholasticism." Methods of argument and of philosophy, which are very pedantic or subtle, are said to suit the schools or scholars; that is, they are scholastic.

"Aristotelianism," ar'is-to-té-li-an-ism. The methods of argument and the philosophy of the time was that of Aristotle; hence the name.

"Papal Indulgences." The Roman Catholic Church claims that when a sin is committed after baptism, the truly penitent must confess and receive sacramental absolution, but that after this there is a temporal penalty which the sinner must undergo in this world or the next. In the early church, when very severe penance was required of notorious sinners, it was sometimes softened by the prayers or intercessions of outside parties to the pope; this was termed indulgence. When the nations of northern Europe joined the Catholic Church, a custom formed among them was adopted as suitable for penitential atonement. Among these peoples, persons guilty of murder or theft could purchase exemption from the injured parties. When this practice was first admitted the church used the money for the poor, in redeeming captives, and in public worship. Abuses soon followed. The people confounded the remission of temporal penalties with the remission of sins, and the church adopted this method of raising money for the Crusades, to build churches, and finally to enable the popes to gratify their personal extravagance. The abuse was at its height with Tetzel. The council of Trent condemned these measures, and since there have been no conspicuous abuses.

"Tetzel," tét'sel. (1460?-1519.) He was educated at Leipsic, and after entering his order, was frequently employed as a vender of indulgences. He is usually represented as a very immoral man, and his abuse of the indulgence system to have been most flagrant. Catholic historians claim that these statements are overdrawn, although they admit his indiscretion. After his trouble with Luther, Tetzel seems to have lost all his influence with the public.

"Theses." Here are a few examples of these theses:

1. When our Master and Lord Jesus Christ says 'Repent,' he means that the whole life of his faithful servants upon earth should be a constant and continual repentance.

32. Those who fancy themselves sure of their salvation by indulgences will go to the devil with those who teach them this doctrine.

43. We must teach Christians that he who gives to the poor, or lends to the needy, does better than he who buys an indulgence.

95. For it is better, through much tribulation, to enter into the kingdom of heaven than to gain a carnal security by the consolations of a false peace.

"Cajetan," or Cajetan, kăj'e-ta'nus. (1469-1534.) A Dominican monk of superior education. He had held several high offices when sent to Germany to hear Luther. Afterward he went on several important embassies.

"Vicar General." This was Johann Staupitz, a man of superior character and learning. He was a friend of Frederic the Wise, and under his directions the latter had founded the university of Wittenberg. It was he who had secured a professorship for Luther there. In 1522 Staupitz became the abbot of a Benedictine convent.

P. 192, c. 1.—"Melancthon," me-lănk'thon. (1497-1560.) Called the second leader of the Lutheran Reformation. After a most careful education at Heidelberg and Tübingen he was given a professorship at Wittenberg, in 1518. He at once became a warm friend of Luther and the Reformation. His remarkable learning in classic literature and in Bible study, with his clear mind and elegant style, at once made him the most prominent teacher in the university. Although offered professorships at other universities, he would never leave Wittenberg. He devoted himself to theology, but was never ordained. His work was mainly done by writing. He wrote many sermons, defended Luther against Dr. Eck, wrote a system of Protestant theology, several commentaries, and helped Luther in his translation of the Bible. It was Melancthon who drew up the "Augsburg Confession," which became the principal book of the Lutheran church. Melancthon was mild and peace loving, presenting a great contrast to Luther. They were, however, friends to the last, though not always agreeing on the measures to be adopted. After Luther's death Melancthon became the leader of the German Reformation, and so remained until his death.

"Jonas." (1493-1555.) A theologian who became a professor at Wittenberg in 1521. He joined Luther in his great movement, and was with him at the diet at Worms. He also assisted in Luther's translation of the Bible. Having become a preacher at Halle he was banished, and went to Eisleben, where he died.

"Nuncio," nūn'shi-ō. A messenger, or literally one who carries something new. The word is generally applied to a messenger from the pope to a king or emperor.

"Altenburg," al'ten-burg. A town of about 20,000 inhabitants. The capital of a duchy of the German empire, bearing the same name.

"Eck." (1486-1543.) He had been a profound student of theology, and was a powerful opponent in argument. He first appeared as an adversary of Luther, in notes made on the Thesis. After the discussion mentioned he went to Rome to urge severe measures against the reformers, and through his entire life tried to heal the breach in the church.

P. 192, c. 2.—"Perseus," per'se-us. A hero of Grecian legendary lore. The son of Jupiter, who with his mother Danaë, had been cast adrift at sea in a chest. The chest floated to the island Seriphus, where the king wished to marry Danaë, but to get rid of Perseus, sent the latter to fetch the head of the gorgon Medusa. The gorgons were three sisters who had but one eye in common, and turned everything into stone that fell under their gaze. Perseus obtained winged sandals from the Nymphs, and a mirror from Minerva, in which he could see the reflection of Medusa. When the gorgons were asleep he accomplished his errand, and returned in time to rescue his mother and turn the king and his companions into stone. This gorgon head he afterward gave to Minerva, who placed it on her shield.

EXTRACTS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE.

P. 193, c. 2.—"Apollo of the Vatican." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

"Python." Grecian legends tell of a deluge in which Jupiter destroyed all men on account of their wickedness, except one man and his wife. From the mud left on the earth from this deluge sprang this serpent, or Python. He lived in the caves of Mount Parnassus, but was slain by Apollo, who commemorated his victory by establishing the Pythian games.

"Forehead of Jupiter." Minerva, or the goddess of Wisdom, is said to have sprung from the forehead of Jupiter.

"Graces." The Grecian goddesses which had care of social life and

its pleasures. They inspired all the virtues and accomplishments which make human intercourse delightful, and were the "patronesses of whatever is graceful and beautiful in nature and art."

P. 193, c. 2.—"Pygmalion," pyg-ma'li-on. A legendary king of Cyprus. He is said to have made an ivory statue of a maiden, of such rare beauty that he fell in love with it and prayed Venus to endow it with life. She granted his request, and Pygmalion married the maiden.

"Panthleon," pan-the'on. Literally, the word means to all the gods; i. e., a temple or work dedicated to all the divinities of a nation.

"Transcendentalists." Those persons who in their reasoning go beyond the facts and principles which spring from experience, and claim a knowledge of spiritual and immaterial things. It is also applied to those whose philosophy is vague and indefinite.

P. 194, c. 2.—"Voss." (1751-1826.) A German scholar. He was early in life a tutor, and afterward an editor at Göttingen. In 1778 he became rector of the gymnasium at Ottendorf. In 1781 he published a translation of the Odyssey, which has been the standard German translation ever since. He followed this by many original poems, an edition of Virgil's Georgics, a translation of the Iliad, and in 1799 a translation of the Æneid. Besides these he made translations from many other Latin and Greek writers, as well as from the French and English. He engaged in several controversies with Heyne on literary subjects, and in 1819 an essay in which he attacked the Roman Catholic and the Protestant mystics, caused much discussion.

P. 195, c. 1.—"Faustus." Dr. Johann Faustus, or Faust, is a character belonging to German tradition. "He was a celebrated Franconian, born about 1480. He is said to have studied magic at Cracow. Having mastered all the secret sciences, and being dissatisfied at the shallowness of human knowledge, he made an agreement with the evil one, according to which the devil was to serve Faust for full twenty-four years, after which Faust's soul was to be delivered to eternal damnation. The contract, signed by Faust with his own blood, contained the following conditions: '(1) He shall renounce God and all celestial hosts; (2) he shall be an enemy of all mankind; (3) he shall not obey priests; (4) he shall not go to church or partake of the holy sacraments; (5) he shall hate and shun wedlock.'" Faust now is attended by a spirit, Mephistopheles, who invents all sorts of dissipation to attract him. He wears of his life, but can not escape. Toward the end of the period he seeks the church, but all flee from him. At last he is carried away by the evil spirit. It is said that a man who was believed to have sold himself to the devil did live during the time of Melancthon and Luther. Goethe, in his poem, attempts to solve the mystery of the legend. He represents his hero as under the influence of evil that his longing for knowledge has caused, but does not permit the evil to gain the mastery in the end. Faust is represented as seeking and finding in a work which is for the benefit of others, the relief which learning, pleasure, art and culture have denied him. The selection here given is from the first part of the poem, where Faust is watching the sunset at the close of Easter Sunday.

P. 195, c. 2.—"Wagner." —"Is a very dull pedant. All that Faust disdains as the dry bones and mere lumber of erudition, is choice meat and drink for the intellectual constitution of Wagner. No amount of our modern preparations for examinations would have been too great for him. He is charmed with dead formulas, and can not have too many of them impressed upon his memory. * * * The character of this 'dry-as-dust' pedant is admirably contrasted with that of Faustus."—Gostwick and Harrison.

"Propagandist," prop'a-gan/dist. One who devotes himself to extending any system or principles.

P. 196, c. 1.—"Rose." In the Gothic system not only the rose was copied, but the oak, oak leaves, thistle, the ivy, the holly, and all leaves and vegetable forms that could be copied.

"Foliated." Where the mullions or bars which separate the lights in windows are broken into curves, arches and flowing lines, and leaf-like ornaments are added, we have foliated tracery.

SUNDAY READINGS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

P. 201, c. 1.—"Forensic," fo-rén'sic. Derived from forum. A place where court was held; hence, used in courts; appropriate to argument or debate.

"Paley." (1743-1805.) An English theologian. His most important works are "Principles of Moral and Political Economy," "Horæ Paulinæ," "Reasons for Contentment," and his "Natural Theology."

"In foro conscientia." Before the tribunal of conscience.

P. 202, c. 2.—"Carey." (1793—) He was educated in Philadelphia, to the book trade, and became a partner in his father's firm, afterward the largest publishing firm in the country. In 1835 he left the business to devote himself to the study of political economy. The chief principles of his system are given in the present article.

"Diametrically," di-a-mét'ric-al-ly. As remote as possible, as if at the opposite end of a diameter.

P. 203, c. 1.—"Ricardo," re-kar'do. (1772-1823.) An English political economist. A Jew; he was educated for a business life, and was associated with his father. As he became a Christian the partnership was dissolved. Ricardo, however, became wealthy, studied much, and finally became a member of parliament. His chief work is "On the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation."

"Malthus." (1766-1834.) An English political economist. He was educated for the ministry and took a parish. In 1798 he published the work on which his reputation rests mainly: "An essay on the Principle of Population." He afterward traveled much to obtain data to support his theories, and in 1826 published the sixth and last edition.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 204, c. 1.—"Lintels." A horizontal piece of wood or stone placed above the opening for a window or door.

"Trabeated," tra-be-a'ted.

P. 204, c. 2.—"Etruscans." A people formerly inhabiting Etruria or Tuscany, a portion of ancient Italy. Very little is known of their origin, though they are supposed to have come from the north. The people were short and heavy, their language completely isolated from any known language. They formed a confederacy of twelve cities, possessed many flourishing colonies, and carried on commerce. Their religion was a polytheism resembling the Greeks. The monuments of these people still remaining are the walls of their cities, sewers, vaults, tombs, and bridges. Their bronze statues were famous, as well as their pottery. The Etruscans were most prosperous the centuries before and after the founding of Rome. In the long wars which Rome carried on in her struggle to become mistress of Italy, the power of Etruria was finally broken.

"Romanesque," ró-man-ěsk.

"Byzantine," by-zán'tine, or byz'an-tine.

"First Crusade." It started out in 1096.

P. 205, c. 1.—"Buttress." A projecting support applied to the exterior of a wall, most commonly to churches of the gothic style.

"Turret." A small tower attached to a building and rising above it.

P. 205, c. 2.—"Pilasters," pi-las'ter. A square column sometimes free, but oftener set into a wall at least a fifth of its diameter. A pilaster has a base, capital and entablature, as other columns.

"Polychromy," pol'y-chrō'my. The practice of making a building in many colors; also of coloring statues or other works of art to imitate nature.

"Beni-Hassan," ba'ne-has'san. On the east bank of the Nile, about one hundred and forty miles south of Cairo, and famous for its grottoes. There are about thirty of them. They contain an almost endless number of paintings, representing scenes from the life of the ancient

Egyptians. Almost our entire knowledge of ancient Egyptian life is based on them. Charles Dudley Warner says of the grottoes: "They are fine, large apartments, high and well lighted by the portal. Architecturally no tombs are more interesting; some of the ceilings are vaulted in three sections; they are supported by fluted pillars, some like the Doric, and some in the beautiful lotus style; the pillars have architraves; and there are some elaborately wrought false door ways."

"Luxor," lux'or. A village on the east bank of the Nile, which, with Karnak contains part of the ruins of Thebes.

"Denderah." "Edfou." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October.

"Cephren," ceph'ren; "Mycerinus," mys'e-ri'nus.

"Syene," sy'e-ne. A place in Upper Egypt where syenite was quarried by the ancient Egyptians.

P. 206, c. 1.—"Truncated pyramid." One whose vertex or top is cut off by a plane parallel to the base.

"Typhonia," ty-pho'ni-a; "Mammisee," mam-mi'si. "Pylon," py'lon.

"Hypostyle," hy'po-stile. A hall, with pillars; that which rests on columns.

"Clerestory," clere'stō-ry, or clear-story. An upper story or row of windows in a building of any kind, which rises clear above adjoining parts of the building.

"Usertesen," u-ser'te-sen.

P. 206, c. 2.—"Abacus," ab'a-cus. A tablet or plate upon the capital of a column, between it and the architrave.

"Architrave," ar'chi-trave. The lower division of an entablature, resting on the column or the abacus.

"Plinth." The lowest division of the base of a column. A square, projecting piece with vertical face.

"Astragal," ás'tra-gal. A little round moulding which surrounds the top or bottom of a column in the form of a ring, representing a ring or band of iron, to prevent the splitting of the column. It is often cut into beads or berries, and is used in ornamental entablatures to separate the several faces of the architrave.—Webster.

"Cavetto," ca-vét'to.

"Façade," fa-sád'. Front; front view of a building.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 209, c. 1.—"Gentian," jěn'shan. The *Gentianus crinita*. A branching plant found in low grounds in autumn. The lobes of the corolla are of a deep sky-blue and beautifully fringed.

"Thetis," the'tis. The selection here given is taken from the first book of the Homeric story. Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the Greeks, has compelled Achilles, the favorite warrior, to give up Briseis, his captive. In revenge Achilles has shut himself up in his tent, refusing to take further part in the war. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, has promised to obtain from Jupiter, the king of the gods, a promise to give the victory to the Trojans until Agamemnon shall repent the wrong. Thetis was one of the daughters of Nereus, called here the "Ancient of the Deep," the god of the Mediterranean.

"Santa Filomena," Saint Fil-o-me'na. In the early part of this century a grave was discovered with a Latin inscription which read "Filomena, peace be with you." She was at once accepted as a saint, and many wonders worked by her. In a picture by Sabatelli, this saint is represented hovering over a group of sick and maimed, healed by her intercession. Longfellow here gives the title to Florence Nightingale.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

"Home Worship, and the Use of the Bible in the Home,"* is a book of real excellence, and will do good. Home, worship, and the Bible as the basis and inspiration of both, are things of no ordinary importance, and it is a joy to every Christian philanthropist that, severally, and in their relation to each other, they are attracting the attention of the thoughtful. The work, heartily commended, is a book for the times—meets a want

*Home Worship and the Use of the Bible in the Home, by J. P. Thompson, D.D., and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Edited by Rev. James H. Taylor, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

that many have felt, and guards against dangers to which all are liable. In the midst of multifarious benevolent activities, plans and schemes innumerable, for public service, it is quite possible to be so much occupied with the out-door enterprises of the church, as, unwisely, to neglect the religion of the home. The plan and execution of the work are both admirable. The well arranged scripture readings open up the Bible in the richness of its practical teachings, and the daily lessons are readily found suited to every need. The notes, with but few exceptions, express in a plain, terse, common-sense manner, the truth, as held by most evan-

gical Christians. Being eminently practical, devout in spirit, and free from any offensive dogmatism, they will be accepted as most valuable, even by those who, in a few instances, might suggest a different exposition. As a help to the spirituality and joyousness of domestic worship, the book will prove to many a treasure of priceless worth.

"Christian Educators in Council,"* a well filled volume, containing sixty addresses delivered in the National Educational Assembly, at Ocean Grove, August, 1883. The book, like the Assembly, whose work it reports, must do good, and we wish for it a very wide circulation. For this great Assembly, from whose discussions and methods much is expected, the country is indebted to the indefatigable exertions of Dr. Hartzell. From years of toil among the lowly he knew their needs, and the demand for greater and more concerted efforts in their behalf. The thought of a really national convention, with a broad platform on which all Christian statesmen, educators and philanthropists might be represented, was to him an inspiration. After consultation the Assembly was convened, organized, and furnished with a detailed program of the exercises that proved intensely interesting to the multitudes that were present. It was a grand assembly—grand in its conception, in the objects contemplated, and not less in its *personel*. There were able ministers of nearly all denominations, and honored laymen, not a few. The Secretaries of the Benevolent Societies, the U. S. Commissioner of Education, Presidents of Colleges, Editors, Teachers, and Elect Ladies were all heard in person or through well written communications. And they evidently speak from their convictions, confronting us, not with theories, but with facts—facts bearing on the most difficult problems with which the nation has to grapple, *illiteracy*, and the *shame of polygamous Mormonism*. Ignorance is a foe to freedom that must be expelled, and Mormon lust, that changes the home to a harem, crucifies womanhood, and makes children worse than fatherless must be made as perilous to the guilty, as it is infamous in the eyes of all good citizens. The well considered, manly utterances from Ocean Grove have our hearty indorsement. It is a pleasure to say the speeches that so enthused those vast audiences seem worthy of the men and of the occasion.

The admirable Home College Series has reached the eighty-third number. A decidedly practical and useful idea it was to throw these terse, interesting scraps of knowledge into everybody's hands. The tracts are all good. One that will please all reading people, as well as be suggestive to those who do not know how to read, is Rev. H. C. Farrar's talk on "Reading and Readers."† While it contains nothing new, it tells well many true and essential facts that every reader ought to consider.

There are no two characters in the list of English writers who hold so warm a place in our hearts as Charles and Mary Lamb. We mention them together, for who could separate him from her any more than they could separate him from his essays? Mary, Charles, Elia, the tales and sketches are woven together in a way unique in literature. It is strange that with all its interests Mary Lamb's life should never have been written until now, save in scraps, and as the necessary complement in every sketch of her brother. The cloud that hung over her gentle life, the tender, close friendship of the brother and sister, and the interesting circle of friends that formed their circle, make her an exceptionally entertaining character. Mrs. Gilchrist‡ in her book has given us the best that is known of Mary Lamb. Little of the material is entirely new; with few exceptions it has all appeared before, but never so well arranged. The story is carried from her earliest life, when the unsympathetic mother would say to the child, whose brain was full of morbid phantoms: "Polly, what are those poor, crazy, moythered brains of yours thinking alway?" to the time when at eighty death ended the shadowed life. The Hazlitts, Stoddarts, Coleridge and many others receive much attention, but this is necessary, so intimately was Mary Lamb's life joined to her friends. In a few instances, however, notes on people are introduced into the text, which seem entirely irrelevant, and would have figured better as foot-notes, if introduced at all; as in the case of the story of Mr. Scott, the Secretary of Lord Nelson.

*Christian Educators in Council. Sixty addresses by American Educators. Compiled and edited by Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1883.

†Reading and Readers. By H. C. Farrar, A.B. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1883.

‡Mary Lamb. By Anne Gilchrist. Boston: Robert and Brothers. 1883.

Of all our elegant holiday books not one is more chaste and beautiful than the Artist's Edition of Gray's *Elegy*.* It is the first really fine edition of the poem ever published. It could hardly have been better done. The illustrations are the work of such eminent artists as R. Swain Gifford, F. S. Church, etc., and are perfectly suited to the calm, dignified and thoughtful beauty of the poem.

A pleasing book for fireside reading is "Bright and Happy Homes."† It is largely a compilation, and, too, on a subject on which much fresh and valuable matter is being constantly written. The book contains, however, the best and wisest articles on all varieties of home affairs, and can not fail to both amuse and instruct.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Life of Luther." By Julius Köstlin. With illustrations from authentic sources. Translated from the German. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1883.

"A Brief Handbook of English Authors." By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1884.

"The Odes of Horace." Complete in English Rhyme and Blank Verse. By Henry Hubbard Pierce, U.S.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

"Richard's Crown; How he Won and Wore It." By Anna D. Weaver. Published by the author. Jamestown, New York.

"An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." By Thomas Gray. The artist's edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

"Probationer's Catechism and Compendium." By Rev. S. Olin Garrison, M.A. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1883.

"Small Things," by Reese Rockwell. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1883.

"His Keeper." By Miss M. E. Winslow. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1883.

"Sights and Insights; or, Knowledge by Travel." By Rev. Henry W. Warren. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe.

"Worthington's Annual." New York: R. Worthington. 1884.

"Appleton's European Guide-Book for English-Speaking Travelers." Nineteenth edition. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

"Through Cities and Prairie Lands." Sketches of an American Tour. By Lady Duffus Hardy. New York: R. Worthington. 1881.

"A Yacht Voyage." Letters from High Latitudes. By Lord Dufferin. New York: R. Worthington. 1882.

"Across Patagonia." By Lady Florence Dixie. New York: R. Worthington. 1881.

"The Watering Places and Mineral Springs of Germany, Austria and Switzerland." By Edward Gutmann, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

*An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. By Thomas Gray. The Artist's Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

†Bright and Happy Homes. A Household Guide and Companion. By Peter Parley, Jr. Chicago and New York: Fairbanks, Palmer & Co. 1882.



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We shall publish "Questions and Answers" on every book in the course of study for the year. The work of each week and month will be divided for the convenience of our readers. Stenographic reports of the "Round-Tables" held in the Hall of Philosophy during August will be given.

Special features of this volume will be the "C. L. S. C. Testimony" and "Local Circles."

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
FEBRUARY.

GERMAN HISTORY.

By Rev. W. G. WILLIAMS, A.M.

V.

The present and last of this series of readings in German history includes an outline of the historical changes and great events of the period of nearly four hundred years since the Reformation. Though condensed to a very great degree, it furnishes the reader a survey of that important period, and will afford him a helpful basis for his future study of the history of Germany. The reading closes with a selection from the pen of the poet and historian, Schiller, descriptive of the battle of Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus, that greatest character and hero of the Thirty Years' War, met his fate.

SUMMARY OF GERMAN HISTORY FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

From the death of Luther, 1546, to the end of the century the struggle continued. Now and then there came a brief pause to the general strife, such as followed the Treaty of Pissau, or the Religious Peace of Augsburg, but it was soon renewed by the tyranny or treachery of the Catholic powers, whose hatred of the followers of Luther and of the spirit of protestantism did not abate till Europe had passed through the most terrible and disastrous war of history. This was the thirty years' war, dating from 1618 to 1648, and involving not only the whole German Empire, but also the principal states of Europe. Scarcely, if ever, has there been known such depletion of population and resources. It was finally brought to an end by the peace of Westphalia, when the worn-out and impoverished states subscribed to a treaty which gave comparative toleration in Germany. Under its conditions, in all religious questions Protestants were to have an equal weight with Catholics in the high courts and diet of the empire. The Calvinists were also included with the Lutheran and Reformed creeds in this religious peace. By its termination of the religious wars in Europe the peace of Westphalia forms a great landmark in history.

The seventeenth century, from the thirty years' war on to its close, might not inappropriately be called the period of pusillanimity in Germany. Public buildings, schools and churches were allowed to stand as ruins while the courts of petty princes were aping the stiff, formal, artificial manners of that of the

French monarch, Louis XIV. The latter seeing the weakened state of the empire seized the opportunity to enlarge his own kingdom at the expense of Germany. He laid claim to Brabant and many of the fortresses of the frontier fell into the hands of the French. His ambition was only checked by the intervention of Holland, England and Sweden, and the war terminated by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Meanwhile the Turks in alliance with the Hungarians marched with an army of 200,000 up the Danube and encamped around the walls of Vienna. There is good evidence that they were aided and abetted in this invasion by Louis XIV. The Emperor Leopold fled, leaving his capital to its fate. But the little guard of 13,000 men under Count Stahremberg held the fortifications against the invader's overwhelming force till Duke Charles of Lorraine and the Elector of Saxony with their armies, and still another army of 20,000 Poles under their king John Sobieski came to their relief. The Turkish army was routed and driven into Hungary. All this time Louis, like an eager bird of prey, was watching Germany. Finally, in 1688, two powerful French armies appeared upon the Rhine. The allied states at last saw their imminent danger and rallied to resist and drive back the common foe. Louis resolved to ruin if he could not possess the country; so he adopted a course than which a more wanton and barbarous was never known, even in the annals of savagism. Vines were pulled up, fruit-trees cut down, and villages burned to the ground. Multitudes of defenseless people were slain in cold blood, and 400,000 persons beggared. Germany, aroused at last, now entered with vigor into the war with France, and carried it on till both sides were weary and exhausted. It was concluded by the Treaty of Ryswick.

The eighteenth century dawned, still to witness Germany the arena of war. Indeed from earliest history her soil, especially along the Rhine, had been the battle-ground of Europe. This time it was the war of the Spanish succession, whose tangled episodes and details we can not undertake to follow. It will be remembered by the student of history for its great battle of Blenheim, where the allied armies under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated and routed the French. Louis XIV. was now old, infirm, and tired of war, and hence consented to a treaty of peace, which was concluded March 7, 1714.

The century now begun witnessed the rise of Prussia out of the German chaos and the wonderful and brilliant career of Frederick the Great. It also saw the stronger and more enlightened reigns of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. in Austria.

Though the wars never ceased, breaking out again in one quarter while peace was being concluded in another, yet the century as a whole gave prophesy of a coming better state of affairs.

The grandfather of Frederick the Great had founded the university of Halle in 1694, and in 1711 an academy of science was established in Berlin upon a plan drawn up by the philosopher Leibnitz. Frederick William I., father of Frederick the Great, though coarse and brutal in his nature, had the wisdom to see the importance of German education and of breaking off from the established custom of imitating French man-

ners and life. He accordingly established four hundred schools among the people, and by the vigor and economy of his reign contributed to the development of the character and individuality of his people. Frederick the Great and his rival, Maria Theresa, possessed greater elements of personal character and intelligence than their predecessors, and hence gave to their subjects, if not a more liberal form, at least a higher order of government. Contemporary with these was the beginning of that literary bloom which, by the genius of Lessing, Herder, Klopstock, Goethe and Schiller, gave to Germany a glory surpassing all she has ever achieved, either by war or statesmanship.

We have now reached, just before the beginning of the nineteenth century, the time of the French Revolution. It was a time that required great political prudence on the part of the rulers in Germany. Unhappily the successors of Frederick the Great and Joseph II. were incompetent to their responsibilities. That great military genius that rose out of the turmoil and chaos of the revolution in France is soon marching through Germany, and on the 6th of August, 1806, Francis II., the last of the line, laid down his title of "Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation" at the feet of Napoleon. Thus, just a thousand years after Charlemagne the empire of his founding passed away. It had culminated under the Hohenstauffens, and for a long time before its formal burial had existed in tradition rather than in fact. Truly may it be said that Germany was as far as ever from being a nation at the beginning of our century.

From 1806 to 1814 Germany underwent the humiliation of subjection to the power of Napoleon. By a succession of victories, such as Jena and Auerstädt, he cowed the spirit of the German princes and proceeded to construct the famous "Rhine-Bund" which made him protector over a territory embracing fourteen millions of German inhabitants, and imposed upon the states and principalities included conditions the most exacting and disgraceful. Prussia and Austria, which held out at first, were also compelled by force of his victorious armies to yield, and Napoleon dictated terms to all Germany. He marched in triumph into Berlin and Vienna; he changed boundaries, levied troops, prescribed the size of their standing armies at will, and when he set out on his campaign against Alexander of Prussia 200,000 previously conquered Germans marched at his command. Such was the abject state of Germany during those years when it seemed that all Europe must bend before the insatiate conqueror. But in the year 1813 the spirit of liberty began to live again. The revival began, however, not with the princes, but in the breasts of the people. The works of the great German authors were becoming familiar to them and were producing their effect. Klopstock was awakening a pride in the German name and race; Schiller was thrilling the popular heart with his doctrine of resistance to oppression, whilst the songs of Körner and Arndt were inspiring courage and hope. All classes of the people participated in the uprising, and within a few months Prussia had an army of 270,000 soldiers in the field ready to resist the power of France. This was the beginning of the turn in the tide of affairs which led in 1815 to the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, and gave liberation to Germany.

The remaining history of the present century is that of the Confederation formed in 1815 and lasting till 1866; of the North German Confederation which succeeded the above, and continued to the establishing of the present empire in 1871, as a result of the Franco-Prussian war; and of the new empire to the present time. The confederation of 1815, known as the "Deutscher Bund," embraced a part of Austria, most of Prussia, the kingdoms of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony and Hanover, the electorate of Hesse-Cassel, a number of duchies, principalities and free cities; in all thirty-nine states.

When in 1866 the "Bund" was dissolved and the North German Confederation formed, Austria was excluded, and Prussia

assumed the headship of the new compact which embraced the states north of the Main. The term Germany, from 1866 to 1871, designated the new Confederation, and the four South German States, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden and Hesse Darmstadt. The four latter had been made independent states, but were united with the North German Confederation by the Zollverein, and by alliances offensive and defensive.

The late war between France and Germany belongs to the history of the present generation. Its great events and changes to Germany are within the memory of many of our readers. It will be longest remembered because of its association with the formation of the present empire. While the siege of Paris was yet in progress (January 1871) the spirit of enthusiasm became so great, and the desire for national unity so strong, that the various sovereign states, as well as the members of the Confederation determined on a revival of the empire. At their joint instance, in the great hall of Louis XIV., at Versailles, King William of Prussia received the imperial crown with the title of German Emperor. Under this new empire the whole German nation, Austria alone excepted, is united more closely than it has been for more than six hundred years, or since the Great Interregnum. It is not too much to say that the last decade has been the brightest and most prosperous in German history. The new empire has made possible and developed a feeling of patriotism which could not exist while the race was divided into fifty or more separate states. It was the complaint of her greatest poet, Goethe, that there was no united Germany to awaken pride and patriotism in the German heart. That condition of things is now done away by the present national government, which, though retaining many of the imperial features of the past, has, at the same time, embodied some of the more liberal governmental ideas of the present age. Such, for instance, is the election by direct universal suffrage and by ballot, of the Reichstag, one of the two legislative councils of the empire. The German name was never more respected and honored throughout the world than it is to-day; not alone for her eminent position among the powers of Europe, but for her high rank in the empires of art, philosophy and science. Her great universities are admired wherever in the world there is appreciation for scholarship, industry and genius. If the present has any right to prophesy it must be that the coming years contain for Germany less of wars and dissension, more of peace, coöperation and unity.

BATTLE OF LUTZEN—DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

"At last the fateful morning dawned, but an impenetrable fog, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. * * * 'God with us!' was the war cry of the Swedes; 'Jesus Maria!' that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was seen in flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches.

"Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. * * * In the meantime the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impetuous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the

lightly mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice was brought to the king, that his infantry was retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the windmills, was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinback, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenberg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitering the enemy's line for an exposed point to attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An imperial Gefreyter, remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. 'Fire at him yonder,' said he, 'that must be a man of consequence.' The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of 'the king bleeds! the king is shot!' spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. 'It is nothing, follow me,' cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lauenberg, in French, to lead him unobserved out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded toward the right wing with the king, to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. 'Brother,' said he, with a dying voice, 'I have enough! look only to your own life.' At the same moment he fell from his horse, pierced by several more shots; and abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the plundering bands of the Croats. His charger flying without its rider, and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew.

"The sun was setting when the two lines closed. The strife grew hotter as it drew to an end; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and skill and courage did their utmost to repair in these precious moments the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair endows every one with superhuman strength; no one can conquer, no one will give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers on one side, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill on the other. Night and darkness at last put an end to the fight, before the fury of the combatants was exhausted; and the contest only ceased, when no one could any longer find an antagonist. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory, quitted the field."

[End of German History.]

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

After every deduction has been made he yet stands before us as a colossal figure not unworthy to take his place beside Goethe as the representative of the scientific side of the culture of his country.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The Cataracts of the Orinoco.

The impression which a scene makes upon us is not so deeply fixed by the peculiarities of the country as by the light, the clear azure or the deep shade of low lying clouds, under which hill and river lie. In the same way descriptions of scenes impress us with more or less force according as they harmonize with our emotions. In our inner susceptible soul the physical world is reflected true and life-like. What gives its peculiar character to a landscape, to the outline of the mountain range which borders the dimly distant horizon, to the darkness of the pine forest, to the mountain stream which rushes madly between overhanging cliffs? They all stand in strange mysterious relations with the inner life of man, and on these relations rest the nobler share of enjoyment which nature affords. Nowhere does she impress us more strongly with consciousness of her greatness; nowhere does she speak more powerfully to us than under the Indian heavens. If I venture here to describe that country may I hope that its peculiar charm will not remain unfelt? The memory of a distant richly-endowed land, the glimpse of a luxuriant, vigorous plant-life refreshes and strengthens the mind as the restless worn spirit finds pleasure in youth and its strength.

Western currents and tropical winds favor the voyage over the peaceful straits which fill up the wide valley between America and western Africa. Before the coast appears one notices that the waves foam and dash over each other. Sailors who were unacquainted with the region would suspect shallows to be near, or fresh water springs, such as are in mid ocean among the Antilles. As the garnet coast of Guiana draws near there appears the wide mouth of a mighty stream. It bursts forth like a shoreless sea and covers the surrounding ocean with fresh water. The name Orinoco which the first discoverers gave to the river, and which owes its origin to a confusion of language, is unknown in the interior of the country, for the uncivilized inhabitants give names to only those objects which might easily be mistaken for others. The Orinoco, the Amazon, the Magdalena are called simply the river, in some cases perhaps, the great river, the great water, when the inhabitants wish to distinguish them from a small stream.

The current which the Orinoco causes between the continent of South America and the island of Trinidad is so powerful that ships which attempt to struggle against it with outspread sails are scarcely able to make any headway. This desolate and dangerous place is called the Gulf of Sorrow; the entrance is the Dragon's Head. Here lonely cliffs rise tower-like in the raging flood. They mark the old, rocky isthmus which, cut off by the current, once joined the island of Trinidad and the coast of Venezuela.

The appearance of this country first convinced the hardy discoverer, Colon, of the existence of the American continent. Acquainted with nature as he was he concluded that so monstrous a body of fresh water could only be collected by a great number of streams, and that the land which supplied this water must be a continent and not an island. As the followers of Alexander believed the Indus, filled with crocodiles, was a branch of the Nile, so Colon concluded that this new continent was the easterly coast of the far away Asia. The coolness of the evening air, the clearness of the starry firmament, the perfume of the flowers borne on the breeze, all led him to believe that he had approached the garden of Eden, the sacred home of the first human beings. The Orinoco seemed to him one of the four streams which are said to flow from Paradise, and to water the plants of the newly-planted earth.

This poetical passage taken from Colon's diary has a peculiar interest. It shows anew how the fancies of the poet are in the discoverer as in every great human character.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half-

result, for want of moral balance, and nobleness of soul, and character.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

In spite of the bitterness of spirit that pervades all his writings he possessed deep natural affections. His mother survived him, and although almost entirely separated from him for the last twenty-five years, he often introduces her name in his writings with expressions of reverence.—*Translated by E. A. Bowring.*

Heine left a singular will, in which he begged that all religious solemnities be dispensed with at his funeral. * * He added that this was not the mere freak of a freethinker, for that he had for the last four years dismissed all the pride with which philosophy had filled him, and felt once more the power of religious truth. He also begged forgiveness for any offence which, in his ignorance he might have given to good manners and good morals.—*Translated preface.*

To Matilda.

I was, dear lamb, ordained to be
A shepherd here, to watch o'er thee;
I nourished thee with mine own bread,
With water from the fountain head.

And when winter storm roared loudly,
Against my breast I warmed thee proudly;
Then held I thee, encircled well,
Whilst rain in torrents round us fell,
When, through its rocky dark bed pouring,
The torrent with the wolf, was roaring,
Thou fear'dst not, no muscle quivered,
E'en when the highest pine was shivered
By forked flash—within mine arm
Thou slept'st in peace without alarm.

My arm grows weak, and fast draws near
Pale death! My shepherd's task so dear,
And pastoral care approach their end.
Into thy hands, God, I commend
My staff once more. O do thou guard
My lamb, when I, beneath the sword
Am laid in peace, and suffer ne'er
A thorn to prick her anywhere.

From thorny hedges guard her fleece,
May quagmires ne'er disturb her peace.
May there spring up beneath her feet
An ample crop of pasture sweet,
And let her sleep without alarm,
As erst she slept within mine arm!

I have been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet mother dear, I'll tell it openly:
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough,
When thy much cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit grasping all things in its ken,
And soaring to the light of heaven again?
By the sad recollection I'm oppress'd
That I have done so much to grieve thy breast,
Which loved me more than all things else, the best.

Prose Extracts From Heine.

The French are the chosen people of the new religion, its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines.

When Candide came to Eldorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he

was not a little astonished when he found that in Eldorado gold nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the school-boys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only common school-boys.

The Lorelei.

I know not what it may mean to-day
That I am to grief inclined;
There's a tale of a Siren—an old-world lay—
That I can not get out of my mind.

The air is cool in the twilight gray,
And quietly flows the Rhine;
On the ridge of the cliff, at the close of the day
The rays of the sunset shine.

There sits a maiden, richly dight,
And wonderfully fair;
Her golden bracelet glistens bright
As she combs her golden hair.

And while she combs her locks so bright,
She sings a charming lay;
'Tis sweet, yet hath a marvelous might,
And 'tis echoing far away.

The sailor floats down, in the dusk, on the Rhine
That carol awakens his grief;
He sees on the cliff the last sunbeam shine,
But he sees not the perilous reef.

Ah! soon will the sailor, in bitter despair,
To his foundering skiff be clinging!
And that's what the beautiful Siren there
Has done with her charming singing.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEIERMACHER.

He was an admirable dialectician, and did more than any other writer to promote in Germany a sympathetic study of Plato. Yet there is a touch of Romanticism in the vague, shadowy and mystic language in which he presents the elements of Christian thought and life.—*Sime.*

Wilhelm Von Humboldt says that Schleiermacher's speaking far exceeded his power in writing, and that his strength consisted in the "deeply penetrative character of his words, which was free from art, and the persuasive effusion of feeling moving in perfect unison with one of the rarest intellects."—*American Cyclopædia.*

Extracts From Schleiermacher.

TRUE PLEASURE.—Pleasure is a flower which grows indeed of itself, but only in fruitful gardens and well cultivated fields. Not that we should labor in our minds to gain it; but yet he who has not labored for it, with him it will not grow; whoever has not brought out in his own character something profitable and praiseworthy, it is in vain for him to sow. Even he who understands it best can do nothing better for the pleasure of another than that he should communicate to him what is the foundation of his own. Whosoever does not know how to work up the rough stuff for himself, and thereby make it his own, whosoever does not refine his disposition, has not secured for himself a treasure of thoughts, a many sidedness of relations, a view of the world and human things peculiar to himself—such a man knows not how to seize the proper occasion for pleasure, and the most important is assuredly lost for him. It is not the indolent who finds so much difficulty in filling up the time set aside for repose. Who find vexation and ennui in everything? From whom are we hearing never ending complaints about the poverty and dull uniformity of life? Who are most bitter in their lamentations over the slender powers of men for social intercourse, and over the insufficiency of all

measures to obtain joy? But this is only what they deserve; for man cannot reap where he has not sown.

THE ESTEEM OF THE WORLD.—We all consider what is thought of us by those around us as a substantial good. Trust in our uprightness of character, belief in our abilities, and the desire that arises from this to be more intimately connected with us, and to gain our good opinion, everything of this kind is often a more valuable treasure than great riches. Of this the indolent are quite aware. If men would only believe in their capacity without the necessity of producing anything painstaking and really praiseworthy! If they would only agree to take some other proof of their probity and love of mankind than deeds! If they would only accept some other security for their wisdom than prudent language, good counsel, and a sound judgment on the proper mode of conducting the affairs of life! Instead of rising to a true love of honor, such men creep amidst childish vanities, which try to fix the attention of mankind by pitiful trifles and to glitter by shadowy appearances; instead of attempting to reach something really noble, they rest only on external customs; the mental disposition that arises from this is their virtue, and their governing passion is what they regard as understanding.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

A young man not understood.—*Goethe*.

German philosophers have as a rule been utterly indifferent to style, but Schopenhauer's prose is clear, firm and graceful, and to this fact he owes much of his popularity.—*Simé*.

Our inductive science ends with the questions—"Whence?" "Wherefore?" We observe facts, and classify them; but then follows a question respecting the substance that lies behind the facts? What do they express? What is the Will of which they are the Representation?—If we were isolated from the world around us, we could not answer the question. But we are not so isolated. We belong to nature, and nature is included in ourselves. We have in ourselves the laws of the world around us. We find in our own bodies the mechanical laws, and those of the organic life manifested in plants and animals. We have the same understanding which we find working around us in the system of nature. If we consisted only of the body and the understanding, we could not distinguish ourselves from nature. If we know what is in ourselves, we know what is in nature. Now what do we find controlling the facts of our own natural life? An impulse which we may call the Will to live. We often use the word Will in a complex sense, as implying both thought and choice; but in its purest, simplest sense, as the word is used here, it means the impulse, or force, which is the cause of a phenomenon. In this sense, there is a Will from which the movements within the earth and upon its surface derive their origin. It works continuously upward from the forms of crystals, through the forms of zoöphytes, mollusca, annelida, insectia, arachnida, crustacea, pisces, reptilia, aves, and mammalia. There is one Will manifested in the growth of all plants and animals. That which we call a purpose when viewed as associated with intellect, is, when regarded most simply, or in itself, a force or impulse—the natural Will of which we are now speaking. It is the Will to live—the mighty impulse by which every creature is impelled to maintain its own existence, and without any care for the existence of others. It is an unconscious Egoism. Nature is apparently a collection of many wills; but all are reducible to one—the Will to live. Its whole life is a never-ending warfare. It is forever at strife *with itself*; for it asserts itself in one form to deny itself as asserted in other forms. It is everywhere furnished with the means of working out its purpose. Where the Will of the lion is found, we find the powerful limbs, the claws, the teeth necessary for supporting the life to which the animal is urged by his Will. The Will is found associated in man with an understanding; but is not subservient to that understand-

ing. On the contrary, the understanding or intellect is subservient. The Will is the moving power; the understanding is the instrument.

This one Will in nature and in ourselves serves to explain a great part of all the movements of human society. Hence arise the collisions of interest that excite envy, strife, and hatred between individuals or classes. Society differs from an unsocial state of life in the forms imposed by intelligence on egoistic Will, but not in any radical change made in that Will. Thus etiquette is the convenience of egoism, and law is a fixing of boundaries within which egoism may conveniently pursue its objects. The world around us, including what is called the social or civilized world, may seem fair, when it is viewed only as a stage, and without any reference to the tragedy that is acted upon it. But, viewed in its reality, it is an arena for gladiators, or an amphitheater where all who would be at peace have to defend themselves. As Voltaire says, it is with sword in hand that we must live and die. The man who expects to find peace and safety here is like the traveler told of in one of Gracian's stories, who, entering a district where he hoped to meet his fellow-men, 'found it peopled only by wolves and bears, while men had escaped to caves in a neighboring forest. The same egoistic Will that manifests itself dimly in the lowest stages of life, and becomes more and more clearly pronounced as we ascend to creatures of higher organization, attains its highest energy in man, and is here modified, but not essentially changed, by a superior intelligence. The insect world is full of slaughter; the sea hides from us frightful scenes of cruel rapacity; the tyrannical and destructive instinct marks the so-called king of birds, and rages in the feline tribes. In human society, some mitigation of this strife takes place as the result of experience and culture. By the use of the understanding, the Will makes laws for itself, so that the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes* is modified, and leaves to the few victors some opportunities of enjoying the results of their victory. Law is a means of reducing the evils of social strife to their most convenient form, and politics must be regarded in the same way. The strength of all law and government lies in our dread of the anarchic Will, that lies couched behind the barriers of society and is ready to spring forth when they are broken down.

READINGS IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.*

V.—THE SEA.

[Continued.]

The sea is full of life, both of plants and animals. These organisms die, and their remains necessarily get mixed up with the different materials laid down upon the sea floor. So that, beside the mere sand and mud, great numbers of shells, corals, and the harder parts of other sea creatures must be buried there, as generation after generation comes and goes.

It often happens that on parts of the sea bed the remains of some of these animals are so abundant that they themselves form thick and wide-spread deposits. Oysters, for example, grow thickly together; and their shells, mingled with those of other similar creatures, form what are called shell banks. In the Pacific and the Indian Oceans a little animal, called the coral-polyp, secretes a hard limy skeleton from the sea water; and as millions of these polyps grow together, they form great reefs of solid rock, which are sometimes, as in the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, hundreds of feet thick and a thousand miles long. It is by means of the growth of these animals that those wonderful rings of coral rock or coral islands are formed in the middle of the ocean. Again, a great part of the bed of the Atlantic Ocean is covered with fine mud, which on examination is found to consist almost wholly of the remains of very minute animals called foraminifera.

* Abridged from Professor Geikie's *Primer of Physical Geography*.

Over the bottom of the sea, therefore, great beds of sand and mud, mingled with the remains of plants and animals, are always accumulating. If now this bottom could be raised up above the sea level, even though the sand and mud should get as dry and hard as any rock among the hills, you would be able to say with certainty that they had once been under the sea, because you would find in them the shells and other remains of marine animals. This raising of the sea bottom has often taken place in ancient times. You will find most of the rocks of our hills and valleys to have been originally laid down in the sea, where they were formed out of sand and mud dropped on the sea floor, just as sand and mud are carried out to sea and laid down there now. And in these rocks, not merely near the shore, but far inland, in quarries or ravines, or the sides and even the tops of the hills, you will be able to pick out the skeletons and fragments of the various sea creatures which were living in the old seas.

Since the bottom of the sea forms the great receptacle into which the mouldered remains of the surface of the land are continually carried, it is plain that if this state of things were to go on without modification or hindrance, in the end the whole of the solid land would be worn away, and its remains would be spread out on the sea floor, leaving one vast ocean to roll round the globe.

But there is in nature another force which here comes into play to retard the destruction of the land.

THE INSIDE OF THE EARTH.

It may seem at first as if it were hopeless that man should ever know anything about the earth's interior. Just think what a huge ball this globe of ours is, and you will see that after all, in living and moving over its surface, we are merely like flies walking over a great hill. All that can be seen from the top of the highest mountain to the bottom of the deepest mine is not more in comparison than the mere varnish on the outside of a school globe. And yet a good deal can be learnt as to what takes place within the earth. Here and there, in different countries, there are places where communication exists between the interior and the surface; and it is from such places that much of our information on this subject is derived. Volcanoes are among the most important of the channels of communication with the interior.

Let us suppose that you were to visit one of these volcanoes just before what is called "an eruption." As you approach it, you see a conical mountain, seemingly with its top cut off. From this truncated summit a white cloud rises. But it is not quite such a cloud as you would see on a hill top in this country. For as you watch it you notice that it rises out of the top of the mountain, even though there are no clouds to be seen anywhere else. Ascending from the vegetation of the lower grounds, you find the slopes to consist partly of loose stones and ashes, partly of rough black sheets of rock, like the slags of an iron furnace. As you get nearer the top the ground feels hot, and puffs of steam, together with stifling vapors, come out of it here and there. At last you reach the summit, and there what seemed a level top is seen to be in reality a great basin, with steep walls descending into the depths of the mountain. Screening your face as well as possible from the hot gases which almost choke you, you creep to the top of this basin, and look down into it. Far below, at the base of the rough red and yellow cliffs which form its sides, lies a pool of some liquid, glowing with a white heat, though covered for the most part with a black crust like that seen on the outside of the mountain during the ascent. From this fiery pool jets of the red hot liquid are jerked out every now and then, stones and dust are cast up into the air, and fall back again, and clouds of steam ascend from the same source and form the uprising cloud which is seen from a great distance hanging over the mountain.

This caldron-shaped hollow on the summit of the mountain is the crater. The intensely heated liquid in the sput-

tering boiling pool at its bottom is melted rock or lava. And the fragmentary materials—ashes, dust, cinders, and stones—thrown out, are torn from the hardened sides and bottom of the crater by the violence of the explosions with which the gases and steam escape.

The hot air and steam, and the melted mass at the bottom of the crater, show that there must be some source of intense heat underneath. And as the heat has been coming out for hundreds, or even thousands of years, it must exist there in great abundance.

But it is when the volcano appears in active eruption that the power of this underground heat shows itself most markedly. For a day or two beforehand, the ground around the mountain trembles. At length, in a series of violent explosions, the heart of the volcano is torn open, and perhaps its upper part is blown into the air. Huge clouds of steam roll away up into the air, mingled with fine dust and red hot stones. The heavier stones fall back again into the crater or on the outer slopes of the mountain, but the finer ashes come out in such quantity, as sometimes to darken the sky for many miles round, and to settle down over the surrounding country as a thick covering. Streams of white hot molten lava run down the outside of the mountain, and descend even to the gardens and houses at the base, burning up or overflowing whatever lies in their path. This state of matters continues for days or weeks, until the volcano exhausts itself, and then a time of comparative quiet comes, when only steam, hot vapors, and gases are given off.

About 1800 years ago, there was a mountain near Naples shaped like a volcano, and with a large crater covered with brushwood. No one had ever seen any steam, or ashes, or lava come from it, and the people did not imagine it to be a volcano, like some other mountains in that part of Europe. They had built villages and towns around its base, and their district, from its beauty and soft climate, used to attract wealthy Romans to build villas there. But at last, after hardly any warning, the whole of the higher part of the mountain was blown into the air with terrific explosions. Such showers of fine ashes fell for miles around, that the sky was as dark as midnight. Day and night the ashes and stones descended on the surrounding country; many of the inhabitants were killed, either by stones falling on them, or from suffocation by the dust. When at last the eruption ceased, the district, which had before drawn visitors from all parts of the old world, was found to be a mere desert of grey dust and stone. Towns and villages, vineyards and gardens, were all buried. Of the towns, the two most noted were called Herculaneum and Pompeii. So completely did they disappear, that, although important places at the time, their very sites were forgotten, and only by accident, after the lapse of some fifteen hundred years, were they discovered. Excavations have since that time been carried on, the hardened volcanic accumulations have been removed from the old city, and you can now walk through the streets of Pompeii again, with their roofless dwelling houses and shops, theaters and temples, and mark on the causeway the deep ruts worn by the carriage wheels of the Pompeians eighteen centuries ago. Beyond the walls of the now silent city rises Mount Vesuvius, with its smoking crater, covering one half of the old mountain which was blown up when Pompeii disappeared.

Volcanoes, then, mark the position of some of the holes or orifices, whereby heated materials from the inside of the earth are thrown up to the surface. They occur in all quarters of the globe. In Europe, beside Mount Vesuvius, which has been more or less active since it was formed, Etna, Stromboli, and other smaller volcanoes, occur in the basin of the Mediterranean, while far to the northwest some volcanoes rise amid the snows and glaciers of Iceland. In America a chain of huge volcanoes stretches down the range of mountains which rises from the western margin of the continent. In Asia they are thickly grouped together in Java and some of the surrounding islands, and stretch thence through Japan and the Aleutian

Isles, to the extremity of North America. If you trace this distribution upon the map, you will see that the Pacific Ocean is girded all round with volcanoes.

Since these openings into the interior of the earth are so numerous over the surface, we may conclude that this interior is intensely hot. But we have other proofs of this internal heat. In many countries hot springs rise to the surface. Even in England, which is a long way from any active volcano, the water of the wells of Bath is quite warm (120° Fahr.). It is known, too, that in all countries the heat increases as we descend into the earth. The deeper a mine the warmer are the rocks and air at its bottom. If the heat continues to increase in the same proportion, the rocks must be red hot at no great distance beneath us.

It is not merely by volcanoes and hot springs, however, that the internal heat of the earth affects the surface. The solid ground is made to tremble, or is rent asunder, or is upheaved or let down. You have probably heard or read of earthquakes; those shakings of the ground, which, when they are at their worst, crack the ground open, throw down trees and buildings, and bury hundreds or thousands of people in the ruins. Earthquakes are most common in or near those countries where active volcanoes exist. They frequently take place just before a volcanic eruption.

Some parts of the land are slowly rising out of the sea; rocks, which used always to be covered by the tides, come to be wholly beyond their limits; while others, which used never to be seen at all, begin one by one to show their heads above water. On the other hand some tracts are slowly sinking; piers, sea walls, and other old landmarks on the beach, are one after another enveloped by the sea as it encroaches further and higher on the land. These movements, whether in an upward or downward direction, are likewise due in some way to the internal heat.

Now when you reflect upon these various changes you will see that through the agency of this same internal heat land is preserved upon the face of the earth. If rain and frost, rivers, glaciers, and the sea were to go on wearing down the surface of the land continually, without any counterbalancing kind of action, the land would necessarily in the end disappear, and indeed would have disappeared long ago. But owing to the pushing out of some parts of the earth's surface by the movements of the heated materials inside, portions of the land are raised to a higher level, while parts of the bed of the sea are actually upheaved so as to form land.

This kind of elevation has happened many times in all quarters of the globe. As already mentioned most of our hills and valleys are formed of rocks, which were originally laid down on the bottom of the sea, and have been subsequently raised into land.

This earth of ours is the scene of continual movement and change. The atmosphere which encircles it is continually in motion, diffusing heat, light, and vapor. From the sea and from the waters of the land, vapor is constantly passing into the air, whence, condensed into clouds, rain and snow, it descends again to the earth. All over the surface of the land the water which falls from the sky courses seaward in brooks and rivers, bearing into the great deep the materials which are worn away from the land. Water is thus ceaselessly circulating between the air, the land, and the sea. The sea, too, is never at rest. Its waves gnaw the edges of the land, and its currents sweep round the globe. Into its depths the spoils of the land are borne, there to gather into rocks, out of which new islands and continents will eventually be formed. Lastly, inside the earth is lodged a vast store of heat by which the surface is shaken, rent open, upraised or depressed. Thus, while old land is submerged beneath the sea, new tracts are upheaved, to be clothed with vegetation and peopled with animals, and to form a fitting abode for man himself.

This world is not a living being, like a plant or an animal,

and yet you must now see that there is a sense in which we may speak of it as such. The circulation of air and water, the interchange of sea and land; in short the system of endless and continual movement by which the face of the globe is day by day altered and renewed, may well be called the Life of the Earth.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

AM I NOT IN SPORT?

By JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D.

[February 3.]

"As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man who deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, 'Am I not in sport?'" Proverbs xxvi, 18:19.

It is incalculable how much pain is inflicted, and how much injury is done, without anything which can properly be called malicious intent, or deliberate wrong. Thus there are those who, like the madman mentioned in Scripture, will cast firebrands, arrows, and death, and then think it a sufficient excuse to say, "Are we not in sport?" Let it be that they *are*; I think it will not be difficult to show that this will not excuse, or do much to palliate, the conduct in question. I think it will not be difficult to show that men are answerable for the mischiefs they do from mere wantonness or in sport, and that it is wrongdoing of this description which makes up no inconsiderable part of every one's guilt.

It is to little or no purpose to be able to say that such offences do not originate in conscious malice, for, as has just been intimated, the same is true of a large proportion of acknowledged crimes. It is seldom, very seldom, that men injure one another from hatred, or for the sake of revenge—because they find, or expect to find, any pleasure in the mere consciousness of inflicting pain. Men injure one another from wantonness, or want of consideration; or, more commonly still, because the carrying out of their policy, or their prejudices, or their sport, happens to interfere with the interests and comfort of others, and, though really sorry for this, they are not prepared to give up either their policy or their prejudices, or their sport to spare another's feelings. Wars are waged and conquests made, mourning and desolation spread through a whole country, in the wantonness of honor, or to gratify an insatiable ambition; but without anything which can properly be called malice, either in the first movers or immediate agents. Men opposed to each other in politics or religion will allow this opposition to go to very unjustifiable lengths, even to the disturbing of the peace of neighborhoods, and the breaking of friendships and family connections; and all this, to be sure, must give rise to a great deal of ill-will and hot blood; but it does not originate in malice, properly so called—in positive malice toward anybody. Likewise a rash and improvident man may bring incalculable mischief on all connected with him, involving them in pecuniary difficulties, or committing and paining them in other ways, and yet be able to allege with perfect truth that he did not mean to do them any harm; that, so far from being actuated by malice, he feels nothing and has felt nothing but the sincerest affection for the very persons whom he has injured, and most affection, perhaps, for those whom he has most injured. But why multiply illustrations? The whole catalogue of the vices of self-indulgence and excess—black and comprehensive as it is—has nothing to do with malicious intent; that is to say, these vices do not find any part of their temptation or gratification in ill-will to others, or in the consciousness of causing misery to others. And yet who, on this account, denies that they are vices, or that they are among the worst of vices?

The moral perplexity existing in some minds on this subject may be traced to two errors: making malice to be the *only* bad

motive by which we can be actuated and confounding the mere *absence of malice* with that active principle of benevolence, or love of our neighbor, which Christianity makes to be the foundation and substance of all true social virtue.

How unfounded the first of these assumptions is, appears generally from what has been said; but the same may also be shown on strictly ethical grounds. We must distinguish between what is simply *odious*, and what is immoral. The malignant passions when acted out by animals are odious, but they are not immoral, because they are not comprehended in that light by the agent. The reason why the malignant passions are immoral in man is that he knows them to be immoral; and accordingly any other passion, which he knows to be immoral, becomes for the same reason alike immoral to him as a principle of conduct. Hence it follows that, though not actuated by malice, we may be by some other motive equally reprehensible in a moral point of view, though not perhaps as odious—by the love of ease, by vanity or pride, by unjust partialities, by inordinate ambition, by avarice or lust—dispositions which have nothing to do with malice, but yet are felt and acknowledged by all to be bad and immoral.

[February 10.]

Moreover, the tendencies of modern civilization are to be considered in this connection. Times of violence are gradually giving place to times of self-indulgence and fraud; and the consequence is that now, where one man is betrayed into vices of malevolence and outrage, twenty are betrayed into those of frivolity, licentiousness, or overreaching. I go further still. Suppose a man actuated by none of these positively bad motives; nay, suppose the injury done to be accidental and wholly unintentional, this will not in all cases justify the deed. The question still arises whether the injury done, supposing it to be wholly unintentional, might not have been foreseen, and ought not to have been foreseen; for, where the well-being of others is concerned, we are bound not only to mean no harm, but to take care to avoid everything which is likely to do harm; and negligence in this respect is itself a crime. So obviously just is this principle, so entirely does it approve itself to the reason and common sense of mankind, that we find it everywhere recognized, in some form or other, in the jurisprudence of civilized countries. "When a workman flings down a stone or piece of timber into the street, and kills a man, this may be either misadventure, manslaughter, or murder, according to the circumstances under which the original act is done. If it were in a country village, where a few passengers are, and he calls out to all people to have a care, it is misadventure only; but if it were in London, or other populous town, where people are continually passing, it is manslaughter, though he gives loud warning; and murder, if he knows of their passing and gives no warning at all, for then it is malice against all mankind."*

Equally groundless is the second of the above mentioned assumptions, to wit: that of confounding the mere *absence of malice* with the active principle of benevolence itself or that love of our neighbor which Christianity makes to be the foundation and substance of all true social virtue. There is nothing, perhaps, which more essentially distinguishes worldly propriety and legal honesty from Christian virtue than this, that they stop with negatives. They are content with avoiding what is expressly forbidden, not reflecting that this, at the best, only makes men to be *not bad*; it does not make them to be good. Besides, if we take this ground, if we allege the absence of all anger and resentment, we bar the plea that we were hurried into the act by the impetuosity of our passions—a plea which the experience of a common infirmity has always led men to regard as the strongest extenuating circumstance of wrongdoing. If we have given pain to a fellow creature, it is stating an aggravation of the fault and not an excuse, to say that we

did not do it in passion, but in cold blood; and worse still, if we say that we did it in sport. What! find sport in giving pain to others? This may consist, I suppose, with the absence of what is commonly understood by malice; but I utterly deny its compatibility with active Christian benevolence, or with what indeed amounts to the same thing, a kind, generous, and magnanimous nature. Were I in quest of facts to prove the total depravity of man, I should eagerly seize on such as the following: The shouts of heartless merriment sometimes heard to arise from a crowd of idlers collected around a miserable object in the streets; a propensity to turn into ridicule, not merely the faults and affectations of others, but their natural deformities or defects; jesting with sacred things, or practical jests, the consequences of which to one of the parties are of the most serious and painful character; and the pleasure with which men listen to sarcastic remarks though causeless and unprovoked, or to wit the whole point of which consists in its sting. Not that the doctrine of universal and total depravity is actually proved even by such conduct, for happily the conduct itself is not universal; to some it is repugnant from the beginning; and besides, even where it is fallen into, I suppose it is to be referred in a majority of cases to a love of excitement, rather than to a love of evil for its own sake. Still I maintain that the conduct in question, however explained, is incompatible, or at any rate utterly inconsistent, with thoughtful and generous natures.

[February 17.]

Still, many who would not think entirely to excuse the conduct in question can find palliations for it and extenuating circumstances, some of which it will be well to examine.

In the first place it is said that the sport is not found in the sufferings of the victim, but in the awkward and ludicrous situations and embarrassments into which he is thrown. Now I admit, that, if these awkwardnesses and absurdities could be entirely disconnected with the idea of pain, they might amuse even a good mind; but as they can not be thus disconnected—as all this is known and seen to be the expression of anguish either of body or mind, or to be the consequence of some natural defect or misfortune, or some cruel imposition on weakness or good nature—I affirm as before, that he whose mirth is not checked by this single consideration betrays a want of true benevolence, and even of common humanity. Neither will it help the matter much to say that the pain and mortification are not known, are not seen, or at least *are not attended to*; that this view of the subject is entirely overlooked, the mind being wholly taken up with its ludicrous aspects. For how comes it that we have so quick a sense to everything ludicrous in the situation and conduct of others, but no sense at all to their sufferings? Our hearts, it would seem, are not as yet steeled against all sympathy in the sufferings and misfortunes of our neighbors, provided we can be made to apprehend and realize them; and this is well; but why *so slow* to apprehend and realize them? If, though directly before our eyes, the thought of them never occurs to our minds; if we can say, and say with truth, that while we enjoy the sport it never once occurred to us that it was at the expense of another's feelings, though this fact was all the time staring us in the face—does it not at least betray a degree of indifference or carelessness about the feelings of others, which is only compatible with a cold and selfish temper? Put whatever construction you will, therefore, on this kind of sport, it argues a bad state of the affections; for either its connection with the pain and mortification of others is perceived, and then it is downright cruelty; or it is not perceived, and then it is downright insensibility.

Another ground is sometimes taken. There are those who will say, "We cannot help it. Persons of a constitution less susceptible to the ludicrous, or less quick to observe it, may do differently, but we can not." Obviously, however, reasonings of this sort, if intended as a valid excuse, betray a singular and

* Blackstone.

almost hopeless confusion of moral ideas. They cannot help it? Of course they do not mean that they would be affected in the same way by the same thing, under all circumstances and in all states of feeling. Let the coarse jest be at the expense of a parent, or of a sister; or let its tendency be to bring derision on an office, a cause, or a doctrine which we have much at heart; or let it offend beyond a certain point against the conventional usages of what is called good society—and, instead of provoking mirth, it provokes indignation or contempt. All they can mean, therefore, is simply this: Their sense of the ludicrous is so keen, that, when not restrained by some present feeling of justice, humanity, or decorum, it becomes irrepressible. Undoubtedly it does; but this is no more than what might be said of the worst crimes of sensuality and excess. What would you think if a sordid man should plead, that being sordid by nature, and not having any high principle or feeling to restrain him, he cannot help acting sordidly? Does he not know that it is this want of high principle and feeling which constitutes the very essence of his sin? We have shown that to find sport in what gives pain, argues a bad state of the principles and affections. Manifestly, therefore, it is to no purpose to urge as an excuse, that in the existing state of our principles and affections we can not help it; for the existing state of our principles and affections is the very thing which is complained of and condemned.

It may be contended, as a last resort, that this state of mind is consistent, to say the least, with amiable manners, companionable qualities, and good nature. But if herein is meant to be included real kindness of heart, or the highest forms of generosity and nobleness of soul, I deny that it can be. There is no necessity of trying to make it out that men of this stamp are worse than they really are. Unquestionably they can and often do make themselves agreeable and entertaining, especially to those who are not very scrupulous about the occasions of their mirth, and feel no repugnance to join in a laugh which perhaps they would hesitate to raise. Good-natured also they may be, if nothing more is meant by this than the absence of an unaccommodating, morose, and churlish disposition; for there are two sorts of good nature, the good nature of benevolence, and the good nature of ease and indifference. The first will not consist, as we have seen, with wrong-doing from wantonness or in sport; but the last may; yet even when it does, not much credit can accrue from this circumstance. Worthy of all honor is that good nature which springs from genuine kindness and sympathy, or a desire to make and to see everybody happy; but the same can hardly be said of what often passes for good-nature in the world, though it is nothing but the result of an easy temper and loose principles.

[February 24.]

Still, I can not but think that a large majority of those who sometimes look for sport in wrong-doing have enough of humanity and of justice to restrain them, if they could only be made to understand and feel the extent of the injury thus occasioned. Take, for example, jesting with sacred things. Its influence on those who indulge in it is worse than that of infidelity, for it destroys our reverence, and it is harder to recover our reverence, after it has been lost, than our convictions. Nay, it is often worse than that of daring crime; the latter puts us in opposition to religion, but it does not necessarily undermine our respect for it, or the sentiment on which the whole rests. Consider, too, its effect on others. The multitude are apt to mistake what is laughed at by their superiors for what is ridiculous in itself. In France it was not the sober arguments of a knot of misguided atheists, but the scoffs and mockeries and ill-timed pleasantries in which the higher classes generally shared, which destroyed the popular sense of the sanctity of religion; and when this great regulative principle of society was gone, it was not long before the mischief came back, amidst scenes of popular license and desperation, "to

plague the inventors." And so of cruel sports. In reading the Sermon on the Mount, you must have been struck with the fact that, while he who is angry with his brother is only said to be in danger of the judgment, "whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." But, on second thoughts, is this anything more than a simple recognition of what we all know to be true; that hatred does not inflict half so deep or bitter a feeling of wrong as scorn? Much is said about the disorganizing doctrines and theories of the day, but, bad as these are, they are not likely to do so much to exasperate the poor against the rich, and break down the bulwarks of order and law, as the conduct of some among the rich themselves. The time was when the few could trample with indifference on the interests and feelings of the many, and make sport of their complaints with impunity, but that time has passed away.

One word also on those cruel sports where animals, and not men, are the sufferers. Cruelty to animals is essentially the same feeling with cruelty to a fellow-creature, and in some respects it is even more unbecoming. Man is as a god to the inferior races. To abuse the power which this gives us over the helpless beings that Providence has placed at our mercy, is as mean as it is inhuman. If we would listen to the pleadings of what is noble and generous in our natures, it would be as impossible for us needlessly to harm an unoffending animal, as it would be to strike an infant or an idiot. Shame on the craven who quails before his equals, and then goes away and wreaks his unmanly resentments on a creature which he knows can neither retaliate nor speak! Besides, we may suppose that there are orders of beings above us, as well as below us. Look then at our treatment of the lower animals, and then ask yourselves what we should think, if a superior order of beings should mete out to us the same measure. What if in mere wantonness, or to pamper unnatural tastes, they should subject us to every imaginable hardship and wrong? What if they should make a show, a public recreation, of our foolish contests and dying agonies? Nay, more; what if it should come to this, that in their language a man-killer should be called a *sportsman* by way of distinction?

But I must close. We have it on the authority of the Bible, and we read it in the constitution of man, that there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh." There will also be ample scope or the legitimate action of caustic wit, so long as there are follies to be shown up, pretenders to be unmasked, and conceit and affectation to be taught to know themselves. But, in the serious strifes of the world, the ultimate advantages of this weapon, though wielded on the right side, are more than dubious. "The Spaniards have lamented," it has been said, "and I believe truly, that Cervantes' just and inimitable ridicule of knight-errantry rooted up, with that folly, a great deal of their real honor. And it was apparent that Butler's fine satire on fanaticism contributed not a little, during the licentious times of Charles II., to bring sober piety into disrepute. The reason is evident; there are many lines of resemblance between truth and its counterfeits; and it is the province of wit only to find out the likenesses in things, and not the talent of the common admirers of it to discover the differences." At any rate we can shun the rock of small wits who think to make up for poverty of invention by a scurrility and grimace, who think to gain from the venom of the shaft what is wanting in the vigor of the bow. We can imitate the example of those among the great masters of wit in all ages, who have ennobled it by purity of expression and a moral aim; so that, in the end, virtue may not have occasion to blush, or humanity to mourn, for anything we have said or done. Take any other course and we are reminded of the confession which experience wrung from the lips of the wise man: "I said in my heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure; and behold this also is vanity. I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

COMMERCIAL LAW.

By EDWARD C. REYNOLDS, Esq.

I.—LAW IN GENERAL.

It perhaps would be well for us to take a glance at the origin of the law which we are about to consider in its practical applications. In all our business relations, and in fact in our general conduct, so far as that term would apply to one as a member of a community and a citizen, we are controlled in our action by absolute, and in some instances possibly, by arbitrary regulations or laws, with which perhaps we may be wholly unfamiliar, but which are none the less binding and positive in their exactions because we have neglected to familiarize ourselves with their requirements.

It is a rule of law, that ignorance of it excuses no one. For this reason ignorance is never pleaded in court as an answer to civil or criminal allegations of any sort. This rule presupposes a knowledge of the law on the part of every citizen. While, strictly speaking, this is impossible and in reality but a fiction, any other provision would be fraught with danger. Although, through the observance of this rule, doubtless, hardships are occasioned—as in fact must result from the enforcement of any law, however wise—it is notwithstanding that, a very necessary and strictly proper presumption. Were it to be otherwise, any attempt to enforce obligations against dishonest parties or to punish crime would prove ineffectual, because recourse would always be had to this defense. Thus all law would be a nullity.

There is fortunately a safe rule to be adopted as a guide for our conduct, which in the main, if strictly obeyed, will obviate the seeming hardship. Notwithstanding the fact that all inhibitions do not involve an absolute wrong or right, that all enforcements of law are not with justice, yet if a strict standard of right and honorable dealings characterize individual action and conduct, for those who adopt such a course there is but slight possibility that there is any especial oppression in store.

But wrong doing exists. The remedy is existing law. What is it, which as such we are to obey, and which we may safely designate as the principle of personal protection?

The nucleus of the now voluminous laws of our country was the well established laws, customs and usages of the American colonies of Great Britain, when their independence was secured. At that time the laws of Great Britain had become so generally interwoven into our judicature as well as into our business customs and relations, that the introduction of a wholly new system of laws would have proved disastrous, even if it could have been accomplished.

Since, in part, law is the outgrowth of customs and ways, as we shall see, to have attempted the engrafting of a wholly new system would have been equivalent to an attempt to change at once the habits and characteristics of a people.

The familiarity of the colonists with the then existing law, and its adaptability to the then commercial transactions, made it a desirable nucleus—already for our people, with which they might inaugurate a system of their own.

This, then, was accepted as the common law of the country at that time. But however well adapted the then existing laws may have been to the wants of the people and commerce, ever changing conditions of life and ever increasing business complications rendered additions and new provisions necessary. These changes were made necessary and were fostered by statute law.

Statute law is the result of the deliberations of legislative assemblies. Each state has its own legislature and statute law, as has the national government. The general government being the superior power, its laws must be recognized as superior to state laws, that is, there can be no state law inconsistent with the laws of the national government. The state legislatures and national congress have power to make laws, and

whatever is declared by these bodies to be the supreme law of the land, for the government of the individual and the protection of property, providing it does not conflict with the provisions of the national and state constitutions respectively, must be obeyed as such.

This then is statute law: An enactment regarding the rights of persons or property, passed by representatives of the people in legislature assembled.

When a question has arisen concerning which statute law has no provisions, or some regular enactment is so worded that its meaning is doubtful and extremely liable to be misunderstood, to compensate for the lack in the one instance and to interpret properly the intention of the law makers in the other, we resort to the common law, fairly said to be "the accumulated wisdom of centuries." Analogy will lead us to conclude, and correctly, that this is the conservative element of the system—the origin of which we have previously alluded to in part—to which we would add the customs and usages which have, since our recognition as an independent people, received the sanction of our courts, and to become acquainted with which reference must be made to the published reports of the courts, known as the "U. S. Reports," "Maine Reports," etc.

That the common law may remain to a great extent unchangeable, much respect is paid to the decisions of the courts, by others than those by which they were enunciated, for it has ever been deemed better that a precedent be respected, even if it be not the soundest law, than to have what might seem to be better logic at the expense of a varying precedent. Then we conclude, that though legislatures be radical in the change of existing laws, yet in the task of applying or interpreting such laws, so changed, courts are generally very conservative. It will thus be seen that the rights of the people are not liable to be unwarrantably abridged or destroyed by any uncertain movement of a day.

By referring to our national and state constitutions, our readers will see that the powers of both national and state governments are divided into three departments, known as the executive, legislative and judicial, each of which is distinct from the others, although they work in harmony in the enactment and enforcement of the laws. The courts come under the head of that last named, and their duties have been demonstrated to be "to define, declare and apply the laws."

Of this common and statute law a very essential part is that which is applicable to business, or commercial law, or, as it is generally denominated in the books, the "Law-Merchant." Much of the law bearing upon this subject is the old common law, with the enlargements consequent upon an increased commercial activity. Here it is that we find many of the customs and usages of merchants gradually merging into recognized law. The three "days of grace" allowed on all commercial paper is but a common illustration of this, similar in origin to many customs in all departments of trade, which might easily be cited, and which were in their inception of very limited significance, but which have continually been receiving a more extended recognition, until we find them clothed with all the insignia of authority.

These customs and usages we shall have occasion to give more extended explanations as we touch upon the several subdivisions of our topic. There are a few technical words which we shall find it convenient to use. Prof. Greenleaf clearly expresses the reason for this, as follows:

"A great deal of the language of every art or science or profession is technical (indeed, technical means belonging to some art), and is peculiar to it, and may not be understood by those who do not pursue the business to which it belongs. This is as true of the law as of everything else. * * * A good instance of this is in those words which end in *er* (or *or*) and in *ee*. As for example, promisor or promisee, vendor and vendee, indorser and indorsee. These terminations are derived from the Norman-French, which was for a long time the language of the

courts and of the law of England. And it might seem that we had just as good terminations in English, in *er* and *ed*, which mean the same thing. But this is not so. Originally they meant the same thing, but they do not now, for both *er* and *ee* are applied, in law, to persons, and *ed* to things, so that we want all three terminations. For example, indorser means the man who indorses; indorsee the man to whom the indorsement is made; but the note itself we say is indorsed. So vendor means the man who sells, vendee the man to whom something is sold, and the thing sold is vended."

In regard to the phrase "presumption of law," to which we may have occasion to refer. The significance of this phrase is this: Under certain conditions, without absolute proof of the matter concerning which some conclusion is sought, the law will presume to interpret the intention or acts of persons. For instance, regarding criminal procedure, one is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. Presumptions prevail only when proof is lacking.

CONTRACTS.

A contract has been aptly defined to be "an agreement to do or not to do some particular thing." It may be verbal or in writing. If the conditions of a contract, whether verbal or written, be expressly stated and agreed upon, it is then termed an expressed contract. If on the other hand there are no well defined and specific agreements regarding the undertaking or the consideration to be paid for its accomplishment, it is called an implied contract.

The conditions of an expressed contract must be strictly complied with, and the parties to it are bound to faithfully observe the same, however onerous may be the burden, while the conditions of an implied contract not being agreed upon specifically, are such as custom may dictate. As an illustration of this: A agrees to pay B two dollars per day for labor. This is expressed, so far as the rate of wages is concerned; but the number of hours that shall be taken to constitute a day's work is not agreed upon, and must be determined by implication. As a result, the question would be settled by the custom in such matters which obtained in the place where the contract was made. Or, if A engages B to undertake the building of a cottage, with no stipulations regarding the wages to be paid, B when the work is completed can recover for his compensation whatever is proved to be the usual and customary remuneration paid men in the same business and possessed of equal skill. The enforcement of obligations is no less strict when the standing of the contract is implied than when expressed, after determining what the obligations of the parties are.

The elements of a contract are parties, consideration, subject matter, mutual assent and time.

PARTIES.—Two or more competent persons may make a legal contract. Competent persons, it will be observed. What constitutes competency? Generally, legal age and sound mind; while minority, insanity, idiocy, intoxication and coverture are said to be the conditions of incompetency. With the exception of a few states where females become of age at eighteen, the legal age is twenty-one years. A consideration of the conditions of incompetency will sufficiently explain the requisites of competency negatively. Minors, or those who have not attained legal age, or infants as the law denominates them, are considered incompetent because of inexperience, and a fair presumption that unprincipled parties might take unfair advantage of them, and lead them into business complications which a riper experience would disapprove. The contracts of a minor approved by him when he becomes of age are binding, however; so that it will be observed, such contracts are not absolutely void, only voidable at the discretion of the minor. If an infant makes a transfer of real estate he may, on reaching his majority, compel the purchaser to reconvey the property, by returning to him the purchase money. The law would not permit him to retain the purchase price and compel the re-transfer, because it is not the policy of the law to assist the

minor in his fraudulent purposes, but only to protect him from the impositions of those skilled in wicked devices. There are some contracts which an infant can not disclaim, viz.: such as are for necessities. It is something of a question to determine what are necessities; but the minor's fortune and social position must be the guide, for where sufficient food and clothes might be all that would be termed necessities for one, for another by fortune more favored, "equipage, dress and entertainments" would be considered just as essential.

UN SOUND MIND.—Insanity, or a mind deranged; idiocy, or the lack of a mind; intoxication, or a mind so beclouded as to be incapable of understandingly judging of the merits of an ordinary business transaction; a mind in any one of these conditions is unsound, and its possessor an incompetent.

Coverture, or marriage, by the common law made woman an incompetent party, and she was thus precluded from legally contracting. By statutory enactments nearly all of the states have changed this, so that a married woman may now do business, contract debts as though unmarried, and also hold property in her own right. The ancient barbarous theory that marriage ought to annul a woman's right to property in her own name and almost deny her individual existence is nearly a relic, an error almost of the past.

CONSIDERATION.—Any consideration is sufficient to sustain a contract, provided it be not illegal, or that which is prohibited by law; immoral, or that which contravenes the moral law; and provided the contract was born of good faith, and not tainted by fraud. A contract into which any element of fraud has entered receives no countenance at the law. However favorable stipulations may seem, a fraudulent intent, proved, will nullify the contract.

THE SUBJECT MATTER, or that concerning which the contract is made must not be illegal, immoral or impossible. The reasons for this are apparent, since it would controvert the very object of legal rights and public policy if an illegal or immoral undertaking were permitted to enter into a contract as a thing to be done and as a recognized right to be enforced; or, if a stipulation were permitted to stand, which called for the doing of that which is impossible.

Mutual assent is an essential element. "It takes two to make a trade." There must be an agreement of minds between contracting parties as to what is to be done, and how, and in consideration of what; and this agreement must be at the same time, or to state it in a legal fashion, "minds must meet."

The time stated for the performance of a contract should be agreed upon. In case it is not, then it must be accomplished within a reasonable time.

What is a reasonable time must be determined by the special circumstances of each individual case. It is with this as with other elements of a contract if not fully understood and agreed upon, the assistance of customs and usages must be invoked to settle the disputed point.

STATUTE OF FRAUDS.—This is an old English statute, adopted, slightly modified, by the several states. It requires the following contracts to be in writing: For the conveyance of real estate; lease of land for more than one year; in consideration of marriage; to answer for the debt, default or wrongful act of another; not to be performed within one year; for the sale of personal property of a certain value (by most states placed at fifty dollars), unless the sale be by auction, or part of the purchase money be paid, or part of the goods delivered at the time of sale.

It is well that every man should be in a state of moral union with others; he must have one or more men to whom he can communicate the inmost feelings of his being, heart, and the reasons of his conduct; there should be nothing in him which is not known to some one else. That is the true meaning of the divine saying, "It is not good that man should be alone."
—Schleiermacher.

READINGS IN ART.

GREEK ARCHITECTURE.

Greek architecture seems to have emerged from a state of archaic simplicity in the sixth century before the Christian era. All its finest creations were between that date and the death of Alexander the Great in 333 B. C.

In the days of their greatest refinement the Greeks sought rather to adorn their country than their homes. If there were palatial residences, they were more perishable, and have decayed or been destroyed, leaving few remains to tell of their former grandeur. We know their architecture almost exclusively from the ruins of their public buildings, and mostly from temples and mausoleums. The Greek temple was peculiar, and made little or no provision for a congregation of worshippers. The design was largely for external effect. A comparatively small room or cell received the image of the divinity, and another room behind it seems to have served as a treasury for votive offerings. But there were no surrounding chambers, halls or court yards. The temple, though within some precinct, was accessible to all, and, being open to the sun and air, invited the admiration of the passer-by. Its most telling features and best sculpture were on the exterior. The columns and the superstructure which rested on them must have played a very important part in their temple architecture.

There were in Greece three distinct manners, differing mostly in the manner in which the column was treated. These are called "orders;" and are named Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. Each of these presents a different series of proportions, mouldings and ornamentations in the column used, though the main form of the structure is the same in all. The column and its entablature being the most prominent features of the building, have come to be regarded as the index or characteristic, from an inspection of which the order can be recognized, just as a botanist recognizes plants by their flowers.

From a study of the column all the principal characteristics of the different orders are ascertained. The column belonging to any order is, of course, always accompanied by the use throughout the building of the appropriate proportions, mouldings and ornaments belonging to that order.

The Doric temple at Corinth is attributed to the seventh century B. C. This was a massive structure, with short, stumpy columns, and strong mouldings, but presenting the main features of the Doric style in its earliest, rudest form. The most complete Greek Doric temple was the Parthenon—the work of the architect Ictinus. It is selected for our purpose of illustration, because on many accounts the best, and many of our readers have seen the plate representing it. The Parthenon stood on the summit of a lofty rock, within an irregularly shaped enclosure, entered through a noble gateway. The temple itself was of perfectly regular plan, and stood quite free from all dependencies of any sort. It consisted of the *cella*, or sacred cell, in which stood the statue of the goddess, and behind it the treasury chamber. In both these there were symmetrical columns. A series of columns surrounded the building, and at either end was a portico eight columns wide and two deep. There were two pediments of flat pitch, one at each end. The whole rested on a basement of steps. The building, exclusive of the steps, was 228 feet long by 101 feet wide, and 64 feet high. The columns were 34 feet 3 inches high, and more than 6 feet in diameter at the base. The marble of which this temple was constructed was of the most solid and durable kind, and the workmanship in all the parts that remain shows great skill and care in the execution. The roof was probably of timbers covered with marble tiles; but all traces of the frame work have entirely disappeared, and hence the mode of construction is not known. Nor do authorities agree as to what provision was made for the admission of light. It seems probable that something like the clere-story of a Gothic church was used to light the Parthenon.

This wonderful structure was Doric, and the leading proportions were as follows: The column was 5.56 diameters high. The whole height, including the stylobate or steps, might be divided into nine parts, of which two go to the stylobate, six to the column, and one to the entablature.

The Greek Doric order is without a base; the shaft of the column springs from the top step, and is tapering, not in a straight line, but with a subtle curve, known technically as the entasis of the column. This shaft is channeled usually with twenty shallow channels, the ridges separating one from another being very fine lines.

The Parthenon, like many, if not all Greek buildings, was profusely decorated with colored ornaments, of which nearly every trace has now disappeared, but which must have contributed largely to the beauty of the building as a whole, and must have emphasized and set off its parts.

The most famous Greek building in the Ionic style was the temple of Diana, at Ephesus. This magnificent temple was almost totally destroyed, and the very site was, for centuries, unknown, till the energy and sagacity of an English architect enabled him to discover and dig out the vestiges of the building. Fortunately sufficient traces of the foundation remained to render it possible to make out the plan of the temple completely. From the fragments he was able to restore on paper the general appearance of the famous temple, which must be very nearly, if not absolutely correct. The walls of this temple were entirely surrounded by a double series of columns with a pediment at each end. The whole was of marble and based on a spacious platform of steps.

The Corinthian order, the last to make its appearance, was almost as much Roman as Greek. It resembles the Ionic, but the capitals are different, the columns more slender, and the enrichments more florid.

The plan or floor disposition of a Greek building, always simple, was well arranged for effect, and capable of being understood at once. All confusion, uncertainty or complications were scrupulously avoided. Refined precision, order, symmetry and exactness mark the plan as well as every part of the work.

The construction of the walls of Greek temples rivaled that of the Egyptians in accuracy and beauty of workmanship; though the wall was evidently not the principal thing for effect with the Greek architect, as much of it was overshadowed by lines of columns, which form the main feature of the building.

The Corinthian order is the natural sequel to the Ionic. Had Greek architecture continued till it fell into decadence, this order would have been its badge. As it was, the decadence of Greek art was Roman art, and the Corinthian order was the favorite order of the Romans.

ETRUSCAN AND ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

The Etruscans, at an early day, inhabited the west coast of Italy, between the rivers Arno and Tiber. At the time of the founding of Rome as a city, they were a civilized people and showed considerable architectural skill, and their arts had a very great influence on Roman art. The remains of several Etruscan towns show that their masonry was of what has been called a Cyclopean character—that is, the stones were of an enormous size. The massive blocks being fitted together with consummate accuracy, much of the masonry endures to the present day. The temples, palaces and dwelling houses which made up the cities so fortified, have all disappeared, and the only structural remains of Etruscan art are tombs—some cut in live rock, and some detached structures. These built of heavy stones and arched securely, still exist as monuments of the science and skill of those early builders. They were acquainted with and extensively used the true radiating arch, composed of wedge-shaped stones. From them the Romans learned to construct arches, and combined the arch with the trabeated or lintel mode which they copied from the Greeks. Hence arose a style distinctively Roman.

The largest Etruscan temple of which any record remains was that of Jupiter Capitolinus, at Rome, one of the most splendid temples of antiquity.

The last of the classical styles of antiquity is the Roman. This seems rather an amalgamation of several other styles than an original, independent creation. It was formed slowly, and is harmonious, though uniting elements widely dissimilar.

The Grecian artist was imaginative and idealistic in the highest degree. He seemed to have an innate genius for art and beauty, and was eager to perpetuate in marble his brightest conceptions of excellence. The stern, practical Roman, realistic in every pore, eager for conquest, was dominated by the idea of bringing all nations under his sway, and of making his city the capital of the world. At first he looked with disdain on the fine arts, in all their forms, and regarded a love for the beautiful, whether in literature or art, as an evidence of effeminacy.

For nearly five hundred years there was very little architectural taste displayed in the buildings at Rome. All public works, as the Appian Way, bridges and aqueducts bore the utilitarian stamp. Their best buildings were of brick or the local stone, and there is little evidence that architecture was studied as a fine art until about 150 B. C.

After the fall of Carthage, and the destruction of Corinth, when Greece became a Roman province—both which events occurred in the year 146 B. C.—Rome became desirous of emulating the older civilization which she had destroyed. She had, by her conquests, immense wealth, and expended much, both privately and publicly, in erecting monuments, many of which, more or less altered, remain to the present day.

The first marble temple in Rome was built by the consul Q. Metellus Macedonicus, who died 115 B. C. From that period Roman architecture showed a wonderful diversity in the objects to which it was applied. Not only tombs, temples, and palaces, but baths, theaters, and amphitheatres, basilicas, aqueducts and triumphal arches were planned and built as elaborately as the temples of the gods.

Under the emperors the architectural display reached its full magnificence. The boast of Augustus, that he found Rome of brick, and left her of marble, expresses in a few words the great feature of his reign, and of that of several of the succeeding emperors.

Though the most destructive of all agencies—hostile invasions, conflagrations, and long ages of neglect—have done their utmost to destroy all vestiges of Imperial Rome, there still remain relics enough to make the city of the Cæsars, after Athens, the richest store of classical architectural antiquities in the world.

BUILDINGS OF THE ROMANS.

The temples in Rome were not, as in Greece and Egypt, the structures on which the architect lavished all the resources of his art and his science. They were, in a general way, copies of Greek originals, and did not equal the models after which they were fashioned, nor greatly honor the metropolis of the world. Few remains of them exist. The Church of Santa Maria Ezizica was once a heathen temple, and after some necessary changes, used for Christian worship. This was tetra-style, with half columns around it, and of the kind called by Vitruvius pseudo-peripteral. A few fragmentary remains of other temples are found in Rome, but there are much finer specimens in some of the provinces. The best is the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. This was probably erected during the reign of Hadrian. There is a portico in front, while the sides and rear have columns attached. The details of the capitals and entablature are almost pure Greek.

At Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis in Syria, not far from Damascus, are the ruins of another magnificent, provincial Roman temple. It was built in the time of the Antonines, and must have been of very extensive dimensions. At the western end of an immense court, on an artificial elevation, stand the

remains of what is called the Great Temple. This was 290 feet long by 160 feet wide, and had 54 columns supporting its roof, only six of which now remain erect. Their height, including base and capital, is 75 feet, and their diameter at the base 7 feet. They are of the Corinthian order, and above them rises an elaborately moulded entablature, 14 feet in height. The most striking feature of these buildings is the colossal size of the stones used in their construction.

Among the most remarkable public buildings, whether in the mother city, or in the provinces, were the Basilicas, or halls of justice, used also as commercial exchanges. These were generally oblong, covered halls, divided into three or five aisles by rows of columns. At one end was a semi-circular recess, the floor of which was raised considerably above the level of the rest of the floor, and here the presiding magistrate had his seat.

Although the Romans were not particularly interested in dramatic representations, they were passionately fond of shows and games of all kinds. Hence they built many theatres and amphitheatres in all their cities and large towns. The most stupendous fabric of the kind that was ever erected was the Flavian amphitheater or Colosseum, whose ruins attest its pristine magnificence.

"Arches on arches, as if it were that Rome, collecting the chief trophies of her line, would build up all the triumphs in one dome." It was oblong, 620 feet in length, and 513 feet wide. It was favorably situated between the Esquiline and the Cœlian hills, and admirably planned for the convenience of the vast audiences, estimated at from 50,000 to 80,000. Recent excavations have revealed the communications that existed between the arena and the dens, where the wild animals, slaves, and prisoners were confined. The external façade is composed of four stories, separated by entablatures that run completely round the building, without a break. The three lower stories consist of a series of semi-circular arched openings, eighty in number, separated by piers with attached columns in front of them, the Doric order being used in the lowest story, the Ionic in the second, and the Corinthian in the third.

From these meager facts the reader must imagine the magnificence and grandeur of the Colosseum, or seek for fuller information in works of ancient art. Nothing can give us a more impressive idea of the grandeur and lavish display of Imperial Rome, than the remains of the huge *Thermæ* or bathing establishments. These belong mostly to the Christian era.

Agrippa built the first, A. D. 10, and thence to 324 A. D., no less than twelve of these vast establishments were erected by different emperors, including Constantine, and bequeathed to the people. The baths of Caracalla and Diocletian are the only ones that remain in any state of preservation, and were probably the finest and most extensive of them all.

There is one ancient building in Rome more impressive than any other—not only because of its better state of preservation, but because of the dignity with which it was designed, the perfection of execution, and the effectiveness of the mode in which the interior is lighted—the Pantheon. It is the finest example of a domed hall that is left. It has the circular form with a diameter of 145 feet, and a height to the top of the dome of 147 feet. The magnificent dome is enriched with boldly recessed panels, and these covered with bronze ornaments.

The domestic architecture of the Romans at an early day was rich, but few traces of it remain. The buildings were of two kinds; the *insula*, or block of buildings, containing a number of buildings, and the *domus*, or detached mansion.

Their buildings, in the first centuries rude, came, in time, to have a very decided architectural character. We gather from them that daring, energy, readiness, structural skill, and a not too fastidious taste were characteristics of Roman architects and their works.

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

Constantine the Great, who had encouraged the erection of houses of Christian worship in Rome and other parts of Italy,

exerted a marked influence on architecture when he removed the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, and called the new capital Constantinople. He rebuilt the city that was almost in ruins, though not deserted. The people were largely of the Greek race, and had Greek ideas of architecture. Hence a new development of the church building differing somewhat from the style of the basilicas soon showed itself.

In Byzantium buildings of most original design sprang up, founded, it is true, on Roman originals, but by no means exact copies of them. The most difficult problems of construction, particularly of roofs, were successfully met and solved.

What course the art ran during the two centuries between the refounding of Byzantium and the building of Santa Sophia, we can only infer from its outcome. But it is certain that to attain the power of designing and erecting so great a work as Santa Sophia, the architects of Constantinople must have greatly modified and improved the Roman practice of building vaults and domes.

The first church dedicated to Santa Sophia by Constantine was burnt early in the reign of Justinian; and, in rebuilding it, his architects succeeded in erecting one of the most famous buildings in the world, and one which is the typical and central embodiment of a distinct and strongly marked, well-defined style. Its distinctive feature is the adoption of the dome in preference to the vault, or timber roof, as the covering of the walls. In this grand edifice, one vast flattish dome dominates the central space. This dome is circular in form and the space over which it is placed is square, the sides of which are occupied by four massive semi-circular arches of 100 feet span each, springing from four vast piers, one at each corner. The triangular spaces in the corners of the square, so enclosed, and the circle or ring resting on it, become portions of the dome, each just sufficient to fit on one corner of the square, and the four uniting at their upper margin, to form a ring. From this ring springs the main dome that rises to a height of 46 feet, and is 107 feet in clear diameter. Externally this church is less interesting, but its interior is of surpassing beauty, and is thus eloquently described by Gilbert Scott: "Simple as is the primary ideal, the actual effect is one of great intricacy, and of continuous gradation of parts from the small arcades up to the stupendous dome which hangs with little apparent support, like a vast bubble, over the centre; or, as Procopius, who witnessed its erection, said, 'as if suspended by a chain from heaven.'" The type of church of which this magnificent cathedral was the great example, has continued in eastern christendom to the present day with but little variation. Between Rome and Constantinople, well situated for receiving influences from both those cities, was Ravenna,—and there a series of buildings, all more or less Byzantine, was erected. The most interesting of these is the church of San Vitale. It recalls Santa Sophia, and its structure, sculpture, and mosaic decorations are equally characteristic and hardly less famous.

We need only mention one other magnificent specimen of this style of architecture, more within the reach of ordinary travelers, and consequently better known. It can be studied easily by means of almost numberless photographic representations—St. Marks, at Venice. It was built between the years 977 and 1071, it is said, according to a design obtained from Constantinople.

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE.

This term is used to indicate a style of architecture founded on Roman art, which prevailed in Western Europe before the rise of that known as Gothic.

Under this general name, if applied broadly, many closely allied local varieties, as for example, the Lombard, Rhenish, Saxon, and Norman, can be conveniently included. After the removal of the Roman capital to Byzantium, and the incursion of the Northern tribes, the spectacle of Europe was melancholy in the extreme.

Nothing but the church retained any semblance of organized

existence; and when, at length, order began to be restored from a chaos of universal ruin, and churches began to be built in Western Europe, the people looked to Rome as their ecclesiastic center.

Where the Romish church had influence, the architecture had the Roman type; and, where the Eastern church prevailed, it adhered closely to the Byzantium models. This style, with local varieties, still obtains in most parts of Europe, and, to some extent, in American church building. An architect of genius and taste may successfully combine different orders; but most who attempt it fail. To succeed well, a good degree of originality is needed.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, that reads poetry at all, has not read and admired "Snow-Bound?" "That exquisite poem has no prototype in English literature unless Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night' be one, and it will be long, I fear, before it will have a companion piece. Out of materials of the slightest order, really common-place, Mr. Whittier had made a poem that will live, and can no more be rivaled by any winter poetry that may be written hereafter, than 'Thanatopsis' can be rivaled as a meditation on the universality of death. The characters of this little idyl are carefully drawn. * * Everything is naturally introduced, and the reflections, which are manly and pathetic, are among the finest that Mr. Whittier has ever written. 'Snow-Bound' at once authenticated itself as an idyl of New England life and manners."—(Abridged) *R. H. Stoddard.*

The Vaudois Teacher.

"Oh lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen
might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—“ My gentle lady, stay !”

"Oh lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer luster flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveler gray and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meager book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folded robe he took.
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold, I ask it not, for the Word of God is free."
The hoary traveler went his way, but the gift he left behind

Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's
mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of
truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of
youth.

Providence.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
No works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As in the case of Hood, the fun in Holmes is always jostling the
pathos. After some comic picture or grotesque phrase or quick thrust,
the reader comes suddenly upon a stanza of perfect beauty of form with
the gentlest touch of natural feeling. To illustrate this, it may be par-
donable to quote even from so well known a poem as "The Last Leaf:"

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that
Are so queer.
The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The last stanza is a pearl so perfect that one can not conceive it as
having been *made*; it seems that it must have been created.—*Francis*
H. Underwood.

It is difficult to imagine the time when any of the characteristic poems
of Holmes will slumber on the shelves of antiquaries. They must be
eternally new to the new generations, because they are founded in na-
ture, constructed with art, animated by the noblest qualities of intellect
and feeling—uniting the wit of Heine with the freshness of Beranger
—and are finished as few poems have been finished since the odes of
Horace.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The Prisoned Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,—
Sails the unshadow'd main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year behold the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

"The Boys."

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has take him out, without making a noise,
Hang the Almanac's cheat, and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes! show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" Yes! white if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's-his-name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was true!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;

But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS.

Conscience.

Nature has placed thee on a changeable tide,
To breast its waves, but not without a guide.
Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,
As the true current it will falsely feel
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced truth,
If passion's lightning fall upon its youth;
So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.
Go to yon town where busy science plies
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the skies,—
That little vernier on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
A silent index, tracks the planets' march
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.
So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
The living index, which thy Maker traced,
Repeats the line each starry virtue draws
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws.
Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray;
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,
And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of night.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It is not necessary to say that Lowell is the first poet of the time, or of the country, although it would be possible to maintain that proposition with strong reasons; but it will be conceded, we think, by most who have the capacity of appreciating poetic genius, that in some of his strains he reaches a note as lofty and clear and pure as any this generation has produced, and has written what will have long life in the world, and be hoarded by the wise as treasures of thought and expression.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The wisdom and wit and insight and imagination of the book are as delightful as they are surprising. The most cynical critic will not despair of American literature, if American authors are to write such books.—*G. W. Curtis.*

The moving power of Mr. Lowell's poetry, which we take to be its delicate apprehension of the spiritual essence in common things, is, in some of his poems, embodied in the fine organization of a purely poetic diction; in others, in the strong, broad language of popular feeling and humor; and we enjoy each the more for the presence of the other.—*The Spectator* (London).

Hunting a Theme.

Now I've a notion if a poet
Beat up for themes, his verse will show it;
I wait for subjects that haunt me,
By day or night won't let me be,
And hang about me like a curse,
Till they have made me into verse.

* * * * *

Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
Shall court thy precious interviews;
Shall take thy head upon her knee,
And such enchantment lilt to thee
That thou shalt hear the life-blood flow
From farthest stars to grass-blades low.

In the Twilight.

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went;
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music once heard by an ear
That can not forget or reclaim it,—
A something, so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!
And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak and show it,
This pleasure, more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should not lack a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad
Long ago!

[The following exquisite lines are suggestive, and in strong contrast with the familiar rollicking stanzas in the serio-comic "Biglow Papers."]

Longing.

The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize the longing.

THE world is impatient of distinction; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its law. This quality at last inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet.—*Matthew Arnold.*

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth, in order, a declaration" of such things as pertain to our national history, even as they testify to us who were contemporary with the events narrated, it seems good for me also to write, not because what may be here recorded will be new to the readers, but rather to call to remembrance things that were known, but are partially forgotten; and possibly to put them in such form that the tenure by which they are held may hereafter be more secure.

If greatly interested in the annals of other nations, whether ancient or modern, and ready to gather instruction alike from their excellencies and defects, their failures and successes, the American citizen should certainly find special interest in the history of his own country. Whatever else fails to interest him, a freeman, worthy of his heritage, will carefully study the elements of strength or weakness, security or danger of our institutions. Knowing, as he must, that the events that pass in succession before him are not causeless, or without meaning, he both inquires for their source, and hears their prophecy of the future. When others see but happenings and accidents, the more thoughtful recognize a guiding, controlling hand, and confess

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

American, or United States history is luminous from its earliest dawn. Unlike other histories in the prescribed course, as the Greek and Roman, reaching back to such remote antiquity as to become quite lost in the shadowy past, ours has none of that "mythological period;" no age in which nymphs and dryads, fauns and satyrs, gods and demi-gods are introduced as actors. The annals of the earliest American civilization record not legends and fables, but facts, things of actual occurrence and thoroughly attested by those who knew well whereof they affirmed. Those introduced as sages and heroes, challenging our admiration for the wisdom of their counsels and valor of their deeds were not myths, of whose very existence there is doubt. Great men, indeed, they were, and worthy of all the honors received; yet, but men, and subject to the limitations and liabilities of our common manhood.

We do not deify those to whom we are most indebted, or surround honored names with the flowers of rhetoric. The praise that is merited is bestowed as it is due to the truth.

The pioneers in the settlement of the continent, by laying the foundations of our free institutions, and starting their communities toward the advanced civilization now enjoyed, conferred on us lasting obligations; but in regard to many of them "they builded better than they knew." Often they were rude, narrow, superstitious and mistaken, though earnest, manly and sincere; their best eulogy is to tell the story as it was.

The sources of reliable information on which we may draw are so abundant there can be no want of material. The only embarrassment is from the riches in possession. To make the most judicious selection for a succinct yet coherent, suggestive narration is a task of no ordinary difficulty. The country itself first demands some notice, before we speak of its inhabitants and their institutions. The domain of the great American Union is now nearly four times as large as at the close of the Revolutionary war. The thirty-nine sovereign states, District of Columbia, and eight large organized territories occupy an area of 3,280,572 square miles, with a reserve of 600,000 square miles of unoccupied or sparsely inhabited territory, from which we know not how many states may be made after the population has been sufficiently increased.

The commonwealth, not including Alaska, is bounded north by the British possessions in America, from which it is partly separated by the great northern lakes, Superior, Huron, St. Clair, Erie and Ontario, with the St. Clair, Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers; east by New Brunswick, the Atlantic Ocean,

and the Gulf of Mexico; south by the Gulf of Mexico and the Mexican border; west by the Pacific Ocean. The greatest length, from the Atlantic to the Pacific is 2600 miles; the greatest breadth, from Maine to Florida, 1600 miles. The frontier line toward British America measures 3,303 miles, and the coast line 12,909 miles. With such possessions, stretching across the continent from ocean to ocean, and over 25° in latitude, having exhaustless resources, a climate sufficiently varied, a free government, and just laws, we may well say the future of the nation is full of promise.

THE ABORIGINES.

But little account can or need be given of the savage tribes inhabiting the continent when it first became known to the civilized world.

Men multiplied on the earth and spread themselves widely over its habitable portions for ages, during which, in their dispersion, little was known by the clans of each other, or of the world beyond their local habitations. The few imperfect records made were not lasting, and the generations following often lost all knowledge of their own origin.

In most European countries the once uncultured savage tribes either improving, through their own exertions, escaped by degrees from the effete barbarisms of their ancestors, or when overcome by foes of superior intelligence, they profited by their subjugation, and, accepting the better civilization of their conquerors, became important factors in the provincial governments that were established. These carried with them a little legendary knowledge. The earliest historians, as Herodotus and others, recorded many of their legends that were mere fancies—unauthentic fabrications relating to their pre-historic days.

We have no such mythical elements in American history, particularly in the history of the United States. The first inhabitants (wild men of the forest) were possibly as rude and superstitious as any in the Orient. But the North American Indians of our region were never, unless in a few exceptional cases, made integral parts of the new communities established in the country. When friendly relations were sought they made treaties, retiring from the grounds they sold; and, when subject to hostile attack, they fell or fled before the invaders. Without letters or art, the rude monuments they left had little significance. Their few oral traditions did not descend to them from days very remote, and their origin is wrapped in mystery. From what branch of the human family their ancestors came, or by what route they reached the continent, is not known.

If all the tribes had a common origin in this country it evidently must have been very remote, as they were found widely different in language and other tribal peculiarities. Some resemblance may be traced, but only by long separation and different modes of life could members of the same family become so dissimilar.

The number of Indians previous to the settlement of the country by European colonists can only be estimated. It was great, and they spread over most parts of the continent. That it was overestimated is probable. Not much given to planting or building, but living principally by the chase, and on what the earth produced without tillage, they were more or less nomadic in their habits, and the bounds of their habitation not well defined. Yet, as tribes, they appropriated lands, and counted at least the number of their warriors who could go out to battle.

The great nations—the Esquimaux, Algonquins, Iroquois, Mobilians and Dacotas seem to have been confederacies, each made up of several tribes, usually acting together in war; but, in peace, content to occupy their own hunting grounds. But a small number of all the Indians now on the continent are within the bounds of the United States, and the number is growing less. That the wild men of the forest vanish before the advancing hosts of civilization is doubtless true. The whole number at present in all the states and territories, including

Alaska, probably does not exceed 200,000, much the larger number being women and children; a pitiable remnant of the one hundred and fifty-two tribes of warlike men, whose braves were a terror to their foes. The Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickisaws, now in the Indian Territory, with the remnants of tribes that remain on small reservations in the states, in all about 50,000, are in a more hopeful condition. They have already a good degree of civilization, and many of them cordially accept the teachings and institutions of Christianity. They have their homes, schools, ministers and churches. They practice the industries of civilized life, and in their moral and religious habits are scarcely inferior to their white neighbors. These may in time take their places as states in the Union, or personally become citizens of other states, as they elect. If they do not, extinction seems to be inevitable. They may receive, as they should, kind and liberal treatment. But to remain very long wards of the government, retaining a distinct nationality in the midst of powerful and rapidly increasing communities, from whom they are separated by no sufficient natural boundaries, is simply impossible. The only hope for them is in citizenship, collectively or personally obtained.

The physical character of the country will be best understood when spoken of in connection with the political divisions. It presents as much variety as any other great section of the globe. There is both beauty and grandeur. The intelligent beholder from other shores is impressed with the vastness of what he sees. There are great prairies, plains and forests—with trees the largest in the world; great lakes, rivers and cataracts; magnificent mountain ranges, abounding in scenery as grand as the eye need look upon. It was just the place in which to found a great empire, and build institutions to last for ages.

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY.

The last half century has thrown much light on the question of discovery; and evidence is conclusive that it dates at least six hundred years before the first European settlement at Jamestown, Va., in May, 1607. In 1001 Lief Erickson, an Icelandic captain, with a small company of daring Norsemen, sailed from Greenland, reached Labrador, and, in the spirit of adventure, coasted as far south as Massachusetts, where they remained a year. Thorwald, a brother of the last named hero, made a voyage a year later to Maine and Massachusetts, where he died. In 1005 and 1007 there came larger crews from the same region, and made more extended explorations, but apparently with no well defined object in view. Those Norsemen, from the extreme northwestern part of Europe, were a rough race of dangerous pirates—bold, hardy, but ignorant navigators, known and dreaded by the countries they visited as the terrible “sea kings” of that age. Rovers over all seas to which they found access, they explored unknown lands for plunder, not for settlement. Nothing valuable resulted from their discoveries. For centuries all knowledge gained by them was lost, and nothing was known in Europe of their voyages. The very name, Vinland, given to the country in Iceland, was for ages lost. And the more intelligent efforts, afterward made, were in no way suggested, so far as we know, by even vague rumors of what these sea robbers found. The continent discovered by accident, was, through ignorance, never made known to the civilized world; and so, for centuries, remained the *terra incognita*; and the real discovery of such untold value to the race was reserved for those of more intelligence, who purposely, at great sacrifice, and guided by scientific principles, sought the western hemisphere, of whose existence they were confident.

Christopher Columbus, born at Genoa, Italy, in 1435, was carefully educated, and interested in maritime matters from his youth. Mandeville, the traveler, had proclaimed the earth a sphere, or round, and had given his reasons. Columbus not only had faith in the astronomical discovery, but sought to turn his knowledge to some practical account. He argued, conclu-

sively, that the world being round, if there were no intervening lands to hinder sailing westward over the open seas, he would much easier than by the known route, reach the spice lands of the East Indies. That was the object of his search, and when, after seventy-one days sailing, land was sighted, the anxious voyagers supposed their end was gained. He first stepped ashore, unfurled their flag, and finding the place an island named it San Salvador. Three or four other islands of the group were added to his discoveries during the voyage; but the main land was not visited, and from a misconception as to the size of the earth, supposing it to be only 12,000 or 14,000 miles in circumference, they supposed the fertile, salubrious isles then discovered were near the coast of India, and so named them the West Indies.

Columbus made a second voyage, discovered several more islands, and established a colony at Hayti, his brother being governor. After an absence of three years he returned to Spain, to find himself suspected, accused, and the victim of a relentless persecution. His enemies not only stripped him of his merited honors as a discoverer, but to further compass his disgrace, sent him from his colony he had revisited a prisoner in chains. Though soon released and fully vindicated, the balance of his days were clouded. It remained for posterity to rescue his name from oblivion. Though the less deserving Florentine, Amerigo Vespucci, by his craft and the dullness of the times, succeeded in attaching his name to the continent, we still heartily sing “Hail Columbia,” in memory of the real discoverer, while many towns, counties and cities perpetuate the honored name.

Within ten years after the death of Columbus the principal islands of the West Indies were explored, and settlements were commenced. The excitement becoming intense not only in Spain, but in the western states of Europe, adventurers increased. In 1512 a Spaniard, rich and well advanced in years, left Porto Rico, touched at San Salvador, and in due time came in sight of an unknown land that seemed, as they entered it, a place of beauty; he named it Florida, or land of flowers. This, too, was supposed another island, more beautiful than any before discovered. A landing was effected, and the country claimed for the King of Spain. The coast was explored for many leagues, some valuable information gained, and the adventurers sailed back to Porto Rico. Afterward Ponce, the aged explorer, was sent to found a colony, and be its governor. In 1521 he again landed, but his right to rule was contested by the Indians, who were found in a state of bitter hostility. They at once made a furious attack. Many of the Spaniards were killed, and Ponce De Leon, wounded by an arrow, was carried back to Cuba to die.

In 1519 Fernando Cortes landed at Tabasco, and began the conquest of Mexico. As that section of the continent is without the limits of the United States, we avoid a detailed statement of his progress, marked by the unexampled rapacity and cruelty of the invaders. Tens of thousands of the unoffending—many of them unarmed—inhabitants were not slain in battle, but massacred in their streets and homes.

The lust of gold, rather than ambition, was the ruling passion, and the treasures of the Montezumas failed to satisfy it. Drenched in the blood of her citizens, Mexico became a Spanish province. The Spaniards bore the christian name, and sadly disgraced it. The appalling scenes of treachery, cruelty and bloodshed they enacted are scarcely equaled in the annals of savage warfare. To turn from them is a relief.

[End of Required Reading for February.]

If a man wish to make his way in the world, he must bestir himself and work his brains; if he wish to rise to honor and place, he must bend his back to the golden load. If he prefer to enjoy the delights of home, with children and grandchildren round his knees, let him follow an honest trade in peace.—*Schiller.*

HIS COLD.

By FOLLIOTT SANFORD PIERPOINT.

"Who can abide his cold?"

"Pray that your flight be not in the winter."

Is it not hard to live one day,
When God His face has turned away,
When prayer is wingless, or her wing
Droops earthward like some weary thing?

Yet did no bent and broken light
Pierce the dark vault of utter night,
Of hope or memory no ray,
Who could abide His cold one day?

Summer and winter, sun and rain,
The soul needs for her golden grain—
Warm sun, warm rain, the ear to fill,
His cold, love's selfishness to kill.

Come, winter, come, to kill dull pelf,
Love of His sweetness not Himself;
Till we can kiss His frowning face,
Unmeet our soul for summer grace.

But when the harvest-tide is nigh,
God grant His summer fill the sky,
God grant His harvest-rays be shed,
God grant His harvest-moon rise red.

Cold is the shore, and dark the tide,
Through which to His warm arms we glide
But if He then His face withhold,
Who can that day abide His cold?

Not in the winter be our flight!
Then need we most His summer light,
His presence felt, His angels near,
His bride to bless, His bread to cheer.

From strength to strength, from Thee to Thee,
Grant, Lord, our summer flight may be;
From veiled form and mystic grace
To splendors of Thine unveiled face.

THE TABLE-TALK OF NAPOLEON.

At St. Helena, when Napoleon had time to remember his early youth, he said to Montholon:

"What recollections of childhood crowd upon my memory. I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. It seems to me always, in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, living as the father of a family with my wife and son, in our old home at Ajaccio. . . I still remember with emotion the minute details of a journey in which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his body-guard. I felt proud of walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me the passes of our mountains which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our countrymen for independence. The impressions made upon me still vibrate in my heart. . . Religion is the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! What a power would it still have did its ministers comprehend their mission!"

Napoleon's hand-writing was of a most unintelligible character. "Do you write orthographically?" he asked his amanuensis one day at St. Helena. "A man occupied with public business can not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow

faster than his hand can trace. He has only time to place his points. He must compress words into letters, and phrases into words, and let the scribes make it out afterward."

"The rapid succession of your victories," said Las Cases to Napoleon, "must have been a source of great delight to you." "By no means," Napoleon replied; "those who think so know nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow. The aspect of danger was continually before me. I enjoyed not one moment of repose."

"Tents," said Napoleon, "are unhealthy; it is much better for the soldier to bivouac in the open air, for then he can build a fire and sleep with warm feet. Tents are necessary only for the general officers, who are obliged to read and consult their maps."

"My extreme youth when I took command of the army of Italy," Napoleon remarked, "made it necessary for me to evince great reserve of manner, and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly superior in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses I should have lost my power."

Napoleon sent the celebrated picture of St. Jerome from the Duke of Parma's gallery to the Museum at Paris. The duke, to save his work of art, offered Napoleon two hundred thousand dollars, which the conqueror refused to take, saying: "The sum which he offers will be soon spent; but the possession of such a masterpiece at Paris will adorn that capital for ages, and give birth to similar exertions of genius."

"Different matters are arranged in my head," said Napoleon, "as in drawers. I open one drawer and close another as I wish. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary pre-occupation of the mind. If I desire repose I shut up all the drawers, and sleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost always at will."

While at Milan, Napoleon had just mounted his horse one morning, when a dragoon, bearing important dispatches, presented himself before him. Napoleon gave a verbal answer and ordered the courier to take it back with all speed.

"I have no horse," the man answered. "I rode mine so hard that it fell dead at your palace gates."

Napoleon alighted. "Take mine," he said.

The man hesitated.

"You think him too magnificently caparisoned and too fine an animal," said Napoleon. "Nothing is too good for a French soldier."

"Pavia," said Napoleon, "is the only place I ever gave up to pillage. I promised that the soldiers should have it at their mercy for twenty-four hours; but after three hours I could bear such scenes of outrage no longer, and put an end to them. Policy and morality are equally opposed to the system. Nothing is so certain to disorganize and completely ruin an army."

"I have," said Napoleon, "a taste for founding, not for possessing. My riches consist in glory and celebrity. The Simpson and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than any private domains could possibly have been."

To General Clark, on the death of his nephew, at Arcola, Napoleon wrote: "Your nephew, Elliott, has been slain upon the battlefield. That young man has several times marched at

the head of our columns. He has died gloriously, and in the face of the enemy. He did not have a moment's suffering. Where is the *reasonable man* who would not envy such a death? Where is he who, in the vicissitudes of life would not give himself up to leave in this manner a world so often ungrateful?"

Napoleon had no tendencies to gallantry. Madame de Staël once said to him: "It is reported that you are not very partial to the ladies." "I am very fond of my wife, Madame," was the laconic reply.

"The English," said Napoleon, "appear to prefer the bottle to the society of their ladies; as is exemplified by dismissing the ladies from the table and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. If I were in England I should decidedly leave the table with the ladies. If the object is to talk instead of to drink, why banish them. Surely conversation is never so lively nor so witty as when ladies take a part in it. Were I an Englishwoman I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men to wait for two or three hours while they were drinking. In France, society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation."

A lady of rank once said to him, "What is life worth if one cannot be General Bonaparte?" Napoleon answered her wisely: "Madame! one may be a dutiful wife and the good mother of a family."

Traveling through Switzerland, Napoleon was greeted with such enthusiasm that Bourrienne said to him, "It must be delightful to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Bah," replied Napoleon; "this same unthinking crowd under a slight change of circumstances would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold."

Speaking of the Theophilanthropists, Napoleon said, "They can accomplish nothing; they are merely actors." "What!" was the reply; "do you thus stigmatize those whose tenets inculcate universal benevolence and the moral virtues?" "All moral systems are fine," rejoined Napoleon. "The Gospel alone has shown a full and complete assemblage of the principles of morality, stripped of all absurdity. It is not made up, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Such enthusiasts are only to be met with the weapons of ridicule; all their efforts will prove ineffectual."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By PROF. A. B. HYDE, D.D.

A man of letters, eminent in England, deserves, on visiting these shores, our brotherly attention. Nothing so holds us in fellowship with the people of "the little mother-land" as our reading their literature, and their reading ours, without translation. Their writers and speakers are thus our true kinsfolk, nearer to us than French or German can be. Mr. Arnold, known well rather than widely, has position among English thinkers of our day, such as demands for the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* a reasonable understanding of him and his work. His essays and addresses are published in seven volumes by MacMillan & Co. His poems, in two or three volumes, are had from the same house. He came to this country partly to visit and partly to deliver a few lectures. Mr. Arnold was born at Christmas of 1822, in Laleham, where his father was privately fitting students for the universities. His father, Thomas Arnold, eminent as clergyman and historian, is still more famed as teacher. At Rugby school his pupils loved and honored him. He understood the good and evil of English boys, and with wonderful skill he trained them in sound learning, and moulded them to pure and generous character. Gaining from him the tone of

manly sentiment, many of his "Tom Browns" have been blessings to their generation.

Matthew was his eldest son. Another, Delafield Arnold, early worn out in the educational work of India, was buried on his homeward voyage, at Gibraltar, while his devoted wife went to a grave under the solemn shadow of the Himalayas.

In Matthew's boyhood the family home was fixed at Fox How, near the abode of the poet Wordsworth. Here in his vacations the father studied, and Matthew could see Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, the "Lake Poets." To Fox How, haunt of the muses, a crowd of distinguished visitors made streaming pilgrimage, and here the lad who early "seemed no vulgar boy," could absorb the deep things of reason and the sweet things of song. He deeply revered these men under whose shadow he sat as a boyish listener. Of his father he says: "We rested till then in thy shade, as under the boughs of an oak. Toil and dejection have tried thy spirit, of that we say nothing. To us thou wast still cheerful and helpful and firm."

After Wordsworth's death he says of the dear and venerable man to whom his eyes in young weariness had often turned for refreshment:

"He spake and loosed our heart in tears,
Our youth returned, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
The freshness of the early world."

In 1840, having prepared under his father, he was elected a scholar at Baliol College, Oxford, and four years later he gained a prize for an English poem. The next year he was made a Fellow of Oriel College. In 1846 he became private secretary of Lord Lansdowne, and so remained for several years. He also—after his marriage, in 1851, with Frances Wightman, daughter of an eminent jurist—served as Her Majesty's Inspector of British schools. In 1857 he was with sharp competition chosen Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The term of office is ten years. Finding himself in later years growing alien from poetic composition ("these lips but rarely frame them now"), he allowed the place to pass to Principal Shairp, a man more distinguished as a critic than a producer of poetry. Mr. Arnold still gives an occasional poem, oftenest on simple themes, as the death of his terrier, "Geist," or his canary, "Matthias." His "Westminster Abbey," on the death of Dean Stanley, is grand as an anthem. He is now heard chiefly in essays, critical and æsthetic, and educational or other addresses. He is of noble presence and kindly, earnest face, over which his rich, full hair, now sable-silvered, parts and clusters. He is no orator, speaking low and slowly, but the charm of his personal appearance, the beauty of his thought, the clear incisive force of his silvery rhetoric make him to cultivated audiences ever welcome. Take him for all in all, he is so felt to-day and sure to be so read and felt hereafter, that some study of him as thinker and poet may be both instructive and entertaining.

Of his lectures in this country the best was on Emerson, whom he prized as "the friend and aid of those who wished to live in the spirit."

His first stir of thought was from Wordsworth, not young Wordsworth, the flush "high-priest of man and nature and of human life," but from the venerable laureate, when his utterances began to have "the sweetness, the gravity, the beauty, the languor of death." The lofty energy which Arnold inherited from his father was seriously impaired by the contemplative egotism of his father's friend. At the time when impressions deep and lasting were easily made on his young mind, Goethe, critic and artist of many generations, went to his grave. "Knowest thou," says Carlyle, "no prophet even in the vesture, environment and dialect of this age? I know him and name him Goethe. In him man's life begins again to be divine." Goethe had at first held the principles of Rousseau. Later he announced with the serenity of a Brahmin and the authority of a Delphic oracle, that the chief end of man is "to cultivate his

own spirit." This utterance fell like a gospel on Arnold's ear. He began to expound and enforce it, striving to engraft it on literary society and to embody it in the English national life. To him we owe that sense of the word "culture" which is so hard to state, and other terms and phrases, as "perfection, sweetness and light," "harmonious development," and the like. A better English pleader for the new "development" could hardly have been found. Clear and graceful in statement, gentle under criticism, patient under reproof and witty in reply, his one defect is in not doing what both the sacred and the profane oracles enjoin as the first thing in culture—to understand himself. Let us trace his ideas and doctrines in politics, in education, in religion, and in poetry.

His view of the human race is that we are utterly separate, "enised," each forever by himself as in "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

"Yes, in the sea of life enised,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*."

It follows from this isolation (which is in one sense true) that no man can be his brother's keeper. A strong-lunged islander can *call* to his fellow, but nothing more. With this view of the "environment" the first duty ever to be taught and ever rehearsed is *endurance*. Patience under an order of things that "man did not make and can not mar," is a teaching traceable through all his poetry and prose. Then comes in many a pleasing form the lesson of "self-centering."

"With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;
Why? self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.
Bounded by themselves and unregarding
In what state God's other works may be
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

In the "hopeless tangle of our age," to which he is keenly alive, and to explore which is a task of misery and distress, "alone, self-poised, henceforward man must labor." "No man can save his brother's soul, nor pay his brother's debt." As man is thus set apart from his fellow, "self-culture," "self-perfecting" are his duty and his chief concern. By culture Mr. Arnold means the development of every capacity and power enfolded within us, and the adapting of ourselves perfectly to the island, larger or smaller, of our Crusoe life. This culture is gained not by unions, coöperations, or harangues "with tremendous cheers." It is of one's self and for one's self, save as the wind may waft the odors of one "islet" to another. Culture must come by patient personal effort. Here Mr. Arnold looks back longingly to feudal times, and even beyond. The evil communications of the present corrupt good manners. He seems to say "*any* former times are better than these," and to

"Pine for force
A ghost of time to-raise,
As if he thus might stop the course
Of these appointed nays."

Such a doctrine can never come well into politics. It is too remote—unsystematic, not to say fastidious. Pure as Arnold's motives are known to be, he is too dainty to serve in a party, even that of Mr. Gladstone. He scouts "equality," and prefers benevolence to democracy. As a result, the "sweetness and light" shed from his "islet" is little regarded by the masses, being about as effective as an aurora borealis.

Punch sums up Arnold's discourses to the laboring classes—and all other classes:

To Matthew Arnold hark
With both ears all avidity!
That Matthew—a man of mark—
Says "Cultivate Lucidity!"

In education Mr. Arnold's efforts have been steady and sin-

cere. To him, among others, is due the successful entrance of young women in England upon higher study, so that Cambridge and Oxford are now beset by troops of young ladies who must some day effect entrance. He inherits from his father an educational zeal. His pleadings for literature in courses of study as against the exclusive pursuit of physical science and the "practical" branches, has been earnest and eloquent. He holds that, to know ourselves and the world, we must know the best that has been thought and said in the world. The study of belles-letters may be so conducted as to yield only a smattering of benefit, but it may be made a very serious and critical search after truth. What has been done by civilized nations, and what manner of people they were, is as well worth knowing as chemistry or geology.

Examining a young man on the meaning of "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" he received as explanation, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" He asks whether to know the products of the combustion of wax is better than to understand Shakspeare? He is sure that man's need of beauty in truth, and of acquaintance with the general human mind demands the study of literature, and that for this study the best of all is the Greek.

Few will question, most teachers will accept, his educational doctrines.

Mr. Arnold explains that to attain perfect culture, we must be perfectly religious, and for this, we must properly understand the Bible. This brings us to look at his darkened side. He is an *evolutionist* in religion; that is, he holds that as the ages roll on, new religions unfold in newness of vigor and meaning, while the old decay and disappear. He tells us that to-day poetry is the true religion. In our time "every creed is shaken, every dogma questioned, every tradition dissolving." "The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry, for poetry attaches its emotion to the *idea*, and all else is illusion." Poetry has the highest truth, and the highest seriousness.

"Be ye perfect," said the Great Teacher, and this, says Mr. Arnold, is a harmonious development of all sides of our humanity; a thing not found in our broken world. Therefore he calls the orthodox belief a failure; the working classes will have nothing to say to it. He will fix it for them. He takes out of it all its facts and leaves only its tone and its ideas—its poetry. The scheme of Christianity has never been understood until now a select few have grasped it.

"There is an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness"—that is his cloudy piety. The "method" and "secret" of Jesus were commendable; the "method" was repentance, the "secret" was peace; but the Christian religion rests on the assumption of a Personal Ruler, "this cannot be verified." Even the resurrection St. Paul poorly understood. It is in fact "rising to that harmonious conformity with the real and the eternal which is life and peace until it becomes glory." Even the doctrine of the Trinity Mr. Arnold can speak of as "a fairy-tale of the three Lord Shaftburys," a phrase that Ingersoll might quote. One can see—and it is a sad sight—how his religious views have been spoiled by a vain philosophy. How reassuring to know that Mr. Moody, preaching Jesus and the Resurrection at Oxford, in Arnold's sight, found the working classes (and others) glad to hear. Where he had said,

Resolve to be thyself! And know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

Many are learning "Deny thyself" and in finding the Savior, losing their misery.

This gifted disbeliever has longings that he cannot quite conceal. He does not believe Jesus divine, yet he seems to yearn for faith in him, such as his father had, and such as was easy when

Men called from chamber, church and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

He himself would gladly have been caught in the tide
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

Turning sadly away he says :

Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lone Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down ?

At last we seem to find this scholar and poet, Christian born and Christian bred, sinking into the pantheism of heathenism, such as our missionaries confront in India.

Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all but a mood,
A single mood, of the life
Of the Being in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one ?

Through all Mr. Arnold's utterances there seems a certain air of condescension. To the masses, "the un-Hellenic public," he seems to look from his own "islet" and say, "Cultivate your own spirit;" "Cherish light and sweetness," and to add, "Look at me and aspire to your own best self." This looks like a delicate self-worship, such as was in Goethe, and thither "self-culture" easily leads.

In Mr. Arnold as poet one finds enough to admire and enjoy. His first volume of poems was given anonymously to the world in 1849. It made some stir. We thought another of the immortals was among us, and so it proved. He followed in song the same who were his masters in culture, striving, "Wordsworth's sweet calm, and Goethe's wide and luminous view to gain." He took up poetry seriously, for he thought that "poetry is the impassioned expression in the countenance of all science," "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." To him poetry is no idle warbling, but an intense criticism of life in which he works from sense of duty. In all his poems one finds dignity and grace of spirit, something of Goethe's spiritual unrest, and of Wordsworth's healing balm found in communion with nature.

Thus, after Rustum in desperate fight has unknowingly slain his son Sohrab, (who has disclosed himself in his last moments) with how quiet dignity does the Oxus move on, leaving on its bank Sohrab in his gore, and Rustum in his hot agony and blinding tears !

But the majestic river floated on
Out of the mist and hum of that low land
Into the frosted starlight, and there moved
Rejoicing through the hushed Chorasman waste
Under the solitary moon, till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral sea.

He comes to nature, not to bring anything, but to seek rest and refreshment. Byron pours out upon nature, as in *Childe Harold*, the "sparkling gloom" of his own spirit. Coleridge, as in the Hymn at Chamouni, fills nature with his own lofty rapture. Arnold's poems all show how he asks of nature, not pleasure or exaltation—only relief. By the lake he says :

How sweet to feel, on the boon air,
All our unquiet pulses cease !

In his *Summer Night*,

The calm moonlight seems to say,
Hast thou, then, still the old, unquiet breast ?

He turns to the

Heavens whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm and though so great,
Yet so untroubled, so unpassionate !
A world above man's head to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be ;
How it were good to live there and be free.

In Kensington Gardens he says :

In the huge world that roars hard by
Be happy if they can !
Calm soul of all things ! Make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar.

Nowhere in all his pictures of nature, given in the most musical of English and in style flowing, bright and tender, do we find the deep gladness of Wordsworth, or the organ-toned joy of Milton. To each, as his heart is, nature gives. Arnold, sad, unbelieving, self-absorbed, looking at his own shadow, sees the beautiful and sings it, as he finds it, but, "life is wanting there." As our human race appears in his poems, the men of to-day are of small account. "There has passed away a glory from the earth." He has little to say of hope, so much in his eye is the past better than any possible future. Even his favorite metres are of Greek pattern. Admitting that the Pagan world, worn and weary, was revived by Christianity, he thinks this is in its turn "outworn," and men are waning now. Therefore he goes to olden time for heroes, for Prometheus and Pericle, Tristram and Rustum. His only poem truly dramatic, a complete work of art, is *The Sick King in Bokhara*. The elements of the story bring out his genius, and he puts forth the best effort of his mind and art. Here are that dignified self-poise, that unrest akin to remorse that frames so strangely with the calm of helplessness, that lip-curling criticism and that transparent simplicity of which we have been speaking. All is brilliant in setting and rich in color. All his poems we might read (and we should then all the more watch for new ones) but in none shall find the whole of Mr. Arnold as we find it in this.

How beautiful is this from *Tristram*. It is Iseult after the death of her husband and rival, living with her children, as in a fading, misty, moon-lit dream :

Joy hath not found her yet, nor ever will,
Is it this thought that makes her mien so still ?
Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though sweet,
So sunk, so rarely lifted save to meet
Her children's ? She moves slow ; her voice alone
Hath yet an infantine and silvery tone,
But even that comes languidly ; in truth,
She seems one dying in the mask of youth.

Mr. Arnold does not attain to the first rank of either men or poets, but there is a charm about him and his poetry. Too bad it is that he has not the joy and nerve that come of Christian faith "which worketh by love." He would diffuse sweetness and light indeed. But is his poetry, *as poetry*, the worse for his lack of faith ? Its plaintive utterance of the sadness of a soul whose wants are proudly shut from their true satisfaction, will long be read by those who strive to still the heart with supplies from the *intellect* and to make genius serve for Living Bread. No English poet has made the soul-hunger so attractive, or given airy negatives in forms and colors so fascinating.

It is often found that those feelings which are best, noblest, and most self-denying, are exactly those which lead to a disastrous issue. It is as if, by the command of a higher and wiser power, man's fate were intentionally brought into variance with his inner feelings, in order that the latter might acquire a higher value, shine with greater purity, and thus become more precious by the very privations and sufferings to him who cherishes such feelings. However benevolent may be the intentions of Providence, they do not always advance the happiness of the individual. Providence has always higher ends in view, and works in a preëminent degree on the inner feelings and disposition.—*Humboldt*.

ESTIVATION, OR SUMMER SLEEP.

By the REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

I have already mentioned that the peculiar condition which we term hibernation is one which can be produced by heat as well as by cold, and that the bat passes into that state daily throughout summer. The name, therefore, is not sufficiently definite. The German naturalists more properly use two distinct terms, and employ the words "winterschlaf," *i. e.*, winter sleep, and "sommerschlaf," or summer sleep.

In order to maintain the same construction in the terms, I will call the summer sleep by the name of Estivation. This word is scientifically more correct than summer sleep, because, as I have already mentioned, the condition in question is not real sleep, but a kind of trance.

As Estivation is produced in consequence of the withdrawal of food by heat, we must naturally look for it within the tropics. Many of the lower vertebrates are subjected to Estivation, but, as far as is known, no mammal estivates. It has been said that the Taurde, or Madagascar hedgehog, does so, but it is evidently a mistake. It is really one of the hibernators, like our own hedgehog; and though it assumes the trance condition in June, that month is the beginning of winter in Madagascar, and not in the middle of summer, as in England.

I will only take two examples of true Estivation, one from Africa and the other from America. The first is the well known *Lepidosiren*, or mud-fish, a creature which has long been an enigma to zoölogists, as no one could say definitely whether it were a fish or a reptile. Professor Owen, however, states that the structure of its organs of smell proves that it is a true, though rather anomalous, fish. It is found in many parts of Africa, and inhabits the banks of muddy rivers, being plentiful in the Nile.

Nowadays, the systematic naturalists have changed its name and called it *Protopterus*, giving the old and equally appropriate name of *Lepidosiren* to an allied species which is found in the Amazon river and its tributaries. I have, however, retained the original name, and see no sufficient ground for altering it.

It is brownish grey in color, and eel-like in shape, but has four curious rudimentary limbs, apparently useless for locomotion, though they are seldom without movement. They are, in fact, soft single rays of the pectoral and ventral fins, which represent the limbs of beings more highly organized. Each ray carries a narrow strip of membrane along nearly the whole of its length.

Along part of the back there is a very soft fin, extending over the tip of the tail, and returning on the under surface of the body as far as the base of the hind limbs. The body is always covered with viscous slime, insoluble in water, and the creature seems to be able to secrete it as it is wanted.

Essentially predacious, it does not possess rank after rank of teeth, such as we see in the pike, and the wolf-fish, and the like, but is endowed with a most remarkable dental apparatus.

Instead of separate teeth, there is in each jaw what may be called a tooth-ribbon. Suppose that we imagine the dental matter, instead of being made into separate teeth, to be rolled out into a continuous ribbon, then "pleated" into folds like those of a ruff, and so set in the jaws. Then let us imagine the projecting edge of each tooth-ribbon to be as sharp as that of a chisel, and we can realize the formidable apparatus with which the mouth is armed.

These details are here briefly given, because without them the history of its estivation could not be understood.

That the *Lepidosiren* was carnivorous had long been known, but no idea was formed of its voracity until some living specimens were successfully reared in the Crystal Palace. One of them was placed in the large water basin which then adorned the center of the tropical department at the north end of the

Palace, but which may now be seen in the open air between the Palace and the water tower.

Though confined in a tank, it contrived to escape into the basin, and straightway began to make havoc among the gold-fish. It swam gently under them, rose with open jaws, caught the fish just behind the pectoral fins, bit out a piece, its ribbon-like teeth cutting through scale, bone, and flesh, as if they had been shears, and sank out of sight with its prey. It never bit the same fish twice, and as long as it could find fish, declined to eat anything else.

As this mode of feeding involved a gold-fish for each mouthful, Mr. F. W. Wilson, who was then in charge of the Natural History Department of the Crystal Palace, had the tank emptied, and fenced off a portion with wire grating, so that the *Lepidosiren* could not get at the fish. The creature was then fed with frogs, which I have seen it eat; and by reason of the perpetual supply of food, it grew so fast that it attained a length of thirty inches and weighed six pounds and a quarter, a very giant of *Lepidosirens*, which seldom exceed eighteen inches in length.

It lived for more than three years, and might have grown to a much larger size, but for the neglect of an attendant who forgot on one winter night to keep up the fire which warmed the water, and in consequence this interesting creature was found dead next morning.

Here then we have a carnivorous being of more than ordinary voracity, and requiring a constant supply of fish. But, during the rainless summer, the water is rapidly evaporated under the sun's rays, the fish die, and the muddy bed of the river becomes as dry and nearly as hard as brick. What then is the *Lepidosiren* to do?

By Divine Providence, the heat which withdraws its food acts upon it as cold acts upon hibernating animals in this country. As soon as the drying-up process has begun, the *Lepidosiren* wriggles itself into the mud while it is still soft, and by dint of turning round and round, makes a sort of chamber, the sides of which are preserved from collapsing by the slime which it pours from its body.

It then doubles itself up sideways in a most curious fashion, wrapping the membranous tail over its head so as to cover it entirely. The body is not coiled in a circle, as might be imagined, but the two inner sides (mostly the left) are pressed closely against each other, so that the animal occupies a wonderfully small space. The dimensions of the chamber are soon contracted by the weight of the superincumbent mud, until at last there is scarcely the eighth of an inch of free space round the body.

In this curious refuge the *Lepidosiren* passes into a state of Estivation. The mud is gradually dried, and then baked under the fierce rays of a tropical sun. But the *Lepidosiren* lies motionless and unconscious until the next rainy season refills the river, dissolves the hardened mud, and sets the creature free to resume its predatory life.

Were it not for the *Lepidosiren*, the inhabitants of these countries would often be hardly pressed for food. But they search the dry bed of the river, dig up the buried estivators and live on them. So here we have Estivation as well as hibernation, indirectly beneficial to man. I may mention that most of the *Lepidosirens* which have been kept alive in this country were brought while still buried in their mud cells.

There is little difficulty in finding the hidden *Lepidosirens*, as the aperture through which they entered the mud seems almost invariably to remain open, its smooth and slime-polished sides leaving no doubt as to its identity.

I have possessed for more than four years a large lump of dry Nile mud, a hole in one of its sides showing that a *Lepidosiren* ought to be inside it. This morning I carefully cut it open, and there found the inhabitant, doubled up, with its tail over its head just as when it gave itself up to slumber more than twenty years ago. I expected to have seen a nearly

spherical chamber, but found that the cell is cylindrical, and only just large enough to hold the creature.

The slime with which the cell is lined has been hardened into a papery consistence, and is, in fact, about as thick as the paper on which this account is printed. When a piece is torn off and held in the flame of a spirit lamp, it takes fire and it gives out a very nauseous odor, like that of a beetle's wing case when similarly burned. This thick coating of slime is only to be found in the cell itself, and surrounding the body of the animal. I imagine that the *Lepidosiren* must deposit many successive coats of slime after it has taken up its position. These cells are technically named "cocoon."

As some time elapses between the falling of the rain, when the creature awakes, and the dissolving of the cocoon, there must be some peculiar structure of the respiratory organs. Otherwise, the *Lepidosiren*, being a fish, and breathing by gills, must die before it can reënter the water.

This structure is of a most unexpected character. The creature has rows of gills on either side of its head, and with these it breathes while it is in the water. The swimming-bladder, however, is modified so as to act as a substitute for a lung. A branch of the artery which supplies the gills is diverted to the swimming-bladder, and as there is a communication between the interior of the swimming-bladder and the external air, the creature is able to aerate its blood sufficiently to sustain life until it can assume its normal fish life.

I may here mention that these African and American *Lepidosirens*, together with the Australian *Ceratodus* are especially interesting as being one only living survivor of a vast family which in bygone ages were extremely numerous.

The *Ceratodus* is a comparatively new discovery, and came on naturalists by surprise. Until lately the only known examples of this fish were to be found in the earlier secondary rocks, and when it was announced that living specimens had been found, the discovery could hardly be believed. However, there the *Ceratodus* is. It looks like a resuscitated fossil, and is to our known fishes what the tree-fern is to our present vegetation.

There is another interesting point about this object, showing how Estivation is connected with Scripture.

The mud of which the cocoon is made is the same as that which the Israelites, while in captivity, were forced to make into bricks. It is so tenacious, that although merely dried by the Egyptian sun, it is so hard that I was obliged to employ mallet, chisel, saw, and butcher's knife, while making the necessary sections.

Occasionally the difficulty was increased by vegetable fibers which had become mixed with it, and which bound it together just as the cow-hairs bind builder's plaster when honestly made. The Egyptians mixed straw with the clay of which their bricks were made, so as to strengthen it, and in order to secure a supply of such straw they did not reap their corn near the ground as we do, but cut off the ears close to the stem, leaving the stubble to be cut separately. The reader will remember that one of the grievances of the captives was, that instead of being supplied with straw, as formerly, they had to cut and fetch the stubble for themselves, and yet were forced to deliver the same number of bricks daily.

So here is my lump of Nile mud acting as a link representing nearly four thousand years between the Christian world of the present day, and the long-perished Egyptian dynasty of the Pharaohs.

Now we will pass to the opposite side of the world.

In tropical America, as in tropical Africa, the rivers are dried up in the summer, and the mud which forms their banks and bed is baked as hard as that of the Nile and other African rivers. Many of these rivers are inhabited by a fish (*Callicthys*) popularly called the Hassar, or Hardback. The latter name is given to it in consequence of two rows of hard, narrow scales on each side of the body. There are four long, flexible

tentacles on the upper lip. It is not nearly so large as the *Lepidosiren*, seldom exceeding eight inches in length. Its color is greenish brown.

Unlike the *Lepidosiren*, which can not travel on dry ground, the Hassar is as good a walker as the Climbing Perch, a fish which not only leaves the water and traverses dry land, but can ascend the trunk of trees. All rivers have some portions deeper than others, "holes" as we call them in our rivers at home. So, when the process of drying up is nearly completed, the river is converted into a ravine along which "holes" or pools are seen at irregular distances.

As long as the holes are capable of containing water, the Hassar makes its way to them over the dry ground. But, in process of time, even the pools are dried up, and just before this happens, the Hassar works its way into the mud, and acts after the manner of the *Lepidosiren*. The analogy between the two fishes is made still more remarkable, inasmuch as they both furnish food to man during the time of Estivation.

The Hassar has a further interest in being one of the few fishes which make nests and watch over their young. Our sticklebacks do this, but whereas with the stickleback the double task of making the nest and guarding the young is relegated to the male, with the Hassar the latter duty is shared by the female. It begins the task of nest-making almost as soon as it escapes from its cocoon, so as to insure plenty of time for nest-making, egg-hatching, and rearing the young.

The American Alligator, which, like the Hassar, is deprived of food when the rivers and swamps have been dried, allows itself to be buried in the mud, and there awaits the return of rain.

A curious instance of this habit occurred some years-ago. A party of travelers had halted on a piece of hard, level ground, lighted a fire and began to cook their dinner. But that dinner was spoiled, for before the cooking was completed the ground began to heave and swell, and out burst the head of an alligator. The unfortunate reptile was estivating exactly under the spot where the fire had been placed, and where it would have remained asleep until the next rainy season, had it not been disturbed.—*London Sunday Magazine*.

RECREATION.

By JAMES PAGET.

There are some rules regarding active recreations which it is well for all to observe: for all, at least, who must work, or who wish to work as well as play.

First, recreations should not only be compatible with the business or duty of life, but absolutely and far subordinate; and this, not only in kind, but in number and quantity. Their utility, and, sometimes, even their only justification is that they may increase the power and readiness for work; beyond this they should not be allowed to pass.

Then, they should chiefly exercise the powers which are least used in the work; and this, not only for pleasure but for utility. For there are few daily occupations which provide sufficient opportunities for the training of all the powers and dispositions which may be usefully employed in them and of which the full use, though not necessary for an average fitness, may be essential to excellence in the business of life. They, therefore, that work chiefly with their minds, should refresh themselves chiefly with the exercise of their muscles; manual workers should rather rest and have some study, or practice some gentle art, or strive to invent; or, for one more example, they whose days are spent in money speculations and excitement had better try to be happy in passionless thinking, in listening to sweet sounds, in quiet reading, and so on.

It adds to the utility of every recreation if its events can be often thought of with pleasure; so that the mind may be sometimes occupied with them not only in careful thinking, but in those

gaps or casual intervals of time in which, both during and after work, it is apt to wander uselessly. Especially is this true of mental recreations; they may thus prolong their happiness and their utility from day to day or year to year; as often as they are remembered the mind may be refreshed far more than it is in the mere vacancy of thought. And there may be as much refreshment in looking forward; as, for example, in planning a good holiday, or at the best, in trying, by the light of either faith or science, to anticipate the final decision of the doubts which now beset us, or the wonders that will be revealed, or the new powers that will be exercised in the far distant future.

It is an excellence in recreations if they lead us to occupy ourselves in pursuits which give opportunities of gaining honest repute and personal success. Competition is good in all virtuous pleasures as well as in all work; the habit of being in earnest and of doing one's best may be strengthened in recreations, and then employed in its still better use in work.

And in agreement with this it is a great addition to the happiness and utility of a recreation if it enables us to do or to acquire something which we may call our own. In this is a part of the advantage which any one may find in giving part of his spare time to some study, some branch of art, some invention or research which may be recognized, at least among his friends as being, in some sense, his own. The study itself must be the first and chief refreshment, but its pleasure is enhanced if with the knowledge or the skill which it attains there is mingled some consciousness of personal property.

Similarly, and for a like reason, the happiness of a recreation is increased if it leads us to collect anything; books, sketches, shells, autographs, or whatever may be associated with the studies or the active exercises of spare times or even with those of business. I think that none who have not tried it can imagine how great is the refreshment of collecting and of thinking, at odd moments, of one's specimens and arranging and displaying them. There are few good recreations, few daily occupations with which something of the kind may not be usefully mingled.

Cricket matches, rowing matches, foot ball, and the like, are admirable in all the chief constituent qualities of recreations; but besides this, they may exercise a moral influence of great value in business or in any daily work. For without any inducement of a common interest in money, without any low motive, they bring boys and men to work together; they teach them to be colleagues in good causes with all who will work fairly and well with them. They teach that power of working with others which is among the best powers for success in every condition of life. And by custom, if not of their very nature, they teach fairness; foul play in any of them, however sharp may be the competition, is by consent of all, disgraceful; and they who have a habit of playing fair will be the more ready to deal fair. A high standard of honesty in their recreations will help to make people despise many things which are far within the limits of the law.

And, for one more general rule, it is an excellent quality in recreations if they will continue good even in old age. I think the experience of men would confirm this by the instances they see of unhappy rich old men who have retired from business and have no habitual recreations. None seem so unhappy as do some of these.

They used to enjoy the excitement of uncertainty in their business; now, everything is safe and dull; then, mere rest after fatigue was happiness; now, there is no fatigue, but there is restlessness in monotony; they used to delight in the exercise of skill and in the counting of its gains; now, the only thing in which they had any skill is gone; they have no work to do, and they do not know how either to play or to rest.

It is well, therefore, that all should prepare for the decline of power in recreations, as well as in much graver things. There are many that do not lose their charm or their utility as we grow older. One is in the refreshment of collections; for there

are many whose value constantly increases as they become older, and with all of them the pleasure is enhanced the further we can look back in the memory of the events associated with each specimen, and can recollect the difficulty of obtaining it, and the joy of first possession. Or, there may be a change of active recreations; the elderly cricketer may take to golf and become sure that it is in every way the better of the two; the old hunting man may ride to cover more cautiously. Or, with less activity, there may be the happiness of reading or meditation, of music, or any of the fine arts; these, if they have been prudently cultivated, do not become wearisome in old age. If these and other like things fail, it may be a sign that it is time to leave off work; but so long as a man can work, so long will he be right if he will spend some of his leisure times, wisely and actively, in recreations; they may make him both more fit to do his work, and, at the last, more fit to leave it.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

LUTHER.

By MRS. S. R. GRAHAM CLARK.

Truth is eternal. He who dares
To sign its deathless scroll
Dares to live ever, linked to light,
While ages onward roll.

O dauntless hero! At thy grave
A world uncovered stands!
And o'er thy dust all christendom
Clasps loving brother-hands.

Our brother, ours! A land unborn
When thou didst wage thy fight—
We reap thy labors—race entailed—
And in thy praise unite.

Hail Germany! The world is bound,
By fetters wrought from truth—
Earth's mightiest smith, upon thy breast
Was cradled in his youth.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

IV.—THE MATHEMATICAL FAILURE.

We do not often hear those who declare that "education does not educate," trying to account for the failure charged against existing school systems. Are the alleged defects to be found in the unfit nature of the things studied, or in methods of study, or both? One of the chief exercises—indeed the chief, in common schools—depended upon for mental development is numbers. Is the study of arithmetic worthy the place it holds in that regard? Does it do more than to cultivate a special faculty? Is that faculty one of the most important in the human mind? Is it related intimately to understanding, and does its culture imply a stimulation of the reasoning powers?

Answers to these questions would doubtless be colored by the mental characteristics or experience of the individual answering. To some minds mathematics is a general stimulant; to others only a useful tool; to still others, a stumbling block and an offense. Some one has declared that while all specialties followed exclusively, are narrowing in their influence on the mind, the two specialties which lead straightest toward imbecility are music and mathematics. This was probably the conclusion of a mind which could not master the extraction of the cube root, and did not know "Yankee Doodle" from "Old Hundred." Oliver Goldsmith said "Mathematics is a study to which the meanest intellect is competent." He remembered many floggings because of the multiplication table, and hardly had patience to count change for a sovereign. If we appeal to first-rate examples of achievement in music and mathe-

matics—say to a Mozart and a Newton—we shall find well-balanced minds; but on the other hand we may be confounded by finding prodigies in these lines who possess mean intellects otherwise. Blind Tom and Zerah Colburn are illustrations. Zerah Colburn had mathematics in “the natural way.” His parents in Vermont were poor and ignorant; the father appears to have been both selfish and stupid, but the mother was rather a shrewd Yankee woman. If there was any special gift in the family it was for hard work and sharp trading—rather commonplace gifts in New England. Out of this unpromising stock came Zerah in 1804. One day, when he was six years old, he flashed out a mathematical meteor, a revelation. His father overheard him reciting in his play the multiplication table, having never learned it. Examination showed that he knew it all and more too; was, in fact, himself a walking, frisking multiplication table. He answered instantly the product of $13 \times 97 = 1261$. The gift seemed to have descended on him then and there miraculously; the fact probably was that it had always been there, but he had been too dull to exercise it until the whim struck the little animal.

The event created a sensation, which, inside of a year, was felt both in America and Europe. The popular wonder with which the child's performance was received very speedily turned the head of his stupidly cunning father; he dropped his farm tools and rejecting all the offers of wealthy gentlemen to give the boy a complete education, set out to exhibit the prodigy through the land as a show. Thereafter, so long as both lived, the father was the evil genius of the son.

At the outset of their wanderings, President Wheelock, of Dartmouth College, offered to take the child and give him a thorough education, but the father declined the offer, not including even an honorarium for himself. In Boston a committee of wealthy gentlemen, headed by Josiah Quincy, offered to raise \$5,000, one-half to be given to the father, the other moiety to be devoted to Zerah's education, under their direction. The father acceded to this, but for some reason, when the contract of indenture was drawn, it was different in the important particular that the father and son were to be *permitted* to exhibit the lad publicly until the proceeds should amount to \$5,000, when the sum was to be apportioned as before stipulated. This arrangement the father very properly rejected, and the negotiations failed. Wrong versions of this affair were published, imputing to the father the rejection of the genuine benefaction first proposed. That these reports injured him and their success thereafter wherever they went, the son always asseverated.

They now went on “a starring tour” through the country, meeting with varied success, and in the early spring of 1811 returned to Vermont with about \$600 as the proceeds thereof. The elder Colburn gave \$500 of this to the mother, which, for the next twelve years, was all he contributed to the family support—the family then consisting of six children under fourteen years of age.

From the first Zerah's performance was confounding to all spectators. Mathematically, nothing seemed impossible to this child of six years. Being asked, “What is the number of seconds in 2,000 years?” he readily and accurately answered 63,072,000,000. Again, “What is the square of 1,449,” he answered, 2,099,601. More intricate calculations based on concrete facts, were equally easy, as “Suppose I have a corn-field in which are seven acres, having seventeen rows to each acre, sixty-four hills to each row, eight ears on a hill, and one hundred and fifty kernels on each ear, how many kernels in the corn-field?” The answer, 9,139,200 kernels, came readily. Asked what sum multiplied by itself will produce 998,001, he replied in four seconds, 999; and in twenty seconds produced the correct answer to “How many days and hours have elapsed since the Christian era began?” viz.: 661,015 days, 15,864,360 hours. He gave the answer to this: What is the

square of $999,999 \times 49 \times 25$; the answer requires seventeen figures to express it. Being asked what are the factors of 247,483 he made this reply: “941 and 263, and these are the *only* factors.” How could he know that?

These operations seemed the automatic action of mental power allied to instinct rather than to reason. The child had had absolutely no education in numbers and could neither read nor write; he would scarcely interrupt his infantile play to make his calculations. It was not till the spring of 1811 that he learned the names and the powers of the nine digits when written, and this he learned from a stranger who seemed to take this much more interest in his education than his father had ever taken. He was at this time a bright, playful, healthy boy. He answered mere puzzling questions with more than the ordinary shrewdness of his age, as, “Which is the greater, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?” “Which is greater, twice twenty-five or twice five-and-twenty?” “How many black beans make six white ones?” He answered quickly, “Six—if you skin 'em.” During his calculations he would twist and contort like one in St. Vitus' dance. If asked, as he often was, his method of calculation, he would cry at the annoyance of attempting to explain.

In April, 1811, father and son went to England, the child then being six and a half years old. The father tried in vain, of course) to induce his wife to put their five little ones out in care of the neighbors and go abroad with him! Then, as at all other times, she seems to have monopolized the wit of the family. The same one-sidedness may have been detected in other families, for aught I know to the contrary.

In England he at first created a marked sensation. His receptions were attended by wondering multitudes, among them being members of the nobility and royal family and distinguished scientists and literati. Among his achievements at this time was to multiply the number eight by itself up to the sixteenth power, giving the inconceivable result, 281,474,976,710,656. He extracted the square and cube roots of large numbers by a flash of his genius. It had been laid down by mathematicians that no rule existed for finding the factors of numbers, but at the age of nine Zerah made such a rule; it was nearly as difficult to understand as his performance, however. Under this formula he gave the factors of 171,395, viz.: 5×34279 ; 7×22485 ; 59×2905 ; 83×2065 ; 35×4897 ; 295×581 ; 413×415 . “It had been asserted,” he says, “by a French mathematician that 4294967297 is a prime number; but the celebrated Euler detected the error by discovering that it is equal to $641 \times 6,700,417$. The same number was proposed to this child, who found out the factors by the mere operation of his mind.”

The father was now happy. He was in the enjoyment of means and distinction through his child, all of which, with the usual conceit of a father, he arrogated to himself as the due reward of merit for having been the prodigious progenitor of so remarkable a child. Various money-making enterprises were started in connection with the “show,” from which others seemed to derive as much benefit as the father. Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Humphrey Davy (inventor of the safety lamp), and Basil Montague became a committee to superintend the publication of a book about the child; but though several hundred subscribers were obtained, many of whom paid in advance, the work was never published. A meeting of distinguished gentlemen was held to devise a scheme for his special education, which should develop his genius into a prodigy of matured intellectual powers, such as the world had never conceived. But all these plans were defeated by two circumstances—the boy's general incapacity and the father's special rapacity.

The “show business” seemed to be the elder Colburn's forte and he took the boy on exhibition to Scotland and Ireland, and finally to Paris (1814). Here, too, the extraordinary interest in his extraordinary faculty resulted in a project for his proper education—La Place, the author of “*Mécanique Celeste*,” and

Guizot, the historian, being conspicuous in his interest. It resulted in his being given a scholarship in the Lyceum by order of Napoleon, just then back from Elba on his little excursion to re-resubjugate the world; this intervention in behalf of the boy being one creditable act of his brief restoration, at least. The lad showed his gratitude to his imperial patron by ardently assisting in the entrenchments thrown up to resist the attack of the allied armies on Paris after the defeat at Waterloo.

The London admirers, spurred by pique at the French interest in and control of the boy, and by the father's importunities, set about raising a purse to bring Zerah back and educate him in England. In furtherance of the enterprise, the father took his boy from the Lyceum and brought him to London in February, 1816. But this scheme fell through, owing, it is charged, to dissatisfaction with the father's demand of a large endowment to himself as well as for the child; and soon both were living in poverty, unheeded and deserted.

In a fortunate moment the Earl of Bristol interested himself in young Colburn and made a provision of \$620 a year for his education at Westminster school, where he was regularly entered, being then a few days over twelve years old. Here he spent two years and nine months. Though he made creditable progress in languages he disappointed those who had built expectations on his peculiar powers, by revolting against higher mathematics. It was found, in fact, that his special faculty was less susceptible of discipline than is the ordinary mathematical power of other youth.

But, I am gratified to state, the young Yankee made a stubborn resistance to the British form of white slavery in the school known as "fagging;" and what with his own obstinacy and the old man's constant harassing the school authorities with remonstrances, the rule was suspended in the case of Zerah—probably the first and last case of such an alarming innovation on good old brutal British customs. Having won this emancipation the old father submitted with equanimity to being hooted off the "campus" with cries of "Yankee."

But the elder Colburn next quarreled with his generous patron, and took the boy from school. We may venture to doubt if this was after all a great privation to the lad. The curriculum of Westminster school the first four years consisted of Latin and fagging; the next four years of Greek and fagging. They had made it elective in Zerah's case to the extent of omitting the fagging, taking away the live part of the curriculum and leaving him only the dead. Zerah himself tells us that the same time which was thus spent in linguistic body-snatching if spent in the French seminary would have afforded an excellent general education. This fatuity regarding dead languages has been since well maintained in English high schools and colleges, and, what is more remarkable, has been pretty faithfully imitated in higher institutions in America.

Thrown on their own resources again, they found the novelty of Zerah's performance had worn off, and he did not "draw." The father now conceived the brilliant plan of making an actor of the boy. After four months' training by Kemble, he appeared on the stage at Margate, with a little success; went with strolling companies through England and Ireland during four months more, and then returned to London and ended the histrionic career. Next Zerah was prompted by the fond father to attempt play-writing, but as he says himself, his compositions "never had any merit or any success"—though this is substantially his opinion of all his own efforts through life.* Extreme poverty followed, almost the only means of subsistence being genteel begging from former friends. The last and kindest of these was at length worn out, and directed his foot-

man to slam the door in the poor boy's face when he presented himself on some alleged errand from his father.

Zerah in his autobiography, subsequently written, speaks of these dark days with sorrow, but without one word of complaint of his father; indeed, the memoir seems to have been written more for the purpose of vindicating the father's name than to do himself justice. He constantly laments that the mysterious faculty had been given him, and attributes to it and to his own general incapacity, all the misfortunes and sufferings of his father and himself. He called his gift "a peculiarly painful circumstance which destroyed all pleasing anticipations, blasted every prospect of social happiness, and after years of absence consigned the husband and father to a stranger's grave." Poor boy! He must have suffered more than he confesses. He hints at their want, his disgust with asking charity, the alienation of friends, and, above all his afflictions, he chafes at his idleness; and he naively sums up the whole experience as one of "comparative unhappiness!" How did Dickens ever miss these unique studies from real life?

A situation as usher in a school was now obtained for young Zerah (ætat 17) and he soon after set up a school on his own account. This was probably the first legitimate money he ever earned, and he mentions the chance, poor as it was, with more satisfaction than he does any of the achievements of his genius. It was far better than depending on patronage—which seems to have galled his pride. Before anything could come of school teaching, however, the father and son went off to other cities on a begging expedition. The usual humiliation and misery followed the undertaking, and they returned to London, where the young man reopened his school. Here, in 1824, his father died of consumption brought on by want and anxiety. One of Zerah's biographers has said of the father: "Unhappily he had from the first discovery of his son's extraordinary gifts, worked upon them with mercenary feelings, as a source of revenue. It is true he had a father's love for his child, and in this respect Zerah, in the simple memoir of his own life, does his parent more than justice; but still it was this short-sighted selfishness which made him convert his child's endowments into a curse to him, to his friends, and to Zerah himself. His expectations had been lifted to such a pitch that nothing could satisfy them. The most generous offers fell short of what he felt to be his due; liberality was turned in his mind to parsimony, and even his friends were regarded as little short of enemies. Such a struggle could not always last. His mind was torn with thoughts of his home and family, neglected for twelve years; of his life wasted, his prospects defeated; of fond dreams ending at last in failure, shame, and poverty."

After the death of his father, Zerah's course of life was not less vacillating and unsuccessful, however, so it seems that his failures were not altogether due to his father's bad counsels. He remained a while in London, making astronomical calculations and doing other mathematical work, as chance offered it. Aided by his old benefactor, Lord Bristol, he at last set out to seek his mother and family. She had done better alone. "During the long absence of her husband, with a family of eight children, and almost entirely destitute of property, she had sustained the burthen with indomitable energy. She wrought with her own hands in house and field; bargained away the little farm for a better one; and as her son says, 'by a course of persevering industry, hard fare and trials such as few women are accustomed to, she has hitherto succeeded in supporting herself, beside doing a good deal for her children.'" Lucky for the family that one of them was not a genius. Mathematics, however, seems to be a form of monomania from which her sex is generally exempt. In fact, in the long list of eccentric Americans from which I can choose subjects for this series of sketches, I fear there is not to be one eccentric woman. This can be taken as complimentary to the sex or not, according as the reader regards eccentricity.

Our arithmetical prodigy, now twenty years old, went to

* Another expedient adopted to keep the wolf from the door was to ask subscriptions to the yet unpublished and unwritten memoir of the lad. As he had by this time been able to formulate the method by which he made his mental computations, the father advertised to impart the secret of Zerah's mysterious power to any one who would subscribe for ten copies of the memoir at eight dollars the copy.

teaching a country school for a living, and at last fetched up in that other safe retreat of preaching the gospel. He followed this vocation with more persistence and credit than he had brought to any other of his numerous professions, though on his own modest representation he was not much of a preacher. His last venture was to become professor of—not mathematics—but languages in the "Vermont University" at Norwich. In this situation his life terminated, March 2, 1840. He plaintively, but in a somewhat pedantic style, sums up his career as follows:

"Perhaps it has fallen to the lot of very few, if any individuals, while attracting curiosity and notice, to receive at the same time so many flattering marks of kindness, and it is not unfrequently a sorrowful reflection to him that after all the sympathy and benevolence shown by the liberal and scientific, certain unforeseen and unfortunate causes have prevented and still prevent his reaching and sustaining that distinguished place in the mathematical literature of the age to which, on account of the singular gift bestowed on him, he seemed to be destined. Now, after possessing that talent twenty-two years, he feels unable to account for its donation, and is unaware of its object."

Some facts regarding this singular gift may furnish suggestions to those who think upon educational matters.

1. His peculiar faculty was *arithmetical*, not generally mathematical. He had little or no taste for higher mathematics: those which, like geometry and surveying, appeal to the perceptions, those which, like algebra, appeal to the imagination, and those which, like pure mathematics, appeal to the analytical reasoning powers, he disliked. His gift was natural, rudimentary and unreasoning, and as he reached adult life it passed from him, either because he outgrew it or lost it by overuse or disuse. Constant and long continued practice in mental calculation brought the possessor of this special mathematical gift, as he says, neither intellectual growth nor better capacity for mental application. In fact, the more he used it the sturdier he grew.

May we infer from this that arithmetic is a primitive, rudimentary and low branch of mathematics, having little or no relation to the perceptions of childhood, the imagination of youth and the reasoning powers of the matured mind, and hence of little or no value for the purpose of mental exercise and stimulation?

2. His whole process was that of *multiplication*, and its inversion (division). He seems not to have practiced addition, which is in reality the rudiments of multiplication, or its converse, subtraction, which is only the long process of division. In the multiplication of large numbers, which so astounded people, he performed mentally several operations to get the result.

May we infer from this analysis—arithmetic being assumed to be the most unintellectual form of mathematics—that multiplication is the least valuable part of arithmetic?

If psychologists should grant these inferences to be sound, it remains the duty of teachers to address themselves to improving the teaching of the multiplication table, as the weak spot in all our primary education in numbers. Something can be done, perhaps, to idealize the multiplication table, and to make instruction in it concrete, objective, rational. Can not a child be shown why or how six times seven make forty-two? If arithmetic is so abstract, arbitrary and barren of ideas that this can not be done, were it not better to cease compelling the miniature mind to repeat year after year such stale and silly truisms as, "twice two are four," etc., under the absurd expectation that some prodigious mental outburst must result from it in some mysterious manner? Why not substitute for this endless repetition "Eiry eiry, ickery Ann, fillisy follisy, Nicholas John," to accomplish the same result?

Some good teachers, here and there, are working on the problem of how to make arithmetic educational as well as useful.

A person who has lively recollections of days and weeks and months wasted on the dead-lift of memorizing the multiplication table, as an achievement by the side of which all subsequent labors of life were easy, will find comfort in the perfect uselessness of Colburn's wonderful genius for multiplication without effort.

But it *was* a wonderful faculty. What if a man were born with *all* his faculties expanded to the same degree! Shall education and inherited progress yet produce minds as nearly infinite in every power as Zerah Colburn's was in one? Is there, is there an educational method which can take the shackles off all the faculties?

If not, may there be somewhere a life in which the mind, let out of the strait earthly house of its tabernacle and freed from the sore limitations of physical nature may reach that acme in all its functions? Some of the operations of mind in a condition of suspended physical existence seem to suggest this as a probability for even common-place natures, as occasionally do such splendid exhibitions of a single faculty in so weak a nature as Zerah Colburn's.

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR FEBRUARY.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN,

As is evidenced by the continually lengthening days, is making its way northward. On the first it rises at 7:10 and sets at 5:18; on the 15th, rises at 6:54 and sets at 5:34; and on the 29th, rises at 6:35 and sets at 5:51, giving from the 1st to the 29th of the month an increase of one hour and eight minutes. The sun is "slow" during the entire month; that is, it does not reach the meridian until after noon; for example, on the 1st, when the sun is on the meridian, a good time-piece says it is about fourteen minutes after noon. On the 1st, day breaks at 5:32, and evening twilight ends at 6:56.

THE MOON.

On the 4th, at 12:49 a. m., the moon enters her first quarter; on the 10th, at 11:40 p. m., is full; on the 18th, at 10:04 p. m., enters her last quarter; and on the 26th, at 1:27, is again new. On the 1st, 15th and 29th respectively, she reaches the meridian at 3:55 p. m., 3:14 a. m., and 2:41 p. m. She is nearest to the earth at 3:54 on the evening of the 4th, and most distant at twelve minutes after three on the morning of the 18th. She reaches her greatest elevation, $67^{\circ} 31'$ (latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$), on the 6th.

MERCURY.

Only early risers need expect to see Mercury this month, as he is a morning star, rising as follows: On the 1st at 5:54 a. m.; on the 13th, on which day also he reaches his greatest western elongation ($26^{\circ} 12'$), at 5:41 a. m., or about 76 minutes before sunrise, and on the 29th at 5:49 a. m. On the 26th, at 7:00 a. m., he is farthest from the sun. His diameter diminishes from $8.4''$ on the 1st to $5.6''$ on the 29th.

VENUS,

As intimated last month, continues to be an evening star, making every evening an increasingly handsome display in the western heavens, her diameter growing from $12.8''$ on the 1st to $14.6''$ on the 29th. Her motion, which is from west to east, amounts during the month to $31^{\circ} 51' 37''$ of arc. Her time of setting, on the 1st, 15th and 29th, is as follows: 7:54, 8:26 and 8:57 p. m., respectively. On the 29th, at 10:07 a. m., she will be in conjunction with, and $32'$ south of the moon.

MARS

Will present nothing particularly new. His retrograde motion still continuing, he will rise earlier each evening, and, of course, set earlier the following morning. Thus, on the 1st,

he rises at 4:51 p. m.; on the 15th, at 3:35 p. m.; and on the 29th, at 2:23 p. m. He sets on the mornings immediately following these dates at 7:29, 6:23 and 5:15; or, on the first date about twenty minutes after, and on the latter date about one hour and twenty minutes before sunrise; during the month taking his place as an evening star. His motion amounts to $9^{\circ} 7' 11''$ of arc, and as he is going farther from the earth, his diameter grows smaller, being $15''$ on the first, and only $13.2''$ on the last of the month. On the 10th, at 4:40 a. m., he is $9^{\circ} 43'$ north of the moon, and a little east of the nebula *Præsepe* in *Cancer*.

JUPITER

Will be evening star throughout the month, and continue his retrograde motion from a point about twenty minutes west of *Præsepe* on the 1st, to 7 hours 48 minutes 35 seconds right ascension on the 29th. He will rise on the 1st at 3:56; on the 15th at 2:53; and on the 29th at 1:52 p. m., and will set on the 2d at 6:30; on the 16th at 5:29; and on March 1st at 4:30 a. m. On the 9th, at 5:39 a. m., he will be $5^{\circ} 45'$ north of the moon. Of the four satellites, or moons, revolving around Jupiter, three are so near as to be eclipsed by him at each revolution. Roemer, a Danish astronomer, observed, however, that when the earth and Jupiter were on opposite sides of the sun, these eclipses occurred, as he estimated, about twenty-two minutes later than the time predicted by the tables. As the earth in this position was some one hundred and eighty-six millions of miles farther away from Jupiter than when Jupiter and the earth were on the same side of the sun, the discovery was made that the discrepancy in time was occasioned by the fact that light must have time to travel; and later and more accurate investigations afford us the truth that it takes light sixteen minutes and forty seconds to cross the earth's orbit, or eight minutes and twenty seconds to come from the sun to the earth; and hence, that it travels about 180,000 miles per second. These eclipses occur frequently every month, and can be observed with telescopes of quite moderate power.

SATURN.

This planet will be evening star throughout the month, setting as follows: On the 2d, at 2:28 a. m.; on the 16th, at 1:33 a. m.; and on the 29th, at 12:41 a. m. Its direct motion amounts to $41' 32.1''$ of arc. On the 3d, at 9 a. m., it is stationary. On the 5th, at 7:34 a. m., it is $1^{\circ} 18'$ north of the moon. On the 22d, at noon, it is "quartile," being 90° east of the sun. It can be found near the *Hyades*, a little north, at any time this month. Its diameter decreases from $18''$ on the 1st, to $17.2''$ on the 29th.

URANUS

Makes a retrograde motion of $55' 47.1''$, and retains the same diameter, namely, $3.8''$. It will be morning star, rising however, early enough to be viewed in the evening. For example, on the 1st, at 9:00 p. m.; on the 15th, at 8:02 p. m.; and on the 29th, at 7:04 p. m. It will set as follows: On the 2d, at 9:10 a. m.; on the 16th, at 8:14 a. m.; and on the 29th, at 7:18 a. m. On the 13th, at 7:44 p. m., it will be $3^{\circ} 18'$ north of the moon. On the 29th can be found nearly on a line between *Beta* and *Eta* in the constellation *Virgo*, and from *Beta* about one-third of the distance between these two stars.

NEPTUNE

Will be evening star during the month, rising on the 1st at 11:24 in the forenoon, and setting next morning at 1:14; on the 15th, rising at 10:29 a. m., and setting on the 16th at 12:19 a. m.; and on the 29th, rising at 9:35 a. m., and setting at 11:25 the same evening. Its diameter is $2.6''$. Motion direct, amounting to $16' 56''$ of arc. On the 4th, at 6:33 a. m., is $11'$ north of the moon; and on the 7th, at 9 a. m., is 90° east of the sun. Rises about forty-eight minutes earlier than Saturn.

WHOEVER wishes to perform something noble, if he would produce some great work, collects quietly and perseveringly the mightiest powers into the smallest space.—*Schiller*.

THE SEA AS AN AQUARIUM.*

By C. C. ANDERSON, M.D.

I.

It is said of Milton that in two short lines of poetry he made four mistakes in Natural History. He said of a whale:

"At his gills takes in,
And at his trunk lets out a sea."

Now, in the first place, the whale has no gills; second, he takes in air instead of water; third, he throws out expired air; fourth, the water "spouted" is thrown up by the force of expiration, not out of the animal's body, but water that may lie between the "blow-hole" and the surface of the sea.

I am not so sure but Milton made more than four mistakes in these lines. For whoever starts out on a wrong premise will follow a line of mistakes continually. Nevertheless, mistakes attentively observed may be profitable. We learn by mistakes. Unsuccessful experiments are mistakes of a kind—something wrong in the formula. The first aquarium I tried to start I made more mistakes than Milton made in his two lines. I made mistakes the second trial, and the third, and a dozen more times. And when I have succeeded in some instances, it was by accident, and to-day I can not tell why I sometimes failed, or why I sometimes succeeded. I have the consolation, however, of company in this respect. One of the most successful managers of aquaria says that he would give very much if he knew how to grow some of the higher marine algæ as one grows plants in a garden. Occasionally he has succeeded, but he confesses it was not by skill, but by chance.

I propose, therefore, that for a little while we consider the sea as an aquarium—a place adapted to the growth of animals and plants. Our subject is somewhat large, I must confess, but if we can see and understand how these things live and grow in the ocean we must be able to grow them in our parks, and possibly in our houses. For what Nature does on a grand scale may also be done in a small way; and principles that govern the successful growth of plants and animals in a bottle of sea water must be the same that govern the fauna and flora of the Pacific Ocean.

In order then to study and understand these things it will not be entirely necessary to make a trip to the equator, to the poles, or to travel around the world.

It has been a favorite theory with Henry D. Thoreau and John Burroughs, those genial and poetical lovers and observers of nature, that we need not rove all over the earth, as is the custom of many, to see this curiosity or that, or to observe nature in her secret recesses, but that we only have to sit down in the woods or by the sea-shore, and everything of interest will come round to us. The little town of Concord was a whole world in miniature to Thoreau. Everything worth finding could be found there. And so to John Burroughs, is the juniper forest of the Hudson, a show case, with the whole world inside. "Nature," he says, "comes home to one most when he is at home; the stranger and traveler finds her a stranger and a traveler also."

I think we may infer from this theory of our charming philosophers rather a poetical interpretation. They would urge a careful observation and study of phenomena in and near the places where we live, rather than gadding up and down the earth in search of novelties. If we familiarize ourselves with every day common objects and events of plants, animals, and other operations in nature, we shall then always be at home when nature calls, whether on one side or the other of the world.

I have heard of a good old lady who, when nearing the end of her earthly existence, said she did not mind the dying if she

*A lecture delivered at the Monterey Assembly, Pacific Grove Retreat, California, 1883.

could only breathe. Now this goodly person had doubtless spent all the years of her life without observing the fact that every plant or animal however small or simple in structure must have, if nothing else, the organs for breathing, and when that function is suspended or destroyed, life ceases. The respiratory organs may be reduced to a single cell, wall, or membrane. The forms of these organs, however, are exceedingly variable, elaborate, and sometimes complicated.

In the sea, plants and animals have a compensatory relation to each other. The plant exhales oxygen and the animal exhales carbon. That is to say, the carbonic acid which is mixed mechanically with the water coming in contact with the cell, wall, or membrane, covering the plant, the atom of carbon is appropriated, freeing the two atoms of oxygen, which in turn are appropriated by the animal.

Not only is this process of breathing compensatory and reciprocal—an interchange of commodities—the plant giving two atoms of oxygen for one of carbon, and the animal bringing its single but equally valuable atom of carbon for two atoms of oxygen, but without this interchange, neither could plant or animal live, and our world of life would become as dead as the moon is supposed to be.

The process of breathing is so common that we seldom think about it, unless there is an interference in some way. Each one of us sitting quietly in this room would breathe about 1000 times in an hour, requiring over 100 gallons of air to sustain the proper supply of oxygen for the blood. During this time we have taken from the air a certain amount of oxygen and have returned to it an equal amount of something else, which we call carbon oxide, or carbonic acid gas. The oxygen has burned the effete material which is cast out of the blood in the process of breathing, and it is returned to the atmosphere as a kind of coal. The fundamental principle is the same in animals that breathe water as those that breathe air, only the apparatus is different. Animals that breathe water have a fine capillary network of blood-vessels spread out on gills, branchia or projections arranged so that the water shall pass rapidly over them, and thus the carbon is carried away and the oxygen taken into the circulation.

Animals that breathe air through lungs have little air cells, so very small that a human lung is said to contain 600 millions of them; and these lie in contact with the capillary circulation of the lung which receives the oxygen and gives out the carbon. Some air-breathers have no lungs, but merely spiracles or minute holes in the body through which the air enters, coming in contact with the circulation.

In all cases, whatever the form, size, or character of the animal the object is to bring the air in contact with the circulation that oxygen may be received in exchange for the burnt material—the carbon oxide—which, when once formed, is poisonous, and must be expelled from the animal.

Now if we look over the earth we shall find immense deposits of coal. Here in the United States we have nearly 200,000 square miles of coal deposits. In other countries there is a like proportion of these carbon deposits, such as petroleum, bitumen, and paraffine. Then there are great forests and other vegetable growth. These have stored up the carbon set free by the animal, and have kept the air comparatively free from carbonic acid gas, which but for the vegetables would in a little while have rendered our atmosphere unfit for animal use. What is true of the air in this respect is also true of the sea.

Thus it comes about that by the process of breathing, principally, we have the immense coal fields, the wide spread forests, and the herbage that covers almost the entire globe. For in the air, and the water there exist the germs of animal and vegetable life so profusely, so universally, that the proper conditions of heat and light will develop contemporaneously, both the organic kingdoms. If we should take ten drops of water from the middle of the Pacific Ocean, near the surface, and add them to a small tube, say two ounces, of water that had been

deprived of life by boiling, and kept sealed for a number of years, and place the tube in favorable conditions, we should in a few days see a little universe spring, as it were, into existence. There might not be a great variety of forms, but who can say that there might not be enough to populate or repopulate some world just entering into the conditions of such life as our earth contains, or some other world that had suffered a reverse, or cataclysm, by which all life was destroyed.

Mr. Lloyd, Superintendent of the Birmingham Aquarium, says he kept for eight years a bottle of sea water, well corked and covered with paper, and that when he opened it the water was perfectly clear, free from smell, and of the same appearance as when taken from the sea. But when exposed for eight days to light in a window an abundance of microscopic plants and animals began to grow, and soon covered the sides of the bottle, and darted about in the fluid.

Having occasion some ten months ago to use some sea-water, I brought to my house a demijohn full and placed it on the north side where the sun seldom shines, and where it is nearly always cool; although the temperature sometimes goes as high as 75° and 80° Fahrenheit in the afternoons. There was no particular effort to exclude light and air; the cork fitted loosely, and the wicker work was not unusually close. And yet, whenever I have examined this water it is clear and free from smell, and there are no plants or animals growing in it. But by exposure of a small quantity to the light and warmth of a window, these have rapidly developed. It is a fact, then, easily demonstrated in our own rooms and houses, that by excluding light from water and keeping it in a cool place we can arrest the growth of organisms. This is the case with springs. The microscope fails to discover germs in spring water until it has been exposed to the light for some time.

Acting on hints of this kind, Mr. Lloyd has constructed aquaria with two reservoirs—one in a dark, cool place, quite large—the other in a light and warm place, favorable to the growth of plants and animals. By means of pipes these two reservoirs are connected so that a circulation can be set up between the light and dark portions. A pump may be used to force the water from the dark reservoir into the other, using vulcanite or rubber of some kind for sea water, instead of such oxidizable metals as brass, tin, lead, etc. The most convenient temperature is about 60° Fahrenheit.

Thus, by exchanging the waters of these two reservoirs, as occasion requires, we shall be able to regulate an aquarium so as to keep many kinds of plants and animals in a healthy, growing condition.

The best aquaria are those where the water is never changed, but ever circulated in the manner I have indicated. Water that has once been made clear and good, and maintained plants and animals, is better than any water newly brought from the sea. It must be remembered that evaporation takes place from the surface of an aquarium more or less according to the heat and dryness of the air. At a temperature of 60° in an ordinary dry air, such as occurs some miles inland, the evaporation from a surface of water six inches square would be about three drops in twenty-four hours. Some very warm, dry days it would be two or three times that much. This waste must be made up by adding occasionally some distilled water.

An aquarium must be kept free of decaying matter. If once formed the sooner it is got rid of the better, for it will poison all creatures that come within its influence. The larger the dark reservoir the better. It can not be too large, but should be not less than four or five times larger than the reservoir in which the plants and animals are kept. Any dead matter then will quickly be burned at a low temperature—for oxygenation by means of the dark reservoir means no more nor less than the burning up of the effete and decaying particles thrown off by plants and animals.

It might be profitable for me to tell now how I didn't succeed with the first aquarium I undertook.

It was a fine, large structure, capable of holding some twenty gallons. The sea water was procured, and at low tide a friend went with me to help carry an assortment of plants and animals. We had read a good deal about the compensatory properties of these two kingdoms; how the plants exhale oxygen and inhale carbon, and how the animals inhale oxygen and exhale carbon, and thus preserve the equilibrium and the purity of the water. Well, we had good luck in searching tide-pools, and the turning over of rocks; and we returned loaded with snails, crabs, sea-anemones, sea-urchins, clams, abelones, date fish, real fish, sea worms (with beautiful red branchia), and sea weeds, an extensive variety of red, green and brown, only one or two of which would grow, as I have since learned, even in the most successful aquarium yet known. There are many other things that I have forgotten. We had rock-work and sand, and pebbles of beautiful colors, and a great many *iridea*, a rainbow-colored sea weed. We intended to imitate one of the beautiful tide-pools we had seen, and astonish our friends with a little bit of the sea, snatched up and transported to our quiet room, away from the fog and wind and chill of the ocean shore. We would willingly have brought the tide and some waves, if they could have been dwarfed to the dimensions of our tank. With these and a few other things we might have succeeded, and kept our aquarium as long as Robert Warrington kept his in London, with unchanged water, during a period of eighteen years.

But in eighteen hours our animals were all dead or dying; and although the plants were in proportion—that is, we had an equilibrium—they were almost equally in as bad a condition as the animals. First the water began to turn cloudy. We looked at our books for light, but they were equally obscure. Then we perceived a smell, somewhat like canned oysters, and this smell grew till it permeated the whole house. We suspected something wrong, so we emptied the aquarium, filtered the water, threw away the decaying matter, and put the things in again. But the “muddy vesture of decay” had covered the stones and entered the crevices, and in a few hours more we had to cast the contents away. The fact is, as I have learned since, we had a large number of bruised, broken and bleeding organisms from the handling in transfer, that the whole ocean’s waters could not save or heal, much less the little tank of twenty gallons. There were no waves to carry away the dead matter, no oxygen in the water to burn it, so it had to be breathed over and over again until the blood was poisoned and the animal died, because it could breathe such water no longer. And the plants began to fade and decay because their blood was also poisoned.

Now let us turn and consider for a moment Nature’s aquarium—the sea. It covers two-thirds of the earth’s surface, and it has been explored to the depth of eight miles at places, without finding bottom. The average depth, however, is about 2½ miles. All this immense mass of salt water is inhabited with a fauna and flora in a state of nature. That is, the hand of man has done nothing in the way of taming or cultivating them. They are absolutely wild, whilst a large part of the earth is subject to man’s dominion, and he was commanded to subdue it. The herbs and the trees of the field “shall be for meat,” and his “dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air,” pronounced at creation, is, as yet, but partially accomplished. The sea and the air remain as mysteries unsolved, and as powers unconquered. The cyclone and the tidal wave are evidences of the untamableness of these elements. “He bindeth up the waters in thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them,” was the language of some thirty-five centuries ago, and it is equally as true and expressive to-day.

Although the sea is inhabited at all depths, according to the best knowledge we have at present much the largest part lies beyond daylight. Light only penetrates a few fathoms—all below is darkness. This is the great, deep, cool reservoir from

which the upper strata is constantly renewed by a circulation about which we, as yet, know but little. How is this circulation kept up? Who has charge of “the doors of the sea?” Who has “entered into the springs of the sea,” or “walked in search of the depth?” We have some knowledge in regard to these questions. The investigations of such men as Edward Forbes, Sir William Thompson, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, Lieut. M. F. Maury, Darwin, Kane, and a host of other scientific explorers equally as wise and industrious, have solved many mysteries in regard to the great ocean of salt water, and that lighter ocean of air that surrounds the earth.

Many years ago Maury wrote some striking and impressive sentences in his “Physical Geography of Sea,” such as the following:

“Our planet is invested with two great oceans; one visible, the other invisible; one underfoot, the other overhead; one entirely envelops it, the other covers about two-thirds of its surface. All the water of the one weighs about four hundred times as much as all the air of the other.”

Then again in reference to the Gulf Stream he says: “There is a river in the ocean; in the severest droughts it never fails; in the mightiest floods it never overflows; its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the littoral waters of the sea.”

We have all read and doubtless thought a great deal about this wonderful stream; how England and the shores of the continent are warmed by this water. But there are other streams equally important, if not so distinctly marked. Every ocean and sea has its current or currents. As the waters are warmed by the rays of the sun, they expand and flow away. But these streams are not very deep, and the Gulf Stream is shallow compared with the dark, cold current that moves below it, but in an opposite direction.

[To be continued.]

SPECULATION IN BUSINESS.

By JONATHAN.

As a commercial term the word which heads this article stands for one of the marked tendencies of the times. Speculation is not a new thing. Words in the book of Proverbs suggest that the practice may have been rife twenty-five hundred years ago. “He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent,” said the wise king; and it was his testimony that, even then, there was “nothing new under the sun.” But it is safe to say that seldom in history has a spirit of speculation so potent and wide-spread appeared among a people as in our own land in recent years. We often advert to a period in France. It was when John Law deluded himself, was deluding the people with his gigantic financial schemes. The “Mississippi Bubble” arose before the eyes of men, a fascinating thing, and grew larger and larger. Then everybody seemed seized with the fever of speculation. In 1719 it reached its height. All France was in a ferment, and every one bent on getting speedily rich. From all parts of the kingdom, and from other countries, people crowded into Paris to speculate in the enterprises of Law, who was the idol of the populace, with more than regal power. The disastrous results to the French nation flowing from the popular mania of that day are a matter of history, whose lessons

may be pondered. Our country has seen no epoch which could match that in France of over a century and a half ago. There has been here no equal national convulsion resulting from the same cause. But the spirit of speculation to-day is in the air all over the land. We have seen it grow and widen; we have seen communities agitated by it, and suffering from its work; we have seen operations of a speculative nature carried on by our bold and skillful men of affairs, whose magnitude would have astounded the fathers; and mischievous consequences of speculation we have seen which were felt in every part of our country. Bishop Butler's idea that insanity is not only an affliction of individuals, but likewise at times of communities, has abundance of historical facts to stand upon. It is hardly exaggeration to say there have been times when certain of our communities were beside themselves with the mania of speculation. The time was, and not very long ago, when a millionaire in America was almost unknown; now men with a million of money are common enough, and those with their hundred millions are likely soon to be so. These great fortunes, we understand, were acquired for the most part by fortunate speculation. This new western world has presented such a field for speculation as was never known elsewhere, and of the multitudes who have entered it, some have had success.

The word speculation is a broad one, and covers an immense class of transactions. It may do, for a general definition, to say that it means the risking of money with the hope of gain. The element of contingency enters into all veritable speculation. The speculator assumes a risk; he makes a venture; he takes a chance. He may be entirely confident of gaining, but there is a possibility of his losing. The man who buys a piece of real estate, or any commodity, expecting that it will rise in value and he will make money by selling at a higher figure, speculates. The man who invests money in some undeveloped enterprise, believing it will prove a "bonanza," speculates. The man who, in our stock and produce exchanges, deals in "futures," and "options," and "margins," calculating upon a contingent rise or fall in the market to return him the amount of his venture increased, speculates. The man who risks his money in "pools" at the horse race or rowing match, hoping to double it, the man who tries his luck on the gaming table, hoping to win, speculates. In making this classification, however, the writer would not, of course, be understood as making these different transactions named in a moral point of view the same. Distinctions will presently be made which it is hoped to the reader's mind will be clear.

The great arena of operations in the line of speculation in our land is found in the Exchanges and Boards of Trade of the cities. These have become numerous, and of various kinds, and the growth of some of them has been prodigious. We now have stock exchanges and produce exchanges, cotton exchanges and oil exchanges and coffee exchanges. Thirty years ago the Chicago Board of Trade was just making a beginning, and feeble enough it was at the start. It is now by far the greatest exchange for produce in the world, and in the year 1882 not less than three billion dollars' worth of business was here transacted. A seat in the New York Stock Exchange costs thirty thousand dollars; and it has been shown that the yearly transactions of this wonderful mart, represented in dollars and cents, are but little less than three times "the taxable valuation of all the personal property in the United States." Our exchanges have become marts of speculation. The business now done in them, aside from that which falls properly into the speculative class, is inconsiderable. They are not, simply or chiefly, places to which producers bring their products for sale, and where men buy commodities, and sell at a fixed advance, which pays for the trouble of handling them. For the most part, those who trade here buy and sell calculating upon a rise or fall in the market which shall yield them a gain. Their gain is a contingent matter; they run the risk of a loss. This is speculation. It is a fact well understood that, in by far the

greater part of the transactions in our exchanges, there is no veritable buying and selling of merchandise, the buyer paying the price demanded and receiving his purchase. The buyer neither pays for nor receives his purchase. His purchase is not a purchase. With a hundred or two dollars he buys merchandise to the value of thousands. The fact is, he pays, not for the commodity, but for a chance to make money from a rise in the price of the same; and his money goes to insure the one through whom he operates against loss from fluctuations in the market. On the other hand, the sale of the seller is not a sale. He sells what he has never seen and never bought. It is a chance he sells; and if fortune has favored him, he receives the difference between the price of the commodity at the time of buying and the time of selling. This is speculation, and something more. To one who had just come out of a Rip Van Winkle sleep and knew nothing of customs which in recent years have come into being in our land, there are things which would be decidedly puzzling. The present production of petroleum is estimated at about sixty thousand barrels a day; but in the different oil exchanges of the country nearly one hundred times this amount is daily bought and sold. Our farmers all together produce only one-fifth the number of bushels of grain per year as reported as changing hands in the Chicago Board of Trade; and the hogs of trade here are easily twice as many as the whole land affords. In the New York Stock Exchange stocks and bonds are daily bought and sold more by a million dollars' worth than exist; and the statement has been made that "when the cotton plantations of the South yielded less than six million bales, the crop on the New York Cotton Exchange was more than thirty-two millions." It was from expressions in the speeches of General Butler upon finance that we formed the phrase "fiat money;" and it would seem that fiat wheat, and fiat pork, and fiat cotton, and fiat stocks, and fiat oil abound in the exchanges of our cities.

It may be well, for the sake of the uninitiated, to attempt an explanation of certain terms in common use in connection with modern speculation. A man is "long on the market"—signifies that his buying has been in excess of his selling. He has oil, or grain, or whatever the article of merchandise may be, on hand—though perhaps not in fact; he has bought more than he has sold. A man "sells short"—means that he sells more than he has bought; he has an amount of merchandise to deliver in excess of what he has purchased. The trading in "options" has played an important part in the transactions of our exchanges. "Options" are of two kinds; buyers' options and sellers' options. In the case of the former, a man engages to take at a stipulated price merchandise to a certain amount, within a specified time; while the seller's option binds one to deliver merchandise as aforesaid. The term "futures" in significance is not essentially different from "options." "Puts" and "calls" are speculative terms which have become very familiar. A person thinks there is to be a decline in the market. He pays to another a sum agreed upon for the privilege of "putting" so much of an article in trade, or disposing of it to him at a price named, within a certain time—a privilege he may, or may not use, as he sees fit. Or, he believes the market will advance; and he pays for the privilege of "calling" or taking so much merchandise, as aforesaid. Buying and selling "on margins" is very common. In some exchanges the most of the business done is of this class. The method is easily understood. A man wishes to buy for speculation, a thousand barrels of oil. He pays into his broker's hands a hundred dollars, more or less, and the broker buys the oil. The hundred dollars is a "margin." The phrase of trade is "putting up margins." The margin is the broker's security. In case the market falls, and the oil remains on his hands, it secures him from loss. So much for the vocabulary and methods of speculation.

But there is an aspect of this large question which must not be passed by. What is to be said of speculation regarded

from a moral point of view? Unquestionably there is such a thing as legitimate speculation—speculation which is not to be condemned as morally wrong. The man who invests money in some commodity, paying for and receiving it, with the hope that he will be the gainer from its rise in value, it is right to call a speculator, but not right to call an immoral one. But there is another kind of speculation. A careful consideration of some of the practices set forth in this article should convince the candid that, though there are many good men engaged in them, they can hardly be justified in the light of the moral law. With regard to the character of gambling there is no controversy. Every one admits its immorality. And gambling is a broad genus; its species are many. This excellent definition has been given of it: "The art or practice of playing a game of hazard, or one depending partly on skill and partly on hazard, with a view, more or less exclusive, to a pecuniary gain." The old Romans prohibited gambling, not on account of its immoral character and influence, but because its tendency was to render the people too effeminate; and for the same cause at first, laws against gambling were enacted in Great Britain. But in our own land the law forbids gambling of various forms because it is felt to be a vice, wrong and demoralizing. We have laws against lotteries and against betting. These, and other practices, are generally recognized as species of this vice. But our courts have decided that other things come under the same head, as to whose character there is not the same general consent. By judicial decision the person who takes a chance in a "grab-bag" at a church fair gambles; and in a most unequivocal manner, in the courts of different states, the opinion has been given that certain popular forms of speculation are gambling. Our judges have repeatedly said that those who speculate on "margins," or trade in "options," and have to do with "puts" and "calls," gamble; and it is difficult to see how the decision can be gainsaid. Some people may be able easily to see that buying and selling "on margins" is not playing a game of chance for money; that taking an "option" is not like buying a ticket in a lottery; and that the method known as "puts and calls" is not very much the same as betting; but there are many thinking people who have not the ability.

Just an allusion may be made to a practice of modern speculation, of which some one has forcibly and truthfully spoken as "exaggerated gambling." It is what is known as "cornering the market." Speculators by forming a combination gain a control of the market, and force it up and down to serve their own interests. In this way immense fortunes have been made. The writer's limits do not allow of his entering into a discussion of the methods employed. Heartless, cruel, wicked, are mild terms to apply to this "exaggerated gambling." It is true that, by this cornering of the market, men are "squeezed" and fleeced and ruined who are not themselves scrupulous as to their methods; but the effects of the pernicious practice often do not stop with these men. Great corners in grain markets, by raising the price of bread-stuffs, have resulted in untold suffering among the poor, and affected in a most unhappy way the whole country. In 1879 there were two famous corners which will not soon be forgotten, a corner in wheat, and the "Armour pork corner." As a result of these, the price of pork was more than doubled, flour advanced two dollars a barrel, and there was a general decided rise in value of the necessities of life. Millions of money were made, but the loss to the country was immense, and the suffering occasioned incalculable. It was estimated, in a report made to a state legislature, that the syndicate which manipulated the wheat corner was the occasion of a loss to the public in different ways of not less than three hundred millions. As yet there is no punishment by the law of the enormity of which these cases are illustrations.

A final word can hardly be omitted with regard to the effects of speculation in general upon those engaged in it, and upon communities where the spirit is rife. Even those who are so

hardened that they are unable to see that certain peculiar forms of it are immoral and wrong, as is claimed, will hardly deny that speculation is a pursuit which is to be censured on other grounds. The excitement of it is neither physically, mentally, nor morally healthful. It has a fascination which is dangerous; to break away from it comes to be like the Ethiopian's changing his skin, or the leopard's his spots. The cases are sadly frequent where it unfits one for the enjoyment of home, the pleasures of society, the duties of the citizen and the Christian. And in a multitude of cases it has brought those absorbed in it to the mad-house and to an untimely grave. The judgment of the candid and reflective must be that "making haste to be rich," even by ways confessedly proper, is not best. Moreover, terms too strong can hardly be used in speaking of the harmful effects upon a community of a spirit of speculation filling the air. There is seen a feverish condition of things which is not well. Regular business is neglected; duties are passed by; the action of others is blindly and rashly followed. And it is always the case that, sooner or later, to by far the greater number who give way to the spirit and embark in the glittering speculative schemes, there comes disaster. Communities could easily be pointed out in whose condition of prosperity strikingly reversed one might read: "The demon of speculation hath done this."

WINE AND WATER.

By BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, M.D.

What has science said and what is she saying in more modern times on the question of fact in relation to strong drink and its effect on the world of life? Let us take some of her more salient teachings first.

In the year 1725 she spoke to the government of this country, stating that "the fatal effect of the frequent use of several sorts of distilled spirituous liquors upon great numbers of both sexes is to render them diseased, not fit for business, poor, a burthen to themselves and neighbors, and too often the cause of weak, feeble, and distempered children, who must be, instead of an advantage and strength, a charge to their country." Twenty-nine years later, she spoke again through the mouth of one of her most approved servants, the first inventor of ventilators, Dr. Stephen Hales. Through this illustrious philosopher she explained that strong liquors, though called spirituous, are so far from refreshing and recruiting the spirits, that, on the contrary, they do, in reality, depress and sink them, and extinguish the natural warmth of the blood.

You will see from these evidences, which could be largely multiplied, that long ago science spoke strongly by her best speakers on matters of fact relating to the use of strong drinks. You will note, moreover, that her utterances in that respect are very urgent against strong drinks. At the same time you will with fairness reply, "All that is true; but the argument is so far against excessive use." We all admit that argument; doctors admit that universally; statesmen admit it; statisticians prove that; clergymen who are not abstainers express that; nay, the very sellers of strong drinks, the gentlemen who sell wholesale, and the publicans who dispense for the gentlemen, they, too, admit the solemn, unanswerable truth, that strong drink kills. We therefore need no sphinx to inform us of what is universally admitted. This, however, we do want to know. We desire to be informed what is to be said by science on the moderate use of these agents. Let abuse of them go to the wall; let use stand forth alone, and let us hear what place this strong drink holds in relation to man and animals—what place it holds in nature—what good it is for man—what bad, when it is used in moderation. Let us have the for and against.

The request is justice itself. There can be no objection whatever to put the answer of science to the "for" as well as the "against."

Let us begin by looking at the interpretations of science in her latest teachings as to the nature of strong drinks. On this point all are now agreed who speak scientifically. For many ages wine was looked upon as a distinct drink, as a something apart altogether from water. Strong wine will take fire; water will quench fire. Wine has a color and sparkles in the glass; water is colorless and clear as crystal. Wine has taste and flavor and odor; water is tasteless and odorless. Wine is the blood of the grape, and in some respects seems akin to the blood of man; water is of all things least like blood. Wine when drunken makes the face flush, the eyes sparkle, the heart leap, the pulses sharp, the veins full; water when drunken does none of these acts, and seems to do nothing but respond to the natural wish for drink. Wine makes the lips and tongue parched and dry, the drinker athirst; water keeps the lips and tongue and stomach moist, and quenches the thirst of the drinker. Wine when it is taken, sets all the passions aglow and dulls the reason; bids men enjoy and reason not; water creates no stir of passion, and leaves the reason free. Wine makes for itself a first and second and third and fourth claim on the drinker, so that the more of it he takes the more of it he desires; it is overwhelming in the warmth of its friendship; water sates the drinker after one draught; makes no further claim on him than is just consistent with its duty; leads him never to take more and more; and has no seeming warmth in its friendship. Wine multiplies itself into many forms, which appear to be distinct; it is new, it is old; it is sweet, it is sour; it is sharp, it is soft; it is sparkling, it is still; water is ever the same. Wine must be petted and cherished, stored up in special skins and special caves, styled by particular names, praised under special titles, and heartily liked or disliked, like a child of passion; water, pshaw! it is everywhere; it has one name, no more; it has one quality; it hurries away out of the earth by brooks and rivulets and rivers into the all-absorbing sea, where it is undrinkable; or it pours down from the clouds as if the gods were tired of it; it is no child of passion! Let the cattle, and the dogs, and the wild beasts alone drink water. Let the man have the overpowering drink, the blood of the grape—wine!

Alas! for this poetic dream. Science, poetic, too, in her way, but passionless, destroys in those crucibles of hers, which men call laboratories, this flimsy dream. There she tells that, when one or two disguises are removed, even blood is water; as to wine, that is mere dirty water—sixteen bottles or cups or any other equal measures of water, pure and simple, from the clouds and earth, to one poor bottle or cup of a burning, fiery fluid which has been called ardent spirit, or spirit of wine, or alcohol, with some little coloring matter, in certain cases a little acid, in other cases a little sugar, and in still other cases a little cinder stuff.

It is a pitiful fall, but it is such, and science not only declares it, but proves it so to be. A pitiful let-down, that men throughout all ages who have called themselves wine-drinkers have been water-drinkers after all; that men who have called themselves wine merchants have been water merchants; that men who have bought, and still buy, wines at fabulous prices have been buying, and still are buying, water. A dozen of champagne, bought at a cost of five pounds ten shillings, very choice—I am speaking by the book—consisted, when it was all measured out, of three hundred ounces, or fifteen pints of fluid, of which fluid thirteen pints and a half were pure water, the rest ardent spirit, with a little carbonic acid, some coloring matter like burnt sugar, a light flavoring ether in almost infinitesimal proportion, or a trace of cinder stuff. Science, looking on dispassionately, records merely the facts. If she thinks that five pounds ten shillings was a heavy sum to pay for thirteen pints and a half of water and one pint and a half of spirit, she says nothing; she leaves that to the men and women of sentiment and passionate feeling, buyers and sellers and drinkers all round.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

Twenty-eight years have passed since the battle of Bosworth, where the bitter struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster ceased with the defeat and death of Richard the Third. We now come to the three best-known poems of Sir Walter, viz: "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the "Lady of the Lake," all grouped together in their relation to history between the years 1513 and 1560.

It is beyond the scope and purpose of our plan to consider the beauties, defects or literary characteristics of these poems. We are constrained to consider them merely as links in the great historic chain. It may occur to the reader that they have less to do with actual history than the novels which we have considered; but, as the clear Scottish Lakes framed in rugged mountains, reflect every outline of rock, forest and shrub, so these poems framed and set in solid historic facts, reflect clearly the minutest features of the social feudal life in the reigns of James the Fourth and James the Fifth of Scotland. It is in fact the peculiar province of poetry, in all ages, to preserve the domestic habits and every-day happenings of the people. It would not be rash to assert that the real life of England and Scotland is better revealed in their ballads and poems than in their chronicles and histories.

"Marmion" opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the battle of Flodden, the 9th of September, 1513. It will be remembered that Henry the Eighth, at this time, was on the English throne. He sailed to France in July with a gallant army, where he formed the siege of Terouenne. During his absence the Scottish King, James the Fourth, urged by the French Queen, gathered an army to invade the north of England. He was distinguished for his romantic chivalry, and when the beautiful Princess of France called him her knight, sent a ring from her own finger, and requested him "to ride three miles on English ground for her sake," the gallant king thought that he could not in honor decline the request. His fantastical spirit led to his ruin. He met the English forces at Flodden under the Earl of Surrey, and the Scottish forces were defeated. It was one of the bravest and fiercest struggles recorded in Scottish or English history. The battle commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon and when night came it was still undecided. The Scottish center kept its ground, and the King fought hand to hand with a bravery and courage worthy of a better cause. The English lost five thousand, and the Scotch ten thousand of their bravest soldiers. During the night the Scottish army drew off in silent despair, when they knew that their King and bravest nobles lay dead upon the field. Or as Scott poetically expresses it:

" Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land:
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale.
Tradition, legend, tune and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!"

In the description of this battle Scott is true to the minutest points of history, and throughout the entire poem we breathe

the atmosphere of the feudal ages. His sketch of James the Fourth at Holyrood is a contribution to historical portraiture. His words seem like side-lights thrown upon the king's character, until the chivalry and weakness of the man are presented in living embodiment.

"Old Holyrood rung merrily
That night with wassail, mirth and glee;
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power;
This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest—and his last."

The night of revelry in Edinburgh, preceding the direful battle, may have suggested to Byron the grand poetic description of the "beauty and chivalry" convened in Belgium's capital the night before the battle of Waterloo. The tradition to which Scott alludes of the ghastly midnight proclamation at the market cross of Edinburgh, summoning the king by name, and many of his nobles and principal leaders, to appear before the tribunal of Pluto within the space of forty days, found indeed sad realization. The description of "Edinburgh after Flodden," a poem by Robert Aytoun, completes the picture, and, in lyrical power, is not an unworthy postscript to the vigorous canto which finds its culmination in the last words of the English knight:

"When Stanley was the cry—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!—
Charge Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is related in time to the middle of the sixteenth century; and the scene is laid in the border country of England and Scotland. It is sometimes claimed that poetry is not so much the outgrowth of monastic and studious seclusion as of stirring circumstances which inflame the imagination. Whether this is true or not, the principle finds proof in the border country of Scotland—a land of turmoil, poetry and song. On the English side of the border were strong and stately castles; on the Scottish side they were constructed for the most part on a limited scale. A few fortresses, like those of Jedburgh and Roxburgh, rivaled the Southron defences; but, after the usurpation of Edward the First, the Scots no longer attempted to defend their borders by strong places; they relied upon their own courage, and acted upon the familiar words of Douglas, that "they preferred to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." In fact many of the strongest fortresses were torn down, and utterly demolished, that the enemy might not obtain a footing in the country. The south of Scotland was reduced to a waste desert. Even as late as the invasion of Cromwell the borders were left in this desolate condition. The Hall of Cessford, or of Branksome, was on the largest scale of the border fortresses in Scotland, but could not be compared with the baronial castles of the northern families of England.

The poem opens with a description of the customs of Branksome Hall, how nine and twenty knights, with as many attendant squires with belted sword and spur on heel,

"Quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

That verse is worth a volume of history in emphasizing the irregular life of the time and place where every man's charter

was his sword. In the description of William of Deloraine and the holy monk digging up the grave of the wizard, Michael, Scott reveals the superstition of the times:

"Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon;
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand."

The adventure with the strange knight on his return, the gathering of the clans by the beacon light, the English forces drawn up before the castle, and the decision of the battle by the conflict of single champions, are all true to the spirit of the times. Everything is so weird and wild that even the dwarf, the book and magic charms do not seem entirely out of place in the story. We must remember that it is a land of tradition—a land aglow with the deeds of the Douglas and the Percy; and those interested in the Border History will be well repaid by reading carefully the notes accompanying the poem. It was a labor of love to the author, for it relates intimately to the valley of the Tweed. Here and there throughout the poem his enthusiasm breaks out for "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood—land of the mountain and the flood." It would seem like sacrilege not to quote the familiar lines:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

It is no wonder that Scott struck the chords of the national heart in this production, for it embodies so much of that unwritten history which had an oracle at every fireside.

As "Marmion" furnished us with a picture of James the Fourth, so the "Lady of the Lake" gives us a portrait of his son James the Fifth. He is said to have been handsome in person, and devoted to military exercises. He inherited his father's love for justice, "was well educated, and like his ancestor, James the First, was a poet and musician." His first care on taking the government was to restore the border country, of which we have just spoken, to something like order. He seized the principal chieftains and imprisoned them. He executed Adam Scott, known as king of the border, and John Armstrong, a free-booting chief, to whom the whole border country paid tribute. He thoroughly subdued these warlike chiefs, and it passed into a proverb, that "he made the rush bush keep the cow;" or, in other words, that cattle might remain safely in the fields without a guard.

He proceeded in the same manner against the Highland chiefs, and reduced the mountain country to a degree of quiet unknown for generations. Some of his acts are pronounced cruel by historians, but, in those bitter times, he was compelled to consider the welfare of the whole nation, and was compelled to be cruel in order to be kind.

James the Fifth also resembled his father in wandering, now and then, about Scotland in the dress of a private person. Many pleasing incidents are related of these royal visits in disguise, and the king in this way readily discovered the actual sentiments and feeling of the common people. Scott presents him in the "Lady of the Lake" in this character, after a long chase through the Highlands, which leaves him alone in the deep wilds of the Trosachs. His adventure in the disguise of Snowdoun's knight, or James-Fitz-James, is doubly interesting as it presents a trait of the monarch's character. The world likes true stories. It never outgrows the question of the child: Did it really happen? This is one of the marked features of these poems and romances. When we rise from the reading of Scott's works we have in our minds something more than a mere story. We have not only the human qualities of love and friendship, but also the characteristics and features of the times, or the presentation of some well-known personage. The sketch of James-Fitz-James, from the time when he meets Helen

Douglas near the margin of the Lake to the eventful day, when Snowdoun's knight is revealed to her at Stirling Castle as Scotland's King, is the faithful delineation of a real personage. He is not lifted into a realm of mere fancy, but everything is real and substantial about him. He is conducted to the island home which shelters the outlawed Douglas; around the walls hang trophies of the war and chase; spears, broadswords and battle-axes garnish with rude tapestry the sylvan hall; he sleeps upon the mountain heather, in the room

"Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their mountain sports again."

There is another character in the poem drawn true to life; that of the bold mountain chieftain Roderick Dhu, an outlawed, desperate man, representative of the Gaelic leaders driven back into their mountain fastnesses. In the harsh treatment which they received alike from kings and nobles, they found ready excuse for depredation. Scott puts this idea with great force in the lines of the Gaelic warrior:

"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep-waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between;—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountains might reply,
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the north,
Think 'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share."

The poem also reveals the old Highland custom of gathering the clans by the cross of fire, and there is nothing more dramatic in descriptive verse than the journey of that flaming cross, as it passes from hand to hand, calling the mourner from the house of death, and stopping midway the joyous marriage procession:

"Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed,
The falconer tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left his stag at bay;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray."

The personal bravery of the Gael and Saxon is well presented in the mountain march, and we venture a long quotation, which finds apology not only in its strength and beauty, but also in the fact that it reveals the character of the King and the Highland chief. The Saxon says:

"Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!"

"Have then thy wish!" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
The whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterraneous host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz James; "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu."

The entire poem is so true to fact and scenery that it forms to-day a poetic guide-book to the country about Loch Katrine. The description of sunset upon the lake, the deep recesses, the lone mountain passes, the dashing cataracts, impart life, vigor and reality; and every line reveals the spirit and bravery of highland life.

We have been tempted to give an analysis of the plot of the poem, and to quote some of the noble passages which Scott speaks through the honest lips of Helen Douglas and her faithful Malcolm; but it would have taken us aside from the main purpose of our historic relation. The events of these poems, as related to the world's history, are trifling and insignificant, when compared with the far-reaching policy of Louis the Eleventh, which formed the frame work of our last paper; and are in no way prophetic of the great events that follow in the reign of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, depicted in "The Monastery," "The Abbott" and "Kenilworth;" but the rude life of these warlike days has passed into the world's poetry, and the reader will trace, through the three poems which we have considered, the devoted faith of manhood and the abiding love of womanhood; ay more, perhaps discover a wholesome moral, which ought not to be unheeded in these days of broadening civilization.

BOTANICAL NOTES.

By PROF. J. H. MONTGOMERY.

ON THE TERMS ANNUAL AND BIENNIAL.—There is certainly much ambiguity between the terms annual and biennial. Those plants which germinate in the spring and die in the autumn are not very different from those which vegetate in the summer or autumn and flower and die in the succeeding spring or summer; nor indeed can I see much between them and plants like *Agave*, which live in a barren state for many years, and then flower once and die. It seems to be only a question of time required to concentrate the requisite energy to produce flowers and fruit. True annual plants may be divided into winter annuals and summer annuals. The former usually store up nutritive matter in the autumn to supply the flowering state in the spring; differing in this from summer annuals. But this is not constantly the case. The *Agave* is many years doing this. Although this plant flowers only once, we of course ought to have a term to distinguish it from the annuals. There are also the plants which produce stoles rooting at the end, such as the sympodes of *Fragaria*; in that case the plants are truly perennial. But see such plants as *Epilobium*, where the buds at the end of stoles alone remain alive during the winter, and produce the plants of the succeeding year; what are we to call these? We usually denominate them perennial. Then how separate them from those which are not aerial, but go through the same course? Then come such plants as *Orchis*, where a new tuber is formed by the side of the old one each year, usually at a very short distance from it, but sometimes at some considerable distance, as in *Herminium*; and the tuber which has flowered dies. The tuber is therefore a winter annual. Of course all these ought not to be confounded with the true perennials, where the same root lives and flowers at several years in succession. DeCandolle's terms, *mono-* and *poly-carpic* will not do; for they convey another idea. *Mono-* and *poly-tocus*, as suggested by A. Gray, are better, but here we do not distinguish between *Agave* and *Brassica*. And he has not attempted to distinguish these from *Orchis* (except by calling them perennial, as we all do), or *Orchis* from *Fragaria*. Here is a subject of much interest for those to study who pay attention to such matters.—*Journal of Botany*.

There is a strange plant with a curious flower growing in the damp valleys of New Granada, called *Masdevallia chimaera*. It is one of the unique productions of the vegetable kingdom. This plant has a dense cluster of thick leaves; the slender flower stems creep along and flower under the moss or leaves. The flower cup is divided into three lobes, and is whitish in color, with irregular spots of pink. So fantastic is this flower that a writer in *La Nature* says: "In looking at this strange flower one sees the colors of a nocturnal bird, the form of a large spider in the middle, with two small, piercing black eyes."

TREES OF LAKE CHAD.—Dr. Nachtigal, in his "African Journeys," describes some curious trees that grow in the region of Lake Chad. The butter-tree, called in that country *tsa-kan*, bears a green, round fruit, ripening into yellow, about as large as a small citron. This fruit consists of a nut resembling a horse-chestnut in color and in size, and a palatable, fleshy, smooth-skinned covering like a plum. The nut affords an oil, which solidifies under a slight decrease of temperature, and is used throughout North Africa as a substitute for butter. The *Parpia biglobosa*, of the same region, a leguminous plant, furnishes an excellent food in its seeds, which are eatable while still unripe. The ripe seeds contain a thick, saffron-colored marrow, inclosing black, shining grains. The meal made from them forms, when mixed with water or milk, a pap, which has a sweet and pleasant taste at first, but soon cloy. Relieved with sour milk or tamarind-juice, it forms a dish healthful and enjoyable to

all. The wool-tree is the third characteristic tree of the country. It rises straight up, with thick, horizontal branches arranged in whorls, one above the other, and derives its name from its fruit, which bursts like pods of cotton, and discloses a similar mass of fibers, lustrous and soft as eider-down. This "wool" is used in stuffing cushions and mattresses and for the wadding-armor of heavy cavalry. It has the valuable property of never becoming so compact but that it can be restored to its original volume by a short exposure to the sun. The tree is a favorite place of refuge for the negroes in time of danger. Taking their children and goods up with them they secure an excellent natural fortress among the whorls of its limbs.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Peach leaves curl and wither because of a fungus growth upon their surfaces. This vegetable parasite often ruins the first crop of leaves and unless they are replaced by a new growth early in the summer the tree is injured, often permanently.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

Memorial Days for February: "Special Sunday," February 10. Read Psalm xix—an exquisite poem about the Works and the Word of God. "Longfellow Day," Wednesday, February 27.

The office will send out free to all members of the Circle, within a few weeks, a copy of "Memorial Days of the C. L. S. C.," with readings for those days.

Required Readings for February: "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," by J. B. Walker, completed; Chautauqua Text-Books—No. 21, "American History," No. 24, "Canadian History;" "How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So;" Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN in "American History and Literature," "Physical Sciences," "Commercial Law," "Arts, Artists and their Masterpieces," with "Sunday Readings."

Concerning the life of Milton, the following information is received from a distinguished Professor of English Literature in one of the great universities of America: "The book you ask for is 'Milton,' by Mark Patterson, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. It is in the 'English Men of Letters' series, edited by John Morley. It is pleasantly written, interesting, animated, and to the point. A very large work is the 'Life of Milton in connection with the History of the Times,' by David Mason, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh."

In the organization and conduct of Local Circles, there are developed many ingenious and useful schemes, devices, exercises, etc. I shall always be glad to receive suggestions from persons who devise and test such novelties of method.

A California friend writes: "There are doubtless many reading the C. L. S. C. Course who have not the advantage of Local Circles, and who, beside, have no friends who are interested in the work with whom they might correspond. Why would it not be a good plan to form a C. L. S. C. Correspondence Circle for such as wish to improve themselves in that way?" Persons desiring such correspondence may send their names, with postoffice addresses, to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

Members of the C. L. S. C. in Plymouth, Massachusetts, have sent a fragment of Plymouth rock, which is to be attached with great care to the banner-staff of the C. L. S. C. Our correspondent says: "Perhaps it would be of interest to members of the C. L. S. C. in general to know that the rock is said by geologists to have been brought here from the far north during the glacial period, and is the only one of its kind on the coast." Our correspondent adds: "Our Circle received with much

pleasure your proposal for the C. L. S. C. picnic at Plymouth in 1884, and are ready to enter into any plan which you may suggest." We hope to have that picnic in June.

A New England woman writes: "I know mothers with from four to six little children, who take the Chautauqua course, and find that economized time is a gain in all things, while their homes are as scrupulously tidy, and their social relations as well sustained, as if they had not undertaken it."

An old lady 68 years of age dreads "the examination of the C. L. S. C." Does she not know, or will not some one tell her that, while we desire thoroughness of work, and while we do provide a university course with rigid examinations for those who are qualified to attempt it, the C. L. S. C. does not require any "examination" whatever? It requires the reading of certain books, and the statement to the central office that they have been read. It also desires the filling out of certain memoranda which are not in any sense examination papers. Let us encourage the fearful, that they may join the Circle, prosecute the readings, catch the inspiration, receive the diploma, and continue through the coming years to read the appointed books!

A distinguished educator and personal friend of other years, resident in Kingston, Jamaica, writes: "I think I have hit on the way to introduce reading matter into the homes of our peasantry. In some districts where a minister or intelligent schoolmaster will take hold of the affair, I get a number of people, (from ten to twenty) to subscribe one shilling (twenty-five cents) each. With this money I send for a number of illustrated monthly papers, costing with postage, two shillings each *per annum*. These are circulated among the subscribers, each keeping the paper a week. In the course of the year I get the reading of what would otherwise have cost ten shillings to secure. Many that could not be induced to pay two shillings for the exclusive use of one would venture upon one shilling for the privilege of reading many papers."

D. Lothrop & Co. consent to make an edition of "The Hall in the Grove" at seventy-five cents, binding it in strong manilla cover, for the use of the C. L. S. C., which decision enables us to retain "The Hall in the Grove" on our list.

A good housewife writes: "My fall work out door is about done. My corn is all gathered, and the two pigs are ready for killing. As soon as it is colder I shall be ready to go to work in earnest. You would laugh to see me at work in the garden, about my potatoes and onions, and then coming in, getting dinner and making my toilet, taking my embroidery and sitting down to earn a few cents beside what I can raise. Agriculture, science and art, are in reality connected. Then there is a basket of Christmas gifts yet to make for the Sunday-school children, by myself, and I have just done re-papering a small room that I may read, write, and work with comfort. I buried my aged husband September 23. He was nearly 84 years old. We were nearly forty years married."

All new Circles should report at once to the C. L. S. C. office, Plainfield, N. J.; and if any of the members know of Circles not reported, please send names and address of the officers at once. We are anxious to get all the Local Circles on our list.

The number of class 1884 enrolled was about 7,000; motto, "Press forward—He conquers who wills;" badge old gold. Class 1885 numbers about 6,000; the president writes that the motto will probably be, "We press on, reaching after those things which are before;" badge lavender. Class 1886 numbers over 14,000; motto, "We study for light to bless with light;" badge white. Class 1887 numbers about 12,000 at present, and "still they come;" motto, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee;" badge blue.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

The required readings for February include "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," from chapter xv to the end of the book; "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," by William Blaikie; Chautauqua Text-Books, No. 21, American History, No. 24, Canadian History, and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending February 8).—1. "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" from chapter xv, to section 6, page 187.

2. "How to get Strong," the first four chapters.

3. German History and Selections from German Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for February 3, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending Feb. 15).—1. "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," from page 187 to chapter xvii.

2. "How to Get Strong," from chapter v, to chapter ix.

3. Readings in Physical Science and Commercial Law, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for February 10, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending February 22).—1. "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," from chapter xvii, to the supplementary chapter.

2. "How to Get Strong," from chapter ix, to "The Abdominal Muscles," on page 218.

3. Readings in Art, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for February 17, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending February 29).—1. "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," from page 259 to the end of the book.

2. "How to Get Strong," from page 218 to the end of the book.

3. History of the United States and Selections from American Literature, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings for February 24, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Ontario (Picton).—The Picton branch of the C. L. S. C. held its second meeting for 1883-84 on the evening of November 19. We start on the new year with an increased membership of twelve, and also with a greater degree of enthusiasm in the prosecution of our studies. Our membership now reaches thirty-nine, representing the classes of '84, '85, '86, '87. The program for the evening's entertainment consisted of selections bearing on the life and character of Martin Luther; two papers, one on art, condensed from THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the other on the lives of Philip and Alexander; an interesting and animated conversation on the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and quotations from the same, which were given by most of the members; the quotations in the November number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN on Grecian history, singing of selections from Chautauqua songs, and a solo by one of our members, which closed a very interesting and instructive entertainment.

Maine (Calais).—When the news of the C. L. S. C. movement, and the advantages it offered for home study reached Calais, it was hailed with delight by three teachers, who enrolled themselves as members of the class of '83. These kept up the work till last year, when they were joined by seven members of the class of '86. During the winter and spring we held informal meetings monthly at the houses of the members. We received so much benefit from these that, in September, we met and organized a Local Circle. Our officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, with an executive committee of three, whose duty it is to prepare programs for the meetings. We hold our meetings fortnightly in the parlor of the Congregational Church, which a good friend rented for us. We now number about thirty members, and a

good deal of enthusiasm is shown in the work. Our programs consist of the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, readings from some of the authors studied, papers on important events and persons considered, etc.

Vermont (West Brattleboro).—The Pansy branch of the C. L. S. C. was organized on the evening of September 13, with officers consisting of president, secretary and executive committee, chosen for three months. By commencing thus early we were enabled to have the books on hand, and be in complete working order by October 1. We began with twelve names, and have since increased the list, until we now have enrolled sixteen regular and eleven local members, all of class '87, and who have entered upon the Course with an earnest purpose to do their best to cultivate "the gift" that is in them. We have as yet settled upon no definite plan for our weekly meetings, but have been experimenting to find what exercises were best fitted to our needs and capacities. We have had at different times reading from *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, essays, one minute oral reports on subjects previously assigned, quotation exercises, question boxes, etc. Bryant's memorial day was also appropriately observed. We always close with the song so familiar and dear to all who have heard it in the Hall of Philosophy, "Day is Dying in the West," followed by prayer. November 21 was a "red letter day" in our annals, because it was then our privilege to listen to a lecture by Dr. Vincent. The members of both our local circles, numbering about seventy-five persons, sat in a body in the hall, and the "salute" was given heartily. After the lecture the Doctor was so kind as to improvise an informal reception, and give us a short address concerning our C. L. S. C. work, together with the pleasure of a personal meeting with him, and we parted feeling grateful for the renewed courage and ardor with which we shall continue the year's reading, and for the increased opportunities for culture that have been made possible to us by the founder of the C. L. S. C.

Massachusetts (Lowell).—On the evening of September 26, 1883, about twenty persons met in the vestry of the Eliot Church and formed a local circle. Some have left, while others have joined. We have now thirteen local members and ten regular members. We adopted the "Proposed plan for a Local Circle," given in the *Chautauqua Text-book No. 2*, with slight changes. Our meetings are held on Monday evenings, every two weeks. They are very interesting and profitable. There are four other local circles in Lowell, and we intend to hold union meetings on the memorial days.

Massachusetts (West Haverhill).—About twenty from this vicinity were privileged to attend the Assembly at Framingham, Mass. Of course we came home all aglow with enthusiasm for the C. L. S. C. Early in October we held a public meeting, thus adding some new names to our list. We now have a membership of twenty-five. Our meetings are well attended and interesting. We start out on this year of work with fresh courage and hope, and with strong faith in the C. L. S. C. as a means of blessing to all who engage in its work.

Massachusetts (New Bedford).—The pastor of the Allen Street M. E. Church of this city suggested the formation of a local circle to a few young people of his parish last fall. He proposed that a meeting should be held in the vestry of the church every two weeks for a review of study and for mutual benefit. He called an organization meeting on the first of October, and when the evening was over there were thirty-three names enrolled. He presented a constitution which was adopted. A president, secretary, treasurer and committee of instruction were elected. This committee of instruction consists of the officers and three ladies. One of these persons, with any two members of the circle whom he or she may select, arranges the program for each meeting. We have had four regular meet-

ings, each of which has been attended by from forty to sixty persons—members of the Circle and their friends. Each evening we have had original papers on topics suggested by the study, tests, suitable poems, songs, etc. We have now forty-two members, ranging in years from fourteen to fifty. It was a little undecided at first what we should call ourselves, but it seemed like such an earnest band of workers, some one suggested we should be the "Philomaths." We all praise the Chautauqua movement for the precious advantages it offers to all "lovers of learning."

Connecticut (Westville).—Our circle was formed in January, 1883. Although we had lost three months' study, the year's work was finished before July. We review all our reading in our meetings, held once in two weeks, the members taking turns in conducting the reviews, and dividing an evening's work between three or four. We started with seven, all regular members, and now number fourteen, ten of whom are regular members. We enjoy our Chautauqua meetings very much, and as none of us like to miss them, we have a good attendance.

New York (Brooklyn).—We have lately organized a circle in the midst of this great city, which is the outcome of many informal meetings of resident members of the class of 1887. The proposition to form ourselves into an organized branch of the grand Chautauqua Circle was received with uproarious applause, and the manner in which every member lent his aid in arranging the details, bespoke the individual enthusiasm in the work. The program for our next meeting is as follows: Opening exercises; essay, "The Persian Wars;" remarks by the president on collateral themes; essay, "The Establishment of the Athenian Democracy;" speech by the treasurer upon subjects of his own choice; questions and answers; essay, "The Age of Pericles;" concluding exercises, which are very entertaining.

New York (Mount Kisco).—The Mount Kisco C. L. S. C. was organized in October, 1882. We meet in the rooms of the Lyceum, bi-monthly. The circle is made up of ten members all enthusiastic, ardent workers in the field of science and literature. We recite, in concert, the answers to the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, the leader reading the questions. The readings for the last two weeks are then discussed. We try to make our meetings quite informal, believing that restraint will thus be avoided. Our officers consist of a president, vice-president and secretary.

New York (Greenwich).—Our class of '86 have semi-monthly meetings. During October and November we used the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. One of our members gave the geography of Greek History from a large map, and others read from American Authors, Demosthenes' Orations, etc.

New York (Newark Valley).—On October 17 we organized a local circle of the C. L. S. C., and though our regular members number but twelve, yet we have some very interesting and instructive meetings; upon the whole a very enthusiastic club. Our plan is briefly this: We meet once in two weeks, and after a Chautauqua song, and prayer, have two or three essays and recitations; then general class exercises in Greek History, or the current subject, a question box, and free criticisms.

Pennsylvania (Canonsburg).—Although Canonsburg had what we would call a flourishing circle last year, we gave it no christening. We had a membership of twenty-five. We purchased the Geological Charts, which were a great help to the imagination in filling up the incredible proportions of those monsters of past ages. While we were studying astronomy we had the pleasure and profit of hearing a lecture on "The planet Jupiter," by Professor McAdam, of Washington College.

After the lecture the Professor kindly joined the class in the yard, and spent an hour in tracing the constellations. The examination papers were promptly answered. The year closed with an ice cream supper, when we spent the evening socially, and sang many of the Chautauqua songs. September 19 we organized for another year's work with fifteen members. One of our members on going to Alabama organized a circle there. Others who have left us are still reading. We open our meetings with Scripture readings and roll call, at which each member responds by a motto. We use the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and recite the Required Reading by topic. We play the Chautauqua Games, and we would say to all circles, "Get games." At the close of each meeting a few minutes are allowed for criticisms, in which all take part.

Pennsylvania (Ridley Park).—At the call of a few of our literary loving people last spring, a preliminary meeting relative to the establishment of a local circle was held at the Ridley Park Seminary, and at least forty people assembled to hear the explanation of the principles embodied in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, as given by Mr. Wm. Curtis Taylor, a gentleman to whom our people are much indebted for their present literary inspiration. At a second meeting held a week or two following, a permanent organization was effected and officers elected. This circle, while it centers at Ridley Park, is not exclusively confined to this place, but extends a halo as it were around a circuit of probably ten miles. We are even represented in Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware. Holding our meetings but once a month, and having our membership so thoroughly scattered, we have found it a good plan to establish what we term sub-circles, which hold their meetings about once a week. These are presided over by chairmen appointed by our president, and comprise at this time three sub-circles—Ridley Park, Sharon Hill, and Philadelphia. At our last meeting, November 6, to each of these was assigned some question for consideration, upon which one of their members is expected to write an essay, and the sub-circle itself be prepared to answer any questions propounded by the other sub-circles on its particular subject. For example, the Ridley Park sub-circle which has been assigned the subjects of History and Art, will be prepared to answer whatever questions may be asked by the members of the other circles.

New Jersey (Newark).—At a meeting held October 8, a local circle was organized, called the "Central," composed of about thirty members. The meetings are held fortnightly, the exercises being varied from time to time. In part they consist of essays and reading of short extracts from the best authors, varied by discussions as to the best methods of pursuing the appointed studies. An executive committee of five, appointed by the president, holding the office for one year, determine the nature of the exercises and make the necessary appointments. There are at least four local circles in the city.

District of Columbia (Washington).—At the earliest moment "Union" C. L. S. C. reorganized for their third year of study. Nearly every member was present, and there were a number of new recruits. One of the circle gave a graphic description of a visit to Chautauqua, of its surroundings and methods of work, thus creating an enthusiasm and a determination among the members to do thorough work and win their diplomas by honest endeavor. When they come to Chautauqua, as they will in 1885, they wish to feel that they can justly and proudly march through the Arches—true Chautauquans. The circle meets every Thursday evening at the residence of one of the members, and the exercises are opened by singing the Chautauqua songs as found in the *Assembly Herald*, with organ accompaniment, after which the subject of the lesson is discussed in a conversational way, by questions and answers and by essays by the members. As all are working members and realize that application is profitable, our meetings seldom lack in interest.

Maryland (Baltimore).—The "Eutaw" branch of the C. L. S. C. held its November meeting in the cheerful parlors of the church parsonage, Rev. H. R. Naylor, D.D., and family as hosts. The exercises opened with singing and prayer. The president of the branch, after a few explanatory remarks, stated that the occasion was especially significant and interesting in that Miss Bessie G. Thomson, a member of our circle, had completed the required course of Reading, and had received her diploma to that effect, and would deliver before the Circle a valedictory address. After the address our president favored the circle with a conversazione upon the value of an education, abounding in apt quotations and valuable suggestions. This was followed by Bryant memorial readings. The very pleasant entertainment closed by a display of pictures of travel by one of our number who has recently returned from Europe.

Ohio (Athens).—Our local circle held its first meeting this year, on October 1, with twenty members present. The heaven is working gradually, and each year we are able to record a number of new members, as well as an increased enthusiasm among the older ones. "The Irrepressibles" are well represented, but this term might, with propriety, be applied to all our members, as they have fairly won it by indefatigable zeal and industry. We have lost two of our members during the last year; one has removed to another part of the state, the other has gone to join the school above. Mrs. Alice S. Sloane was a member of the class of '84, and, although an invalid at the time of taking the course, never ceased to keep up her reading until within a few months of her death. Her interest in the work was remarkable in one so afflicted, and whenever opportunity offered itself, she urged upon others the importance of accepting the advantages offered in this course.

Ohio (St. Mary's).—Our C. L. S. C. was organized the first week in October, 1882. We commenced with seven members, but one of whom had been at Chautauqua during the summer. One was a graduate of the class that year. At the close of the year we numbered fourteen. Attendance good. In alphabetical order each one takes charge of the exercises for the afternoon, asks the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and calls upon each member for a view of the topic assigned them in the Required Reading, these topics having been given out at the previous meeting. We keep the Memorial Days, and must say our members are quite enthusiastic in the work. We have had no lectures, etc., as yet, but hope to some time in the future.

Indiana (Brazil).—We have organized a C. L. S. C. at this place with about twenty members, and the prospect is that several more will unite with us. There is an unusual degree of interest manifested. We call our circle the "Philomathean." This is the first circle ever organized here, though a few of the members have been reading for two and three years.

Illinois (Carlinville).—We have an enthusiastic local C. L. S. C. Circle at this place of fifteen members, five of whom belong to the general Circle, and to the class of '84. We elect president, vice-president and secretary every two months; critic and question committees serve for one month. The latter furnish questions requiring verbal answers, or papers, as case may be. At roll call each responds with items of news quotations, or something of interest, short. Bryant's Day roll call was responded to by a quotation from his writings by each. On Luther's memorial day each one had something to say of him. We derive much profit and pleasure from every part of the course, and think it most admirably arranged.

Illinois (Rushville).—The "Vincent" branch of the C. L. S. C. meets semi-monthly, and we are happy to say that our interest is unabated. This is our second year, and although we have lost several members by removal, and two have taken up a collegiate course, we still have an enthusiastic membership of fifteen. We have a president, vice-president, secretary and

treasurer. Our order of exercises varies. At our last meeting we had read Dr. Talmage's lecture on "Happy Homes," delivered at Chautauqua. Some of our members took the *Daily Herald* during the Assembly, and we have laid in store many good lectures which will be read at the circle during the winter. We advise all members to take the *Herald* another year if they want to enjoy what is next best to going to Chautauqua—that is, hearing all about it. The items from other local circles are read with great interest.

Illinois (Yorkville).—The local circle of our town was reorganized this year with thirty members. The officers consist of a president and secretary, both of whom hold office for a period of one month. The president appoints a teacher for each branch of study, and critics on language and pronunciation are appointed for each meeting. Every one feels a deep interest in the work.

Michigan (Decatur).—For two winters some ladies of our town have had a class for the study of history, the members thinking they could not take the time necessary for the Chautauqua course. The meetings were pleasant and instructive, but during the past summer one and another of the class, and some not belonging to it, determined to take the C. L. S. C. readings. Accordingly a "Pansy" circle was organized October 1. Various reasons prevented our meeting again for nearly three weeks, but since that time we have had regular weekly meetings. They are not weakly, however, for with most of the circle the readings have been studies. Our president, who by the way is a member of the class of '84, and has studied alone for three years, tells us that we do more studying than any circle she has known. We have ten members and two "local members," and hope for additions to our number. We think the "Chautauqua Idea" a grand one. May it run the wide world through.

Wisconsin (Milwaukee).—The "Delta" circle, of this city, reorganized October 2. Last year we numbered but sixteen, and this year we have enrolled over thirty, of whom twenty-five are regular members of the C. L. S. C. Our officers consist of a president, vice-president and secretary, elected annually; also a referee, elected monthly, who is expected to be able to settle doubtful questions in regard to pronunciation, etc. Meetings are held once a week at the homes of the members. We follow the outline of studies published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Our exercises consist generally of a review of the week's reading, conducted by a leader who is appointed two weeks in advance, and who assigns topics, allowing one week for preparation. We try to make our meetings as informal and conversational as possible. It is at the pleasure of the leader to vary the exercises as much as he chooses. Our last evening was devoted to political economy, the leader having arranged for a discussion on "Free Trade versus Protection," in which six members participated. The interest in the circle is constantly increasing.

Wisconsin (Elkhorn).—At the close of last June the local circle at Elkhorn seemed at its lowest ebb. Owing to removals, sickness, and other reasons, only two remained out of the six who started in January, 1882, who were able to attend the regular meetings, and when one of them removed in September to Milwaukee, the remaining member almost forgot our class motto, "Never be discouraged," for among her acquaintances there was apparently but little interest in the C. L. S. C., and she seemed doomed to plod on alone. In October, without any great effort on the part of any one, there sprang into being a full-fledged local circle of nine members. This circle had been in existence under the name of the "Elkhorn Mutual Improvement Society," for two years, and some good work had been done in English History and Literature, but now an inspiration seized the members to take up the C. L. S. C. studies, and the society was reorganized without a change of name,

and retaining the old constitution nearly intact, into a C. L. S. C. local circle. Some of the members entered upon the studies with misgivings, lest they should not be able to do the work, but so far the work has been easier than was anticipated, and the circle, as a whole, is doing it enthusiastically and thoroughly. The main cause of this renewal of interest in the C. L. S. C. may be fairly traced, I think, to the influence of the Monona Lake Sunday-school Assembly, whose sessions at Madison last August were attended by two members of the "Mutual Improvement Society."

Wisconsin (Milwaukee).—The C. L. S. C. is booming here, The "Bay View" local circle recently organized by Rev. B. F. Sanford has thirty members, and has live meetings. This one and one on the south side are part of the result of Dr. Vincent's late visit.

Iowa (Muscatine).—The local paper of Muscatine says: There is probably no town of its size where so much genuine literary taste abounds in society, as in Muscatine. Last evening, the third Chautauqua circle was organized with a membership of twenty-five, and the other two are flourishing like green bay trees. It will be said by the cynic that these organizations lack true *cultus* and real literary taste, the cultivated man and woman having little occasion to put themselves under an arbitrary discipline to compel the prosecution of their reading or study, and feeling little sympathy for a movement that violates the sacred privacy between author and reader, and refusing to submit their literary tastes to the procrustean exercise of any man's dictation. We have heard these things said against the Chautauqua system, but if a tree is to be known by its fruits, there can be but one opinion of an organization that is rearing so many youth of our land of both sexes in the cultivation of their mental powers and graces, informing them in history, philosophy and art, bringing them betimes to the streams of pure literature, and accomplishing them so thoroughly in their wide range of study as to make them authorities everywhere by reason of the universality and accuracy of their attainments. It is thus that we find the advanced Chautauquans whom we have the honor to meet, and so are they impressing themselves upon the whole country.

Dakota (Yankton).—Our circle of ten or twelve members has had an existence of something more than a year. Our meetings, held once in two weeks, are intensely interesting and instructive, and each member seems enthusiastic in appreciation of the work. The interest has been such that one of our most difficult problems has been how to condense the discussion of the various points of interest in our studies, in order to close at a reasonable hour.

Dakota (Faulkton).—The former president of the C. L. S. C. work in Muscatine (Iowa) has removed to Dakota. The following notice from the Faulkton (Dakota) *Herald* proves that Chautauqua has not been forgotten: Last Friday evening a goodly number assembled at the residence of Major J. A. Pickler to discuss the advisability of forming a Chautauqua circle in Faulkton, and all appeared to be highly interested in having a society here. After some few remarks the Chautauqua circle was organized with Mrs. J. A. Pickler, president.

Kansas (Leavenworth).—This is our second year. We organized in March, and although five months behind, we succeeded in completing the first year's work; but were thereby compelled to double the lessons and omit the observance of the Memorial Days, and the following of the admirable plan laid down in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*; but are now marching ahead with the class of '86, and find the enthusiasm somewhat increased. Our meetings are conducted on the conversational plan, being led by one of the best instructors, a former Professor in our public schools. We find it more interesting to assign portions of the lesson to each member for discussion. We

appoint a critic at each meeting, and at the close of the lesson he brings his criticisms before the circle. On Memorial Days we briefly discuss the life of our character, and give our individual opinions in regard to his characteristics, and each member gives a selection or quotation from one of his works. This is the fourth year for one of our members, who, before the organization of the circle, pursued the course alone.

Nebraska (Omaha).—Early in September a temporary organization of the C. L. S. C. was effected in our city, and the objects and requirements of the course were explained by an old Chautauquan. Shortly after, Dr. Vincent visited us, and by special request addressed the would-be Chautauquans, arousing the intelligent enthusiasm of a large number of listeners. A meeting was called at an early date, at which time the circle was permanently organized, officers elected, constitution and by-laws adopted, books ordered, and the "Omaha" C. L. S. C. was ready for work. By the help of several old Chautauquans the '87s are greatly encouraged. The entire membership are highly pleased with the course of study, and are determined to complete the course. The program committee is appointed monthly, thereby affording great variety in the order of exercises. Thus far in our work we have profitably used individual recitations, concert drills, essays, conversations, round-tables, readings, addresses, spelling matches, etc. So great has been the interest shown, that notwithstanding regular meetings are held semi-monthly, extra meetings have been demanded. The committee aims to secure thorough and systematic reviews at each meeting of all subjects studied, and are meeting with admirable success in this attempt. The Chautauqua University is gaining power and popularity in the "Gate City," and other circles are being organized in our midst.

California (Vallejo).—The circle of the Chautauqua University formed in this town is progressing finely. Meetings are held regularly, and the studies of the previous week are profitably and thoroughly discussed. From the nature of the work, and the interest manifested in the same, there is every assurance that our circle, which now numbers seven, will increase. Did the people but know the advantages, the real, genuine benefits to be derived through the C. L. S. C., I have no hesitancy in saying that we would not only have the above number of members, but that number of circles in the town.

THE C. L. S. C. IN THE SOUTH.

The local circle reports from the south are so encouraging that we can not refrain from devoting an extra corner to them alone. Most zealously must the friends of the movement have worked to have produced such abundant results. Circles have been reported this year from:—

Hardinsburgh, Kentucky; president, Miss Anna L. Gardiner; secretary, Miss Anna R. Bassett.

Jackson, Tennessee; president, Rev. F. P. Flanniker; vice-president, B. S. McClaren; secretary, T. J. Porter.

Murfreesboro, Tennessee; secretary, H. H. Clayton, Jr.

Richmond, Virginia; chairman, Wm. M. Coulling.

Memphis, Tennessee; secretary, E. M. Schwalmeyer.

Oxford, Mississippi; secretary, Miss Mattie E. Dennis.

Also from the following places, though officers are not given: Fort Worth and Bonham, Texas; Petersburg, Virginia; Slaughterville, Kentucky; Spartansburg, South Carolina.

Two circles from Washington, D. C.; secretary of one is Frank P. Reeside, 1219 D. Street, S. W.; of the other, Miss Nettie Love. Making seven circles now reported as at work in Washington, D. C.

In Independence, Missouri, there is a circle of forty-seven members.

From Nashville a lady writes: "The 'Nashville' local circle of the C. L. S. C. was organized at the rooms of the Y. M.

C. A. the latter part of September, with a membership of about twenty. We have had three very interesting meetings, consisting of essays, lectures, questions on the lessons, etc. We meet every two weeks at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. We intend to give all the time we can to the work. All the members are deeply interested."

The secretary of a new circle in Salem, North Carolina, says: "We organized a circle in Salem on November 3, consisting of twenty-eight members, which has since increased to thirty-two. A president, vice-president and secretary were appointed. These officers, with a committee of two on instruction, are to arrange programs for entertainment at the monthly meetings of the circle. For the first meeting of the circle the program consists of reviews, in the form of questions given to each member, readings and recitations, also music. We began the readings in October, and have divided ourselves into a number of small circles for the more careful study of the weekly readings. So far we greatly enjoy the readings, and hope to derive profit from them, both in the increase of knowledge and improvement of literary taste."

A gentleman who writes to Dr. Vincent from Richmond, Virginia, says in regard to the C. L. S. C.: "I believe there is a great field here, and that one with time to devote to it could do a great deal of good. I have every reason to believe that the leading paper here would do all in its power to help forward such a work, and I think that some of the Professors at the Richmond College would be willing to deliver a course of lectures. My idea is that by having numbers of little circles—or rather segments—formed in different parts of the city, a large, general circle could be formed, such general circle to meet once in two weeks for the purpose of hearing lectures, etc. The smaller societies could of course meet every week in their own localities, for discussion of the course being read. I think there is a desire for something of this kind in the minds of a great many people here, and I have very ambitious ideas as to the future of such a society. I would like quite a large number of C. L. S. C. circulars for distribution here as soon as possible."

A circle of '87s was organized in September at Jackson, Tennessee. Thirty-five members, two ministers, two lawyers, two editors, eleven teachers, merchants, etc. The circle has about as many ladies as gentlemen, and holds a meeting every Monday evening from 7:30 to 10 o'clock, at a private residence. The studies for the week are taken up in order. Essays, discussions, lectures, query box, music, declamations, etc., constitute the program. Each exercise is limited to fifteen minutes, and every member prepares his exercise as he desires. Some have drawn maps of Greece at its different historical stages. One evening each month is devoted especially to some study which has been completed. American Literature was first Monday in December. Mark Twain, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier were treated by lectures and discussions.

C. L. S. C. ROUND-TABLE.*

REPORTS AND QUESTIONS.

DR. VINCENT: There are persons in this world who unite in purely literary and intellectual enterprises. The union creates a sort of literary friendship. There are people who unite in sympathy, loving a common object, sharing in sorrow, sharing in joy, creating a friendship full of sentiment. There are people in this world who are united in practical efforts. They have a common aim. They agree upon a method; they coöperate for the result, and this is practical friendship.

The charm of the C. L. S. C. is found in this, that it is a union in intellectual and literary activity, a union in affection, a union

*Held in the Hall of Philosophy August 9, 1883.

in practical aim and service. It aims to do three things:—To cultivate the intellect, to cultivate the heart, and to develop the executive forces of our natures. By this three-fold bond we are united as members of the C. L. S. C. We meet this glad day in this beautiful grove, under the play of this charming sunshine; we meet to remember, we meet to rejoice, we meet to resolve. And as the years go by may our memories grow sweeter, our rejoicing more intense, and our resolves stronger. And as we meet from year to year "to study the words and the works of God," let us try "to keep our Heavenly Father in the midst." The blending of the mottoes, felicitous only as a blending of mottoes, does not express the whole theological truth I would convey.

Mr. Robertson said, in writing one of his charming letters to his brother, "I have through all these years been seeking God, and I am just awakening to the fact that all these years it is God who has been seeking me." We need not try to keep our Heavenly Father in the midst. In the boundlessness of his grace, he is glad to come into the midst and here to abide, and if we have any longing of heart after him, however feeble it may be, it is because he is already there, breathing into us his own life, and giving to us a measure of his own joy. Let us pray to him.

We thank thee, our Father, that through the year thou hast been with us, and that thou hast guided us; that in hours of prosperity thou hast held us, and in hours of sorrow thou hast given us comfort. And on this beautiful afternoon, in this sacred place, we meet and make mention of thy name and of thy love. We thank thee for thy great kindness to us. We confess our great sinfulness against thee, and our utter unworthiness before thee. We ask for the gifts of grace which thou art ready to bestow, and we open our hearts by the leadings of thy spirit, that thy spirit may enter in and abide with us.

Bless the homes we represent; bless the circles of which we are members; bless the vast sweep of the circle with which we are connected, and may all the members of our fraternity have thy presence and thy grace. And with all their seeking, may they seek spiritual power, and seeking, may they find. Enlighten our understanding with thy wisdom, inspire our hearts with thy love; strengthen our wills with all holy purposes. Bring us after these reunions, and after the separations, after all the joys and sorrows, the gains and the losses of human life, into thine own immediate presence, and we shall praise thee, the only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

After a song Dr. Vincent said:

Is any body here from Monteagle? Are any here who were present this year at Lakeside, Monona Lake, Lake Bluff, Ocean Grove? Have we any one here who could make us a brief report of the C. L. S. C. work at any of these assemblies? Where is Dr. Hurlbut? Kansas Assembly—Dr. Hurlbut presided there.

DR. HURLBUT: I would state that we recognized the C. L. S. C. at Kansas, and we had a very pleasant time. When we called for the members of the C. L. S. C. to have a meeting I found but five, but we had a Round-Table. And the next day we had twenty present, and when we came to the day for the recognition of the members of '83, we found three members of the class. We marched the three members of '83 in procession, and took them down to the tabernacle and made a speech to them. We had a number of Round-Tables, and distributed the circulars, and a great many people said that they were going to join. This was in Ottawa, Kansas.

On the afternoon of graduation an address was delivered by Dr. G. P. Hays, an old Chautauquan, who delivered an admirable address. In the evening we had a camp fire, and though there were only about twenty members present, we had a fine camp fire. We had a good place to hold it, and we gave notice that we would admit no one but members of the C. L. S. C., but we made an exception that any who wished to join, or if they had any friends whom they wished to represent, or if

there were any members of the C. L. S. C. in the towns where they lived, they might come. We made a procession three hundred strong by actual count, all interested in the C. L. S. C., to a greater or less degree. We had some interesting addresses. Mr. Hatch, a member of the C. L. S. C. of that city, made a very interesting address, and Dr. Hays spoke, and one or two others from the places around, and we had a few solemn words from Prof. Sherwin, and a few more solemn words from Prof. Beard. At the close of the camp fire we found that the C. L. S. C. stock had gone up above par. People wanted to know all about it. One old gentleman from the country came up to the president and said that he did not know any thing about this C. L. S. C. that we were talking about, but he was going to join if it did not cost more than a dollar, and he joined that night. You will find that the next year there will be over two hundred members of the C. L. S. C. present.

DR. VINCENT: That is a very refreshing report in every sense.

DR. HURLBUT: I could tell you all about Island Park.

DR. VINCENT: Let us hear from that.

A GENTLEMAN: I could tell you about Monteagle.

DR. VINCENT: Let us hear it.

A GENTLEMAN: There were some sixteen or eighteen of the C. L. S. C. present. We did not have very many meetings, but we met once or twice and agreed to form a procession and give Dr. Vincent a welcome when he came. This we did. We met in a body and called on him, and had a very pleasant talk from him.

DR. VINCENT: That was not all that was done by the C. L. S. C. at Monteagle. I was greeted very warmly by the C. L. S. C. members at Monteagle. I found Monteagle literally a very high place, something over 2000 feet above the sea. To my surprise there were more than twenty members of the C. L. S. C. at our Round-Table. Going up the mountain on the railway a young gentleman came to me and introduced himself. He said, "I am a member of the C. L. S. C., and my sister is a member. She is on the train, and very anxious to see you." I saw her, and found her to be an enthusiastic C. L. S. C. She knew all about the Memorial Days, and knew all about everything in connection with the C. L. S. C. work, the C. L. S. C. column, the news from the various states, the mottoes, and all the special directions that had been given. She had read all the reading for the year and much on the Seal Course. I think she had completed the White Crystal Seal. She said she was all alone in the town where she lived. She had done everything that was required, even to the buying a badge, and wearing it, and observing the five o'clock hour. She said that next year there would be a large number from her town.

I am always afraid of obtruding Chautauqua on these other centers, lest they suggest that Chautauqua be a little more modest. I therefore do not allow the name to be used too much.

DR. HURLBUT: In Kansas, I know that one person wrote to a newspaper and said that there was one evil that ought to be nipped in the bud. He said that this evil was the peddling around of Chautauqua ideas by professionals through the country.

DR. VINCENT: I am always sensitive about speaking too much of Chautauqua. At Lakeside I made my first speech without naming Chautauqua, and I did the same at Framingham, until others came to me and said that I need not be so particular, that they considered themselves in some degree a part of Chautauqua. I found the same spirit at Monteagle. I did not see a thing, or hear a syllable at Monteagle, that did not indicate a hearty sympathy with the Chautauqua work. I never was more royally treated.

At one Round-Table on errors of speech they criticised several of my mispronunciations, and what was the worst of it, when I sent for Webster, Webster sustained those southerners. They got an idea that I rather enjoyed the pointing out of my

errors. We had a good time in the correction of errors in speech. We had also a recognition speech. We formed in procession, one graduate of '83, and I had the satisfaction of extending the right hand of fellowship to the one in the procession at that service.

Mr. Van Lennep told me that they kept up their Round-Tables every day until the close of the Assembly, and that they numbered seventy strong and raised a fund of \$500 toward building a hall of philosophy at Monteagle. (Applause.)

This is a sort of reunion meeting; for songs, for questions, for statements of difficulties, and for reports. Are there any large local circles represented here? Is there a local circle of one hundred members represented here to-day? Let the leader of that circle stand up and raise the hand. Are there any? Mr. Martin, of Pittsburgh, has such a circle.

MR. MARTIN: I would say that we have a circle in Pittsburgh that has enrolled something like seven or eight hundred members altogether. Occasionally one or two hundred of them will drop out, so we do not claim that we have a circle quite up to that number all the time. We have fifty-four graduates enrolled as a sort of executive committee to keep up our Local Circle movement. We have monthly meetings, and also have numerous weekly meetings in different parts of the city. These weekly meetings are usually reported to the central circle, and the members attend more or less at our monthly meetings.

As an alumni association, we have got up on a little higher plane, and during the past year we held three meetings. Our first meeting was a reunion and banquet at one of the leading hotels. Our second meeting was a very enthusiastic one, conducted by the members of the alumni association in the eastern part of our city. At our last and final meeting we had Bishop Warren to address us. We had one of the largest churches in the city filled, and charged an admission fee as well. We felt rich. We have a fund of about \$60 to start with next year. We expect to bring a large number of '83 members into our alumni association. We are still enthusiastic over the C. L. S. C. We were enthusiastic five years ago, have been every year since, and propose to continue to be enthusiastic as long as the C. L. S. C. exists. (Applause.)

DR. VINCENT: That is good. Is there any one here who can make some report from Monterey Circle? They had an unusual time last year. Is Miss Hudson present? Although she has not been at Monterey, she has been in communication with the Monterey people. Would you object to make a statement as you have it?

MISS HUDSON: I can give a few facts.

DR. VINCENT: Please do so. Miss Myrtie Hudson, of Ann Arbor.

MISS HUDSON: I have received quite enthusiastic reports from Monterey. There were present in July twenty-five members to graduate. I do not know how large the class was through the state, but they had about that number present. The exercises held were in the hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. An address was delivered and the diplomas were given out by Dr. Stratton, our president of the branch of the Pacific coast. He was one of the graduates of '83. Dr. Wythe, the author of our book on biology, was also one of the graduates.

I have received this message from there to-day, that the book, "The Hall in the Grove," has been of very great value in their work, and they want to make the suggestion, that it would be a good idea to have this book read by members in the first year, instead of the fourth year.

DR. VINCENT: The suggestion of having "The Hall in the Grove" read in the first year instead of the fourth year is a very good one.

MRS. BARLOW, of Detroit: I would like to speak in behalf of "The Hall in the Grove." I was a graduate of '82. We have a large circle in Detroit, but I do not know the membership, be-

cause I have not been able to attend very frequently. Our president of that circle, Mrs. A. L. Clark, who has been president for five years, died this summer. I suppose that she intended to come to Chautauqua this year. I waited here some minutes, thinking some one else from Detroit would speak of her. I wish you could know what a work she did in Detroit, what an influence she had in the community of young people, not always among the wealthy, but among those in the stores, and those who had no other way of cultivation. No one knows how much they owe to Mrs. Clark.

About "The Hall in the Grove." I have tried in our neighborhood for four years to organize a local circle, but have failed. But this last summer I had two copies of "The Hall in the Grove" which I have circulated very industriously, and I hope to organize a circle in October.

DR. VINCENT: I intended to speak at the proper time, concerning Mrs. Clark, this devoted worker. There is no woman in connection with our Circle who has done more hearty work. I have received from many members of the Circle tributes to her worth and work.

MRS. BARLOW: Mrs. Clark had a very large class of colored adult people that she taught every Sabbath in the Y. M. C. A. room. They would have filled almost any house. A great many of them have been converted, I have no doubt, from her work.

DR. HURLBUT: I had the privilege last winter in Washington City of visiting a circle composed entirely of colored people, and I thought I should like to make a little mention of that circle. It was a circle of between thirty and forty people of color. They met at a private house, a handsome residence, with every thing about it in the finest taste. The exercises that night in that circle impressed me wonderfully. From the conversation that I had with the members I learned that some of them were teachers in the city of Washington, and one was a member of the Washington Board of Education. Another had read five times as much as we required on geology last year. One of the city teachers read a paper of great interest. Every person connected with the circle belonged to what we call the African race. I never in my life was impressed with the earnestness, thoroughness, efficiency and downright energy in the C. L. S. C. work of any class of people more than I was on that occasion with that of these members in Washington City.

MR. BRIDGE: You have not spoken about New England.

DR. VINCENT: At Framingham, Mass., we have an Assembly which opens immediately after the close of Chautauqua Assembly, and this year a little before the close. Last year we had four hundred and forty recorded members present at that Assembly, and the sales of the books are reported as being double what they were the year before. And I believe the prospects for this year are much more brilliant.

After various announcements Dr. Vincent said: Turn to the nineteenth number. We must sing "Day is Dying in the West," or it would not seem natural. The other evening we omitted it, and a few of us came back and sang it.

After the song, the Round-Table was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Alden.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I. FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION"—FROM CHAPTER 15 TO THE END OF THE BOOK.—2. FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "HOW TO GET STRONG AND HOW TO STAY SO."

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

I.

1. Q. What was the difference between the dispensation under the Old Testament and the one under the New? A. The first was a preparatory dispensation, its manifestations, for the

most part, being seen and temporal; the second was a perfect system of truth, spiritual in its character and in the methods of its communication.

2. Q. What difference would there be in the methods adapted to move men's nature under different dispensations? A. The same methods under all dispensations would be necessary, varied only to suit the advancement of the mind in knowledge, the difference existing in the habits and circumstances of men, and the character of the dispensation to be introduced.

3. Q. What would be an essential requisite under any dispensation, after the way for its introduction was prepared? A. Such manifestations of God to men as would produce love in the human heart for the object of worship and obedience.

4. Q. According to the constitution which God has given the soul, what must it feel before it can feel love for the giver of spiritual mercies? A. It must feel the want of spiritual mercies; and just in proportion as the soul feels its lost, guilty and dangerous condition, in the same proportion will it exercise love to the being who grants spiritual favor and salvation.

5. Q. What is the only possible way by which man could be made to hope for and appreciate spiritual mercies, and to love a spiritual deliverer? A. To produce a conviction in the soul itself of its evil condition, its danger as a spiritual being, and its inability, unaided, to satisfy the requirements of the spiritual law, or to escape its just and spiritual penalty.

6. Q. What does the degree of kindness and self-denial in a benefactor, temporal or spiritual, create? A. The degree of affection and gratitude that will be awakened for him.

7. Q. At the advent of Jesus how was the moral law generally applied by him? A. It was applied to the external conduct of men, not to the internal life. If there was conformity to the letter of the law in external manners, there was a fulfillment, in the eyes of the Jew and the Gentile, of the highest claims that God or man held upon the spirit.

8. Q. How did Jesus apply the divine law? A. He taught that all wrong thoughts and feelings were acts of transgression against God, and as such would be visited with the penalty of the divine law. Thus he made the law spiritual and its penalty spiritual.

9. Q. What does Jesus declare to be the consequence of these spiritual acts of transgression against God? A. Exclusion from the kingdom and presence of God, a penalty which involves either endless spiritual suffering, or destruction of the soul itself.

10. Q. What was then necessary in order that man's affections might be fixed upon the proper object of love and obedience? A. That a spiritual God should, by self-denying kindness, manifest spiritual mercy to those who felt their spiritual wants, and thus draw to himself the love and worship of mankind.

11. Q. In order to the accomplishment of this end, without violating the moral constitution of the universe, what would be essentially necessary? A. That the holiness of God's law should be maintained.

12. Q. What does Jesus uniformly speak of as being necessary previous to accepting him as a Savior? A. That the soul should feel the need of salvation.

13. Q. What is the testimony of the Scriptures as to God manifesting himself in self-denying kindness for mankind? A. The testimony of the Scriptures is that God did thus manifest himself in Christ as suffering and making self-denials for the spiritual good of men.

14. Q. What would be impossible for a human soul, exercising full faith in the testimony of the Scriptures as to his needs and his ransom by Christ, not to do? A. Not to love the Savior.

15. Q. Previous to the introduction of Christianity, in what efforts had all the resources of human wisdom been exhausted? A. To confer upon man true knowledge and true happiness.

16. Q. What are two insuperable difficulties which would for-

ever hinder the restoration of mankind to truth and happiness from being accomplished by human means? A. First, human instruction, as such, has no power to bind the conscience; and, second, truth, whether sanctified by conscience or not, has no power to produce love in the heart.

17. Q. To what are the laws which govern physical nature analogous? A. To those which the Gospel introduces into the spiritual world.

18. Q. Men can not love God for what he truly is, unless they love him as manifested how? A. As manifested in the suffering and death of Christ Jesus.

19. Q. To deny the divine and meritorious character of the atonement is to shut out what from the soul? A. Both the evidence and the effect of God's mercy.

20. Q. What is the influence of faith in Christ upon the moral disposition of the soul? A. It assimilates the moral feelings of man to God, and produces an aversion to sin.

21. Q. What is the influence of faith in Christ upon the moral sense, or conscience of believers? A. By faith in Jesus Christ the conscience is not only guided by a perfect rule, but it is likewise quickened and empowered by a perfect sense of obligation.

22. Q. What is the influence of faith in Christ upon the imagination? A. It controls and purifies the imagination of believers.

23. Q. What would a religion from heaven be designed ultimately to bless? A. The whole world.

24. Q. What does the best good of mankind as a family require? A. That they should be the instruments of disseminating this religion among themselves.

25. Q. What is the great principle by which the operation of spreading this religion would be carried on? A. The principle of self-denial, or denying ourselves the ease and pleasure of selfishness in order to perform acts of benevolence.

26. Q. How does the Gospel of Christ possess all the characteristics of a universal religion? A. It is adapted to human nature; not to any particular country or class of men, but to the nature of the race.

27. Q. In the instructions of Christ to regulate the conduct of men, how were their lives to be spent? A. In efforts to impart those blessings which they possessed to their brethren of the human family who possessed them not.

28. Q. In what did Christ teach the principle of self-denial? A. By his precepts, by his example, and especially by his identifying himself with those in need.

29. Q. What is faith in Jesus Christ therefore directly designed and adapted to do and to produce? A. To strengthen men's benevolent affections, and to produce in believers that active desire and effort for the good of others which will necessarily produce a dissemination of the light and love of the Gospel throughout the whole habitable world.

30. Q. What are three of the most important means of grace? A. Prayer, praise and preaching.

31. Q. In order that men may receive the greatest benefit from prayer, what is essential? A. That there should be strong desire and importunity in prayer.

32. Q. In order to offer acceptable prayer, what should men possess? A. A spirit of faith and dependence upon Christ.

33. Q. What are two important means to impress the mind with religious truth? A. Music and poetry.

34. Q. Among the means which God appointed to disseminate his truth throughout the world, what holds a first and important place? A. The living preacher.

35. Q. What is the agency of God in carrying on the work of redemption and giving efficiency to its operations? A. The Holy Spirit.

36. Q. What is evidence to the world of the divine efficacy and power of the doctrines of the gospel system? A. Its effects in restoring the soul to moral health.

37. Q. The discussion of religious subjects for the past few

years, both in Europe and America, has been mainly between what two classes? A. Between those who believe in the divine authority of the Christian religion as a rule of duty, and those who believe in the authority of conscience and reason as the highest guides of man.

38. Q. How does each class receive the Messiah and his teachings? A. One as of God, and the other as of man.

39. Q. In what light and as what means does one view consider a written revelation? A. In the light of the moral wants of man, and as adapted and necessary means in order to human development.

40. Q. What proposition is attempted to be proven in this connection? A. That a written revelation is a demand of man's moral constitution, without which his moral culture is impossible.

41. Q. What is a first fact connected with this inquiry? A. Man is a cultivating and a cultivable being, and he is the only being created that possesses the double capability to receive and to impart culture.

42. Q. What are three endowments by which men are particularly distinguished from irrational beings? A. Written language, faith and conscience.

43. Q. What fact is fairly settled in reference to man aiding himself by a written language? A. That without aiding himself by a written language man can not ascend even to the first stages of civilization.

44. Q. In what way only can the character of God be known? A. Only by faith; and it is the character of God that is the element of moral culture.

45. Q. Upon what does the character of conscience in all religious duties depend? A. Upon faith.

46. Q. What is said of reason, faith and conscience without revealed truth? A. Without revealed truth reason has no data, faith is false, and conscience is corrupt.

47. Q. As there can be no moral culture with a false faith and a corrupt or dead conscience, what is a moral necessity in order to the culture of the human soul? A. Revelation of objective truth, rendered efficient by the perceived presence and authority of God.

48. Q. What is the conclusion reached as to how the moral culture of the soul must be accomplished? A. By a system of truth, revealed objectively in written language, by divine authority; and that the Christian Scriptures contain that system of truth.

49. Q. In view of the reasonings and facts presented by the author, to what conclusion is it his opinion unprejudiced readers should come? A. That the religion of the Bible is from God, and divinely adapted to produce the greatest present and eternal spiritual good of the human family.

50. Q. Of what does he consider the demonstration conclusive? A. That the Gospel is the only religion possible for man in order to perfect his nature and restore his lapsed powers to harmony and holiness.

II.

1. Q. What proportion of men either erect or thoroughly well-built will be seen among those usually passing a given point on Broadway, in New York? A. Scarcely one in ten.

2. Q. What is said of the training ordinarily had by farmers, merchants, mechanics and laborers, who constitute a very great majority of Americans? A. No one of the four classes has ordinarily had any training at all aimed to make him equally strong all over.

3. Q. What is said of regular exercise among the great majority of the women of this country? A. No regular exercise is common among the great majority of the women of this country which makes them use both their hands alike, and is yet vigorous enough to add to the size and strength of their shoulders, chests and arms.

4. Q. What is the character of the popular sports and pas-

sports of boyhood and youth to supply the lack of inherited development? A. Good as these sports are, as far as they go, they are not in themselves vigorous enough, or well enough chosen to remedy the lack.

5. Q. What does a leading metropolitan journal say an inquirer will see by standing at the door of almost any public or private school or academy at the hour of dismissal? A. He will see a crowd of under-sized, listless, thin-faced children, with scarcely any promise of manhood to them.

6. Q. What is stated in reference to the play-grounds of our cities and towns? A. It is not a good sign, or one that bodes well for the future, to see them so much neglected; and many of our large cities are wretchedly off for play-grounds.

7. Q. What description is given of the physical appearance of the majority of the girls in any of our cities or towns, as seen passing to and from school? A. Instead of high chests, plump arms, comely figures, and a graceful and handsome mien, you constantly see flat chests, angular shoulders, often round and warped forward, with scrawny necks, pipe-stem arms, narrow backs, and a weak walk.

8. Q. What does a distinguished surgeon say as to the ability to endure protracted brain-work without ill result? A. It is not brain-work that kills, but brain-worry.

9. Q. What does our author state there ought to be in every girls' school in our land, for pupils of every age? A. A system of physical culture which should first eradicate special weaknesses and defects, and then create and maintain the symmetry of the pupils, increasing their bodily vigor and strength up to maturity.

10. Q. What is the first thing most women should do in order to get health and strength and the bloom of perfect physical development? A. The first thing is to bring up the weaker muscles by special effort, calling them at once into vigorous action, and to restore to its proper position the shoulder, back, or chest which has been so long allowed to remain out of place.

11. Q. What is the next step after the symmetry is once secured? A. Then equal work for all the muscles, taken daily, and in such quantities as are found to suit best.

12. Q. In our Christian lands what do we find in regard to the fathers and mothers of the great men? A. We find that the great men have almost invariably had remarkable mothers, while their fathers were as often nothing unusual.

13. Q. What does our author say as to the means of getting a vigorous and healthy body kept toned up by rational, systematic, daily exercise, by every girl and woman? A. The means of getting it are so easily within the reach of all who are not already broken by disease, that it is never too late to begin, and that one hour a day, properly spent, is all that is needed to secure it.

14. Q. Had the lungs and also the muscles of the man had vigorous daily action to the extent that frequent trial had shown best suited to that man's wants, of what is there very little doubt? A. That a large majority of the ailments would be removed, or rather would never have come at all.

15. Q. What is well nigh essential to attain success and length of service in any of the learned professions, including that of teaching? A. A vigorous body.

16. Q. To win lasting distinction in sedentary, in-door occupations which tax the brain and the nervous system, what does all professional biography teach? A. Extraordinary toughness of body must accompany extraordinary mental powers.

17. Q. What are all that people need for their daily in-door exercises? A. A few pieces of apparatus which are fortunately so simple and inexpensive as to be within the reach of most persons.

18. Q. What appliances can be readily fitted up for the home gymnasium? A. A horizontal bar, a pair of parallel bars, or their equivalent for certain purposes, a pair of pulling-weights, and a rowing-weight, to which may be added a pair of dumb-bells.

19. Q. What may be accomplished with these few bits of apparatus? A. Every muscle of the trunk, nearly all those of the legs, and all those of the arms, can, by a few exercises so simple that they can be learned at a single trying, be brought into active play.

20. Q. To what extent should these articles of the home gymnasium be used? A. Every member of the family, both old and young, should use them daily, enough to keep both the home gymnasium and its users in good working order.

21. Q. What is said of the shaping power of teachers with children in school? A. When children are with their teacher in school is almost the best time in their whole lives to shape them as the teacher chooses, not morally or mentally only, but physically as well.

22. Q. With what should prompt and vigorous steps be taken to acquaint every school teacher in this country? A. With such exercises as would quickly restore the misshapen, insure an erect carriage, encourage habits of full breathing, and strengthen the entire trunk and every limb.

23. Q. What did President Eliot of Harvard say a few years ago of a majority of those coming into that university? A. That they had undeveloped muscles, a bad carriage, and an impaired digestion, without skill in any out-of-door games, and unable to ride, row, swim or shoot.

24. Q. What do both the physician and experience tell us rest the tired brain? A. Nothing rests a tired brain like sensible physical exercise, except, of course, sleep.

25. Q. When exposure to out-of-door air is associated with a fair share of physical exertion, what does Dr. Mitchell say it is an immense safeguard against? A. The ills of anxiety and too much brain work.

26. Q. In a country like ours, where the masses are so intelligent, concerning what does our author consider the ignorance of the people as marvelous? A. As to what can be done to the body by a little systematic physical education.

27. Q. Of what do few people seem to be aware on this subject? A. That any limb, or any part of it, can be developed from a state of weakness and deficiency to one of fullness, strength, and beauty, and that equal attention to all the limbs, and to the body as well, will work like results throughout.

28. Q. What course of exercise with many has resulted in largely reducing superfluous flesh with fleshy people? A. Vigorous muscular exercise, taken daily and assiduously.

29. Q. What contributes to keeping some people thin? A. Most thin people do not keep still enough, do not take matters leisurely, and do not rest enough; while, if their work is muscular, they do too much daily in proportion to their strength.

30. Q. What is the character of the physical exercises the late William Cullen Bryant continued up to the last year of his life? A. Immediately after rising he began a series of exercises performed with dumb-bells, a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around his head, continued for a full hour and sometimes longer.

31. Q. What does a former business associate of Mr. Bryant, who knew him intimately, say of his health? A. "During the forty years that I have known him, Mr. Bryant has never been ill—never been confined to his bed except on the occasion of his last accident. His health has always been good."

32. Q. What two classes of men are there in our cities and larger towns that more than almost any others need daily and systematic bodily exercise in order to make them efficient for their duties, and something like what men in their line ought to be? A. The police and firemen.

33. Q. What are some of the ways of developing the muscles of the leg below the knee? A. Walking, and at the same time pressing hard with the toes and the soles; running on the soles and toes; hopping on one foot; jumping.

34. Q. What are some of the methods of developing the muscles of the front thigh? A. Holding one foot out, either in

front or back, and then stooping down wholly on the other; jumping, fast walking and running.

35. Q. What exercise is especially recommended for strengthening the sides of the waist? A. Hopping straight ahead on one foot, and then on the other.

36. Q. What kind of a walk does a man usually have who is not strong in the abdominal muscles? A. A feeble walk.

37. Q. What is said of the development of men generally above the waist? A. It is not an uncommon thing, especially among Englishmen, to find a man of very strong legs and waist, yet with but an indifferent chest and shoulders, and positively poor arms.

38. Q. With the use of what can the muscles above the belt be nearly all thoroughly developed? A. With the use of dumb-bells.

39. Q. What is a simple method for improving the ordinary grip of the hand? A. Take a rubber ball in the hand, or a wad of any elastic material, even of paper, and repeatedly squeeze it.

40. Q. What will expand the chest? A. Anything which causes one to frequently fill his lungs to their utmost capacity, and then hold them full as long as he can.

41. Q. What practice of breathing is a great auxiliary to enlarging the lung room? A. The practice of drawing air slowly in at the nostrils until every air-cell of the lungs is absolutely full, holding it long, and then expelling it slowly.

42. Q. Beside light gymnastic exercises in school, what should a teacher insist upon with his pupils? A. He should insist upon the value of an erect position in school hours, whether the pupils be standing or sitting.

43. Q. What care should be taken in regard to school chairs? A. That they should have broad and comfortable seats, and that the pupil never sits on a half of the seat or on the edge of it, but far back on the whole of it.

44. Q. What weight of dumb-bells should be used in ordinary exercises with them by pupils? A. Dumb-bells of a pound each would be fit for pupils under ten years of age. For older pupils the same work with two pound bells will prove generally vigorous enough.

45. Q. What are some of the daily exercises recommended for girls and women? A. The use of dumb-bells, walking, riding, and, with girls, running.

46. Q. Beside these things, what ought a girl or woman to determine to do while sitting? A. To sit with the head and neck up, trunk erect, and with the shoulders low.

47. Q. How ought every man in this country whose life is indoors to divide his time? A. So that come what may he will make sure of his hour of out-of-doors in the late afternoon, when the day's work is nearly or quite done.

48. Q. What two things ought consumptives to determine to do when sitting? A. To sit far back on the chair, and to sit at all times upright.

49. Q. To what does a great German anatomist attribute the principal cause of pulmonary diseases? A. To the breathing of foul air.

50. Q. What is it far from uncommon for delicate persons to do who take good care of the small stock of vigor they have? A. To outlive sturdier ones who are more prodigal and careless.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON V.—BIBLE SECTION.

The World of The Bible.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

Upon a map of the world mark out a section between 42° and 27° north latitude, and 54° and 12° east longitude (Greenwich). This will include a rectangle having the Black Sea on the north; the Caspian and Persian Gulf on the east, the Sinaitic peninsula on the south, and Rome on the west; a section

of 1050 miles north and south, by 2400 east and west; an area of 2,520,000 square miles, about two-thirds the size of the United States. Within these limits were transacted all the events of Bible history. This area should be considered in connection with two maps, overlapping each other in the center, those of the Old Testament, and the New Testament world.

I. The Old Testament world will embrace the lands between 54° and 31° east longitude, or from the Nile to the Persian Gulf; and between 42° and 27° north latitude, or from the Black Sea to the Red Sea.

1. Observe the location of the following *Seas*, and draw such portions of them as are included in the map. 1. The Caspian, in the northeast corner. 2. The Persian Gulf, southeast corner. 3. The Red Sea, on the south. 4. The Mediterranean Sea, on the west. 5. The Black Sea on the north. 6. The Dead Sea, due north of the eastern arm of the Red Sea.

2. Locate the following *Mountain Ranges*: 1. Mount Ararat, the nucleus of the mountain system, situated between the Caspian, Black, and Mediterranean. 2. The Caspian range, branching from Ararat eastward, and following the border of the Caspian Sea. 3. Mount Zagras, running from Ararat southeasterly, toward the Persian Gulf. 4. Mount Lebanon, from Ararat southwesterly, toward the Red Sea. (Anti-Lebanon, the mountains of Palestine, Mount Seir and Mount Sinai, are all parts of this great range.) 5. Mount Taurus, from Ararat westward, following the northern shore of the Mediterranean.

3. Next draw the important *Rivers*, nearly all following the line of the mountain ranges. 1. The Araxes, from eastward into the Caspian Sea. 2. The Tigris, called in the Bible Hiddekel, from Ararat, following the Zagras Mountain, into the Persian Gulf. 3. The Euphrates, from Ararat westward to Mount Taurus, then southward, following the course of Lebanon, then southeasterly through the great plain, until it unites with the Tigris. 4. The Orontes, between two parallel chains of the Lebanon range northward into the Mediterranean. 5. The Jordan, between the same chains of Lebanon southward into the Dead Sea. 6. The Nile, in Africa, northward into the Mediterranean.

4. This world has its great Natural Divisions, somewhat like those of the United States. 1. The eastern slope, from Mount Zagras eastward to the great desert. 2. The central plain, between Zagras and Lebanon. 3. The Mediterranean Slope, between Lebanon and the great sea.

5. These natural divisions suggest the arrangement of the *Lands*. 1. Locate the lands of the eastern slope; Armenia, Media, Persia. 2. The lands of the central plain, as follows: Between Mount Zagras and the river Tigris. Assyria and Elam; between the Tigris and Euphrates. Mesopotamia and Chaldea; the great desert. Arabia; between the desert and Lebanon, Syria. 3. The lands of the Mediterranean; Egypt, the wilderness, Palestine, Phœnicia, Asia Minor, though the last does not appear in Old Testament history.

6. Locate the following cities, and name the Bible events associated with them. 1. Eden, the original home of the human race, probably at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. 2. Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, on the Euphrates. 3. Shushan, or Suza, the capital of Persia, and the place of Esther's deliverance. 4. Nineveh, on the Tigris, the capital of Assyria. 5. Haran, in Mesopotamia, a home of Abraham. 6. Damascus, the capital of Syria. 7. Jerusalem, in Palestine. 8. Tyre, in Phœnicia. 9. Memphis, on the Nile, in Egypt.

II. *The New Testament World*. This extends from Asia Minor to Italy, and from the Black Sea to Mount Sinai, between the same parallels as the last map, and from 12° to 42° east longitude; and represents the lands of the eastern Mediterranean.

1. Upon this map locate five *Seas*. The Mediterranean; Dead Sea; Black Sea; Ægean Sea (between Asia Minor and Europe); Adriatic Sea, between Greece and Italy.

2. Locate also five *Islands*. Cyprus, in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean; Crete, south of the Ægean; Patmos, in the Ægean; Sicily, southwest of Italy, and Melita, now Malta, south of Sicily.

3. Arrange and bound the lands by their continents. 1. African lands. Egypt, Libya, and Africa proper. 2. Asiatic lands. Palestine, Phœnicia, Syria, Asia Minor. 3. European lands. Macedonia, Greece, Illyricum, Italy.

4. Locate definitely the provinces of Asia Minor, which may be arranged thus: Three on the north, bordering on the Black Sea. Pontus, Paphlagonia, Bithynia; three on the west, bordering on the Ægean Sea. Mysia, Lydia, Caria; three on the north, bordering on the Mediterranean; Lycia, Pamphylia, Cilicia; four in the interior; north, Galatia; east, Cappadocia; south, Pisidia; west, Phrygia; central, Lycaonia.

5. Notice the location of several important *Cities*. Alexandria, in Egypt; Jerusalem, in Palestine; Damascus and Antioch, in Syria; Tyre, in Phœnicia; Tarsus, in Cilicia; Ephesus, in Lydia; Philippi and Thessalonica, in Macedonia; Athens and Corinth, in Greece; and Rome, in Italy.

6. Notice with regard to the New Testament world. 1. There were many lands, yet but one government, the Roman Empire. 2. There were many tongues, yet one language everywhere spoken, the Greek. 3. There were many races, but one people spoken everywhere, the Jews. 4. There were many religions, yet no deep-seated belief, and consequently, everywhere a hunger for the Gospel.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON IV.—THE TEACHER'S WEEK-DAY WORK.

I. *Its Necessity*.—The teacher's purpose is the conversion and spiritual education of the scholar; a purpose too great to be compassed in the session of the Sunday-school. Consider the following facts:

1. *The brief time which the Sunday-school affords; a half hour to the lesson; fifty-two half hours in a year; less than one school week of the secular school.* What progress could be expected from a year's study, in which the school time is only a week?

2. *The difficult subjects of Sunday-school teaching; upon themes which are the loftiest contemplated by the human mind; worthy of the ablest intellects; yet to be simplified to the understanding of childhood and youth by the teacher.*

3. *The lack of preparation on the part of the pupil.*—The teacher can not take for granted any study at home by the class, but must supplement their absolute neglect by his own increased diligence and skill.

4. *The natural aversion of the scholar's heart to the teacher's efforts.*—The pupil does not desire to be saved and to learn about salvation; all his unregenerate nature is hostile to the subject, and the teacher has dull hearts as well as unprepared minds to contend against.

5. *The intervening time of a week between the sessions of the school* is sufficient to efface even what impression is produced by the lesson.

With all these hindrances it is plain that the teacher who is to succeed, must supplement his Sunday with week-day work.

II. The next question is, *What shall the week-day work of the teacher be?* Our space forbids more than a mere outline.

1. *A daily study by the teacher of teaching methods*, in order to best employ the brief time at command for actual work. It is said Napoleon's battles were fought in detail in his own mind before even the enemy were in sight, and his force, will and genius were sufficient to carry out the details. A study of the methods employed by the best secular teachers would furnish means for planning all the details of any Sunday half hour.

2. *A daily study of the lesson itself.*—The teacher's preparation will occupy another lesson in this series; but when once that art has been learned, a part of the teacher's week-day work should be to practice it daily.

3. *A daily watching the methods of life of the class of society from which one's pupils come.*—If they are children or youth or adults, if from the lower, middle or higher walks of society, the teacher should know the influences which surround the life and the methods which govern it, in order to rightly fit the teaching to the life.

4. *A sedulous scrutiny of the face of every child met in daily life.*—Such care will prevent ever passing a scholar of the class without notice, and will reveal the workings of the child heart, and give an insight into child nature that will be of great value.

5. *A careful listening to the conversation of children, and entering into conversation with them whenever practicable.*

6. *Earnestly seeking an interest in the things which are of interest to the pupil.*—It will furnish a common ground of meeting in the class on Sunday. *Community of interest will result.*

7. *Daily seeking contact with the pupil, either personal or by some means which will recall the teacher to the pupil's mind.*—If the teacher is daily present with the pupil there is hope that the teacher's influence and teachings will be also.

8. *Daily endeavoring by all means in the teacher's power to render the pupil's daily life pleasanter.*

III. But how can all these things be accomplished?

1. By a regular attendance on the weekly teachers' meeting. That is an essential part of a teacher's week-day work.

2. By systematic visiting of pupils in their homes. This will insure an acquaintance which could in no other way be obtained.

3. By cultivating the reading habit in the pupil. How? By giving some good weekly paper or magazine which you have finished; by loaning good books; by interesting the family in such organizations as the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

4. By inviting pupils to entertainments, to the teacher's home in winter, and to the woods and fields in summer.

5. By establishing little class Normal classes, and teaching some of the many interesting things parallel to the general work of the Sunday-school.

This brief outline may serve as a nucleus for thought by the student, and may suggest a general plan, of which the details can be wrought out by the individual teacher.

LESSON V.—THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION.

I. *The Necessity of Preparation.*—All that was adduced in the last lesson to show the importance of the week-day work, might well be repeated as arguments for the preparation of the lesson.

1. *It is necessary from the limitation of time.*—The teacher must study his subject thoroughly, in order to employ to the utmost that precious half hour of the lesson.

2. *It is necessary from the nature of the subjects.*—No one should venture to instruct upon the all-important, the profound, the difficult themes of the Gospel, who has not given them special and intense thought.

3. *It is necessary from the condition of the pupil.*—Because the scholar is unprepared, careless, unthinking, the teacher must be alert, able, equipped. Any one can teach a genius, but it requires a genius to teach a dullard.

II. *The general aims of preparation.*—In the teacher's study of the Scripture three aims should at all times be kept in view.

1. *His first aim should be to interpret the meaning of the Word.*—We should study, not to interject into the Scriptures our own views, or the doctrines of our school of thought, but to ascertain what God meant in the Book, to learn "the mind of the Spirit."

2. *His second aim should be to satisfy the needs of his own spiritual nature.*—No man can feed others unless he has himself been fed. Let the teacher fill his own heart with the Word of life, and then he will be able to inspire his class with hunger for the truth.

3. *His third aim should be to supply the needs of his class.*—He is a teacher as well as a learner, and must ever study with

the full knowledge of his scholar's needs, seeking in the lesson for that which is especially fitted for them and can be adapted to them.

III. *The Departments of Preparation.*—(We condense here the outline of Dr. Vincent, in the "Chautauqua Normal Guide.") There are five lines of investigation and preparation to be followed by the teacher; not necessarily in this order, but embodying these departments.

1. *The Analysis of the Lesson-Text.*—The teacher who seeks to know the contents of the lesson will find them under the following seven elements. 1. The *time* to which the lesson belongs, year, period, relation to last lesson, etc. 2. The *places* referred to in the lesson, or where its events occurred; their location, history, associations. 3. The *persons*, who they were; what is known of them; the characters displayed. 4. The *facts or thoughts* of the lesson; facts if historical; thoughts if ethical or doctrinal, as the Epistles. 5. The *difficulties* encountered in the explanation of the lesson, whether in its statements, or their relation to other parts of Scripture. 6. The *doctrines* or general principles taught. 7. The *duties* inculcated in the lesson or to be drawn from it.

2. *The Collation of Parallel Passages.*—Every text which will shed light upon a fact or a thought in the lesson should be searched. Spurgeon says: "The best commentary on a passage of Scripture is the spirit of God;" and that it reveals itself in the parallel passages.

3. *The Exploration of the Lesson-Text*, for its central topic; the underlying spiritual thought which runs through it and is to be presented from it.

4. *The Adaptation of the Lesson to the Class.*—This subject receives more full and suggestive treatment in Lesson vii. The teacher must prepare his lesson with the condition and characteristics of his pupils in his mind.

5. *The Preparation of the Teaching Plan.*—The teacher should know not only *what* he is to teach, but *how* he is to teach it; in what order of thought; with what opening sentences, illustrations, application, and closing utterances.

IV. *Hints on Preparation.*—1. Begin early in the week, as soon after the teaching of the last lesson as possible. 2. Read the lesson often; at least once each day, and thoughtfully. 3. Pray much over the lesson; for by communion with the Author of the Word we enter into knowledge of the Word. 4. Use all the helps accessible, in the line of commentaries, Bible dictionaries, etc. 5. Study independently, using the thoughts of others to quicken your own thought, and not in place of it. 6. Talk with others about the lesson, in the family, in the teachers' meeting, and in social life. 7. Do not expect to use all your material. All the knowledge gained will add power to the teaching of that portion of the knowledge imparted.

THE ART OF READING.—I used to believe a great deal more in opportunities and less in application than I do now. Time and health are needed, but with these there are always opportunities. Rich people have a fancy for spending money very uselessly on their culture because it seems to them more valuable when it has been costly; but the truth is, that by the blessing of good and cheap literature, intellectual light has become almost as accessible as daylight. I have a rich friend who travels more, and buys more costly things than I do, but he does not really learn more or advance farther in the twelvemonth. If my days are fully occupied, what has he to set against them? only other well occupied days, no more. If he is getting benefit at St. Petersburg he is missing the benefit I am getting round my house and in it. The sum of the year's benefit seems to be surprisingly alike in both cases. So if you are reading a piece of thoroughly good literature, Baron Rothschild may possibly be as well occupied as you—he is certainly not better occupied. When I open a noble volume I say to myself, "now the only Cressus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this."—Philip G. Hamerton.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

DRESS AND INCOME.

Dress is fast becoming a science. Particularly is this true of the dress of women. The modern fashion magazine with its suggestions and plans, shows how nearly dress is a formulated science. All this is right and necessary. When used rightly there is no weapon in a woman's hands more powerful than effective dressing. It makes even a plain woman attractive, and a fair one doubly so. It gives her a peculiar influence which every earnest, true-hearted woman should seek rather than avoid. To be effective, dress must be studied. But the thought which women give to dress leads them often to give it undue importance, to make it a paramount object rather than a means to influence. Most especially is this true among a large class of self-supporting women and wives of salaried men. The old charge of Polonius:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy"

is often literally carried out by them, and in many cases this class dresses in a more costly style and with more taste than any other in the community. Nor is it mere outside show. They do not wear silk dresses and coarse boots, nor velvet mantles and no gloves. Their wardrobe is almost invariably complete and in taste. They are sensibly, neatly and richly dressed women. They have studied and mastered the science of dressing well. They live within their incomes, too; but in almost every case their salaries give them nothing but food and raiment. At the end of a year, beyond their wardrobes and the amount of rather questionable prestige which their good clothes have given them in a certain circle—rarely a circle which is superior to their own—they have nothing, and here lies the wrong. No matter how small an income may be it ought to be so used that it will do more. If for a year's work we have simply the necessities of life, we have achieved small success. But few people put their money where it yields substantial return; few devote a fair portion of their earnings to increase the value of their work of to multiply implements of work. We rarely find persons who devote a fair amount of their salaries to charities, but we do often find salaries of from six hundred to one thousand dollars yielding seal-skin sacks and velvet gowns. Are such garments consistent with the steady course of self-culture which every person should pursue, or with the tithe which every moralist, not to say Christian, should devote to the world of woe about us? Common sense tells us that we can not live like the wealthy unless we are wealthy.

It is among the salaried class particularly that this evil exists. Perhaps the cause springs from the way in which they earn their livelihood. Money comes to them regularly and surely; they see no reason why it should cease, and so give less attention to strict economy than the man whose success depends upon the care and thrift with which he lives. Their future promotion depends upon their faithfulness, not upon their economy, so that often a man of moderate salary keeps a more expensive establishment than a man of moderate wealth. In the latter case future business advancement depends upon the amount he can save to invest, in the former simply upon his sticking to his work. Salaried people too often live like school boys upon their annual allowance. Whatever the cause, there is a large class of people among us much inferior to what they might be, both in usefulness and ability, simply from the wholly selfish expenditures of their incomes.

STEAM IS NOT AN ARISTOCRAT.

One of the careless outcries of dissatisfied persons is that the "rich are growing richer and the poor poorer." This is half true. The rich are growing richer—and so, too, are the poor. The wealth of the world has been enormously increased, and all classes have profited by it. Even paupers fare better at public expense than they did fifty years ago. Steam has mul-

tiplied the world's wealth. The increase is most conspicuous in the bank accounts of the rich. But the poor live in better houses, have better food and clothing, and get a good many things once considered luxuries. Doubtless some who cry "the poor are growing poorer," have an honest fear that the tendency of things is to crush down into bitter poverty all but the few rich. They see the growth of large fortunes, but they fail to see the greater growth of general wealth, nor do they stop to figure out the problem. For example: Suppose Vanderbilt has \$150,000,000. Then suppose it divided among 50,000,000 of people. We should get just *three dollars apiece*! Suppose that the very rich of the country are equal in wealth to twenty Vanderbilts—a very large estimate. Then, their united wealth, if distributed, would give us only *sixty dollars apiece*! That is the most we could get out of dividing up the big piles of wealth. Any one sees that it would not pay to divide. The rich have not a great deal of our money in their pockets—if they have any. For, an honest inquiry will show that the general average of wealth, and of all that wealth brings to us, is higher by a much larger proportion than that sixty dollars apiece represents. The worst view we can possibly take of it is that we have paid sixty dollars apiece, out of a vast increase in wealth, to men who have managed great enterprises that have enriched us all. *Perhaps* these men have taken it all for nothing. Nobody believes it; but suppose they have. Then we have still obtained a great gain at small cost. We get, on the average, twice as much for our labor as people did fifty years ago. We live in more comfort than people used to do. We are not growing poorer. We raise here no question of monopolies. Our point now is that the poor are not growing poorer, but richer—that there is no such tendency at work in modern society as the one honestly feared by many—this piling up of all wealth in few hands. Steam is not an aristocrat, but a plain Republican who impartially helps us all when we help ourselves.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

In a very few months we shall know the names of the presidential candidates, one of whom, in all probability, will be the next chief executive of the nation. The Republican National Convention has been called to meet in Chicago June 3, next. The calling of other conventions will soon follow. In a short time we shall have the candidates, and then will ensue a contest of which it is safe to predict that it will be close, exciting, and warmly fought. In contemplating the present political situation, we see it is little different from that of 1880. Less change has come in the quadrennium than might have been anticipated. The same two great parties confront each other, and their apparent relative strength is much the same as it was when last in the national arena they measured swords; it can hardly be said that there is greater likelihood of the success of either than there was four years ago. For years there has been no little talk about the old parties having done their work, and the time having come for them to die and new parties to succeed them; and yet, we enter the presidential campaign of 1884 with the two old parties in the field as influential as ever. Small progress, if any, has been made during the past four years in the work of bringing new parties to strength and prominence. The supersession of the parties which for so many years have been competitors for the reins of government is a thing of the future still, and seems a thing not of the near future. Of the new political organizations which from time to time have arisen, it is to be said that, generally, their strength is evidently waning rather than increasing. Some of them, in state elections, have held the balance of power and been important factors, but there is no probability that such will be the case in the approaching presidential contest. The influential parties of the past are the influential parties of the present.

One of them is to win in November next, and both now appear with about the same chances of success as in 1880.

The fall elections of 1882 gave great confidence to the Democratic party. Their ticket in New York received 192,000 majority, in Pennsylvania 40,000, and in Massachusetts 14,000. They had some grounds certainly for the assurance that in the next presidential fight they would wrest from their opponents the power which had been theirs for more than a score of years. But the situation has taken on a decidedly changed aspect. From the state elections of October last, indeed, Democrats might still derive courage and hope. They carried Ohio, and showed much greater strength in Iowa than in former years; though, to be sure, causes for these results of a local and temporary character were not wanting. But the November elections served to render the prospects more dubious. In New York the Republicans elected their candidate for Secretary of State by 17,000 majority; in Pennsylvania their state ticket was carried by a majority of 16,000; and in Massachusetts Mr. Robinson was elected Governor over General Butler by a majority of 10,000. Virginia was carried by the Democrats; but this Democratic victory, it is well argued by a keen political writer, is to prove a real blessing to the Republicans by breaking the complications of their party with "Mahoneism" and repudiation. All things considered, then, neither party can be seen to have gained since the last presidential election, and to stand a better chance of success than four years ago. The "Solid South" is still solid. Not an electoral vote from the states once in rebellion will be given to the Republican candidates. Among many doubtful things, this at least is certain. The solid vote of the South is secure in the hands of the Democrats. In addition to this, they will need, to win, forty-five electoral votes from the North. If they are successful in securing these, the next incumbent of the presidential office will be a Democrat. The result of the approaching contest, since party issues of account are now notably wanting, must turn very much upon the character of the party candidates and the personal and official conduct of the representatives of the two parties at Washington in the intervening time. From what has been seen in New York, Pennsylvania, and other states, it is evident that there is a very large and growing body of voters in the land who will not be fettered to party, whether right or wrong. They claim the right to turn their backs upon their party when its action becomes offensive, and take an independent position. These "independents" hold the balance of power at the present time. They can give New York and Pennsylvania to either party; they can fix the result of the presidential election. If good behavior on the part of party leaders and the choice of unexceptionable candidates will secure their votes, it will certainly be good policy to make use of the measures.

SPANISH BULL FIGHTS.

There are found, even where we have the best civilization, some degraded classes who delight in cruel, bloody sports, in witnessing scenes most revolting to persons of humane feelings and better culture. But desperadoes, pugilists, and other fighting men, with those who have a fiendish satisfaction in the sufferings and blood of the dumb animals they torture, are counted alien from our Christian civilization. Their characters and their crimes are detested by all good citizens. But when deeds of cruelty and blood are not only endured and condoned, but raised to the dignity of national sports, it shows a state of society that can hardly be called civilized. Ancient Rome had her gladiatorial shows for the gratification of those eager to witness the bloody spectacle. The tournaments of chivalrous knights in the mediæval times, who slew each other as an exhibition of their strength and skill, were of the same character. In Spain and Portugal even to the present day bull fights are a national amusement, in which nearly all classes find pleasure.

Our attention is just now called to this. A suggestive note from a gentleman of culture and refined sensibilities, says: "A king of Spain brought home a young wife, whose first duty was to give the signal for the beginning of a bull fight. The same monarch is visited by a German prince, in whose honor these brutalities are perpetrated on a more magnificent scale than usual." And so it is. Alas for European civilization in the nineteenth century!

The preparation for these sports is extensive. The ring is of vast dimensions, in the center of which is a pit, or wide area, sunk in terraced granite, with galleries rising on all sides, sufficient to seat at least ten thousand people who usually crowd the place on Sabbath afternoon. The fighters and their assistants are trained to their business, and handle their weapons skillfully. Some are mounted on horses with long slender spears, used simply to torture and exasperate, but to inflict no deadly wound. The "killer" is a swordsman on foot, who baffles and confuses the bull, drawing his attention this way and that, playing his red cloak before his eyes, and watching his opportunity to plunge the sword to the hilt into the neck of the animal. They are well paid, and often amass large fortunes. But no verbal account of a bull tourney can present the rapid changes, the dangers, and escapes, the skill, the picturesqueness, and the horror of the actual thing. The acts, brilliant or repulsive, occur in rapid succession, presenting only glimpses of dramatic, ghastly pictures, which fade out instantly to re-form in new phases. The poor, gaunt, dilapidated horses used are a cheap contribution to the occasion, and forced into position to be killed by the horns of the bull, as he, in turn, is doomed to die by the sword of the killer, with not the slightest chance to survive the bloody fray. A fierce, powerful bull has been known to kill five horses in ten minutes. The first rush against a horse is a sight horrible to witness. You hear the horns tearing the tough hide, crashing the ribs, dragging the entrails from the quivering body. When two or more of the poor animals are struggling on the earth in the ring, now reeking with blood, others, with bandaged eyes, and hideously gashed sides, are spurred and goaded on to a similar fate. A witness tells of seeing "a horse and rider lifted bodily on the horns, and so tossed that the horseman was flung from his saddle, hurtled over the bull, and landed solidly on his back, senseless." The grooms bore him off white and rigid, but the eager spectators heeded him not. They were wildly cheering the bull's strength and prowess. Occasionally a man is horribly mangled, killed in the ring, or maimed for life; so a surgeon attends in the ante-room, and (alas! the mockery,) a priest is at hand, with his holy wafer for the last sacrament in case of any accident to a good bull-fighting Catholic. Yet things so unutterably repulsive are witnessed with apparent delight by richly dressed Spanish gentlemen and ladies of the highest rank.

The performance, as at present maintained, is far below that of other days, when the nation had more vigor. The dumb animals are, by arrangements in the ring, put to a much greater disadvantage, and the necessity for great dexterity and courage no longer existing, the class of fighting men do not, in these respects, compare well with their predecessors.

Spain, once a powerful nation, having a class—not numerous—of highly cultivated citizens, and a literature by no means despicable, has fallen into a sad condition, neither respected nor feared as formerly. The brutal sports in which she delights could never be introduced or tolerated in really refined society, or by cultured people, but when retained as a relic of earlier barbarism they have an educating force, and nurture to still greater strength the evil passions that made them possible. Some things among us may have a dissipating, if not demoralizing, tendency, and should be abandoned. Our voice is not against all amusements. Innocent recreations are healthy. Our minds and bodies need them. Only let them be suitable, and of an elevating tendency.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The list of C. L. S. C. graduates of the class of '83 is published in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*—1300 strong. The states represented are California, Maine, Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Minnesota, Maryland, Iowa, Illinois, Georgia, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Texas, Vermont, West Virginia, Connecticut, Missouri, District of Columbia, New Hampshire, Colorado, Dakota, Kentucky. Canada is also represented, and in far-away China there is one graduate. The members are from thirteen different denominations: Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, Christian, United Presbyterian, Reformed, Unitarian, Universalist, Friends, Roman Catholics, Seven Day Baptists. In its ranks are teachers, housekeepers, ministers, lawyers, clerks, students, mechanics, farmers, merchants, dressmakers, milliners, music teachers and stenographers.

The presidential campaign for 1884 was opened in December by the Republican National Committee fixing June as the time, and Chicago as the place for holding the National Convention. Chautauqua was discussed as a proper place for this convention to meet. The *Graphic*, of New York, furnished a number of good illustrations of the hotels, steamboats, and lines of railroads with which the Lake is favored, but these attractions were not strong enough—the atmosphere of the place is not the kind political conventions breathe. To be sure, President Grant and President Garfield both honored themselves and Chautauqua by visiting the Assembly, but a national political convention, even of the Republican type, would find “water, water, everywhere,” and nothing stronger to drink. Chautauqua is dead as a place for holding a national political convention.

James Russell Lowell, our Minister to England, enjoys so excellent a reputation in that country, that people who ought to know better, are beginning to talk about his “Un-Americanism.” It is a foolish business. Mr. Lowell is an American of the Americans. But Americanism does not consist in a capacity for getting the ill-will of foreigners, or in abusing them when one lives abroad. Mr. Lowell worthily represents the people of the United States among the English people, and the honors paid to him in choosing him to unveil the statue of Fielding, and electing him Rector of the University of Glasgow, are honors paid to this nation. There is no place for the petty jealousy of his growing popularity in England. It is a thing to be proud of. The author of the “Biglow Papers” will always be known on both sides of the ocean as a Yankee of the Yankees.

Somebody has said of the “House of Representatives,” “it is too big for business, too big for harmony, too big for economy, too big for any practical purpose whatever,” and the prospect is that it will be larger, rather than smaller. Speaker Carlisle found it almost unwieldy when he organized the four hundred and one members into committees. We venture the assertion that no officer in the United States Government in his official capacity passes through a more trying ordeal than the Speaker of the House. He must face his work every day of the session, in the hall where he presides; and as for ambition and jealousy, tact and skill in manipulation, the representatives of the people are so well along in all these things that to ask one man to appoint this company to places on committees, and then to legislate for the people, is too much. A new method of appointing committees ought to be adopted.

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis has rendered the American public a valuable service in his two volumes on the life of James Buchanan, published by the Harper Brothers. If this material had been precipitated upon the public mind in the dark days

of the civil war, it would have been as fuel to the flame of public passion, or if it had come to light even during the years immediately after the war, the result would have been much the same. Mr. Buchanan's task during the last days of his administration was a hard one. He was expected to both *wait* and to be in a *hurry* in discharging his duties as President; besides, it required more than human sagacity to determine what would be the wisest course for his administration to pursue. The time when he vacated the White House, and Mr. Lincoln went into it, makes a joint in American history which must be studied as with a microscope, if the student would reach a correct judgment of the men who acted and the events that transpired. The correspondence which passed between Mr. Buchanan and several members of his old cabinet, after he retired to private life is like the glare of an electric light turned on those turbulent times. By these letters one can read his way out of the heretofore inexplicable darkness of those caverns of history.

John Brown, of Ossawatimie fame, has been glorified in poetry and song. There has been a bewitching charm about his name to a multitude of people, and the events of the past decade have contributed largely to this spell. As we settle back into our normal condition and study the naked facts of his history, we are led to wonder how the man exerted such a tremendous influence over his countrymen. If it be true that Sherman, Doyles and Wilkinson, with others, whom Brown and his men murdered, had entered into a conspiracy to destroy the Browns, this did not justify John Brown and his men for murdering them in cold blood. Not even in warfare would such heartless butchery be defensible. It may yet appear that the endorsement which the American people gave to John Brown, and the glory they have attached to his memory were unworthily bestowed, and that the people were misled. The close study of American history as made between 1858 and 1865 may put a new face on many of our biographical and national stories of men and events.

John Pender, a member of the English Parliament, compliments the Western Union Telegraph Company, in a speech on the government assuming control of telegraph lines, in these words: “I have thought it desirable to refer to my visit to America, and say something about the Western Union system, because it is a system which is, probably, in its efficiency, only to be compared with our own system in England, which is worked by the Government, with this difference, that being worked as a private enterprise, and being stimulated more or less by competition, I think the Western Union has shown greater results during the last ten years than our system has under government management. I think the science of electricity has received more encouragement and been more developed, and the reduction of rates has, during that time, also been greater in America than in England; and, altogether, I think it would be well if our Government took a leaf out of the book of the Western Union Company.”

December the sixteenth was John G. Whittier's birthday. He is now seventy-six years old. In Haverhill, Massachusetts, a thrifty manufacturing town, Mr. Whittier spent his boyhood, in a lonely farm house half hidden by oak woods, with no other house in sight of it. He says, on stormy nights

“We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.”

The London (England) *Chronicle* speaks the following sensible words concerning the new honor conferred on Tennyson: “It will seem very strange for us to have to think of Alfred Tennyson as Lord Tennyson, and he is too aged, and his life-

impression too decidedly fixed, for the changed name to get established. Just as we speak of Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, and Bulwer Lytton, and Browning, so we shall think and speak of Tennyson. A poet's proper crown is not a peerage, but a nation's admiration and love, and the world's uplifting by his words of trust and hope, his visions of the perfect, the beautiful, and the true, his subtle readings of human hearts and motives. England, and the English speaking races of the world, crowned Tennyson long ago, and the peerage crown seems but a little thing, only needing a passing word."

Among the many "happy ideas" hit upon in connection with the C. L. S. C., that of Memorial Days deserves prominent place and mention. Several of these days are named for men whose genius and literary greatness have received the world's recognition. These days are not memorials to the cold letters that spell the names of Milton, Addison, and Shakspeare, but to genius and greatness in literature as represented by them. And the design is not to keep in memory a mere literal sign, a name, but to pay our homage to the literary or other merit with which the name is associated. And this with the ulterior view of kindling aspirations and inspirations in our own minds and hearts.

Seventy-five million dollars are invested in the rubber business of this country, of which \$30,000,000 are in the boot and shoe manufacture. The annual products are \$250,000,000, made by 15,000 persons at 120 factories. Thirty thousand tons of raw rubber are used each year. The forests along the equator, which Humboldt declared inexhaustible, are dwindling, and the rapid increase of cost of rubber (from 50 cents to \$1.25 per lb. in six years) is leading to search for cheaper substitutes.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall says: "The churches of New York cost \$3,000,000 per year; the amusements \$7,000,000; the city government \$13,000,000. It is not an extravagant demand that the churches should have more money."

Ella A. Giles, in *The Nation*, furnishes a description of a seminary for colored girls in Atlanta, Ga., under the auspices of the Baptist Home Missionary Society. Here is a testimony she jotted down in one of their meetings: "Dis chile didn't do no teachin' in vacation," said a big mulatto woman, with great pomposity. "'Twan't 'cos she didn't know 'nuff, 'xactly, nor 'cos there wasn't heaps dat needed to be teachd. On every side ignorant niggers is as thick as flies. But my *preferment* was doin' suthin' else fur my blessed Savior. Needn't think I didn't work for Jesus, my young sisters. I tell ye I worked mighty hard! I visited heaps o' sick niggers, an' I 'low I wan't lazy. Don't win ye no crown jes to go an' look at sick folks, unless ye *do* suthin' fur um. I feel like as if my stomach was light and freed from bile, cos I nussed the sick, an' puttin my shoulder to the wheel, didn't look back like Lot's wife and turn unto a pillow of salt, but minded my blessed Lord an' Savior an' visited the sick—fur to please Jesus. I likes dis yeah school. Laws! I's mo'n fifty years ole or thar-'bouts, an' till I kum yeah I nebber know'd dat workin' fur Christ meant nussin' sick folks an' goin' to see the widowers an' childless in affliction, an' keepin' unspotted from de world."

One cold day in December, from the City Hall steps in New York City, the Rev. Henry Kimball gave away two cheeses, cut in pound chunks, two barrels of crackers, a barrel of turnips, a barrel of hominy done up in brown paper pound packages, and five bags of Indian meal. One hundred and twenty women, seventy little girls, and a colored man came to get their baskets filled. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At a meeting of naturalists held recently in New York, Prof. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, alluded to the small provision that is made for original research in this country, and the stress that is on almost all original investigators to throw themselves away

as teachers in order to gain a livelihood. It is important that we have original investigation in science, but capitalists must furnish the money to defray the expenses. But because a man or woman turns to teaching rather than investigation, they do not throw themselves away. Teaching is as high and honorable a calling as investigating nature's laws.

A new feature lately introduced in the public schools of New Haven is called "newspaper geography." The pupils are in turn required to find on the map places referred to in the paper.

The South Carolina Legislature has passed a bill declaring unlawful all contracts for the sale of articles for future delivery. Speculation in cotton never received a harder blow than this. If some of our legislatures in northern states, say New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, should adopt such a law, and then enforce it, what a torpedo it would be among speculators in oil and grain, and stocks of all kinds.

One of the students in the University of Berlin, Germany, is 69 years of age. The aged members of the C. L. S. C. find themselves in the fashion. Our motto is a good one: "Never be discouraged," not even in old age.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union celebrated its tenth anniversary on December 23. We are told that this organization numbers 100,000 members, and that they are scattered all over the land. Here we find the cause of the stir and hubbub in the country on the temperance question. It began in the Ohio crusade, among the women. They used prayer and religious songs and earnest entreaties, flavored with the spirit of Christianity, and they have won; yes, they have won the grandest victory of which mention is made in history for temperance and our unfortunate fellow men. Celebrate the return of the anniversary of the crusade. Do it with songs and shouts of joy, and continue to work till the end.

We find the following summary of an interview with Whittier in the *Sun*: "Whittier said that Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, and himself had always been friends. There were no jealousies, and each took a pride in the work and successes of the others. They would exchange notes upon their productions, and if one saw a kindly notice of the other it was always cut out and sent to him. Hawthorne was by the others regarded as the greatest master of the English language. Whittier describes himself as unlike any of the rest, for he never had any method. When he felt like it he wrote, and neither had the health nor the patience to revise his work afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but frequently reword the whole on the proof sheets. Longfellow, too, was a very careful writer. He would lay his work by and then revise it. He would often consult with his friends about his productions before they were given to the world. 'I was not so fortunate,' says the Quaker poet. 'I have lived mostly a secluded life, with little patience to draw upon, and only a few friends for associates. What writing I have done has been for the love of it. I have ever been timid of what I have penned. It is really a marvel to me that I have gathered any literary reputation from my productions.'"

So large a number of the complete sets of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1880-1881 have been received by us that we withdraw the offer made in the January issue of the magazine.

The prospect is good that we shall have erected at Chautauqua in the spring about six new cottages, to be used by the School of Languages. They will be located on the new land recently purchased by the Association. This will introduce public buildings on that part of the grounds, and make the lots for private cottages more desirable. The outlook on the Lake from this point is one of the finest to be found between Jamestown and Mayville.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR FEBRUARY.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

P. 177.—“Diomedes,” di’o-me’des. A legendary hero of the Trojan war—second in bravery to Achilles. Much space is devoted by Homer in the *Iliad* to his exploits. He was a favorite of Minerva, and from her received the gift of immortality. In his combats with the Trojans he spared neither gods nor men, if Minerva assisted him. For this reason Minerva speaks to him:

“War boldly with the Trojans, Diomed;
For even now I breathe into thy frame,—
* * * * *
Lo! I remove the darkness from thine eyes,
That thou mayst well discern the gods from men;
And if a god should tempt thee to the fight,
Beware to combat with the immortal race.”

P. 179.—“Clemens of Alexandria.” One of the early Christian fathers, who lived at the close of the second and beginning of the third centuries. Educated in the heathen philosophy, he was converted to Christianity, and became a presbyter in the church. Clemens wrote much, using the scientific methods of the philosophers in his exposition of the doctrines of Christianity. His principal themes were exhortations to the heathen to abandon idolatry, and treatises on Christian and Greek literature.

“Minucius Felix,” Marcus. A native of Africa, but he came to Rome, where he successfully practiced law until he was converted. He is said to have been renowned for his eloquence. His most important work for Christianity was *Octavius*, a dialogue between a Christian and a heathen upon the merits of their respective religions.

P. 187.—“Reductio ad absurdum.” Reducing to an absurdity.

P. 189.—“Petrifaction,” pêt’ri-fac’tion. Turning into stone of an animal or vegetable substance.

P. 199.—“Zealeucus,” ze-leu’cus. A law-giver among the Locrians (see Grecian History), who lived about 660 B. C. His laws were eminently severe, but were observed by his people for a long time. Zealeucus is said to have come to his death because a transgressor of one of his own laws. He had decreed that no one should enter the senate house armed, on a penalty of death. In a time of great excitement in war Zealeucus broke the decree. It was remarked to him, and immediately he fell on his sword, in vindication of the law.

P. 222.—“Daguerreotype,” da-gér’o-tîp. So called from Daguerre, the discoverer of this method of taking pictures.

P. 230.—“Permit me to write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws.” The idea is said to have originated with Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, who wrote: “I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who made the laws of a nation.”

P. 241.—“Modus operandi.” Manner of operation.

“Die.” The piece of metal on which is cut a device to impress on coins, medals, etc.

P. 254.—“Socinian.” Lælius Socinus was an Italian theologian (1525-1562). His study led him to doubt certain doctrines, among them that of the Trinity. His nephew, Faustus, who by his skeptical spirit had made himself very obnoxious to the church, decided in 1574 to become a religious reformer, and from the manuscripts of his uncle he elaborated what was called the Socinian system. The negations of the system include: The Trinity, the deity of Christ, the personality of the devil, the native and total depravity of man, the atonement and eternal punishment. It affirms that Christ was a divinely appointed man, and that in the imitation of his virtues we find our salvation. The American Cyclopædia says of the former use of this term: “The name Socinian, which is so often given to those who hold Unitarian opinions as a term of reproach, was for a century the honorable designation of a powerful and numerous religious body in Poland, Hungary and Transylvania. * * * The Racovian catechism, so called from its place of publication (Raków, in Poland), compiled mainly from the writings of Socinus, is still the textbook of faith and worship in many Hungarian and Transylvanian churches.” Unitarianism is now the term applied to the doctrines of Socinianism.

P. 258.—Translation of Latin in foot-note: The constant presence of Christ in the heart brings pleasant communion, gracious consolation, much peace.

P. 260.—“Subjectively.” By “moral light revealed subjectively” is meant the light or truth which is natural, or in the mind of every subject or thinker, and opposed to the light which comes *objectively*, or through an object, as, in this case, the light which comes from the Bible. Subjective and objective are terms of mental philosophy, of common use, and applied generally to certainty or truth. “Objective certainty,” says Watts, “is when the thing is true in itself; subjective when we are certain of the truth of it. The one is in things, the other in our minds.”

P. 266.—“Logos,” lo’gos. The word, literally. In ancient thought it had two significations, one philosophical, where it meant the reason, or that principle which regulates the affairs of the world; the other theological, referring, as in the Gospel of St. John, to a distinct person which both creates and redeems; here it is applied to man’s reason.

P. 273.—“Lacon.” The author of Lacon was Caleb Colton, an English writer, born in 1780. He was educated at Cambridge and received a vicarage in 1818, but soon became so dissipated as to utterly ruin his prospects. He was obliged to flee to America on account of debts incurred in gambling, but afterward went to France, where in 1832 he committed suicide. “Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words,” is a collection of maxims, and is best known of his writings.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

P. 19.—“Navy.” Short for navigator, formerly slang, but now a recognized term applied to those employed in excavating canals, making dykes and like work.

“Longshoremen.” Said to be abbreviated from *along shore men*. “The Slang Dictionary” says that all people who get their livings by the side of the Thames below bridges are called Long Shore folk. The particular class to which Mr. Blaikie refers is that of laborers employed about wharves.

P. 25.—“Tom Brown of Rugby.” The hero of the story, “Tom Brown’s School Days,” by Thomas Hughes.

“Hares and Hounds.” A game sometimes called “paper hunt.” A team of any number of players is formed, from which one is chosen as the hare. To him is given a start of a few minutes called “law.” He starts off with a bag of cut paper called “scent,” which he scatters as he runs. When “law” is up the hounds or remainder of the team start in pursuit, following “scent” as closely as possible. The game continues until the hare is run to the ground or the players baffled.

P. 27.—“Turners.” During the time that Napoleon controlled Prussia Friedrich Jahn, a German patriot, conceived the idea of forming schools in which the young men should be trained in gymnastic exercises and in patriotic sentiments, in order that eventually they might drive the French from the country. These schools were called *Turnvereine*. The first one was established in 1811, and when in 1813 the country was called to arms, the Turners rendered signal service. Though for a time prohibited in Germany, they were afterward reorganized and have been introduced into various countries.

P. 41.—“Tantalus.” A character of Greek mythology, who, having given offense to the gods, was punished in the lower world by confinement in a river where the water always recedes from his lips, and the branches over his head, laden with fruit, withdraw from his hand.

“So bends tormented Tantalus to drink,
While from his lips the reflux waters shrink.
Again the rising stream his bosom laves,
And thirst consumes him ’mid circumfluent waves.”—*Darwin*.

P. 50.—“La Ligne.” The line.

“Dumas,” dü’mă’. French novelist and dramatist. (1803-1870.)

P. 53.—“Sebastian Fenzi,” se-băs’tian fent’sē.

P. 62.—“Nathalie,” nă-tă-le’; “Farini,” fă-re’ne.

P. 81.—“Periauger,” pēr’i-au’ger. One of several forms of the word pirogue. A kind of canoe formed out of a tree trunk.

P. 85.—"Choate," chote. (1799-1859.) Choate was sixty years of age when he died, instead of fifty-five.

P. 86.—"O Connell." (1775-1847.) The Irish statesman.

P. 87.—"Brougham." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

"Canning." (1770-1827.) A British statesman.

P. 135.—"Double-first." In the English universities one who wins the highest honors in both the classics and mathematics is said to win "a double-first."

P. 136.—"Mazzini," māt-see'nee. (1805-1872.) An Italian patriot and revolutionist. He early devoted himself to bringing about the unity of Italy, then divided and oppressed by Austria. In 1831 he was banished, thereupon he formed a political organization to secure the liberty of Italy and union of the states. In every way he worked to gain his ends. In 1849 he assisted Garibaldi in his struggles for Italy's

freedom, and later directed an insurrection in northern Italy. Mazzini was the author of several works. Carlyle says of him: "I have had the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years, and I can, with great freedom, testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue—a man of sterling veracity, humanity and nobleness of mind."

P. 147.—"Bowdoin," bow'win.

P. 156.—"Thwart." A nautical term applied to the bench of a boat, on which the rowers sit.

P. 176.—"Palmerston," pām'er-ston. (1784-1865.) Prime minister of England.

"Thiers," te-er'. (1797-1877.) French statesman and historian.

P. 193.—"Adipose tissue," ad-i-pōse. The fatty matter distributed through the cellular tissues of the body.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

GERMAN HISTORY

P. 251, c. 1.—"Lutzen," lut'sen. A small town of Prussian Saxony, near Leipsic. The battle between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein took place November 16, 1632. Napoleon defeated the allied Prussians and Russians here in 1813.

"Treaty of Passau," pās'sow. A town of Bavaria, at the confluence of the Inn and Danube. This treaty was concluded in 1552 between Charles V., of Germany, and Maurice, of Saxony. It guaranteed religious freedom to the German Protestants until a diet should be summoned to arrive at a new settlement. In 1555 this diet was summoned at Augsburg, where peace was made and the princes left free to establish the Lutheran or Catholic faith.

"Pusillanimity," pū-sil-la-nīm'i-ty. Weakness; cowardice.

P. 251, c. 2.—"Brabant," brā-bānt'. One of the ancient divisions of the Netherlands, lying south of Holland.

"Aix-La-Chapelle," aiks-lā-shā-pel. Called in German, Aachen; situated in Rhenish Prussia. This treaty was made in 1668. Louis gained by the war several strong towns in the Netherlands.

"Stahremberg," stah'rem-berg. This was the second invasion of Vienna by the Turks. It occurred in 1683.

"Sobieski," sō-bi-ēs'ki. (1629?-1696.) A Pole, educated in Paris. The Cossacks having risen against the Polish government he joined the army and so distinguished himself that he was given the chief command. The Turks invading the country, Sobieski made a record which caused him to be elected king upon the death of the monarch then ruling. His victory at Vienna freed all Europe from the fear of the Turks, and Sobieski was called the savior of christendom. His last years were embittered by civil and domestic troubles.

"Ryswick," rize'wik.

"Spanish Succession." By the death of Charles II., of Spain, the house then on the throne became extinct. His two brothers-in-law, Louis XIV., of France, and Leopold I., of Austria, both claimed the throne for princes of their families. Charles in a second will had appointed Philip, the grandson of Louis XIV., as his successor, but Germany, England and Holland contested the will. The war lasted thirteen years. The allies gained several victories, but Philip secured the throne, although obliged to give up several provinces.

"Blenheim," blen'heim. A village of Bavaria on the Danube. This battle took place August 13, 1704.

"Duke of Marlborough." He commanded the English forces, while Prince Eugene led the Austrians.

"Frederick the Great." (1712-1786.) During the forty-six years of his reign Frederick waged three important wars—the first and second Silesian wars and the Seven Years' war. The cause of each was his claim to the province of Silesia. After the close of the third, in 1763, Frederick devoted himself to the restoration and improvement of his country. It is said that at his death he left to his nephew and successor, "a surplus of \$50,000,000, an army of 220,000 men, a territory increased by nearly 30,000 square miles, and an industrious, intelligent and happy population of 6,000,000."

P. 252, c. 1.—"Jena," je'na, or ya'nā; "Auerstädt," ōu'er-stāt.

"Rhine-Bund." The confederation of the Rhine.

"Deutscher-Bund." The German Confederation.

P. 252, c. 2.—"Zollverein," zöll'ver-ein. A commercial league formed in Germany for the purpose of establishing a uniform rate of customs.

"Versailles," ver-sailz'.

"Wallenstein," val'len-stine. (1583-1634.) An Austrian general.

"Cuirassier," kwē-ras-ser'.

P. 253, c. 1.—"Croats." Inhabitants of Croatia, a province of Austro-Hungary.

"Gefreyter," ga-fri'ter. Corporal.

"Saxe-Lauenberg," sax low'en-boorg. A German duchy.

"Saxe Weimar," sax vi'mar.

SELECTIONS FROM GERMAN LITERATURE.

P. 253, c. 1.—"Humboldt." (1769-1859.) Humboldt has been one of the most expert and far reaching scientists of modern times. His love for research led him to explorations early in life. In 1790 he travelled through the principal countries of Europe, afterward publishing the discoveries made by him on this journey. After this, for some years he was employed in mining enterprises. In 1829 he joined an expedition to the Ural and Altai mountains. In 1799 Humboldt went to South America; on this journey he made extensive observations in various departments of science. The latter part of his life was spent at the Prussian court.

P. 253, c. 2.—"Ornioco." O'ri-no'co. Said to mean coiling snakes.

"Heine." (1799-1856.) Heine was of Jewish parentage, but abandoned his religion and adopted the Lutheran. His first book on his travels in Italy was very successful. After this followed his first book of songs, which contained many pieces of rare beauty. It filled all Germany with enthusiasm. Heine spent his last years in great suffering, a victim to spinal disease.

P. 254, c. 1.—"Candide," kōn'ded. The hero of a novel bearing the same name, by Voltaire.

"Eldorado," el-dō-rā'do. The gilded land. A name given to a land abounding in gold and other rich products. The Spanish conquerors of South America first applied the name to a region in South America which they reported to be filled with riches of every variety.

P. 254, c. 2.—"Dight," dit. To deck; to dress.

Storied windows richly dight,

Casting a dim, religious light.—Milton.

"Schleiermacher," schlei'er-mä-ker. (1768-1834.) One of the most influential theologians of modern times. His first published work, "Discourses on Religion," startled all Germany. After this followed many volumes of sermons and religious writings which won him favor. In 1802 he became court preacher, and two years later went into the university at Halle as a preacher and professor; afterward he became a pastor at Berlin.

"Dialectician," di-a-lek-tish'an. One who is versed in logic.

"Romanticism," ro mán'ti-cizm. Romantic, fantastic, or unnatural ideas or feelings.

P. 255, c. 1.—"Schopenhauer," sho'pen-how'er. (1788-1860.) He

studied in the German universities, and afterward devoted himself to philosophical studies. His works on the will are the best known.

"Zoöphytes," zô'o-fit. "Mollusca," mol-lûs'ca. "Annelida," an-nel'i-da; "Arachnida," a-râch'ni-da. "Crustacea," krus ta'she-a; "Pisces," pis'sez; "Reptilia," rep-til'i-a; "Aves," a'vës; "Mammalia," mam-ma'li-a.

P. 255, c. 2.—"Bellum omnium contra omnes." War of all against all.

READINGS IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

P. 255, c. 2.—"Foraminifera," fo-râm'i-nîf'e-ra.

P. 257, c. 1.—"Hot Springs." These are in reality Artesian wells, the water rising from great depths. In some places the warm water is utilized, as in Würtemberg, where manufactories are warmed by the water sent through them in pipes. The water is usually pure and the temperature quite uniform. Among the most famous examples of hot springs are those of Arkansas—fifty-seven in number—those of Virginia, and the geysers of Iceland.

"Wells of Bath." Bath is the chief town of Somersetshire, England, and takes its name from its baths. The springs which furnish these are four in number, and discharge nearly 200,000 gallons of water a day.

Many interesting examples of changes in level might be noted. Scotland in less than an hundred years has been raised from 15 to 20 feet. As distinctly have the coast lines been traced, says Hugh Miller, as "between two contiguous steps of a stair, covered the one by a patch of brown, the other by a patch of green, in the pattern of the stair-carpet." In Norway and Sweden a rising has been proven to be going on in the northern part, and a sinking in the southern part.

SUNDAY READINGS.

P. 259, c. 2.—"Cervantes," cer-vân'tes, sã-a-ve'drã. (1547-1616.) A Spanish author. The work referred to is "Don Quixote." Of it a writer in the *American Cyclopædia* says: "In this work Cervantes hit the vulnerable point of his age. The common sense of the world had long rebelled against the mummeries of knight errantry, and the foolish books that still spoke of chivalry of which not a vestige remained. People who had smiled when the idea presented itself to their minds, burst out in laughter when Cervantes gave it the finishing stroke." Beside "Don Quixote," Cervantes wrote several satires, dramas and stories.

"Knight-errantry," nit'ër-rant're. The character, manners and adventures of wandering knights.

"Butler," Samuel. (1612-1680.) An English poet. He led an uneventful life, being employed at different times as amanuensis or secretary to men of high standing. When fifty-one years of age he wrote *Hudibras*, his "fine satire." The hero, Sir Hudibras, is said to have been drawn from Sir Samuel Luke, a Puritan officer. The poem ridicules by satire and exaggeration the actions, severity, morals and dress of the Puritans. It was never entirely finished. Butler was very popular with Charles II., and his court for a time, but finally died in poverty.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

P. 260, c. 1.—"Inhibition," in-he-bîsh'un. Restraint, hinderance.

"Judicature," ja'di-ca-ture. The administration of justice.

P. 260, c. 2.—"Common-law." According to the *American Cyclopædia*, common-law in the United States means the entire English law, including even the foreign elements intermingled with it, in distinction from the civil law generally received among European nations, and from the canon law, except so far as adopted in the ecclesiastical courts of England. Burrill defines it as "the unwritten law, or that body of customs, rules and maxims which have acquired their binding power and the force of law, in consequence of long usage, recognized by judicial decisions, and not by reason of statutes now extant." Of its origin, Sir Matthew Hale says it is as "undiscoverable as the head of the Nile."

"Norman-French." The language of Normandy, a former north-western province of France. By the Norman conquest (1066) Norman French became the language of the court and of equity in England.

READINGS IN ART.

The "Readings in Art" are compiled and condensed from "Architecture, Classic and Early Christian," by T. R. Smith and G. Slater.

P. 262, c. 1.—"Archaic." Old; ancient; characterized by antiquity or obsolescence.

"Mausoleums," mau-so-le'ums. A tomb or monument. From Mausoleus, king of Caria, to whom Artemisia, his widow, erected a stately monument.

"Votive offerings." From Latin *votum*—a vow. A tablet, picture, or anything dedicated by the vow of the worshipers. "Additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands."—*Motley*.

"Doric." There are several different accounts of the origin of the Doric order. It is stated that Dorus, a king of Achaia, built a temple in Argos, and this was found by chance to be in that manner which we call Doric. Some say the arrangement of the order was that of a primitive log hut. It is so called from Doris. Beside the Doric temples mentioned here there are fragments of this style of architecture to be seen in the temple of Theseus at Athens, in the Propylea on the Acropolis, in the temple of Zeus at Olympia, and in various other localities in Greece and southern Italy. The form of the Doric building was the same as in the Ionic and Corinthian.

"Ictinus," ic-ti'nus. He was the architect of several Doric temples; the Parthenon, the temple of Apollo at Phigalia, and the one at Eleusis. No details of his life are known.

"Rock." This rock is the Acropolis.

"Entablature," "cella," "pediment." See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

"Flat-pitch." A roof that has less than the usual elevation in the center.

P. 262, c. 2.—"Stylobate," sty'lo-bate. Literally a basement to a column. It is synonymous with pedestal, but is applied to an uninterrupted and unbroken base, while pedestal is an insulated support.

"Entasis," ên'ta-sis. A gentle, almost imperceptible swelling of the shaft of a column.

"Ionic." This style of architecture was so called from Ionia, where it took its rise. Its origin is not certain. A writer says: "The explanation of Vitruvius is that the Ionian colonists, on building a temple to Diana, wished to find some new manner that was beautiful. Following the method which they had pursued with the Doric (proportioning the column according to the dimensions of a man), they imparted to this the delicacy of the female figure." The distinctive feature in the three orders is the capital of the column. In the Doric this is very simple; a curved moulding, round like the shaft, is surmounted by a large, square block or *abacus*. In the Ionic the capital has two scroll-like ornaments, called volutes. There are more mouldings used, and the proportions are more slender. Asia Minor contains numerous remains of Ionic architecture. The Erectheium at Athens is the best known. The temple of Diana was included among the seven wonders of the world, as was the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, another Ionic temple recently discovered.

"Vestiges." Latin, Vestigium. Marks of the foot on the earth. Tracks, traces, signs. "What vestiges of liberty or propriety have they left."—*Burke*.

"Corinthian." Vitruvius says of this order that it was arranged "to represent the delicacy of a young girl whose age renders her figure more pleasing and more susceptible of ornaments which may enhance her natural beauty." The Corinthian capital is the most ornamented of the three orders. It is generally formed of various arrangements of acanthus leaves, and is much larger and more showy than the others. The monument of Lysicrates at Athens is the best example of this style.

"Cyclopean," cy-clo-pe'an. Pertaining to a class of giants, who had but one eye in the middle of the forehead. They were said to inhabit Sicily, and to be assistants in the workshops of Vulcan, fabled to be under Mt. Etna.

P. 263, c. 1.—"Jupiter Capitolinus." This temple was built in the early days of Rome, and is said to have derived its name from the builders discovering, during the excavation, a freshly bleeding head (*caput*). According to the interpretation of the sages this sign indicated that the place should become the head of the world. The temple was dedicated to Jupiter as king of the gods. From it the hill on which it was situated took its name of the Capitoline.

"Appian Way." The way or road from Rome to Brundisium, constructed partly by Appius Claudius, B. C. 313.

"Q. Metellus Macedonicus," me-tel lus mác-e-dón/i-cus.

"Roman." In the ground plan of Roman architecture there is a great difference from the Egyptian and Greek styles. The first employed the ellipse, the circle, the octagon, and combinations of these various forms in their plan, while the rectangle was the almost inevitable form in the two latter. Instead of the massive blocks of stone of former buildings, the Romans used small stones cemented with a cement of extraordinary power. They could build anywhere and of anything. The roofs were arched and in domes; the openings almost invariably arches; the columns and ornaments were generally varieties of Greek styles.

"Tetra style." Having a portico of four columns in front. Tetra is the Greek word for four.

"Vitruvius," vi-trú/vi-us. See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October.

"Pseudo peripteral," sú/dô pe-ríp'te-ral. A peripteral temple had a single row of columns all around it. The variation of the style which existed in this temple led to its being called *pseudo*, or falsely peripteral.

"Maison Carrée," ma-zong kár-rá. The *Square House*, as the name signifies, is a beautiful Corinthian temple, of rectangular form. The temple was built when all France was under the rule of Rome. Although the Square House was injured in the wars of the middle ages, it has been restored, and is now used as a museum.

"Nîmes," neem. A city of France, about sixty miles northwest of Marseilles.

"Baalbec," bál/bek.

"P. 263, c. 2.—"Flavian." The emperor Vespasian, who began the Colosseum, belonged to the house of Flavius, hence the name.

"Esquiline," es/qui-line; "Coelian," cœ/li-an.

"Pantheon," pan the'on. Meaning *all the gods*. "In the year B. C. 27, on the occasion of the victory of Actium, when universal peace was declared, the great edifice was dedicated to all the gods, and figures of these in gold, in silver, in bronze, and in precious marbles were placed in niches within it, and hence the name Pantheon." It is now a Christian

church dedicated to the Virgin and All Saints, and is called the Rotunda.

P. 264, c. 1.—"Santa Sophia." The church was not dedicated to a saint, but to the spirit of wisdom (*sophia* is the Greek for wisdom), the second person in the Trinity.

"Procopius." See notes on "Greek History" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

"San Vitale," san ve-tá/la.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 264, c. 2.—"Vaudois," vō-dwā. A religious denomination called sometimes the Waldenses, founded in the twelfth century, in Italy.

P. 265, c. 1.—"Nautilus," náu'ti-lūs. A mollusk having a coiled univalve shell of many chambers. As the animal grows new chambers are continually formed, and the parts vacated are partitioned off into air-tight chambers by thin, smooth plates.

P. 265, c. 2.—"Triton," trí/ton. A marine deity in Greek mythology, having the form of a man above, and of a fish below, and bearing a conch-shell trumpet.

P. 266, c. 1.—"Antennæ," an-tén'næ. A projection on the head of an insect; a feeler.

"Vernier," vēr'ni-er. A small movable scale, sliding along the fixed scale of an instrument, and subdividing its divisions into more minute parts.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

P. 267, c. 2.—"Esquimaux," ës/ke-mō; "Algonquins," al-gon'kins; "Iroquois," í-ro-kwoiz'; "Mobillians," mo beel/li-ans; "Dacotas," da-ko'tas.

P. 268, c. 1.—"Erickson," ér'ik-son; "Terra incognita," unknown land.

P. 268, c. 2.—"Amerigo Vespucci," â-mā-re/go ves-poot'che; "Ponce de Leon," pone/dā la-oan'; "Fernando Cortes," fer-nan/do kor-tès'; "Tabasco," ta-bás/co; "Montezumas," mon-te-zu'ma.

BANQUET TO CHAUTAUQUA TRUSTEES.

GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

In the parlors and dining hall of the Sherman House in Jamestown, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, January 9th, the Chautauqua Trustees assembled for a banquet, preparatory to their annual meeting.

After an hour or more of social personal greeting the company, about fifty in number, filed into the dining hall and took the places indicated on their cards of invitation at the tables beautifully adorned with fruits and flowers.

Ex-Governor R. E. Fenton, of New York, acting as presiding officer of the evening, took his place at the head of the table, having on his right President Lewis Miller, Vice President F. H. Root, Esq., and others, and on his left Prof. J. H. Worman and other members of the Chautauqua Board of Trustees. At the other end of the main table were Robert N. Marvin, Esq., Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. J. T. Edwards, Rev. W. G. Williams, of Jamestown, Mr. Clem Studebaker, of Indiana, and distinguished residents of several other states.

After more than two hours spent at a most sumptuous repast (eleven courses were on the bill of fare), the rarest delicacies of Southern climes being lavishly provided, as well as the more common edibles of our colder northern soil and streams, Ex-Governor Fenton, rising in his place, gave the guests of the hour words of warmest greeting. [We give a condensed report of remarks offered.] He said: "We welcome you, gentlemen, not so much because of what you are at your homes, although that is, no doubt, a matter of congratulation from neighbors and

friends, not so much as representatives of a great religious denomination whose membership is numbered by the millions.—I speak of the various branches of Methodism, whose institutions are confessedly based upon religious intelligence and conviction, and therefore a subject of congratulation. We welcome you, gentlemen, mainly because you have come to the shores of our beautiful lake and founded an institution elevating in its influence, purifying in its character; which has found its way through the sunny South, along the shores of the lakes, around and over the plains, and over the mountains, even to the Pacific Coast. Stopping not there, you have found your way to the islands of the seas, and to the peoples in the countries beyond the seas. If I should say less than this, Mr. Flood, who speaks through more than thirty-five thousand monthly CHAUTAUQUANS, would spring to his feet. I might say more, but, gentlemen, this enterprise is carried forward not alone by Methodists, for, in a catholic spirit, you have opened the doors to all denominations and all people and invited them to join you, and those who aspire to or desire to witness genuine moral and intellectual progress. And, gentlemen, we welcome you to our town. We should be glad, had it not been for the inclemency of the weather, to have shown you the social and public progress of our people. I might speak of our nine churches always well-filled on the Sabbath day and at other seasons when opened, and of one denomination about to build another church with a capacity three times as large as the old one.

"We should be glad to have you look at our manufacturing interests, to see how extensive they are, to visit our grand Union School building. We should be glad to introduce you to our merchants, and have you see all that we are doing—these things, the result of the enterprise and industry of our people. We have no princely fortunes here, but we are prospering, and though we have had but little time to go abroad, yet we promise you, gentlemen of Chautauqua, that a portion of our leisure days, increasing as the years go by, shall be devoted to visiting you in the summer season at Chautauqua. [Applause.] And now I ask you all to drink (water) to the health of Dr. Vincent, who, by his great devotion, great abilities and organizing power, with the calm judgment and wise counsels of President Miller, have done so much to make Chautauqua a success." [Long continued applause.]

Dr. Vincent said substantially:

"Gentlemen of Jamestown:—You have listened, as have we, the representatives of the Chautauqua movement, to the kind words of your fellow-townsmen, and it is a source of very great regret to me that I was not apprised in advance, of the fact that I was expected to deliver a speech on this occasion; otherwise I should have talked less to my fascinating friend, Mr. Marvin, beside me, and eaten less, so that I might be in better shape to speak.

"Governor Fenton has said something about the Chautauqua Idea. It is an 'enterprise' which has a future, a destiny which I think will transcend all the attainments and achievements of the past. And those of us who are engaged in this movement, and have watched it from its very beginning, and who know something of the dreams of those who look out into the future, are more likely to promise large things than those who simply watch it from the outside. We may be disappointed. Chautauqua may stand still one of these days and become a plain little village on the lake. It will never be what Jamestown is, but it depends upon Jamestown, as a representative city, for much of the support, and of the sympathy which all such enterprises demand. We have been tempted to think that from Jamestown we have had comparatively little sympathy. I say *tempted*, for the temptation has never had the slightest effect upon my mind; but once in awhile it has been said: 'Jamestown, at the other end of the lake, fancies that you may build up an organization at the northern end of the lake that will interfere with interests at the south end.' Frivolous indeed as these suggestions were, they were strong enough to secure utterance and cause trifling annoyance. As I recall the history of Chautauqua, I remember that we have had pretty much the whole of Jamestown present again and again at our great Assembly gatherings. So far as the citizens of Jamestown are concerned, we have never had for a moment any serious doubt of their confidence in the enterprise, and their willingness to aid us as far as they can, and there is not the slightest reason for misunderstanding or rivalry, but every reason for mutual faith and coöperation. [Applause.] And I should not be surprised, gentlemen, if, in years to come, the boys of Jamestown would go up to Chautauqua to the best boys' school on the continent [applause], and meet there the best teachers from the best institutions, both of America and Europe, teachers qualified not only to communicate knowledge to the boys there assembled, but qualified to develop manhood and high ideals of character and true intellectual strength and physical culture. A gentleman said to me in the East the other day, 'What we need in America to-day is a first-class school for boys, a school of the very highest order, in which intellect, manners, body, heart, social faculties, and all, shall be symmetrically developed,' and I have confidence that, within a very few years, just such a school will be planted at Chautauqua; and when I think of the larger institution, for which we now have a charter from the state legislature, an institution which will bring its students from all parts of the United States, I see a number of colleges constituting a university crowning those heights, and

commanding large sections of land on both sides of this lake, and awakening a new and increased enthusiasm, not only about the lake of Chautauqua, but all over the land, in the great cause of popular education. [Applause.]

"Now, I do not betray any great plans which have already been devised, but I give utterance to dreams and hopes which I know exist in the minds of a great many Chautauqua workers, when I say that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, reaching as it does fifty thousand families in all parts of this land, is silently gaining a constituency which will be increased in less than five years to one hundred thousand, and which, in the course of ten years, will number two hundred thousand men and women, the most of them parents, who will be looking about for a place in which to educate their children; and if this city, increasing in wealth, increasing in culture, increasing in enthusiasm in the great educational work, will only lay hold of the largest conceptions concerning the Chautauqua of the future, the sums of money which in the future you may be induced to contribute to the founding of this enterprise will receive response from one hundred thousand homes all over the land, and the grandest endowments possessed by any institution on the continent in the near future for the Chautauqua University. [Applause.] For here is a little fact, of which you need but to be reminded for a moment, that to-day in the houses of the C. L. S. C. are growing up boys and girls, coming from the farms and from the villages, who are to handle the millions in the next twenty-five years. And when Tom comes from the field and goes into business and makes his money, and remembers the new interest awakened in him by his father and mother, he is inspired by a public spirit, he looks at the half million, more or less, which he is disposed to contribute, and the institution which he will help will be his father's and mother's *Alma Mater*, and his own *Alma Mater*, and we may expect in this way the largest and grandest endowments of any institution on the continent. I have been drinking strongly of this cold water, and it always makes me feel like talking, and I thank you for the privilege given me of expressing the dreams which come to my mind of the institution which you have so greatly honored, and whose annual meeting brings us together so pleasantly to-night." [Long continued applause.]

Governor Fenton:—"I want to introduce to you one of our citizens representing the great manufacturing industries of our city, a gentleman who can talk well about them. I call upon Mr. William Hall."

Mr. Hall said: "Mr. Chairman, I am afraid that you have raised the expectations of our friends in this announcement. I never made any pretensions to an ability to talk, never made any pretensions to eloquence, and, really, if I ever had, the speech to which you have just listened would have completely blotted out anything that I might have been tempted to say; but this much I can say, I can make a plain statement, that I have always felt the greatest sympathy myself for the enterprise which has been founded upon our lake. Yet it is true, that, busied by the cares of the new enterprises, I may at times have forgotten to express those feelings and show that sympathy—but it has always been present in my heart. I dare not step out into the world, to speak concerning Chautauqua, but I can speak of its effect upon the people in my factories, with whom I daily associate, and in whose interests I feel the liveliest interest. Many have come from foreign shores to make their homes here. They have vague ideas of the efforts and blessings which they are to strike in this American soil, and everything influences and turns their thoughts, views, feelings and aspirations. Some of them have never owned a bit of land in the world. They are now inspired with self-respect in finding themselves in possession of a better home, and I am looking to see what this influence coming from Chautauqua will be upon them. They can not attend Chautauqua as much as I would like to have them. The Chautauqua meetings come in

a busy season. But they do go up there as often as they can, and they are influenced. They do judge of the American character. They get large aspirations by listening to those speakers. They come home, and it is amusing and instructive to hear them talk over what takes place up there. They speak very largely of Dr. Vincent. There is no man in my factory who attends there but thinks Dr. Vincent is the greatest man. They say: Dr. Vincent was as great a man as any he introduced. I am glad he is becoming popular on account of the influence he can exert upon them and their children who are to be the future inhabitants of this town. They are to hold in their hands the destinies of wide reaches of this country, and it is important that they should come under good influences. I do not know of better influences than those coming down to us from Chautauqua, and though we cannot be at Chautauqua, our hearts are there, and our sympathies are there with you, and, Doctor, when you throw the pebble in the pool, I may not follow the pebble in its fall, but I hear the waves ripple by my door." [Applause.]

Governor Fenton: "The people of Jamestown all recognize and admire the devotion of President Miller of Chautauqua. Only one thing we cannot fully understand why he should live in Akron instead of Jamestown." [Laughter and applause.]

Lewis Miller, Esq., spoke briefly: "Akron is in Ohio. [Applause.] It is the place of my birth." He gracefully acknowledged the good will of the citizens of Jamestown in honoring the Chautauqua Board by this banquet and reception. The management hopes ever to conduct the affairs for which they are associated to the advantage of the local interests about the lake, and, while Chautauqua was not organized for the purpose of merely benefiting this local circle about the lake, yet we expect its influence will extend until it reaches the uttermost parts of this country and possibly of others. [Applause.]

Governor Fenton called upon Rev. W. G. Williams, of Jamestown, to speak.

Mr. Williams said: "I certainly had not the remotest idea that Governor Fenton would ask me to say a word. I can bring a very competent witness here at my side who will testify that at nine o'clock the last possibility of a speech in me vanished; and yet it gives me great pleasure to corroborate the words of others representing Jamestown, as to the excellent character of this city of which we are residents. I suppose I ought to call myself a resident now, though I have only been here about a year. I have been greatly pleased with all the evidences of prosperity commented on by the speakers before me, and I want to say just a word in reference to one point mentioned by Dr. Vincent in his remarks—the lack of sympathy on the part of this town with Chautauqua. I had seen the situation as an outsider, being a resident of another town, and had heard the remark made quite frequently, and now residing nearly a year in Jamestown, and having carefully observed the facts, I want to bear testimony to the strongest sympathy of the people in Jamestown with the work in Chautauqua, and also to the fact that this sympathy is growing. I believe that Dr. Vincent in looking forward to that future of achievement will find that Jamestown will not lack, but will always be ready with appreciation of the work."

Referring to his religious and ecclesiastical connections in Jamestown, Mr. Williams said: "We are enlisted as Methodists with our Baptist, Presbyterian, and Congregational brethren. We are orthodox in Jamestown, I believe, trying to do an orthodox work, and in this we are working in sympathy and in coöperation with Chautauqua, and I join with others in extending a hearty welcome, representing, if I may, the churches of the town to these gentlemen, who come to represent a great institution at Chautauqua." [Applause.]

Gov. Fenton told a story about Dr. Flood's failing to obtain an original story from a notable writer, at the other end of the lake, and about his own recommendation of a novel which was substituted therefor.

Dr. Flood said:—"Gov. Fenton takes proper credit for 'Lavengro' appearing in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. There is a gentleman who makes his home, during the summer season, at the head of the lake, and there was a time when the lower end came to the rescue of the upper end. A gentleman had guaranteed to furnish an original story, but when the time came for the work to begin, he failed, and I failed to pay the thousand dollars. Governor Fenton, anxious, doubtless, for the reputation of the upper end of the lake, did suggest that I ought to examine 'Lavengro.' I went to George Borrow and borrowed. I borrowed generously, and I do not doubt in the least but the one hundred and seventy-five thousand readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN were quite as well pleased with 'Lavengro' as they would have been with the original story, unless our friend, President Miller, would have been better pleased with the other story, because it was to be on the greenback line and opposed to monopolies.

"THE CHAUTAUQUAN was born in two cities; in Jamestown and Meadville. It is a little remarkable, but nevertheless a fact, the three states that furnish the most subscribers to THE CHAUTAUQUAN, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, are the three states associated with the birth of the magazine. It got its name in Ohio. The name was given when Doctor Vincent and I were riding in the cars in Ohio. The magazine was printed first in Meadville, Pa., and it was shipped to Jamestown, from which point the first number was mailed to subscribers, after which the offices were removed to Meadville. I am gratified that the citizens of Jamestown have at last been awakened from a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep on this question of Chautauqua, and have, with a sort of exclamation point at this banquet, met the Board of Trustees and the management of Chautauqua with a very hearty and cordial reception.

"This is the line where we cross from the first decade into the second decade of Chautauqua history." Here the speaker told a laughable incident connected with a dissolute fellow who disturbed a Free Methodist watch-meeting by an untimely blowing of a horn and the exclamation, "My name is Gabriel, and I come once in a hundred years." [Laughter.] "Now, Mr. President, our name is Chautauquans, and to Jamestown we come for the first time in ten years. We hope to come more frequently in the future." [Applause.]

Governor Fenton introduced Mr. Marvin, who, after a little pleasantry, spoke concerning the idea broached by Dr. Vincent. "It has been said that the citizens of Jamestown have not manifested quite as much warmth of feeling toward the Chautauqua association which you have founded upon this lake, and which is in such a prosperous condition. This is not true. We have been in sympathy with you. Our heart's feelings have been with you, though I am free to say, perhaps we have not sufficiently manifested it. We are glad to have you present on this occasion, and we hope in the future that we may make ourselves known to you more strongly than in the past. [Applause.] But I should say that, strictly from a business point of view, there is not that wealth in Jamestown that many of you think. But few of our citizens are wealthy. Many are well-to-do, but what they have is so invested in their various enterprises that they have not that ready money to invest in outside operations. Perhaps this fact has controlled to some extent the monied interests which otherwise would have gone to assist you at Chautauqua.

"Now gentlemen, we rejoice that you have come to the shores of the lake. We rejoice that you have founded that city in the woods, and we hope to bear stronger proofs of our sympathy hereafter."

Dr. J. T. Edwards, of Randolph, being introduced humorously referred to the royal furnishings of the banquet, the superabundance of which might make, as Dr. Holmes has wittily said, many families happy. Looking upon the delicious oysters he had been reminded of two speakers at a feast in Egg Harbor—"one was classic and made references to Brutus and

Cassius and other men unknown to the lowly oystermen—the other by one who swinging his arms and with loud voice exclaimed: “Fellow-citizens, the last time I had the pleasure of visiting your town, I came to the conclusion that the Egg Harbor oysters were superior to those of Saddle Rock.” [Laughter and applause.] This was saying the right thing in the right place, and at once took hold of the Egg Harbor oystermen. We can not always do it.

Becoming more serious, the speaker said he believed this to be the best age of the world, and Chautauqua a grand achievement resting on this beautiful lake, more like the beautiful Windermere than any he had elsewhere seen, made classic by the writings of Coleridge and Wilson, and others. I extend my congratulations also on this occasion, and feel myself to be present with these citizens of Jamestown.

Dr. J. H. Worman being introduced by ex-Governor Fenton, said: “In a large place in the city of Berlin, among the many paintings in the gallery of the king there is one that attracted my attention when I was a boy. It is a coronation scene of King William IV. He is in the act of taking from the people their promise of being faithful to him. And to-night as Dr. Vincent spoke to you of the promise that had come to him from this side, I was reminded of that picture, and I see now in place of the king coming to ask his subjects their faith, this leader of Chautauqua standing before me asking your fealty for the good work begun upon this lake; and, as was written under the picture in letters that are never to be effaced, crowned by many a jewel: ‘This yes is mine’—so I see written upon your hearts in undying language, the promise to Chautauqua and its honored leader, a YES for the support of that enterprise, that it may never die so long as civilization has a home on this lake.” [Long continued applause.]

At a late hour the company separated for their homes and places of entertainment, all being impressed with the genuine friendship of the citizens of Jamestown for the Chautauqua Assembly.

CHAUTAUQUA TRUSTEES.

The annual meeting of the Trustees of the Chautauqua Assembly was held in the gentlemen's parlors of the Sherman House, Jamestown, N. Y., January 9th and 10th, Lewis Miller, Esq., President of the Board, in the chair. There were present Vice President F. H. Root, of Buffalo, Dr. J. H. Vincent, Mr. Clem Studebaker, of Indiana, Dr. J. T. Edwards, Revs. J. Leslie, H. H. Moore, and a number of others. The old board of officers was reelected with this exception: Mr. W. A. Duncan, of Syracuse, was elected trustee and secretary of the Assembly and superintendent of the grounds. Mr. Duncan is a leading Congregationalist of Syracuse, N. Y. He is a man of fine business tact, of indefatigable industry, of executive force, and a thorough Christian gentleman. Mr. Duncan has had large experience in the management of Chautauqua matters, having been Dr. Vincent's right hand man for several years, and will enter upon his work under the most auspicious circumstances. Dr. Vincent outlined his work for the summer of 1884, but the details of his plans were not arranged so that he could inform the board who the lecturers would be on any given days in August next. The finances of the Assembly were found to be in a more satisfactory condition than some trustees had expected. Taken all in all the business of the Assembly is in a healthy condition, and the program for the coming season promises to be an unusually brilliant one. A number of new cottages will be erected when the spring opens, the facilities for reaching the grounds will be improved, and the hotel accommodations will be excellent and at prices to suit the purses of all visitors. The business transacted was of a routine character, but the results will be apparent the coming summer in the improved condition of the grounds and public buildings at Chautauqua.

C. L. S. C. GRADUATES.

The following list of graduates of the Class of 1883 appears according to states. It has been prepared with great care by the office secretary, Miss Kate F. Kimball.

Maine.

Anderson, Nancy Elizabeth
Bartlett, Mrs H B
Deering, Mary E
Gammon, Josie E
Haight, Mrs Emma C
Littlefield, Pauline D
Munger, Annie R
Palmer, Annie L
Plummer, Mary Eliza
Poole, John William
Shapleigh, Miss Annie E
St. Clair, Ashley Orben
Stetson, Josiah Walter
Russell, Maria J

New Hampshire.

Abbot, Emily H
Abbot, Charles W
Adams, Frank E
Adams, Mary T
Bales, Miss Mary Louise
Barclay, Belle C
Bishop, Channing
Bishop, James M
Bishop, Margaret A
Bragdon, Frederick Augustus
Brook, Jennie B
Bryant, Jenny A
Buttrick, Mrs Laura A
Byam, Mrs Rosette M
Center, Marion E
Everett, Charles Fitch
Hitchcock, Mrs Hiram
Sanborn, Ella F
Sanborn, Lizzie E
Thompson, Henry S
Thompson, Mary C
Tibbets, Mrs Jane N
Tibbets, Lucy W

Vermont.

Anderson, Fayette S
Carleton, Nellie R
Cobb, Mrs Lymna H
Collins, Mrs Carrie F
Macomber, Candace Worth
Rood, Eliza Nears
Todd, Helen M
Woodard, Mary Sophia

Massachusetts.

Adams, Mrs Rebecca J
Albe, Edward Payson
Allen, W Isadore
Balch, Julia Norris
Ballou, Sarah H
Barber, Sara J
Barlow, Maria A
Barlow, Susie Gordon
Barrett, Clifford M
Beard, Mrs Augusta M
Bigelow, Lettie Selma
Blancher, Mary Adams
Bosworth, Mrs Luthera E
Brainard, M Llewellyn
Butters, M Belle
Campbell, Eliza F
Carr, Geneva E
Clark, Alice M
Coates, Arthur B
Comey, M Emma
Conant, Mrs Charlotte J
Coolidge, Mrs Sarah Isabella
Cutler, Mrs Leonard
Day, Edward
Deane, Anna L
Dight, Alexander

Dight, Mrs Georgia J Ingalls
Dodge, Fred Howard
Downe, Mrs Mary A
Drew, Miss Mary Eliza
Eberle, Lydia Eaton
Ellis, Miss Clara M
Fairfield, Lizzie W
Farnham, Clara Charlotte
Fisk, Ella W
Fisk, Sarah E
Fletcher, Mrs Agnes B
Fraser, John Crane
French, Addie E M
Full, William
Gardner, Annie Hazeltime
Gates, Miss Lauretta Maria
Hagen, Hattie S
Hale, Helen S
Haskell, Mrs Ella L
Haskins, Mrs Leander M
Hayes, Cordelia W
Hills, Miss Helen M
Ingraham, H A
Jewett, Annie R
Jones, Anna Maria
Josselyn, Abbie P
Kendall, Ina C
Knight, Annie Adams
Lane, Rosie A
Le Baron, Mrs Sara E
Lee, Laura Ella
Little, Eliza A
Longhead, Mary E
Macy, Ida
Mason, Myra C (Mrs E B)
Matthews, Maria
Maynard, Sarah M
Mitchell, Emma Josephine
Morey, Miss Kate
Morrell, Susan A
Morse, Miss Hattie F
Noon, Alfred
Oakman, Fannie W
Oaks, Fred Leslie
Orne, Mary E C
Plummer, Sarah C
Poole, Benj Franklin
Porter, Mrs Angeline M
Pratt, Ellen M
Prior, Clara T
Ray, Harlan E
Root, Amelia N
Ryder, Cecelia N
Sadler, Carra Virginia
Sears, Mrs C W
Snow, Alice Marcella
Spilsted, Ellena S
Smith, Anna Willis
Stanley, John W
Stewart, Caroline W
Swett, Mrs M Angie
Thayer, Mrs Louise S
Tilden, Miss Chestina
Tilden, Cora B
Tilden, Elizabeth T
Tobey, Martha
Warner, Miss Isabel
Warner, Mrs Isabelle A
Whitaker, Mrs Helen S
Whiting, Jennie M
Whiting, Mary A
Whiting, Waldo B
Winslow, Arthur Francis
Wight, Mary F
Woodman, Emma N

Rhode Island.

Abbott, Emma L
Barrows, Miss Ann M
Fish, Jennie Oliver

Manchester, Emma L
Olney, Lizzie Elzina
Owen, Celia W
Phillips, Mary A
Potter, Amelia

Connecticut.

Adams, Henry M
Bond, Sara Moody
Botsford, Mrs Carrie A
Clark, Agnes L
Danforth, Sarah A
Gibbs, Sarah L
Goddard, Katherine A
Greene, Miss M Wilhemene
Griswold, Nellie P
Holmes, Harriet E
Hotchkiss, Henry E
Johnson, Mrs Truman
Jones, Mrs Emma F
Kerr, Ella Esther
Kerr, M Agnes
Lockwood, M Emma
Mead, Hannah H
Mead, Mrs Whitman L
Minor, Katie E
Morgan, Hattie J
Rice, Fannie L
Roberts, Emily
Shekleton, Joseph Wilson
Stoddard, Sarah Gilbert
Towne, Luella Frances
Trent, Clarence Bell
Williamson, Mrs H L
Wood, Rev Melvin C

New York.

Abell, Mary L
Abbott, G Elliott
Agard, Eaton J
Avery, Mary S
Babcock, Anna W
Bain, Arvilla E Morse
Bannister, Miss Alice G
Barnhart, Jeremiah
Bartlett, Miss Clara A
Beal, Letta M
Bean, Clarence H
Bedell, Ada M
Bell, Richard E
Benedict, Clara J
Bennett, Mrs Hattie C
Blowers, Mrs De Ann J
Blythe, Adell
Boardman, Stella
Boomhour, Clara A
Botsford, Mary H
Bowen, Kate C
Bowers, Abraham H
Bradley, Mary E
Brady, Edwin C
Bramley, Mary E
Brower, Mrs Carrie L
Brown, Ellen S
Burnett, Frederick J
Burnett, Lida
Burns, Mary A
Burnell, Miss Sarah
Bush, Arthine A
Carter, Bella C
Chase, Satie L
Chriswell, Emma J
Clark, Edwin H
Clark, Mary E
Clawson, E Augusta
Clawson, E Gertrude
Common, Lizzie
Conger, Mrs Charlotte
Cooper, Charles J
Corbett, Mary T
Corbett, Sophia C
Crane, Elizabeth W
Cronise, Mrs Dora A
Cross, Phebe A
Curtis, Jennie Norton
Curtis, Miner
Curtiss, Clara E

Davis, Miss Sarah J
Day, Franklin
Deane, Harriet Eliza
De Lano, Mary
Dennison, Mrs Elizabeth A
Dennison, Minnie E
Derby, Orville P
Donnan, Mrs Wm A (Matilda)
Drake, Miss E E
Dransfield, Lizzie B
Dunning, Anna G
Dunning, Floyd M
Ecker, Miss Rose E
Eddy, Elmora E
Elmore, Arthur B
Emigh, Annie
English, Mrs Frank P
Evarts, Martha J
Ewell, Mrs Carrie F
Farrar, Rev Hubbard C
Farrar, Mrs Rev H C
Fenton, Ellen
Field, Mrs M B
Flint, Mrs Chas A
Foster, Mary Celinda
Frederick, Anna B
Freeman, Nettie B
Frisbee, Ettie H
Frost, James S
Galbraith, Martha J
Geer, Louise E
Genung, Adriana B
Gese, Mary E
Gifford, Joseph C
Gillett, Edward C
Goodell, Mrs Ella C
Goodwin, Eliza Steele
Gould, Julia N
Gould, Louis Agassiz
Gould, Lydia E Wakeman
Grant, Emeline N
Grant, Maria L
Griffiths, John D
Halbert, Susan Frances
Hadley, Mrs A Irene
Hale, Emily J
Hall, Mrs E G W
Hall, J Duane
Hallock, Henry Tuthill, M D
Hamilton, Mrs J Lucelia
Hammond, E Eleonora
Hancock, Emily S
Hart, Miss A M
Hart, Miss Hattie A
Haviland, M Alice
Hawkins, Edna
Hawley, Helen A
Haydock, Minnie M
Hayward, Mrs Adele
Healy, Mrs Dorus
Hearn, Mrs Juliet
Hedges, Mrs S C
Heist, Ellen N
Holland, Julia Bryant
Holmes, Richard
Honeywell, J R
Hopkins, Elisha B
Hopkins, Sarah W
Horton, Mary D
Hughes, Emma
Hughes, Mary E
Hull, Miss Rachel J
Hunt, Hester A
Hunt, Mrs Minerva J
Hurn, Mrs John M
Hurst, M Emma
Hutchinson, Mrs Anna Eliza
Hutchinson, Arthur
Jackson, William
Jennings, Carrie F
Johnson, Mary E G
Jones, Celia J
Jones, Delia
Jump, Mrs J B
Kantz, Matie J
Karr, Miss Ella Austie
Karr, Margaretta Ayres
Kennedy, Eva H

Keyes, Harriet H
Kimball, Miss Marie A
King, Maria
Kirk, Anna E
Kirk, Lizzie L
Kirk, Susie A
Lamphier, Miss Anna M
Lamphier, Miss L Jennie
Lathrop, Hattie A
Leffingwell, Jane E
Leonard, Lucy
Lestie, Hannah Gibson
Letterman, Kate
Lewis, Mrs Daniel
Lindsley, Lillian E
Longwell, Elizabeth J
Longwell, Mary
Losee, Jennie A
Lowe, Harriet A P
Luetchford, Carrie C
Luetchford, Marian A
Lyman, Mary A
Lyon, Rosa B
Macadam, Minnie
MacDonald, Josephine
Mapes, Miss Josie
Martin, Mrs Hannah R
Martin, Helen M
Martin, Jennie E
Mathews, Eleanor M
Matthews, Belinda
McCullough, Miss Harriet E
McKenna, John T
McWharf, J Morton, M D
Mead, Amelia J
Mekeel, Margaret Dimon
Mills, Mary
Mellinger, Agnes W
Merriam, Belle A
Merwin, Mary A
Mills, Agnes W
Mills, Louise Payne
Monroe, Josaphine
Montgomery, Isabella C
More, Mary
Morgan, Camelia M
Morse, Elzina
Murphy, Emma Hyall, A M
Murray, Adda Hurd
Newton, R G
Niles, Miss Katie C
Niles, Mary R
Norris, L Alice
Otis, Elizabeth G
Pangborn, Lucia E
Parker, James Wilson
Parsons, Miss Lucy A
Payne, Satie D
Peck, A L
Perrine, Miss M J
Phelps, Julia A
Phillips, Mrs Florrie E
Pierie, Jennie M
Pinneo, M E Bingham
Piper, George John
Pitt, Mrs Mary J
Pool, Helen Emma
Powell, Caroline A
Powell, Mary A
Powers, S L
Pratt, Hattie S
Pratt, Mary B
Prentice, Eliza A
Redhouse, Mrs Sarah Petty
Reed, Erminia Kate
Reed, Mary L
Reed, Phebe A
Reeves, Miss Ella D
Robbins, Fannie J
Robertson, Mrs Lizzie M
Robinson, Rena Wiltse
Romeo, Mrs John
Rorrison, Clara M
Roup, Barna C
Savage, Helen C
Sawyer, Mrs Walter W
Scofield, Helen
Scott, Mrs Wm

Seymons, Joseph Lucius
Seymour, Eliza Ann
Shattuck, George Sidney
Shaw, Mrs McKendres
Short, Mrs Belle F
Sibley, Margery J
Simon, Joseph E
Skiff, Mrs Ellen M
Smith, Anna L
Smith, Miss Clarissa
Smith, Edson L
Smith, Frank
Spencer, S Amelia
Spicer, Mary C
Staats, Anna Kellogg
Stebbins, Lulu A
Steelman, Mrs Mary B
Stevens, Mrs Sarah P
Stewart, M Belle
Stickney, Ella M
Stillman, Carrie Elliott
Stoddard, Miss Frances M
Stone, Addie H
Stone, George Bryant
Strong, Julia
Strong, Mrs M Francena B
Sykes, Perlio A
Taylor, Eliza Jeannette
Thornell, Helen M
Thornell, Miss Mary J
Titus, Mary Louisa
Tompkins, Sophia Vanderbilt
Trott, Lois E
Tuttle, Edwin Jr
Twining, Emma A
Twining, Mary E
Upton, Mrs Frank S
Vanderpoel, Mrs Mary E
Vaughan, Jennie A
Vilfelen, Zilpha
Walker, Charles Eugene, M D
Walter, Ella R
Ward, Miss Jennie L
Ware, Miss Minnie
Ware, William T
Wark, Eleanora
Warren, Miss Juliette
Washburn, Wm H
Webber, Julia D
Webber, Alice L
West, Mrs Emma Case
White, Mrs Mary V W
Whitlock, Betsey A
Whitney, Emma E
Wildman, Fidelia D
Williams, Elizabeth S
Willis, Mary Angell
Wirt, Ella Louise
Wood, Mary L
Wray, Miss Mary H
Wright, Mary Emily

New Jersey.

Angle, John Wesley
Ashton, Mary
Baird, Miss Maggie J
Baker, Abram
Baker, Mary Estelle
Baldwin, Annie M
Baldwin, Sarah Marinda
Brackett, Mrs Addie
Canfield, Carrie
Carman, Emily F
Carpenter, Jeannette
Chase, Eliza E
Chevallier, Carrie E
Chevallier, Julia Augusta
Collins, Emma C
Collins, Sarah E
Cook, Miss Anna M
Corwin, Rachael Cray
Davis, Anna Sheppard
Dougall, Mary Agnes
Downes, Adelaide T
Downes, Maria A
Downes, Mary W
Eddy, Harriet E

Ferris, Ella L
Franklin, Mrs C H
Freeman, Miss Minnie C
Fulton, Joseph
Hait, Mary Hasbrouck
Harrison, Miss Mary A
Heazelton, Anna M
Hudson, Emma L
Hunt, Mrs N Adeline
Ingling, Elizabeth C
Ingling, Wm H
Jackson, Sarah Fulton
James, Rettie F
Jones, Stephen H
Kirby, Ida H
Kitchell, Clifford C
Kitchell, Lizzie F
Lippincott, Mary R
Locke, George R
Luckey, Hattie L
McMurtry, Fannie A
Minch, Emma M
Morris, Mrs Lydia H
Morse, Silas Ruttilus
Mulliner, Mary R
Newell, Augusta S
Nichols, Anna Lavinia
Parker, Miss Lizzie
Peck, Mrs S O, Jr
Pudney, Cassie S
Richmond, S Luther
Robertson, Emma J
Rowland, Rachel D
Sayre, Laura B
Schuyler, Erwin H
Schuyler, Isabel V
Scott, Mrs Lucy A
Shipman, Wm H
Smith, Harry G
Stanton, Mrs L Loisanna T
Strong, Rachel H
Thompson, Sallie H
Van Alstyne, J
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White, Mary
White, Edmund C
Wilkins, Anna K

Pennsylvania.

Adams, Anna M
Agnew, Mary Jane
Annos, Mrs Fannie B
Askin, Alfred H
Austin, Frank A
Baker, Carrie E
Baker, Mattie A
Barnetson, Edwin
Barrett, Mamie Gertrude
Beach, Hessie Cecil
Beale, Mary Rosalie
Benney, William M
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Black, Mrs A M
Bradley, Rev J Wharton
Bradley, Mrs Minnie R
Browning, Miss Laura C
Buchanan, Mattie A
Bunn, Mary R
Burns, Miss Sarah
Byles, Mrs Martha J
Clemens, Henry Sweitzer
Cole, Alice L
Coles, Mary E
Collier, Nettie A
Comly, Elizabeth F
Crawford, H Emma
Crawford, Mrs J Lynn Johnston
Culbertson, Miss J A
Cummings, Mrs E J
Daggett, Ida B
Dale, Anna M
Deens, Anna
Dinsmoor, Alice A
Dorand, Miss A J
Drown, Belle
Drury, Ann Elizabeth
Easterbrooks, Susie G
Easton, Mrs Ida Lois

Edwards, Jonathan
Elliott, Miss Maggie
Emerson, Mrs Carrie B
Emig, Flora A
Emig, Mary J
Esler, Anna P
Fentemaker, Chas D
Frick, Bella R
Fulton, Mrs S C
Galbraith, Margaret E
Gates, Mrs Augusta Hillier
Gehman, Abram E
Gibbon, Mary G
Gilliford, Alice L
Goetz, Rev George
Griffith, Emily M
Hack, Adelia M
Harris, Mrs Abbie E
Haynes, Mrs J T
Haynes, Jennie
Hench, Annie E
Herring, Miss Bella
Hershey, —
Hines, Thomas Bryson
Holloway, Lida M
Hulburt, Chas A
Hulburt, Mary C
Jewett, Mary E
Jones, Miss H Frances
Jones, Jared Emory
Kennedy, Mary J
Kernick, E M
Kernick, Mrs Lizzie A
Kerr, Miss Ella A
Kingsley, Flora
Kirk, Mercie Ann
Kirker, Mrs F H
Kirkland, Alfred Potter
Landsrath, Mrs Emily B
Laughlin, Rebecca P
Lenhart, Lyde A
Line, Albert Allan
McGeary, Wm S
McKee, Miss Mary
Moorhead, Hattie
Murdough, Lucinda H
Murrmann, Adam
Mushiltz, J H
Nutting, Louisa M
Parker, Esther, M A, N S
Parsons, John W
Patterson, Mrs A C
Patterson, Julia
Payne, Mrs E C
Peiffer, Hattie E
Perkins, Georgie
Philpot, Miss Sallie
Poppino, Anna M
Poppino, Sadie L
Pratt, Mrs A D
Ripley, Ossie L
Searle, K F
Shaffer, William H
Starkweather, Amelia M
Strayer, Emma S
Sherwood, William S
Smith, Julia A
Smith, Mrs Lillie E
Smith, Maggie A
Snyder, Hallie S
Taggart, Mary A
Taylor, Mrs Mary L
Thorpe, Lizzie A
Tull, Hannah
Vail, Anna L
Van Camp, Albert
Vera, J Adams
Wachter, Mrs Flora A
Wallace, Maria J
Warden, Mary E
Warner, Vinnia A
Watkins, Mrs M A
Watts, Edwin L
Weaver, Mattie R
Weiser, William Franklin
West, Clara Cloud
West, Louise
Wharton, Mrs Fanny B

Wheeler, Mrs C S
Wheelock, DeForest A
Wiley, Hallis
Williams, Rev Geo L
Winters, Robert S
Wyckoff, Miss Oriana
Youngs, Sidney M

Delaware.

Maloney, Anna
Morris, Wm Thos

Maryland.

Belt, William H S
Cargell, John Marcus
Cromwell, Thos Anna Sallers
Kerp, Miss Anna
Kern, Miss J Causin
Kerr, Lizzie L
Lemmon, Y Ella S
Thomson, Bessie G
Trump, Lizzie
Trump, Mrs Sarah C
Waite, Mary M

District of Columbia.

Brown, Mrs Carrie E C
Brown, Olipard B
Graham, Euphemia E
Graham, Octavia
Hamilton, Frank
Hayes, Annie M
Lacy, Anderson P
Lehman, Harriet P
Longan, Martha C
McLean, Marion J
Olcott, Mindwell Griswold
Porter, Carrie
Robinson, Emily
Walker, Addie Lucy
Walker, Geo Harold
Wise, Huldap J

Virginia.

Harrison, Margaret Norwood
Kindred, Mary Tinsley

South Carolina.

Hinton, Edmund
Deal, Celia Emma

Georgia.

Bunn, Porcia M
Oliver, Mrs Sarah P
Roy, Mrs J E
Sengstacke, Rev J H H

Florida.

Harward, Miss Jennie E
Thompson, Jay J
Waterman, Miss Grace G

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Atkinson, George Wesley
Fleming, Melissa
Faulkner, Mattie V
Kendall, Mrs Roanna L
Moss, Harry P
Tavannes, Emma B
Watkins, Wm
Wayman, John Francis
Wilding, George Cleaton
Young, Miss Ella

Ohio.

Allen, Maria L
Alsdorf, Mrs Allie
Ballard, Florence
Ballard, Laura W
Ballard, Miss Lucy B

Barber, Mrs E L
Barber, Gershon M
Beckwith, Ellen C F
Beecher, Alice M
Beswick, Alexander M
Bethel, John Clemens
Bownocker, Wm A
Brown, Miss Clara J
Brown, Mrs Martha A
Brown, Miss Mary J
Brown, Mrs Vinolia A
Bushnell, Ellen Willes
Camp, Alice Brown
Camp, Hortense
Canfield, Pauline Emerson
Cannon, May T
Casler, Ellen J E R
Chase, Sylvia L
Chesbrough, Isaac M
Christianas, Alice
Cist, Charles M
Clark, Ardelia
Clark, Luetta
Cooke, Mary A
Cottrell, Miss Mattie E
Craine, Maud S
Crawford, Robert Sampson
Curtis, Albert W
Davies, Richard R
Donaldson, Annie
Dunaway, Mary E
Dunlap, Rev Geo W
Dunlap, Henrietta L
Earle, Mary H
Edgar, Maggie B
Etheridge, Annie M
Fleet, Ruth B
Frazier, Orrin F
French, John M
French, Richmon Elroy
Fritz, Benj F
Gee, Susan Scott
Hall, Miss Kate
Hamilton, Lucinda E
Heald, Theodocia C
Henderlick, Miss Kate
Hine, Mary A
Hitchcock, Miss Ann C
Holcomb, J DeLos
Hulburt, Mrs Carrie C
Hulburt, Julia
Hull, Mrs Kate P
Humphrey, Charlotte
Humphrey, Orleia F
Hurley, Miss Florence
Hutchinson, Ophelia Head
Irwin, Elizabeth A
Jeffrey, Mrs Josephine A
Jenning, Alice
Jennings, Juliet Wallace
Jordan, Mrs Lucy
Joyce, Carrie W
Keller, Mrs Lide J
Kemble, Emma J
Kemmerlein, Amelia
Kent, Eugene E
King, Miss Mary M
Knapp, Mrs S G
Knox, Janet
Kolbe, Julia Clara
Lakeman, Clifford F
Laurie, Clara A
Laurie, Fannie S
Lingo, Harry H
Longnecker, Mrs J M
Lyman, Susan Elizabeth
McClelland, Harriet A
McConnell, Anna
McCoy, Lillian
McCreary, Jennie
McGowan, Mary
McVay, Emma C
Mann, Mrs Rosella M P
Matteson, Mrs H E
Mayes, Lucy K
Meeker, Mrs L C
Miller, Emily H
Millikin, Mattie R

Mixer, Chas A
 Moore, Miss Carrie M
 Moore, Jennie H
 Moore, Miss Lizzie
 Nurdyke, Callie E
 Norris, Carrie E
 Ober, Reuben H
 Parrett, Anna D L
 Parrott, Alice Maude
 Parsons, Mrs Loverne E
 Pennell, William W
 Perkins, Mary A
 Pixley, Elmira Adaline
 Pratt, Harriett S
 Pritchard, T C
 Ranney, Luther Kelsey
 Reed, Emma J
 Reid, M Lma
 Roath, Katie M
 Rogers, Julia A
 Rood, Alice Stone
 Saxton, Josephine
 Scott, Mrs Emma H
 Sherwin, Clara N
 Sholes, Mrs Adelia J
 Simons, Cynthia A
 Smellie, Alice A
 Smith, Laura Pease
 Smith, Mrs Jacob A
 Smith, Wm H
 Smith, Corinthia M
 Snyder, L M
 Stone, Clara E
 Stone, Harlan M
 Taggart, R D
 Taneyhill, Charles Wesley
 Thayer, Mrs H N
 Turpin, Sallie H
 Twaddle, Mrs Sabra A
 Walker, Frank Baker
 Walker, Alma E
 Weitzell, Mrs M A
 Welty, Rachel
 West, Fannie E
 West, Mary L
 White, Mrs Maria J
 Wigton, Mattie M
 Williams, Evan A
 Wilcox, Jennie E
 Wood, Mary E H
 Wright, Kate M
 Yeagley, Lafayette
 Young, Elizabeth J
 Ziegler, Mrs R J

Indiana.

Allis, Mrs J M
 Arnold, Eva
 Baker, Mrs D H
 Baylor, Adelaide
 Beckett, Millard Julian
 Birdsell, Emma A
 Blair, Jesse Harvey
 Bowman, Jennie
 Chantler, Mary E
 Claypool, Mrs J H
 Coulter, Mrs Anna Richards
 Curtiss, Geo Lewis
 Curtiss, Mary
 Donnohue, M Josephine
 Elder, Harriet E
 Emery, Mrs A W
 Forrest, Ruth Angell
 Forest, William H
 Foulke, Hattie E
 Foulke, Lizzie E
 Francis, George
 Frazer, Harriet D
 Furnas, Walton C
 Hanna, Rebecca
 Harris, Emma Burnett
 Holloway, Martha A
 Hubbard, Martha O
 Hull, Mrs G W
 Langsdale, Mary E B
 Latham, Mabel
 Lemen, Mrs J R

Lemen, Jno R
 Liddell, Elizabeth M
 Matthews, Sarah A
 McHenry, Lula M
 McIntosh, Mrs Leon
 Merrifield, Kate E
 Moore, Jennie A
 Palmer, Jessie Dana
 Patterson, Florence
 Plumer, Jane
 Poindexter, Bertha F
 Sering, Eliza B
 Simmons, Belle
 Smith, Elvira A
 Spain, M Ella
 Stewart, Mrs M E
 Stout, Lelia E
 Talburt, Carrie B
 Taylor, Ida
 Thompson, Phebe C
 Tingley, Mrs Ellen K
 Tompkins, Sabra A
 Towers, Josiah M
 Treatman, Alice Amelia
 Tuttle, Ellen Eunice
 Van Slyke, Mrs W M
 Van Slyke, Rev W M
 Watts, Margaret A
 Weeks, Harvey Russell
 Williams, Carrie R J
 Williams, Drue T

Illinois.

Banks, Alma E
 Bonnell, Mary L
 Bridges, Flora
 Brown, Miss Margaret
 Calder, Mrs Laura A
 Carpenter, Mrs Josie E
 Carson, Elizabeth
 Cassell, Mrs Mary L
 Chamberlain, Isadore
 Chase, Emma
 Clark, Mrs Mary L
 Cook, Florence E
 Crane, Mrs Richard T
 Dennis, Lucy A
 Dike, Julia C
 Dungan, George Wesley
 Fitch, Georgia
 Frazier, Mrs Annie
 Graves, Mrs Mary Brooks
 Hall, Lydia A
 Haller, Mary A S
 Hemenway, Eliza M
 Higgins, Mrs Mary E
 Hunter, Thomas C
 Hurst, Nannie R
 Joslyn, Mrs Mary
 Kean, Anna Rebecca
 Keever, Emily Verner
 Knowles, Wiley
 Lewis, Carrie N
 McKillop, Katie K
 Metcalf, Ella R
 Metcalf, Henry K
 Miller, Mrs A F
 Miller, Ruth Lee
 Moore, Charles Saeger
 Nelson, Delia J
 Neville, Mary E
 Nixon, Mrs Ruth P
 Oliver, Fanny E
 Osburn, Mrs Sarah E
 Paddock, Mrs Ella M
 Parmenter, Mary A
 Payne, Miss Agnes S
 Perkins, Martha A Steele
 Poore, Anna C
 Rexford, Alma Zerniah
 Richmond, Bel Garido
 Rietmann, Miss Greda S
 Sanburn, Althea O
 Slack, Rev Charles
 Slack, Mary
 Spray, Mary A
 Stewart, Olivia

Swezey, Ida T
 Trott, Mrs Augusta J
 Veech, Grace A
 Wallace, Wm
 Walton, Sarah Isabel
 Warren, Benjamin
 Waterbury, M Julia
 Welty, Mrs Gertrude B
 Wessling, Christian
 West, Abbie
 Wilson, Mrs Josephine M
 Yocum, Kate

Kentucky.

Bailey, Henry Webster
 Bailey, Mrs Lucy
 Earle, Mary Jane
 Fields, John Clarence
 Schaal, John G
 Shouse, Mrs Vassie Rucker
 Standish, Mary E

Tennessee.

Havey, Mrs Delia E
 Lattig, Bettie B
 Lattig, Emma L
 Milton, Louisa R
 Pepper, John R
 Rawlings, Miss L
 Shumand, Lizzie Ellen Frank

Alabama.

Silsby, Edwin C
 Silsby, Nettie B

Mississippi.

Calhoon, Mrs Sallie John
 Lamkin, Miss Augusta

Wisconsin.

Adair, Alzina M
 Alden, Violet M
 Bellis, Mrs Adelaide
 Bowes, Mary E W
 Boynton, Roxanna
 Brown, Elizer Adeline
 Brown, Frances Lillie
 Christie, Jennie M
 Cowan, Mrs Alice Ayer
 Denniston, Mrs Margaret
 Dodson, Mrs Lizzie Abbott
 Dodson, Lizzie S
 Doney, Sarah J
 Drake, Clara Belle
 Foss, Nellie
 Ford, Edna H
 Hillman, Amanda F
 Hooley, Samuel H
 Jenkins, Mary J
 Macnish, Mrs Sarah
 Millard, Mrs William
 Moe, Miss Amelia A
 Morris, Lucy E
 Ozame, Ray A
 Rhodes, Kittie Clyde
 Rogers, Mrs Viola J
 Pickard, Emma A
 Rounds, Flora C
 Sears, Nancie D
 Sedgwick, Mrs Estelle J
 Skewes, Emma
 Smiley, Caroline M
 Stair, Caroline M
 Talbot, Jane Crandall
 Ward, Minerva C
 Whittemore, Sarah C
 Williston, Clara H

Minnesota.

Blakeley, Ellen L
 Clary, Anna L
 Clary, Smith B
 Culver, May E
 Downer, A T

Fitz, J Henry
 Gould, Rossa Anna
 Hanson, Anna Adeline
 Houpt, Mrs Charles Henry
 Hoy, Mrs Emma C
 Lathrop, Charlotte E
 McEwan, Janet C Smith
 Page, Zena B
 Stinchfield, Miss Abbie
 Stinchfield, Mattie J
 Stone, Ella B
 Teitsworth, George Wilson
 Tompkins, T G
 Trowbridge, Noble A
 Van Valkenburgh, Kate M
 Wilberton, Mrs Sarah D

Michigan.

Bell, Helen M
 Campbell, Emma Pengra
 Cartwright, Susan M
 Cawley, Sarah C
 Chambers, Phebe

Cole, Lela
 Comstock, Addie A
 Cook, Mrs E H
 Cooley, Miss Hattie A
 Eldridge, Miss Carrie L
 Ely, Minnie Owen
 Finster, Mrs H C
 Firman, Adella Curtis
 Floyd, Myrtle Jessie
 Giddings, Kate Isabel
 Greene, Emma R
 Greene, Jas W
 Hood, Mrs Cyrus J
 Hubbard, Mabel E
 Johns, Emma C
 Kendrick, Mrs Minnie A
 Kesling, Marcia C West
 La Fleur, Mrs Fred
 La Fleur, Fred C
 Laidlow, Mrs T W
 Lovell, Miss A
 Lyman, Allie R
 Major, Libbie L
 Mallory, Mrs Rosie E
 McIlwain, Mrs Alexander
 Metcalf, Joseph W
 Metcalf, Miss Lizzie
 Millis, Frank
 Morgan, Miss Libbie
 Morgan, Mary Elizabeth
 Murray, Mrs C Adelia
 Nash, Mary E
 Osborn, Annette J
 Potter, Mrs Kate E
 Rice, Emma
 Robson, Adda Grace
 Rollins, Fred E
 Rowe, Mary A
 Schenck, Linna A
 Sigler, Mrs H F
 Sinclair, Lizzie C
 Smith, Mrs H Darsen
 Sparling, John G
 Sparling, Anna Maria
 Steere, Grace E
 Stevens, Anna E
 Tillson, Minnie Bennett
 Toncray, Josephine E
 Travis, Clara
 Turrell, C W
 Van Auker, Mrs M Antoinette
 Russell, Mrs Abbie M
 Woodhams, Nettie F
 Yale, Mrs Sarah A

Iowa.

Alcott, Sarah E
 Barclay, Mrs Belle C
 Beall, Ennie
 Beall, Randolph S
 Bean, Samuel M D
 Bingham, Mary Upham
 Bowman, Mary A
 Brooks, Anna B
 Brownell, Mrs Julia Emeline

Cheesman, S Madeleine
Cooper, Emma P
Cowles, Mrs Alice S
Davidson, Mrs Jas
Gillespie, Esther L
Grout, Angie B
Hawkinson, Hattie J
Harris, Rachel S
Hetherington, Sue W
Hill, Ellen D A
Hoyt, Mrs S C
Huntoon, Mrs Emma M
Karr, Mrs Anna W
Lawrence, Mrs Abbie Orilla
Lorang, Mrs Wilma
Manwell, Mrs C H
Marvin, Mary M
Maxwell, Edith A
May, Rev Eugene
McCartney, Alice Cary
McIntyre, Mrs Hattie A
McKinley, Rev Russell A
Merriman, Mrs Isa M
Moseley, Ettie D
Neilly, Mrs Martha H
Newman, Frank E
Nye, Mrs Ada M
O'Bryan, Anelia C
Pollock, Mrs Mary G L
Price, Theresa M
Rutledge, Cyrus Felton
Schooley, Laura
Smith, Mrs Sarah B
Stever, Juliet H
Tatham, Florence Adelia
Tatham, Cora Louise
Thomas, Annie M
Wallace, Eva
Waterbury, Mary L
Watts, Mrs Eliza A
Weaver, Annie E
Wolfe, Frederick C
Wolfe, Elvira J

Missouri.

Bourne, Mrs Anna R D
Bradford, Mrs Geo H
Burrell, Arthur S
Cox, Thomas S
Hyden, Miss Carrie J
Henderson, David Rees
Kerch, Mrs Julia M
Kibbey, Francis Marion
Langhoun, Mamie
Martin, Oliver M
Purmort, Mrs Emeline Clark
Stevens, Margaret M
Wohlberg, John
Woods, Mary Agnes

Louisiana.

Williams, G B

Dakota Territory.

Davis, Rose A
Dresbach, Annie E
Hood, Angie C
Hood, Benjamin F
Hughes, George Thomas
Miller, Mrs Ella V
Small, Abbie M
Smith, Burton W
Stanley, Chas H
Stevens, Mrs C B
Wilder, Frances Durand

Nebraska.

Edmundson, Elizabeth

Kansas.

Bradbury, Jennie E
Hill, Miss Rebecca
Holmes, Mrs Alice B
Johnson, Mrs Abbie C

Sickner, Mrs A W
Stoddard, Mrs Addie S
Watson, Clara A

Texas.

Armstrong, Ramsey C
Bell, A C
Edwards, Thos Geo
Starr, Georgie Mehaffey
Watkins, Georgie Isham

Colorado.

Cooper, Mrs Anna M

Washington Territory.

Strobach, Placie Howard

California.

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Austin, Almira L
Barrows, Edward C
Bennett, Mrs A G
Burritt, Alice, M D
Carrick, Mary A
Chapin, Mrs Alice E
Chapman, M A
Crane, Mrs E T
Curtis, Wm Tontes
Gafney, Mrs Lucy M
Gardiner, Mrs Anna J
Gosbey, Mrs Sarah F
Greathead, Mrs Estelle H
Hunt, Mrs Jno W L
Huse, Alice Redman
Lacklison, Ellen
Lakin, Mrs Mary E
Lynds, D M
McBride, Miss Mattie
McCowen, Mary E P
McKee, Minnie Hubbard
Merriam, Bessie Broughton
Merritt, Harriet J
Miller, Mrs Mira E
Minard, Clara Cheeney
Muzzy, Miss Sarah
Polhemus, Lucretia E
Pond, N Flotilla Watson
Reynolds, Emily M
Russell, Mrs Caroline B
Stone, Miss Henrietta
Stratton, Dr C C
Summers, Mrs J H
Thompson, Miss Gertrude H
Walker, Cornelia
Wallace, May Frances
Walton, Mrs Sarah E
Warboys, Mrs Jennie
Wells, Alice M
Wood, Emma Alfaretta
Wrench, Mrs Lydia M
Wythe, Dr Joseph H

Province of Ontario.

Anand, James
Barnett, Kate H
Chubbuck, Charles Edward D
Donogh, John Ormsby
Ellis, Robert B
Frost, Maria E
Greene, Rev Josius
Hughes, Annie A
Keith, Mary
Langille, Adalena D
Law, Arminda Myrtal
Lawe, John W
McLeay, Jno A
Peake, William Henry
Philp, Rev Joseph
Strachan, Richard
Wilson, Charles James

China.

Bainbridge, Miss Lisle

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Köstlin's "Life of Luther" * is really an important contribution to our biographical literature. The fourth centennial has just been celebrated in all Protestant countries, and much valuable information given to the people from the pulpit and the press. The Reformation and the principal agent God used to accomplish it are now discussed as they have not been before for five centuries—yet the subject is by no means exhausted. This latest book from the pen of a learned German so well qualified, and thoroughly furnished for his work, will be read with unusual interest by thousands whose attention has recently been directed to the life and time of the great reformer. The Professor, whose larger work in two volumes is a classic, has also wrought well in this, and given us a real biography that presents its subject fairly. All essential facts are freely admitted, even when disparaging, and any one by attentive reading will gain a better knowledge of Luther, of his homes and his friends. The author, who did his work well, doubtless appears to better advantage in his own vernacular than in the translation, which, though creditable as very plain English, might be improved by re-casting some sentences, and by a little more careful proof reading.

"The Old Testament Student" is a well filled, ably conducted monthly magazine, published at Chicago for the "American Institute of Hebrew," subscription price, \$2.00. It can hardly fail to be useful to all Bible students, particularly those who desire a more thorough acquaintance with the original.

"Mottoes of Methodism" † is an unassuming but beautiful little volume, and would be found a real treasure in any Christian family. It is simply a selection of brief suggestive passages from the prose writings of John, and the poetry of Charles Wesley; harmonized with a passage of Scripture for each day of the year. Some other title, we think, as "Themes for Daily Meditation," "Helpful Suggestions from Reliable Sources," would better indicate the character of the book, which is intensely evangelical, but, in no sense, distinctively Methodist.

* "Life of Luther." By Julius Köstlin, with illustrations from Authentic Sources, translated from the German. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.
† "Mottoes of Methodism." Selected and arranged by Rev. Jesse T. Whitley. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1883.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Judith; a Chronicle of Old Virginia." By Marion Harland. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co. New York: Fords, Howard and Hurlburt. 1883.

"Mexico and The Mexican; or Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1883." By Howard Conkling. With illustrations. New York: Tantor Brothers, Merrill & Co. 1883.

"Suggestions to China Painters." By M. Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1884.

"Oregon; The Struggle for Possession." By William Barrows. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.



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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
MARCH.

READINGS FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

I.—AN OUTLINE OF FRENCH HISTORY.*

1. Gallia was the name under which France was designated by the Romans, who knew little of the country till the time of Cæsar, when it was occupied by the Aquitani, Celtæ, and Belgæ.

2. Under Augustus, Gaul was divided into four provinces, which, under subsequent emperors, were dismembered, and subdivided into seventeen.

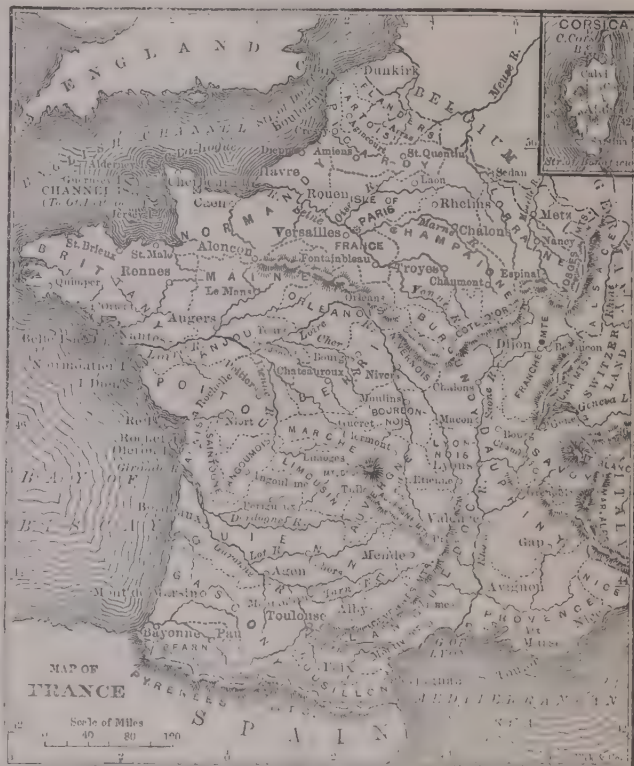
3. In the fifth century it fell completely under the power of the Visigoths, Burgundians, and Franks.

4. In 486 A. D., Clovis, a chief of the Salian Franks, raised himself to supreme power in the north. His dynasty, known as the Merovingian, ended in the person of Childeric III., who was deposed 752 A. D.

5. The accession of Pepin gave new vigor to the monarchy, which, under his son and successor, Charlemagne,† crowned Emperor in the west in 800 (768-814), rose to the rank of the most powerful empire of the west. With him, however, this vast fabric of power crumbled to pieces, and his weak descendants completed the ruin of the Frankish Empire by the dismemberment of its various parts among the younger branches of the Carolingian family.

6. On the death of Louis V. the Carolingian dynasty was replaced by that of Hugues, Count of Paris, whose son, Hugues Capet, was elected king by the army, and consecrated at Rheims 987 A. D.

7. At this period the greater part of France was held by almost independent lords. Louis Le Gros (1108-1137) was the first ruler who succeeded in combining the whole under his scepter. He promoted the establishment of the feudal system, abolished serfdom on his own estates, secured corporate rights to the cities under his jurisdiction, gave efficiency to the central authority of the Crown, carried on a war against Henry I.,



of England; and when the latter allied himself with the Emperor Henry V., of Germany, against France, he brought into the field an army of 200,000 men.

8. The *Oriflamme* is said to have been borne aloft for the first time on this occasion as the national standard.

9. Louis VII. (1137-'80) was almost incessantly engaged in war with Henry II., of England.

10. His son and successor, Philippe Auguste (1180-1223), recovered Normandy, Maine, Touraine, and Poitou from John of England. He took an active personal share in the crusades. Philippe was the first to levy a tax for the maintenance of the standing army.

11. Many noble institutions date their origin from this reign, as the University of Paris, the Louvre, etc.

12. Louis IX. effected many modifications in the fiscal department, and, before his departure for the crusades, secured the rights of the Gallican church by special statute, in order to counteract the constantly increasing assumptions of the Papal power.

13. Philippe IV. (1285-1314), surnamed *Le Bel*, acquired Navarre, Champagne, and Brie by marriage.

14. Charles IV. (*Le Bel*, 1321-'28) was the last direct descendant of the Capetian line.

15. Philippe VI., the first of the House of Valois (1328-'50), succeeded in right of the Salic law. His reign, and those of

*From "The People's Commentary"—and paragraphed.

The words in **this type** call attention to "Readings" to follow.

his successors, Jean (1350-'64) and Charles V. (*Le Sage*, 1364-'80), were disturbed by constant wars with Edward III., of England. Hostilities began in 1339; in 1346 the Battle of Crecy was fought; at the battle of Poitiers (1356) Jean was made captive; and before the final close, after the death of Edward (1377), the state was reduced to bankruptcy.

16. During the regency for the minor, Charles VI. (*Le Bien Aime*, 1380-1422), the war was renewed with increased vigor on the part of the English nation.

17. The signal victory won by the English at Agincourt in 1415 aided Henry in his attempts upon the throne. But the extraordinary influence exercised over her countrymen by Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, aided in bringing about a thorough reaction, and, after a period of murder, rapine and anarchy, Charles VII. (*Le Victorieux*, 1422-'61) was crowned at Rheims.

18. His successor, Louis XI. (1461-'83), succeeded in recovering for the Crown the territories of Maine, Anjou and Provence, while he made himself master of some portions of the territories of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

19. Charles VIII. (1483-'98), by his marriage with Anne of Brittany, secured that powerful state. With him ended the direct male succession of the House of Valois.

20. Louis XII. (1498-1515), *Le Père Du Peuple*, was the only representative of the *Valois-Orleans* family; his successor, Francis I. (1547), was of the *Valois-Angoulême* branch.

21. The defeat of Francis at the battle of Pavia, in 1525, and his subsequent imprisonment at Madrid, threw the affairs of the nation into the greatest disorder.

22. In the reign of Henri II. began the persecutions of the Protestants. Henri III. (1574-'89) was the last of this branch of the Valois. The massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572) was perpetrated under the direction of the Queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, and the confederation of the league, at the head of which were the Guises. The wars of the league, which were carried by the latter against the Bourbon branches of the princes of the blood-royal, involved the whole nation in their vortex.

23. The succession of Henri IV., of Navarre (1589-1610), a Bourbon prince, descended from a younger son of St. Louis, allayed the fury of these religious wars, but his recantation of Protestantism in favor of Catholicism disappointed his own party.

24. During the minority of his son, Louis XIII. (1610-'43), Cardinal Richelieu, under the nominal regency of Marie de' Medici, the Queen-mother, ruled with a firm hand. Cardinal Mazarin, under the regency of the Queen-mother, Anne of Austria, exerted nearly equal power for some time during the minority of Louis XIV. (1643-1715).

25. The wars of the Fronde, the misconduct of the Parliament, and the humbling of the nobility, gave rise to another civil war, but with the assumption of power by young Louis a new era commenced, and till near the close of his long reign the military successes of the French were most brilliant.

26. Louis XV. (1715-'75) succeeded to a heritage whose glory was tarnished, and whose stability was shaken to its very foundations during his reign.

27. The peace of Paris (1763), by which the greater portion of the colonial possessions of France were given up to England, terminated an inglorious war, in which the French had expended 1350 millions of francs.

28. In 1774 Louis XVI., a well-meaning, weak prince, succeeded to the throne. The American war of freedom had disseminated Republican ideas among the lower orders, while the Assembly of the notables had discussed and made known to all classes the incapacity of the government and the wanton prodigality of the court. The nobles and the *tiers état* were alike clamorous for a meeting of the states; the former wishing to impose new taxes on the nation, and the latter determined to inaugurate a thorough and systematic reform.

29. After much opposition on the part of the king and court, the *Etats Généreaux*, which had not met since 1614, assembled at Versailles on the 25th of May, 1789. The resistance made by Louis and his advisers to the reasonable demands of the deputies on the 17th of June, 1789, led to the constitution of the National Assembly. The consequence was the outbreak of insurrectionary movements at Paris, where blood was shed on the 12th of July. On the following day the National Guard was convoked; and on the fourteenth the people took possession of the Bastille. The royal princes and all the nobles who could escape, sought safety in flight.

30. The royal family, having attempted in vain to follow their example, tried to conciliate the people by the feigned assumption of Republican sentiment; but on the 5th of October the rabble, followed by numbers of the National Guard, attacked Versailles, and compelled the king and his family to remove to Paris, whither the Assembly also moved.

31. A war with Austria was begun in April, 1792, and the defeat of the French was visited on Louis, who was confined in August with his family in the temple. In December the king was brought to trial. On the 20th of January, 1793, sentence of death was passed on him, and on the following day he was beheaded.

32. Marie Antoinette, the widowed Queen, was guillotined; the Dauphin and his surviving relatives suffered every indignity that malignity could devise. A reign of blood and terror succeeded.

33. The brilliant exploits of the young general, Napoleon Bonaparte, in Italy, turned men's thoughts to other channels.

34. In 1795 a general amnesty was declared, peace was concluded with Prussia and Spain, and the war was carried on with double vigor against Austria.

35. The revolution had reached a turning point. A Directory was formed to administer the government, which was now conducted in a spirit of order and conciliation.

36. In 1797 Bonaparte and his brother-commanders were omnipotent in Italy. Austria was compelled to give up Belgium, accede to peace on any terms, and recognize the Cis-Alpine republic.

37. Under the pretext of attacking England, a fleet of 400 ships and an army of 36,000 picked men were equipped; their destination proved, however, to be Egypt, whither the Directory sent Bonaparte; but the young general resigned the command to Kleber, landed in France in 1799, and at once succeeded in supplanting the Directory, and securing his own nomination as Consul.

38. In 1800 a new constitution was promulgated, which vested the sole executive power in Bonaparte. Having resumed his military duties, he marched an army over the Alps, attacked the Austrians unawares, and decided the fate of Italy by his victory at Marengo.

39. In 1804, on an appeal of universal suffrage to the nation, Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor. By his marriage with the archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the emperor of Germany, Napoleon seemed to have given to his throne the prestige of birth, which alone it had lacked. The disastrous Russian campaign, in which his noble army was lost amid the rigors of a northern winter, was soon followed by the falling away of his allies and feudatories.

40. Napoleon himself was still victorious wherever he appeared in person, but his generals were beaten in numerous engagements; and the great defeat of Leipsic compelled the French to retreat beyond the Rhine. The Swedes brought reinforcements to swell the ranks of his enemies on the east frontier, while the English pressed on from the west; Paris, in the absence of the emperor, capitulated after a short resistance, March 30, 1814. Napoleon retired to the island of Elba.

41. On the 2d of May, Louis XVIII. (the brother of Louis XVI.) made his entry into Paris.

42. On the 1st of March, 1815, Napoleon left Elba, and landed

in France. Crowds followed him; the soldiers flocked around his standard; the Bourbons fled, and he took possession of their lately deserted palaces. The news of his landing spread terror through Europe; and on the 25th of March a treaty of alliance was signed at Vienna between Austria, Russia, Prussia and England, and preparations at once made to put down the movement in his favor, and restore the Bourbon dynasty.

43. At first, the old prestige of success seemed to attend Napoleon; but on the 18th of June he was thoroughly defeated at Waterloo; and, having placed himself under the safeguard of the English, he was sent to the island of St. Helena.

44. In 1821 Napoleon breathed his last at St. Helena; and in 1824 Louis XVIII. died without direct heirs, and his brother, the duc d'Artois, succeeded as Charles X. The same ministerial incapacity, want of good faith, general discontent, and excessive priestly influence characterized his reign, which was abruptly brought to a close by the revolution of 1830, and the election to the throne of Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans, as king, by the will of the people.

45. Louis Philippe having abdicated (February 24, 1848), a republic was proclaimed, under a provisional government. Louis Napoleon was elected president of the Republic in December, 1848, but by the famous *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he violently set aside the Constitution, and assumed dictatorial powers; and a year after was raised, by the almost unanimous voice of the nation, to the dignity of Emperor, as Napoleon III.

46. The result of the appeal made to the nation in 1870, on the plea of securing their sanction for his policy, was not what he had anticipated. The course of events in the short but terrible Franco-German war of 1870-71, electrified Europe by its unexpected character.

47. On September 2, 1870, Napoleon, with his army of 90,000 men, surrendered at Sedan. With the concurrence of Prussia the French nation next proceeded, by a general election of representatives, to provide for the exigencies of the country.

48. A republic was proclaimed, and the first national assembly met at Bordeaux in February, 1871. After receiving from the provisional government of defense the resignation of the powers confided to them in September, 1870, the Assembly undertook to organize the republican government, and nominated M. Thiers chief of the executive power of the state, with the title of President of the French Republic, but with the condition of responsibility to the National Assembly.

49. The ex-Emperor Napoleon died in 1872, at Chiselhurst, England, where he had resided with his family since his liberation in March, 1871.

50. In 1873 M. Thiers resigned the office of President of the French Republic, and was succeeded by Marshal MacMahon, who resigned in 1879, and was succeeded by M. Grévy.

II.—THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

From their Celtic ancestry, the Gauls, the French people inherited a certain heedlessness of character, or want of foresight as to consequences. The Romans communicated to them their language; the Franks, a teutonic people, by whom they were captured in the fifth century, gave them a national designation; but to neither the Romans nor Franks were they materially indebted for those qualities which ordinarily stamp the national or individual character. We have therefore to keep in mind that, through all the vicissitudes of modern history, the French people have remained essentially Celtic. With many good qualities—bold, tasteful, quick-witted, ingenious—they have some less to be admired—impulsive, restless, vain, bombastic, fond of display, and, as Cæsar described them, "lovers of novelty." They have ever boasted of being at the head of civilization; but with all their acknowledged advancement in literature and science, they have at every stage in their political career demonstrated a singular and absolutely pitiable want of common sense,—*Chambers' Miscellany*.

III.—CHARLEMAGNE.

From the accession, in 768, of Charlemagne, eldest son of Pepin le Bref may be dated the establishment of clerical power, the rise of chivalry, and the foundation of learning in the Empire of France. He was a man of extraordinary foresight and strength of character, and possessed not only the valor of a hero and the skill of a general, but the calm wisdom of a statesman, and the qualities of a judicious sovereign. Ambitious of conquest as Alexander or Darius, he nevertheless provided as conscientiously for the welfare of his subjects and the advancement of letters, as did Alfred the Great of England about a century afterwards. He founded schools and libraries—convoked national assemblies—revised laws—superintended the administration of justice—encouraged scientific men and professors of the fine arts—and, during a reign of forty-six years, extended his frontiers beyond the Danube, imposed tribute upon the barbarians of the Vistula, made his name a terror to the Saracen tribes, and added Northern Italy to the dependencies of France. Notwithstanding these successes, it appears that the conquest and conversion of the Saxons (a nation of German idolaters, whose territories bordered closely upon his chosen capital of Aix-la-Chapelle) formed the darling enterprise of this powerful monarch. From 770 to 804, his arms were constantly directed against them; and in Wittikind, their heroic leader, he encountered a warrior as fearless, if not as fortunate, as himself. The brave Saxons were, however, no match for one whose triumphs procured him the splendid title of Emperor of the West, and who gathered his daring hosts from dominions which comprised the whole of France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Prussia, and were only bounded on the east by the Carpathian mountains, and on the west by the Ebro and the ocean. Year after year he wasted their country with fire and sword, overthrew their idols, leveled their temples to the ground, erected fortresses amid the ruins of their villages, and carried away vast numbers of captives to the interior of Gaul. To this forced emigration succeeded a conversion equally unwelcome. Thousands of reluctant Saxons were compelled to subscribe to the ceremony of baptism; their principalities were portioned off among abbots and bishops; and Wittikind did homage to Charlemagne in the Champs-de-Mars.

It was about this period that the Danes and Normans first began to harass the northern coasts of Europe. Confident of their naval strength, they attacked the possessions of Charlemagne with as little hesitation as those of his less formidable neighbor, Egbert of Wessex; descended upon Friesland as boldly as upon Teignmouth or Hengesdown; and even ventured with their galleys into the port of a city of Narbonne Gaul at a time when the emperor himself was sojourning within its walls. Springing up, as they did, toward the close of so prosperous a reign, these new invaders proved more dangerous than Charlemagne had anticipated. He caused war barks to be stationed at the mouths of his great rivers, and in 808 marched an army to the defense of Friesland. On this occasion, however, he was glad to make terms of peace; and it is said that the increasing power of the Baltic tribes embittered his later days with presentiments of that decay which shortly afterward befell his gigantic empire. From the conclusion of this peace to the date of his death in the year 814, no event of historical importance occurred; and the great emperor was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle, in that famous cathedral of which he was the founder.

The race of Carlovingian kings took their name, and only their name, from this, their magnificent ancestor. Weak of purpose as the descendants of Clovis, and endued, perhaps, with even a less share of animal courage, they suffered their mighty inheritance to be wrested from them, divided, subdivided, pillaged and impoverished. No portion of French history is so disastrous, so unsatisfactory, and so obscure as that which relates to this epoch. Indeed, toward the commencement of the tenth century, an utter blank occurs, and

we are left for many years without any record whatever.—*A. B. E.*

IV.—THE BATTLE OF CRECY AND SIEGE OF CALAIS.

Although Edward III., by supporting with troops and officers, and sometimes even in person, the cause of the countess of Montfort—and Philip of Valois, by assisting in the same way Charles of Blois and Joan of Penthievre, took a very active, if indirect, share in the war in Brittany, the two kings persisted in not calling themselves at war; and when either of them proceeded to acts of unquestionable hostility, they eluded the consequences of them by hastily concluding truces incessantly violated and as incessantly renewed. They had made use of this expedient in 1340; and they had recourse to it again in 1342, 1343, and 1344. The last of these truces was to have lasted up to 1346; but in the spring of 1345, Edward resolved to put an end to this equivocal position, and to openly recommence war. He announced his intention to Pope Clement IV., to his own lieutenants in Brittany, and to all the cities and corporations of his kingdom. The tragic death of Van Artevelde, however (1345), proved a great loss to the king of England. He was so much affected by it that he required a whole year before he could resume with any confidence his projects of war; and it was not until the 2nd of July, 1346, that he embarked at Southampton, taking with him, beside his son, the prince of Wales, hardly sixteen years of age, an army which comprised, according to Froissart, seven earls, more than thirty-five barons, a great number of knights, four thousand men-at-arms, ten thousand English archers, six thousand Irish and twelve thousand Welsh infantry, in all something more than thirty-two thousand men. By the advice of Godfrey d'Harcourt, he marched his army over Normandy; he took and plundered on his way Harfleur, Cherbourg, Valognes, Carentan, St. Lô, and Caen; then, continuing his march, he occupied Louviers, Vernon, Verneuil, Nantes, Meulan, and Poissy, where he took up his quarters in the old residence of King Robert; and thence his troops advanced and spread themselves as far as Ruel, Neuilly, Boulogne, St. Cloud, Bourg-la-Reine and almost to the gates of Paris, whence could be seen "the fire and smoke from burning villages." Philip recalled in all haste his troops from Aquitaine, commanded the burgher forces to assemble, and gave them, as he had given all his allies, St. Denis for the rallying point. At sight of so many great lords and all sorts of men of war flocking together from all points the Parisians took fresh courage. "For many a long day there had not been at St. Denis a king of France in arms and fully prepared for battle."

Edward began to be afraid of having pushed too far forward, and of finding himself endangered in the heart of France, confronted by an army which would soon be stronger than his own. He, accordingly, marched northward, where he flattered himself he would find partisans, counting especially on the help of the Flemings, who, in fulfillment of their promise, had already advanced as far as Béthune to support him. Philip moved with all his army into Picardy in pursuit of the English army, which was in a hurry to reach and cross the Somme, and so continue its march northward.

When Edward, after passing the Somme, had arrived near Crécy, five leagues from Abbeville, in the countship of Ponthieu, which had formed part of his mother Isabel's dowry, "Halt we here," said he to his marshals; "I will go no farther till I have seen the enemy; I am on my mother's rightful inheritance, which was given her on her marriage; I will defend it against mine adversary, Philip of Valois;" and he rested in the open fields, he and all his men, and made his marshals mark well the ground where they would set their battle in array. Philip, on his side, had moved to Abbeville, where all his men came and joined him, and whence he sent out scouts to learn the truth about the English. When he knew that they were resting in the open fields near Crécy and showed that they were

awaiting their enemies, the king of France was very joyful, and said that, please God, they should fight him on the morrow [the day after Friday, August 25, 1346].

On Saturday, the 26th of August, after having heard mass, Philip started from Abbeville with all his barons. The battle began with an attack by fifteen thousand Genoese bowmen, who marched forward, and leaped thrice with a great cry; their arrows did little execution, as the strings of their bows had been relaxed by the damp; the English archers now taking their bows from their cases, poured forth a shower of arrows upon this multitude, and soon threw them into confusion; the Genoese falling back upon the French cavalry, were by them cut to pieces, and being allowed no passage, were thus prevented from again forming in the rear; this absurd inhumanity lost the battle, as the young Prince of Wales, taking advantage of the irretrievable disorder, led on his line at once to the charge. "No one can describe or imagine," says Froissart, "the bad management and disorder of the French army, though their troops were out of number." Philip was led from the field by John of Hainault, and he rode till he came to the walls of the castle of Broye, where he found the gates shut; ordering the governor to be summoned, when the latter inquired, it being dark, who it was that called at so late an hour, he answered; "Open, open, governor; it is the fortune of France;" and accompanied by five barons only he entered the castle.

Whilst Philip, with all speed, was on the road back to Paris with his army, as disheartened as its king, and more disorderly in retreat than it had been in battle, Edward was hastening, with ardor and intelligence, to reap the fruits of his victory. In the difficult war of conquest he had undertaken, what was clearly of most importance to him was to possess on the coast of France, as near as possible to England, a place which he might make, in his operations by land and sea, a point of arrival and departure, of occupancy, of provisioning, and of secure refuge. Calais exactly fulfilled these conditions. On arriving before the place, September 3rd, 1346, Edward "immediately had built all round it," says Froissart, "houses and dwelling places of solid carpentry, and arranged in streets, as if he were to remain there for ten or twelve years, for his intention was not to leave it winter or summer, whatever time and whatever trouble he must spend and take. He called this new town *Villeneuve la Hardie*; and he had therein all things necessary for an army, and more too, as a place appointed for the holding of a market on Wednesday and Saturday; and therein were mercers' shops and butchers' shops, and stores for the sale of cloth and bread and all other necessities. King Edward did not have the city of Calais assaulted by his men, well knowing that he would lose his pains, but said he would starve it out, however long a time it might cost him, if King Philip of France did not come to fight him again, and raise the siege."

Calais had for its governor John de Vienne, a valiant and faithful Burgundian knight, "the which seeing," says Froissart, "that the king of England was making every sacrifice to keep up the siege, ordered that all sorts of small folk, who had no provisions, should quit the city without further notice." The Calaisians endured for eleven months all the sufferings arising from isolation and famine. The King of France made two attempts to relieve them. On the 20th of May, 1347, he assembled his troops at Amiens; but they were not ready to march till about the middle of July, and as long before as the 23rd of June, a French fleet of ten galleys and thirty-five transports had been driven off by the English.

When the people of Calais saw that all hope of a rescue had slipped from them, they held a council, resigned themselves to offer submission to the king of England, rather than die of hunger, and begged their governor, John de Vienne, to enter into negotiations for that purpose with the besiegers. Walter de Manny, instructed by Edward to reply to these overtures, said to John de Vienne, "The king's intent is that ye put your-

selves at his free will to ransom or put to death, such as it shall please him; the people of Calais have caused him so great displeasure, cost him so much money and lost him so many men, that it is not astonishing if that weighs heavily upon him." In his final answer to the petition of the unfortunate inhabitants, Edward said: "Go, Walter, to them of Calais, and tell the governor that the greatest grace they can find in my sight is that six of the most notable burghers come forth from their town bareheaded, barefooted, with ropes round their necks and with the keys of the town and castle in their hands. With them I will do according to my will and the rest I will receive to mercy." It is well known how the king would have put to death Eustace de St. Pierre, and his companions, and how their lives were spared at the intercession of Queen Philippa.

Eustace, more concerned for the interests of his own town than for those of France, and being more of a Calaisian burgher than a national patriot, showed no hesitation, for all that appears, in serving, as a subject of the king of England, his native city, for which he had shown himself so ready to die. At his death, which happened in 1351, his heirs declared themselves faithful subjects of the king of France, and Edward confiscated away from them the possessions he had restored to their predecessor. Eustace de St. Pierre's cousin and comrade in devotion to their native town, John d'Aire, would not enter Calais again; his property was confiscated, and his house, the finest, it is said, in the town, was given by King Edward to Queen Philippa, who showed no more hesitation in accepting it than Eustace in serving his new king. Long-lived delicacy of sentiment and conduct was rarer in those rough and rude times than heroic bursts of courage and devotion.

The battle of Crécy and the loss of Calais were reverses from which Philip of Valois never even made a serious attempt to recover; he hastily concluded with Edward a truce, twice renewed, which served only to consolidate the victor's successes.

V.—JOAN OF ARC.

On the 6th of January, 1428, at Domremy, a little village in the valley of the Meuse, between Neufchâtel and Vaucouleurs, on the edge of the frontier from Champagne to Lorraine, the young daughter of simple tillers-of-the-soil "of good life and repute, herself a good, simple, gentle girl, no idler, occupied hitherto in sewing or spinning with her mother or driving afiel her parent's sheep and sometimes even, when her father's turn came round, keeping for him the whole flock of the commune," was fulfilling her sixteenth year. It was Joan of Arc, whom all her neighbors called Joannette. Her early childhood was passed amidst the pursuits characteristic of a country life; her behavior was irreproachable, and she was robust, active, and intrepid. Her imagination becoming inflamed by the distressed situation of France, she dreamed that she had interviews with St. Margaret, St. Catherine, and St. Michael, who commanded her, in the name of God, to go and raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct Charles to be crowned at Rheims. Accordingly she applied to Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the neighboring town of Vaucouleurs, revealing to him her inspiration, and conjuring him not to neglect the voice of God, which spoke through her. This officer for some time treated her with neglect; but at length, prevailed on by repeated importunities, he sent her to the king at Chinon, to whom, when introduced, she said: "Gentle Dauphin, my name is Joan the Maid, the King of Heaven hath sent me to your assistance; if you please to give me troops, by the grace of God and the force of arms, I will raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to be crowned at Rheims, in spite of your enemies." Her requests were now granted; she was armed *cap-a-pie*, mounted on horseback, and provided with a suitable retinue. Previous to her attempting any exploit, she wrote a long letter to the young English monarch, commanding him to withdraw his forces from France, and threatening his destruction in case of

refusal. She concluded with "hear this advice from God and *la Pucelle*."

But, side by side with these friends, she had an adversary in the king's favorite, George de la Trémoille, an ambitious courtier, jealous of any one, who seemed within the range of the king's good graces, and opposed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, since it hampered him in the policy he wished to keep up toward the duke of Burgundy. To the ill-will of La Trémoille was added that of the majority of courtiers enlisted in the following of the powerful favorite, and that of warriors irritated at the importance acquired at their expense by a rustic and fantastic little adventuress. Here was the source of the enmities and intrigues which stood in the way of all Joan's demands, rendered her successes more tardy, difficult, and incomplete, and were one day to cost her more dearly still.

At the end of about five weeks the expedition was in readiness. It was a heavy convoy of revictualment protected by a body of ten or twelve thousand men commanded by Marshal de Boussac, and numbering amongst them Xaintrailles and La Hire. The march began on the 27th of April, 1429. Joan had caused the removal of all women of bad character, and had recommended her comrades to confess. She took the communion in the open air, before their eyes; and a company of priests, headed by her chaplain, Pasquerel, led the way whilst chanting sacred hymns. Great was the surprise amongst the men-at-arms. Many had words of mockery on their lips. It was the time when La Hire used to say, "If God were a soldier, he would turn robber." Nevertheless, respect got the better of habit; the most honorable were really touched; the coarsest considered themselves bound to show restraint. On the 29th of April they arrived before Orleans. But, in consequence of the road they had followed, the Loire was between the army and the town; the expeditionary corps had to be split in two; the troops were obliged to go and feel for the bridge of Blois in order to cross the river; and Joan was vexed and surprised. Dunois, arrived from Orleans in a little boat, urged her to enter the town that same evening. "Are you the bastard of Orleans?" asked she, when he accosted her. "Yes; and I am rejoiced at your coming." "Was it you who gave counsel for making me come hither by this side of the river and not the direct way, over yonder where Talbot and the English were?" "Yes; such was the opinion of the wisest captains."

Joan's first undertaking was against Orleans, which she entered without opposition on the 29th of April, 1429, on horseback, completely armed, preceded by her own banner, and having beside her Dunois, and behind her the captains of the garrison and several of the most distinguished burgesses of Orleans, who had gone out to meet her. The population, one and all, rushed thronging round her, carrying torches, and greeting her arrival "with joy as great as if they had seen God come down amongst them." With admirable good sense, discovering the superior merits of Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, a celebrated captain, she wisely adhered to his instructions; and by constantly harassing the English, and beating up their intrenchments in various desperate attacks, in all of which she displayed the most heroic courage, Joan in a few weeks compelled the earl of Suffolk and his army to raise the siege, having sustained the loss of six thousand men. The proposal of crowning Charles at Rheims would formerly have appeared like madness, but the Maid of Orleans now insisted on its fulfillment. She accordingly recommenced the campaign on the 10th of June; to complete the deliverance of Orleans an attack was begun upon the neighboring places, Jargeau, Meung, and Beaugency; thousands of the late dispirited subjects of Charles now flocked to his standard, many towns immediately declared for him; and the English, who had suffered in various actions at that of Jargeau, when the earl of Suffolk was taken prisoner, and at that of Patay, when Sir John Fastolfe fled without striking a blow, seemed now to be totally dispirited. On the 16th

of July King Charles entered Rheims, and the ceremony of his coronation was fixed for the morrow.

It was solemn and emotional as are all old national traditions which recur after a forced suspension. Joan rode between Dunois and the archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of France. The air resounded with the *Te Deum* sung with all their hearts by clergy and crowd. "In God's name," said Joan to Dunois, "here is a good people and a devout; when I die, I should much like it to be in these parts." "Joan," inquired Dunois, "know you when you will die and in what place?" "I know not," said she, "for I am at the will of God." Then she added, "I have accomplished that which my Lord commanded me, to raise the siege of Orleans and have the gentle king crowned. I would like it well if it should please Him to send me back to my father and mother, to keep their sheep and their cattle and do that which was my wont." "When the said lords," says the chronicler, an eye-witness, "heard these words of Joan, who, with eyes toward heaven, gave thanks to God, they the more believed that it was somewhat sent from God and not otherwise."

Historians and even contemporaries have given much discussion to the question whether Joan of Arc, according to her first ideas, had really limited her design to the raising of the siege of Orleans and the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. However that may be, when Orleans was relieved and Charles VII. crowned, the situation, posture, and part of Joan underwent a change. She no longer manifested the same confidence in herself and her designs. She no longer exercised over those in whose midst she lived the same authority. She continued to carry on war, but at hap-hazard, sometimes with and sometimes without success, just like La Hire and Dunois; never discouraged, never satisfied, and never looking upon herself as triumphant. After the coronation, her advice was to march at once upon Paris, in order to take up a fixed position in it, as being the political center of the realm of which Rheims was the religious. Nothing of the sort was done. She threw herself into Compiègne, then besieged by the duke of Burgundy. The next day (May 25, 1430), heading a sally upon the enemy, she was repulsed and compelled to retreat after exerting the utmost valor; when, having nearly reached the gate of the town, an English archer pursued her and pulled her from her horse. The joy of the English at this capture was as great as if they had obtained a complete victory. Joan was committed to the care of John of Luxembourg, count of Ligny, from whom the duke of Bedford purchased the captive for ten thousand pounds, and a pension of three hundred pounds a year to the bastard of Vendôme, to whom she surrendered. Joan was now conducted to Rouen, where, loaded with irons, she was thrown into a dungeon, preparatory to appear before a court assembled to judge her.

The trial lasted from the 21st of February to the 30th of May, 1431. The court held forty sittings, mostly in the chapel of the castle, some in Joan's very prison. On her arrival there, she had been put in an iron cage; afterward she was kept "no longer in the cage, but in a dark room in a tower of the castle, wearing irons upon her feet, fastened by a chain to a large piece of wood, and guarded night and day by four or five soldiers of low grade." She complained of being thus chained; but the bishop told her that her former attempts at escape demanded this precaution. "It is true," said Joan, as truthful as heroic, "I did wish and I still wish to escape from prison, as is the right of every prisoner." At her examination, the bishop required her to take "an oath to tell the truth about everything as to which she should be questioned." "I know not what you mean to question me about; perchance you may ask me things I would not tell you; touching my revelations, for instance, you might ask me to tell something I have sworn not to tell; thus I should be perjured, which you ought not to desire." The bishop insisted upon an oath absolute and without condition. "You are too hard on me," said Joan; "I do

not like to take an oath to tell the truth save as to matters which concern the faith." The bishop called upon her to swear on pain of being held guilty of the things imputed to her. "Go on to something else," said she. And this was the answer she made to all questions which seemed to her to be a violation of her right to be silent. Wearied and hurt at these imperious demands, she one day said, "I come on God's business, and I have naught to do here; send me back to God from whom I come." "Are you sure you are in God's grace?" asked the bishop. "If I be not," answered Joan, "please God to bring me to it; and if I be, please God to keep me in it!" The bishop himself remained dumbfounded.

There is no object in following through all its sittings and all its twistings this odious and shameful trial, in which the judges' prejudiced servility and scientific subtlety were employed for three months to wear out the courage or overreach the understanding of a young girl of nineteen, who refused at one time to lie, and at another to enter into discussion with them, and made no defence beyond holding her tongue or appealing to God who had spoken to her and dictated to her that which she had done. In the end she was condemned for all the crimes of which she had been accused, aggravated by that of heresy, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, to be fed during life on bread and water. The English were enraged that she was not condemned to death. "Wait but a little," said one of the judges, "we shall soon find the means to ensnare her." And this was effected by a grievous accusation, which, though somewhat countenanced by the Levitical law, has been seldom urged in modern times, the wearing of man's attire. Joan had been charged with this offense, but she promised not to repeat it. A suit of man's apparel was designedly placed in her chamber, and her own garments, as some authors say, being removed, she clothed herself in the forbidden garb, and her keepers surprising her in that dress, she was adjudged to death as a relapsed heretic, and was condemned to be burnt in the marketplace at Rouen (1431).

VI.—HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Henry IV. perfectly understood and steadily took the measure of the situation in which he was placed. He was in a great minority throughout the country as well as the army, and he would have to deal with public passions, worked by his foes for their own ends, and with the personal pretensions of his partisans. He made no mistake about these two facts, and he allowed them great weight; but he did not take for the ruling principle of his policy and for his first rule of conduct the plan of alternate concessions to the different parties and of continually humoring personal interests; he set his thoughts higher, upon the general and natural interests of France as he found her and saw her. They resolved themselves, in his eyes, into the following great points: Maintenance of the hereditary rights of monarchy, preponderance of Catholics in the government, peace between Catholics and Protestants, and religious liberty for Protestants. With him these points became the law of his policy and his kingly duty as well as the nation's right. He proclaimed them the first words that he addressed to the lords and principal personages of state assembled around him. On the 4th of August, 1589, in the camp at St. Cloud, the majority of the princes, dukes, lords, and gentlemen present in the camp expressed their full adhesion to the accession and the manifesto of the king, promising him "service and obedience against rebels and enemies who would usurp the kingdom." Two notable leaders, the duke of Epemon amongst the Catholics and the duke of La Trémoille amongst the Protestants, refused to join in this adhesion; the former saying that his conscience would not permit him to serve a heretic king, the latter alleging that his conscience forbade him to serve a prince who engaged to protect Catholic idolatry. They withdrew, D'Épemon into Angoumois and Saintonge, taking with him six thousand foot and twelve thousand horse; and La Trémoille

into Poitou, with nine battalions of reformers. They had an idea of attempting, both of them, to set up for themselves independent principalities. Three contemporaries, Sully, La Force, and the bastard of Angoulême, bear witness that Henry IV. was deserted by as many Huguenots as Catholics. The French royal army was reduced, it is said, to one half. As a make-weight, Sancy prevailed upon the Swiss, to the number of twelve thousand, and two thousand German auxiliaries, not only to continue in the service of the new king but to wait six months for their pay, as he was at the moment unable to pay them. From the 14th to the 20th of August, in Ile-de-France, in Picardy, in Normandy, in Auvergne, in Champagne, in Burgundy, in Anjou, in Poitou, in Languedoc, in Orleanness, and in Touraine, a great number of towns and districts joined in the determination of the royal army.

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As the government of Henry IV. went on growing in strength and extent, the moderate Catholics were beginning, not as yet to make approaches toward him, but to see a glimmering possibility of treating with him, and obtaining from him such concessions as they considered necessary, at the same time that they in their turn made to him such as he might consider sufficient for his party and himself.

Unhappily, the new pope, Gregory XIV., elected on the 5th of December, 1590, was humbly devoted to the Spanish policy, meekly subservient to Philip II.; that is, to the cause of religious persecution and of absolute power, without regard for anything else. The relations of France with the Holy See at once felt the effects of this; Cardinal Gaetani received from Rome all the instructions that the most ardent Leaguers could desire; and he gave his approval to a resolution of the Sorbonne to the effect that Henry de Bourbon, heretic and relapsed, was forever excluded from the crown, whether he became a Catholic or not. Henry IV. had convoked the states-general at Tours for the month of March, and had summoned to that city the archbishops and bishops to form a national council, and to deliberate as to the means of restoring the king to the bosom of the Catholic Church. The legate prohibited this council, declaring, beforehand, the excommunication and deposition of any bishops who should be present at it. The Leaguer parliament of Paris forbade, on pain of death and confiscation, any connection, any correspondence with Henry de Bourbon and his partisans. A solemn procession of the League took place at Paris on the 14th of March, and, a few days afterwards, the union was sworn afresh by all the municipal chiefs of the population. In view of such passionate hostility, Henry IV., a stranger to any sort of illusion, at the same time that he was always full of hope, saw that his successes at Arques were insufficient for him, and that, if he were to occupy the throne in peace, he must win more victories. He recommenced the campaign by the siege of Dreux, one of the towns which it was most important for him to possess, in order to put pressure on Paris and cause her to feel, even at a distance, the perils and evils of war.

On Wednesday, the 14th of March, 1590, the two armies met on the plains of Ivry, a village six leagues from Evreux, on the left bank of the Eure. A battle ensued in which, although the resources of modern warfare were brought into operation, the decisive force consisted, as of old, in the cavalry. It appeared as if Henry IV. must succumb to the superior force of the enemy; further and further backward was his white banner seen to retire, and the great mass appeared as if they designed to follow it. At length Henry cried out that those who did not wish to fight against the enemy might at least turn and see him die, and immediately plunged into the thickest of the battle. It appeared as if the royalist gentry had felt the old martial fire of their ancestry enkindled by these words, and by the glance that accompanied them. Raising one mighty shout to God, they threw themselves upon the enemy, following their king, whose plume was now their banner. In this there might have

been some dim principle of religious zeal, but that devotion to personal authority, which is so powerful an element in war and in policy, was wanting. The royalist and religious energy of Henry's troops conquered the Leaguers. The cavalry was broken, scattered, and swept from the field, and the confused manner of their retreat so puzzled the infantry that they were not able to maintain their ground; the German and French were cut down; the Swiss surrendered. It was a complete victory for Henry IV.

It was not only as able captain and valiant soldier that Henry IV. distinguished himself at Ivry; there the man was conspicuous for the strength of his better feelings, as generous and as affectionate as the king was far-sighted and bold. When the word was given to march from Dreux, Count Schomberg, colonel of the German auxiliaries called Reiters, had asked for the pay of his troops, letting it be understood that they would not fight, if their claims were not satisfied. Henry had replied harshly, "People don't ask for money on the eve of a battle." At Ivry, just as the battle was on the point of beginning, he went up to Schomberg: "Colonel," said he, "I hurt your feelings. This may be the last day of my life. I can't bear to take away the honor of a brave and honest gentleman like you. Pray forgive me and embrace me." "Sir," answered Schomberg, "the other day your majesty wounded me, to-day you kill me." He gave up the command of the Reiters in order to fight in the king's own squadron, and was killed in action.

The victory of Ivry had a great effect in France and in Europe, though not immediately, and as regarded the campaign of 1690. The victorious king moved on Paris and made himself master of the little towns in the neighborhood with a view of besieging the capital. The investment became more strict; it was kept up for more than three months, from the end of May to the beginning of September, 1590; and the city was reduced to a severe state of famine, which would have been still more severe if Henry IV. had not several times over permitted the entry of some convoys of provisions and the exit of the old men, the women, the children, in fact, the poorest and weakest part of the population. "Paris must not be a cemetery," he said: "I do not wish to reign over the dead." In the meantime, Duke Alexander of Parma, in accordance with express orders from Philip II., went from the Low Countries, with his army, to join Mayenne at Meaux, and threaten Henry IV. with their united forces if he did not retire from the walls of the capital. Henry IV. offered the two dukes battle, if they really wished to put a stop to the investment; but "I am not come so far," answered the duke of Parma, "to take counsel of my enemy; if my manner of warfare does not please the king of Navarre, let him force me to change it instead of giving me advice that nobody asked him for." Henry in vain attempted to make the duke of Parma accept battle. The able Italian established himself in a strongly entrenched camp, surprised Lagny and opened to Paris the navigation of the Marne, by which provisions were speedily brought up. Henry decided upon retreating; he dispersed the different divisions of his army into Touraine, Normandy, Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, and himself took up his quarters at Senlis, at Compiègne, in the towns on the banks of the Oise. The duke of Mayenne arrived on the 18th of September at Paris; the duke of Parma entered it himself with a few officers and left it on the 13th of November, with his army on his way back to the Low Countries, being a little harassed in his retreat by the royal cavalry, but easy, for the moment, as to the fate of Paris and the issue of the war, which continued during the first six months of the year 1591, but languidly and disconnectedly, with successes and reverses see-sawing between the two parties and without any important results.

Then began to appear the consequences of the victory of Ivry and the progress made by Henry IV., in spite of the check he received before Paris and at some other points in the kingdom. Not only did many moderate Catholics make advances

to him, struck with his sympathetic ability and his valor, and hoping that he would end by becoming a Catholic, but patriotic wrath was kindling in France against Philip II. and the Spaniards, those fomenters of civil war in the mere interest of foreign ambition.

The League was split up into two parties, the *Spanish League* and the *French League*. The committee of *Sixteen* labored incessantly for the formation and triumph of the *Spanish League*; and its principal leaders wrote, on the 2nd of September, 1591, a letter to Philip II., offering him the crown of France and pledging their allegiance to him as his subjects: "We can positively assure your Majesty," they said, "that the wishes of all Catholics are to see your Catholic Majesty holding the scepter of this kingdom and reigning over us, even as we do throw ourselves right willingly into your arms as in those of our father, or at any rate establishing one of your posterity upon the throne." These ringleaders of the Spanish League had for their army the blindly fanatical and demagogic populace of Paris, and were, further, supported by 4,000 Spanish troops whom Philip II. had succeeded in getting almost surreptitiously into Paris. They created a *council of ten*, the sixteenth century's committee of public safety; they proscribed the *policists*; they, on the 15th of November, had the president, Brisson, and two councilors of the Leaguer parliament arrested, hanged them to a beam and dragged the corpses to the Place de Grève, where they strung them up to a gibbet with inscriptions setting forth that they were heretics, traitors to the city and enemies of the Catholic princes. Whilst the *Spanish League* was thus reigning at Paris, the duke of Mayenne was at Laon, preparing to lead his army, consisting partly of Spaniards, to the relief of Rouen, the siege of which Henry IV. was commencing. Being summoned to Paris by messengers who succeeded one another every hour, he arrived there on the 28th of November, 1591, with 2,000 French troops; he armed the guard of burgesses, seized and hanged, in a ground-floor room of the Louvre, four of the chief leaders of the Sixteen, suppressed their committee, reestablished the parliament in full authority and, finally, restored the security and preponderance of the *French League*, whilst taking the reins once more into his own hands.

Whilst these two Leagues, the one Spanish and the other French, were conspiring thus persistently, sometimes together and sometimes one against the other, to promote personal ambition and interests, at the same time national instinct, respect for traditional rights, weariness of civil war, and the good sense which is born of long experience, were bringing France more and more over to the cause and name of Henry IV. In all the provinces, throughout all ranks of society, the population non-enrolled amongst the factions were turning their eyes toward him as the only means of putting an end to war at home and abroad, the only pledge of national unity, public prosperity, and even freedom of trade, a hazy idea as yet, but even now prevalent in the great ports of France and in Paris. Would Henry turn Catholic? That was the question asked everywhere, amongst Protestants with anxiety, but with keen desire and not without hope amongst the mass of the population. The rumor ran that, on this point, negotiations were half opened even in the midst of the League itself, even at the court of Spain, even at Rome where Pope Clement VIII., a more moderate man than his predecessor, Gregory XIV., "had no desire," says Sully, "to foment the troubles of France, and still less that the king of Spain should possibly become its undisputed king, rightly judging that this would be laying open to him the road to the monarchy of Christendom, and, consequently, reducing the Roman pontiffs to the position, if it were his good pleasure, of his mere chaplains" [*Economies royales*, t. ii. p. 106]. Such being the existing state of facts and minds, it was impossible that Henry IV. should not ask himself roundly the same question and feel that he had no time to lose in answering it.

In spite of the breadth and independence of his mind, Henry IV. was sincerely puzzled. He was of those who, far from clinging to a single fact and confining themselves to a single duty, take account of the complication of the facts amidst which they live, and of the variety of the duties which the general situation or their own imposes upon them. Born in the reformed faith, and on the steps of the throne, he was struggling to defend his political rights whilst keeping his religious creed; but his religious creed was not the fruit of very mature or very deep conviction; it was a question of first claims and of honor rather than a matter of conscience; and, on the other hand, the peace of France, her prosperity, perhaps her territorial integrity, were dependent upon the triumph of the political rights of the Béarnese. Even for his brethren in creed his triumph was a benefit secured, for it was an end of persecution and a first step toward liberty. There is no measuring accurately how far ambition, personal interest, a king's egotism had to do with Henry IV.'s abjuration of his religion; none would deny that those human infirmities were present; but all this does not prevent the conviction that patriotism was uppermost in Henry's soul, and that the idea of his duty as king toward France, a prey to all the evils of civil and foreign war, was the determining motive of his resolution. It cost him a great deal. On the 26th of April, 1593, he wrote to the grand duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand de' Medici, that he had decided to turn Catholic "two months after that the duke of Mayenne should have come to an agreement with him on just and suitable terms;" and, foreseeing the expense that would be occasioned to him by "this great change in his affairs," he felicitated himself upon knowing that the grand duke was disposed to second his efforts toward a levy of 4000 Swiss and advance a year's pay for them. On the 28th of April he begged the bishop of Chartres, Nicholas de Thou, to be one of the Catholic prelates whose instructions he would be happy to receive on the 15th of July, and he sent the same invitation to several other prelates. On the 16th of May he declared to his council his resolve to become a convert. This news, everywhere spread abroad, produced a lively burst of national and Bourbonic feeling even where it was scarcely to be expected; at the states-general of the League, especially in the chamber of the noblesse, many members protested "that they would not treat with foreigners, or promote the election of a woman, or give their suffrages to any one unknown to them, and at the choice of his Catholic Majesty of Spain." At Paris, a part of the clergy, the incumbents of St. Eustache, St. Merri, and St. Sulpice, and even some of the popular preachers, violent Leaguers but lately, and notably Guincestre, boldly preached peace and submission to the king if he turned Catholic. The principal of the French League, in matters of policy and negotiation, and Mayenne's adviser since 1589, Villeroi, declared "that he would not bide in a place where the laws, the honor of the nation and the independence of the kingdom were held so cheap;" and he left Paris on the 28th of June.

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Four months after the conclusion of the treaty of Vervins, on the 13th of September, 1598, Philip II. died at the Escorial, and on the 3rd of April, 1603, a second great royal personage, Queen Elizabeth, disappeared from the scene. She had been, as regards the Protestantism of Europe, what Philip II. had been, as regards Catholicism, a powerful and able patron; but what Philip II. did from fanatical conviction, Elizabeth did from patriotic feeling; she had small faith in Calvinistic doctrines and no liking for Puritanic sects; the Catholic Church, the power of the pope excepted, was more to her mind than the Anglican Church, and her private preferences differed greatly from her public practices. Thus at the beginning of the seventeenth century Henry IV. was the only one remaining of the three great sovereigns who, during the sixteenth, had disputed, as regarded religion and politics, the preponderance in Europe. He had succeeded in all his kingly enterprises; he had be-

come a Catholic in France without ceasing to be the prop of the Protestants in Europe; he had made peace with Spain without embroiling himself with England, Holland and Lutheran Germany. He had shot up, as regarded ability and influence, in the eyes of all Europe. It was just then that he gave the strongest proof of his great judgment and political sagacity; he was not intoxicated with success; he did not abuse his power; he did not aspire to distant conquests or brilliant achievements; he concerned himself chiefly with the establishment of public order in his kingdom and with his people's prosperity. His well-known saying, "I want all my peasantry to have a fowl in the pot every Sunday," was a desire worthy of Louis XII. Henry IV. had a sympathetic nature; his grandeur did not lead him to forget the nameless multitudes whose fate depended upon his government. He had, besides, the rich, productive, varied, inquiring mind of one who took an interest not only in the welfare of the French peasantry, but in the progress of the whole French community, progress agricultural, industrial, commercial, scientific, and literary.

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On the 6th of January, 1600, Henry IV. gave his ambassador, Brulart de Sillery, powers to conclude at Florence his marriage with Mary de' Medici, daughter of Francis I. de' Medici, grand duke of Tuscany, and Joan, archduchess of Austria and niece of the grand duke Ferdinand I. de' Medici, who had often rendered Henry IV. pecuniary services dearly paid for. As early as the year 1592 there had been something said about this project of alliance; it was resumed and carried out on the 5th of October, 1600, at Florence, with lavish magnificence. Mary embarked at Leghorn on the 17th, with a fleet of seventeen galleys; that of which she was aboard, the *General*, was all covered over with jewels, inside and out; she arrived at Marseilles on the 3d of November, and at Lyons on the 2nd of December, where she waited till the 9th for the king, who was detained by the war with Savoy. He entered her chamber in the middle of the night, booted and armed, and next day, in the cathedral church of St. John, re-celebrated his marriage, more rich in wealth than it was destined to be in happiness.

Henry IV. seemed to have attained in his public and in his domestic life the pinnacle of earthly fortune and ambition. He was, at one and the same time, Catholic king and the head of the Protestant polity in Europe, accepted by the Catholics as the best, the only possible, king for them in France. He was at peace with all Europe, except one petty prince, the duke of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel I., from whom he demanded back the Marquisate of Saluzzo or a territorial compensation in France itself on the French side of the Alps. After a short campaign, and thanks to Rosny's ordnance, he obtained what he desired, and by a treaty of January 17, 1601, he added to French territory La Bresse, Le Bugey, the district of Gex and the citadel of Bourg, which still held out after the capture of the town. He was more and more dear to France, to which he had restored peace at home as well as abroad, and industrial, commercial, financial, monumental, and scientific prosperity, until lately unknown. Sully covered the country with roads, bridges, canals, buildings and works of public utility. The conspiracy of his old companion in arms, Gontaut de Biron, proved to him, however, that he was not at the end of his political dangers, and the letters he caused to be issued (September, 1603) for the return of the Jesuits did not save him from the attacks of religious fanaticism.

The queen's coronation had been proclaimed on the 12th of May, 1610; she was to be crowned next day, the 13th, at St. Denis, and Sunday the 16th had been appointed for her to make her entry into Paris. On Friday, the 14th, the king had an idea of going to the Arsenal to see Sully, who was ill; we have the account of this visit and of the assassination given by Malherbe, at that time attached to the service of Henry IV., in a letter written on the 19th of May, from the reports of eye witnesses, and it is here reproduced, word for word:

"The king set out soon after dinner to go to the Arsenal. He deliberated a long while whether he should go out, and several times said to the queen, 'My dear, shall I go or not?' He even went out two or three times and then all on a sudden returned, and said to the queen, 'My dear, shall I really go?' and again he had doubts about going or remaining. At last he made up his mind to go, and having kissed the queen several times, bade her adieu. Amongst other things that were remarked he said to her, 'I shall only go there and back; I shall be here again almost directly.' When he got to the bottom of the steps where his carriage was waiting for him, M. de Praslin, his captain of the guard, would have attended him, but he said to him, 'Get you gone; I want nobody; go about your business.'

"Thus, having about him only a few gentlemen and some footmen, he got into his carriage, took his place on the back seat, at the left hand side, and made M. d'Épernon sit at the right. Next to him, by the door, were M. de Montbazon and M. de la Force; and by the door on M. d'Épernon's side were Marshal de Lavardin and M. de Créquy; on the front seat the marquis of Mirabeau and the first equerry. When he came to the Croix-du-Tiroir he was asked whither it was his pleasure to go; he gave orders to go toward St. Innocent. On arriving at Rue de la Feronnerie, which is at the end of that of St. Honoré on the way to that of St. Denis, opposite the Salamandre he met a cart which obliged the king's carriage to go nearer to the ironmonger's shops, which are on the St. Innocent side, and even to proceed somewhat more slowly, without stopping, however, though somebody, who was in a hurry to get the gossip printed, has written to that effect. Here it was that an abominable assassin, who had posted himself against the nearest shop, which is that with the *Cœur couronné percé d'une flèche*, darted upon the king and dealt him, one after the other, two blows with a knife in the left side, one, catching him between the arm-pit and the nipple, went upward without doing more than graze; the other catches him between the fifth and sixth ribs, and, taking a downward direction, cuts a large artery of those called *venous*. The king, by mishap, and as if to further tempt this monster, had his left hand on the shoulder of M. de Montbazon, and with the other was leaning on M. d'Épernon, to whom he was speaking. He uttered a low cry and made a few movements. M. de Montbazon having asked, 'What is the matter, sir?' he answered, 'It is nothing,' twice; but the second time so low that there was no making sure. These are the only words he spoke after he was wounded.

"In a moment the carriage turned toward the Louvre. When he was at the steps where he had got into the carriage, which are those of the queen's rooms, some wine was given him. Of course some one had already run forward to bear the news. Sieur de Cérisy, lieutenant of M. de Praslin's company, having raised his head, he made a few movements with his eyes, then closed them immediately, without opening them again any more. He was carried up stairs by M. de Montbazon and Count de Curzon en Quercy and laid on the bed in his closet, and at two o'clock carried to the bed in his chamber, where he was all the next day and Sunday. Somebody went and gave him holy water. I tell you nothing about the queen's tears; all that must be imagined. As for the people of Paris, I think they never wept so much as on this occasion."

On the king's death—and at the imperious instance of the duke of Épernon, who at once introduced the queen, and said in open session, as he exhibited his sword, "It is as yet in the scabbard, but it will have to leap therefrom unless this moment there be granted to the queen a title which is her due according to the order of nature and of justice"—the Parliament forthwith declared Mary regent of the kingdom. Thanks to Sully's firm administration, there were, after the ordinary annual expenses were paid, at that time in the vaults of the Bastille, or in securities easily realizable, forty-one million three hundred and forty-five thousand livres, and there was nothing to suggest that extraordinary and urgent expenses would come

to curtail this substantial reserve. The army was disbanded and reduced to from twelve to fifteen thousand men, French or Swiss. For a long time past no power in France had, at its accession, possessed so much material strength and so much moral authority.—*Guizot*.

VII.—THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

Louis XIV. ruled everywhere, over his people, over his age, often over Europe; but nowhere did he reign so completely as over his court. Never were the wishes, the defects and the vices of a man so completely a law to other men as to the court of Louis XIV. during the whole period of his long life. When near to him, in the palace of Versailles, men lived and hoped and trembled; everywhere else in France, even at Paris, men vegetated. The existence of the great lords was concentrated in the court, about the person of the king. Scarcely could the most important duties bring them to absent themselves for any time. They returned quickly, with alacrity, with ardor; only poverty or a certain rustic pride kept gentlemen in their provinces. "The court does not make one happy," says La Bruyère, "it prevents one from being so anywhere else."

The principle of absolute power, firmly fixed in the young king's mind, began to pervade his court from the time that he disgraced Fouquet and ceased to dissemble his affection for Mlle. de La Vallière. She was young, charming and modest. Of all the king's favorites she alone loved him sincerely. "What a pity he is a king!" she would say. Louis XIV. made her a duchess; but all she cared about was to see him and please him. When Madame de Montespan began to supplant her in the king's favor, the grief of Madame de La Vallière was so great that she thought she should die of it. Then she turned to God, in penitence and despair; and, later on, it was at her side that Madame de Montespan, in her turn forced to quit the court, went to seek advice and pious consolation. "This soul will be a miracle of grace," Bossuet had said.

Madame de Montespan was haughty, passionate, "with hair dressed in a thousand ringlets, a majestic beauty to show off to the ambassadors;" she openly paraded the favor she was in, accepting and angling for the graces the king was pleased to do her and hers, having the superintendence of the household of the queen, whom she insulted without disguise, to the extent of wounding the king himself: "Pray consider that she is your mistress," he said one day to his favorite. The scandal was great; Bossuet attempted the task of stopping it. It was the time of the Jubilee; neither the king nor Madame de Montespan had lost all religious feeling; the wrath of God and the refusal of the sacraments had terrors for them still.

Bossuet had acted in vain, "like a pontiff of the earliest times, with a freedom worthy of the earliest ages and the earliest bishops of the Church," says St. Simon. He saw the inutility of his efforts; henceforth prudence and courtly behavior put a seal upon his lips. It was the time of the great king's omnipotence and highest splendor, the time when nobody withstood his wishes. The great Mademoiselle had just attempted to show her independence; tired of not being married, she had made up her mind to a love-match; she did not espouse Lauzun just then, the king broke off the marriage. "I will make you so great," he said to Lauzun, "that you shall have no cause to regret what I am taking from you; meanwhile, I make you duke and peer and marshal of France." "Sir," broke in Lauzun insolently, "you have made so many dukes that it is no longer an honor to be one, and, as for the bâton of marshal of France, your Majesty can give it me when I have earned it by my services." He was before long sent to Pignerol, where he passed ten years. There he met Fouquet and that mysterious personage called the Iron Mask, whose name has not yet been discovered to a certainty by means of all the most ingenious conjectures. It was only by settling all her property on the duke of Maine after herself that Mademoiselle purchased

Lauzun's release. The king had given his posts to the prince of Marillac, son of La Rochefoucauld.

Louis XIV. entered benevolently into the affairs of a marshal of France; he paid his debts, and the marshal was his *domestic*; all the court had come to that; the duties which brought servants in proximity to the king's person were eagerly sought after by the greatest lords. Bontemps, his chief valet, and Fagon, his physician, as well as his surgeon Maréchal, very excellent men too, were all-powerful amongst the courtiers. Louis XIV. possessed the art of making his slightest favors prized; to hold the candlestick at bed-time (*au petit coucher*), to appear in the trips to Marly, to play in the king's own game, such was the ambition of the most distinguished; the possessors of grand historic castles, of fine houses at Paris, crowded together in attics at Versailles, too happy to obtain a lodging in the palace. The whole mind of the greatest personages, his favorites at the head, was set upon devising means of pleasing the king; Madame de Montespan had pictures painted in miniature of all the towns he had taken in Holland; they were made into a book which was worth four thousand pistoles, and of which Racine and Boileau wrote the text; people of tact, like M. de Langlée, paid court to the master through those whom he loved.

All the style of living at court was in accordance with the magnificence of the king and his courtiers; Colbert was beside himself at the sums the queen lavished on play. Madame de Montespan lost and won back four millions in one night at basset; Mlle. de Fontanges gave away twenty thousand crowns' worth of New Year's gifts. A new power, however, was beginning to appear on the horizon, with such modesty and backwardness that none could as yet discern it, least of all could the king. Madame de Montespan had looked out for some one to take care of and educate her children. She had thought of Madame Scarron; she considered her clever; she was so herself, "in that unique style which was peculiar to the Mortemarts," said the duke of St. Simon; she was fond of conversation; Madame Scarron had a reputation for being rather a blue-stocking; this the king did not like; Madame de Montespan had her way; Madame Scarron took charge of the children secretly and in an isolated house. She was attentive, careful, sensible. The king was struck with her devotion to the children entrusted to her. "She can love," he said: "it would be a pleasure to be loved by her." This expression plainly indicated what was to happen; and Madame de Montespan saw herself supplanted by Madame Scarron. The widow of the deformed poet had bought the estate of Maintenon out of the king's bounty. He made her take the title. The recollection of Scarron was displeasing to him.

The queen had died on the 30th of July, 1683, piously and gently, as she had lived. "This is the first sorrow she ever caused me," said the king, thus rendering homage, in his superb and unconscious egotism, to the patient virtue of the wife he had put to such cruel trials. Madame de Maintenon was agitated but resolute. "Madame de Montespan has plunged into the deepest devoutness," she wrote, two months after the queen's death: "It is quite time she edified us; as for me, I no longer think of retiring." Her strong common-sense and her far-sighted ambition, far more than her virtue, had secured her against rocks ahead; henceforth she saw the goal, she was close upon it, she moved toward it with an even step. The date has never been ascertained exactly of the king's private marriage with Madame de Maintenon. It took place probably eighteen months or two years after the queen's death; the king was forty-seven, Madame de Maintenon fifty. "She had great remains of beauty, bright and sprightly eyes, an incomparable grace," says St. Simon, who detested her, "an air of ease and yet of restraint and respect, a great deal of cleverness with a speech that was sweet, correct, in good terms and naturally eloquent and brief."

Madame de La Vallière had held sway over the young and

passionate heart of the prince, Madame de Montespan over the court, Madame de Maintenon alone established her empire over the man and the king. Alone she had any part in affairs, a smaller part than has frequently been made out, but important, nevertheless, and sometimes decisive. Ministers went occasionally to do their work in her presence with the king, who would turn to her when the questions were embarrassing, and ask, "What does your Solidity think?" The opinions she gave were generally moderate and discreet. Whatever the apparent reserve and modesty with which it was cloaked, the real power of Madame de Maintenon over the king's mind peeped out more and more into broad daylight. She promoted it dexterously by her extreme anxiety to please him as well as by her natural and sincere attachment to the children whom she had brought up and who had a place near the heart of Louis XIV.

The chief ornament of the Court of Versailles was the duchess of Burgundy. For the king and for Madame de Maintenon, the great and inexhaustible attraction of this young lady was her gaiety and unconstrained ease, tempered by the most delicate respect, which, on coming as quite a child to France from the court of Savoy, she had tact enough to introduce and always maintain amidst the most intimate familiarity. "In public, demure, respectful with the king, and on terms of timid propriety with Madame de Maintenon, whom she never called anything but *aunt*, thus prettily blending rank and affection. In private, chattering, frisking, fluttering around them, at one time perched on the arm of one or the other's chairs, at another playfully sitting on their knee, she would throw herself upon their necks, embrace them, kiss them, fondle them, pull them to pieces, chuck them under the chin, tease them, rummage their tables, their papers, their letters, reading them sometimes against their will, according as she saw that they were in the humor to laugh at it, and occasionally speaking thereon. Admitted to everything, even at the reception of couriers bringing the most important news, going in to the king at any hour, even at the time the council was sitting, useful and also fatal to ministers themselves, but always inclined to help, to excuse, to benefit, unless she were violently set against any body. The king could not do without her; when, rarely, she was absent from his supper in public, it was plainly shown by a cloud of more than usual gravity and taciturnity over the king's whole person; and so, when it happened that some ball in winter or some party in summer made her break into the night, she arranged matters so well that she was there to kiss the king the moment he was awake and to amuse him with an account of the affair" [*Mémoires de St. Simon*].

The dauphiness had died in 1690; the duchess of Burgundy was, therefore, almost from childhood queen of the court, and before long the idol of the courtiers; it was around her that pleasure sprang up; it was for her that the king gave the entertainments to which he had habituated Versailles, not that for her sake or to take care of her health he would ever consent to modify his habits or make the least change in his plans. "Thank God, it is over," he exclaimed one day, after an accident to the princess; "I shall no longer be thwarted in my trips, and in all I desire to do, by the representations of physicians. I shall come and go as I fancy; and I shall be left in peace." Even in his court and amongst his most devoted servants, this monstrous egotism astounded and scandalized everybody.

Flattery, at Versailles, ran a risk of becoming hypocrisy. On returning to a regular life, the king was for imposing the same upon his whole court; the instinct of order and regularity, smothered for a while in the hey-day of passion, had resumed all its sway over the naturally proper and steady mind of Louis XIV. His dignity and his authority were equally involved in the cause of propriety and regularity at his court; he imposed this yoke as well as all the others; there appeared to

be entire obedience; only some princes or princesses escaped it sometimes, getting about them a few free-thinkers or boon-companions; good, honest folks showed ingenious joy; the virtuous and far-sighted were secretly uneasy at the falsehood and deplored the pressure put on so many consciences and so many lives. The king was sincere in his repentance for the past, many persons in his court were as sincere as he; others, who were not, affected, in order to please him, the externals of austerity; absolute power oppressed all spirits, extorting from them that hypocritical complaisance which it is liable to engender; corruption was already brooding beneath appearances of piety; the reign of Louis XV. was to see its deplorable fruits displayed with a haste and a scandal which are to be explained only by the oppression exercised in the last years of King Louis XIV.

Madame de Maintenon was like the genius of this reaction toward regularity, propriety, order; all the responsibility for it has been thrown upon her; the good she did has disappeared beneath the evil she allowed or encouraged; the regard lavished upon her by the king has caused illusions as to the discreet care she was continually taking to please him. She was faithful to her friends, so long as they were in favor with the king; if they had the misfortune to displease him, she, at the very least, gave up seeing them; without courage or hardihood to withstand the caprices and wishes of Louis XIV., she had gained and preserved her empire by dint of dexterity and far-sighted suppleness beneath the externals of dignity.

It was through Madame de Maintenon and her correspondence with the princess des Ursins that the private business between the two courts of France and Spain was often carried on. At Madrid far more than at Versailles, the influence of women was all powerful. The queen ruled her husband, who was honest and courageous, but without wit or daring; and the princess des Ursins ruled the queen, as intelligent and as amiable as her sister the duchess of Burgundy, but more ambitious and more haughty. Louis XIV. had several times conceived some misgiving of the camarera major's influence over his grandson; she had been disgraced and then recalled; she had finally established her sway by her fidelity, ability, dexterity, and indomitable courage. She served France habitually, Spain and her own influence in Spain always; she had been charming, with an air of nobility, grace, elegance and majesty all together, and accustomed to the highest society and the most delicate intrigues, during her sojourn at Rome and Madrid; she was full of foresight and calculation, but impassioned, ambitious, implacable, pushing to extremes her amity as well as her hatred, faithful to her master and mistress in their most cruel trials, and then hampering and retarding peace for the sake of securing for herself a principality in the Low Countries.

But the time came for Madame des Ursins to make definitive trial of fortune's inconstancy. After having enjoyed unlimited power and influence, with great difficulty she obtained an asylum at Rome, where she lived seven years longer, preserving all her health, strength, mind and easy grace until she died, in 1722, at more than eighty-four years of age, in obscurity and sadness, notwithstanding her opulence, but avenged of her Spanish foes, Cardinals della Giudice and Alberoni, whom she met again at Rome, disgraced and fugitive like herself. "I do not know where I may die," she wrote to Madame de Maintenon, at that time in retirement at St. Cyr. Both had survived their power; the princess des Ursins had not long since wanted to secure for herself a dominion; Madame de Maintenon, more far-sighted and more modest, had aspired to no more than repose in the convent which she had founded and endowed. Discreet in her retirement as well as in her life, she had not left to chance the selection of a place where she might die.

"One has no more luck at our age," Louis XIV. had said to his old friend, Marshal Villars, returning from his most disastrous campaign. It was a bitter reflection upon himself which

had put these words into the king's mouth. After the most brilliant, the most continually and invariably triumphant of reigns, he began to see fortune slipping away from him and the grievous consequences of his errors successively overwhelming the state. "God is punishing me, I have richly deserved it," he said to Marshal Villars, who was on the point of setting out for the battle of Denain. The aged king, dispirited and beaten, could not set down to men his misfortunes and reverses; the hand of God himself was raised against his house; death was knocking double knocks all round him. The grand-dauphin had for some days past been ill of small-pox; he died in April, 1711; the duchess of Burgundy was carried off by an attack of malignant fever in February, 1712; her husband followed her within a week, and their eldest child, the duke of Brittany, about a month afterward.

There was universal and sincere mourning in France and in Europe. The most sinister rumors circulated darkly; a base intrigue caused the duke of Orleans to be accused; people called to mind his taste for chemistry and even magic, his flagrant impiety, his scandalous debauchery; beside himself with grief and anger, he demanded of the king to be sent to the Bastile; the king refused curtly, coldly, not unmoved in his secret heart by the perfidious insinuations which made their way even to him, but too just and too sensible to entertain a hateful lie, which, nevertheless, lay heavy on the duke of Orleans to the end of his days.

Darkly, but to more effect, the same rumors were renewed before long. The duke of Berry died at the age of twenty-seven, on the 4th of May, 1714, of a disease which presented the same features as the scarlet fever (*rougeole pourprée*), to which his brother and sister-in-law had succumbed. The king was old and sad; the state of his kingdom preyed upon his mind; he was surrounded by influences hostile to his nephew, whom he himself called "a vaunter of crimes." A child who was not five years old remained sole heir to the throne. Madame de Maintenon, as sad as the king, "naturally mistrustful, addicted to jealousies, susceptibilities, suspicions, aversions, spites, and woman's wiles" [*Lettres de Fénelon au duc de Chevreuse*], being, moreover, sincerely attached to the king's natural children, was constantly active on their behalf. On the 19th of July, 1714, the king announced to the premier president and the attorney-general of the parliament of Paris that it was his pleasure to grant to the duke of Maine and to the count of Toulouse, for themselves and their descendants, the rank of princes of the blood, in its full extent, and that he desired that the deed should be enregistered in the parliament. Soon after, still under the same influence, he made a will which was kept a profound secret, and which he sent to be deposited in the strong-room (*greffe*) of the parliament, committing the guardianship of the future king to the duke of Maine, and placing him, as well as his brother, on the council of regency, with close restrictions as to the duke of Orleans, who would be naturally called to the government of the kingdom during the minority. The will was darkly talked about; the effect of the elevation of bastards to the rank of princes of the blood had been terrible. "There was no longer any son of France; the Spanish branch had renounced; the duke of Orleans had been carefully placed in such a position as not to dare say a word or show the least dissatisfaction; his only son was a child; neither the duke (of Berry), his brothers, nor the prince of Conti, were of an age, or of standing, in the king's eyes, to make the least trouble in the world about it. The bomb-shell dropped all at once when nobody could have expected it, and everybody fell on his stomach, as is done when a shell drops; everybody was gloomy and almost wild; the king himself appeared as if exhausted by so great an effort of will and power." He had only just signed his will, when he met, at Madame de Maintenon's, the ex-queen of England. "I have made my will, Madame," said he; "I have purchased repose; I know the impotence and uselessness of it; we can do all we

please as long as we are here; after we are gone, we can do less than private persons; we have only to look at what became of my father's, and immediately after his death too, and of those of so many other kings. I am quite aware of that; but, in spite of all that it was desired; and so, Madame, you see it has been done; come of it what may, at any rate I shall not be worried about it any more." It was the old man yielding to the entreaties and intrigues of the domestic circle; the judgment of the king remained steady and true, without illusions and without prejudices.

Death was coming, however, after a reign which had been so long, and had occupied so much room in the world, that it caused mistakes as to the very age of the king. He was seventy-seven, he continued to work with his ministers; the order so long and so firmly established was not disturbed by illness any more than it had been by the reverses and sorrows of late. He said to Madame de Maintenon once, "What consoles me for leaving you, is that it will not be long before we meet again." She made no reply. "What will become of you?" he added: "you have nothing." "Do not think of me," said she: "I am nobody; think only of God." He said farewell to her; she still remained a little while in his room, and went out when he was no longer conscious. She had given away here and there the few movables that belonged to her, and now took the road to St. Cyr. On the steps she met Marshal Villeroi: "Good bye, marshal," she said curtly and covered up her face in her coifs. He it was who sent her news of the king to the last moment. The duke of Orleans, on becoming regent, went to see her and took her the patent (*brevet*) for a pension of sixty thousand livres, "which her disinterestedness had made necessary for her," said the preamble. It was paid her up to the last day of her life. History makes no further mention of her name; she never left St. Cyr. Thither the czar Peter the Great, when he visited Paris and France, went to see her; she was confined to her bed; he sat a little while beside her. "What is your malady?" he asked her through his interpreter. "A great age," answered Madame de Maintenon, smiling. He looked at her a moment in silence; then, closing the curtains, he went out abruptly. The memory he would have called up had vanished. The woman on whom the great king had, for thirty years, heaped confidence and affection was old, forgotten, dying; she expired at St. Cyr on the 15th of April, 1719, at the age of eighty-three.

She had left the king to die alone. He was in the agonies; the prayers in extremity were being repeated around him; the ceremonial recalled him to consciousness. He joined his voice with the voices of those present, repeating the prayers with them. Already the court was hurrying to the duke of Orleans; some of the more confident had repaired to the duke of Maine's; the king's servants were left almost alone around his bed; the tones of the dying man were distinctly heard above the great number of priests. He several times repeated: "*Nunc et in hora mortis*." Then he said quite loud: "O my God, come thou to help me, haste thee to succor me." Those were his last words. He expired on Sunday, the 1st of September, 1715, at eight a. m. Next day he would have been seventy-seven years of age, and he had reigned seventy-two of them.

In spite of his faults and his numerous and culpable errors, Louis XIV. had lived and died like a king. The slow and grievous agony of olden France was about to begin.

VIII.—FRENCH LITERATURE.

For volume and merit taken together the product of these eight centuries of literature excels that of any European nation, though for individual works of the supremest excellence, they may perhaps be asked in vain. No French writer is lifted by the suffrages of other nations—the only criterion when sufficient time has elapsed—to the level of Homer, of Shakspeare, or of

Dante, who reign alone. Of those of the authors of France who are indeed of the thirty, but attain not to the first three, Rabelais and Molière alone unite the general suffrage, and this fact roughly but surely points to the real excellence of the literature which these men are chosen to represent. It is great in all ways, but it is greatest on the lighter side. The house of mirth is more suited to it than the house of mourning. To the latter, indeed, the language of the unknown marvel who told Roland's death, of him who gave utterance to Camilla's wrath and despair, and of the living poet who sings how the mountain wind makes mad the lover who can not forget, has amply made good its title of entrance. But for one Frenchman who can write admirably in this strain, there are a hundred who can tell the most admirable story, formulate the most pregnant reflection, point the acutest jest. There is thus no really great epic in French, few great tragedies, and those imperfect and in a faulty kind, little prose like Milton's, or like Jeremy Taylor's, little verse (though more than is generally thought) like Shelley's, or like Spenser's. But there are the most delightful short tales, both in prose and in verse, that the world has ever seen, the most polished jewelry of reflection that has ever been wrought, songs of incomparable grace, comedies that must make men laugh as long as they are laughing animals, and above all, such a body of narrative fiction, old and new, prose and verse, as no other nation can show for art and for originality, for grace of workmanship in him who fashions, and for certainty of delight to him who reads.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

[To be continued.]

COMMERCIAL LAW.

By EDWARD C. REYNOLDS, Esq.

II.—NOTES AND BILLS.

Although unpleasant papers to have outstanding with one's name attached to them, at all events when that indicates, by its position, personal liability, yet a knowledge of their leading characteristics is so convenient in a time of a necessity which forces us, or some with whom we may have mercantile engagements, to have recourse to them, that we think best to insert proper forms here.

Note.

\$200. PORTLAND, ME., October 1, 1883.
Thirty days after date I promise to pay to John Ray ("or order" or "or bearer") two hundred dollars.
Value received. JOHN J. ROE.

Draft, or Bill of Exchange.

\$200. PORTLAND, ME., October 1, 1883.
At thirty days' sight (or thirty days after date), pay to the order of John Ray two hundred dollars—value received—and charge same to account of
To JOHN ROE, Boston, Mass. RICHARD ROE.

If John Roe accepts of the conditions of the bill he will write his name across its face together with the date on which it is done, prefixing same with the word "accepted."

In the outline analysis given below our readers will readily discover all the essential elements of a contract, which is of course the foundation principle of commercial paper.

ANALYSIS.

PLACE—Portland, Maine. DATE—October 1, 1883.

TIME—Thirty days.

SUBJECT MATTER: { Note—Promise to pay, } \$200.
 { Bill—Order to pay, }

CONSIDERATION—"Value received."

PARTIES: { NOTE. { John Roe, maker.
 { John Ray, payee.
 { Drawer, Richard Roe.
 { BILL. { Drawee, John Roe.
 { Payee, John Ray.

After acceptance of the bill by John Roe, the drawee, he is placed in the same position, as regards it, that John J. Roe is

in, as regards the note, that is, each becomes primarily liable for its payment.

Now, in actual business, notes and bills similar to those here given become important factors as a medium of exchange, being recognized as such by virtue of their negotiability, and proving acceptable as such when the parties thereto are of unquestioned financial ability.

What is the ear-mark of negotiability?

A note or bill payable to John Ray, "simply this and nothing more," is not negotiable, but payable to a certain person, with no power to transfer the same, at least not to make it negotiable. To make it a negotiable instrument we should place after John Ray's name the words (as found included in parenthesis in forms given), either "or bearer" or "or order." This done, the note or bill would be of transferable quality, or negotiable, that is, would be payable to John Ray, or to him who should by chance gain its possession, if the words used be "or bearer;" if "or order" then payable to John Ray or to any holder, providing John Ray had so ordered it paid, by indorsement. Thus it is clearly evident that these evidences of debt, which is really the significance of commercial paper, answer the requirements, in a restricted sense, of money, and serve as the consideration for settlement in a great many of the transactions involving sale and exchange, incident to business enterprises. We must utter here a word of caution in regard to receiving negotiable paper; which is, not to accept of it after maturity, since notes and bills are presumably paid at the time when they become due, and one taking them after that time, must remember he takes them subject to this possibility, or possible existing equities between or among the original parties.

Negotiability, the outgrowth of indorsement, makes it necessary to give some explanation regarding the character of an indorser, or what his position and liabilities are.

An indorser is one who writes his name on the back of a note or bill, either for the purpose of transfer, or of assuming liability thereon, and frequently for both.

We shall mention three kinds of indorsement. Special indorsement, indorsement in blank, and, as applicable to both, indorsement without assuming liability, or without recourse. And first, if John Ray, payee named in bill or note, delivers possession of the same to John Smith, at the same time writing on the back of it, "Pay to John Smith or order, John Ray," he thereby transfers by special indorsement. After transfer made in this manner, John Smith, or any one to whom he may give the power by indorsement, may collect of the original promisor, *i. e.*, the maker of note or acceptor of bill, the amount due by clear evidence of the paper itself. Not only does this indorsement secure transfer of ownership, but also creates liability, for John Ray by it, without the addition of a restricting or denying clause (which we shall refer to later), agrees to personally attend to the payment, if the parties primarily liable fail to do so.

Again, an indorsement in blank is the simple writing of the name, in this instance, John Ray's, by him of course, on the back of the note or bill, which, there being deducible from such indorsement no special directions, would make it payable to any one into whose possession it might come. Either of these indorsements accomplishes a transfer, and at the same time attaches to John Ray the liability of an indorser. Now, if John Ray sought to avoid such liability, he would write over his signature, "Without recourse to me." This would secure transfer simply. An indorsement made by one not mentioned in the note or bill would be for additional security of payee, and would generally be in blank, placing the indorser in same responsibilities as assumed by John Ray in the two instances above mentioned and grouped. So much for the parties, which we now leave to consider briefly the time element, which is the hope of the payee, the specter, ever the cause of unpleasant forebodings to the promisor.

In computing time it should be remembered that the words of the note or bill are to be strictly followed; as, when it reads a certain number of months, then the time is to be computed in months; for example, omitting days of grace, a note bearing date July 1st, on two months' time, will be due September 1st. To say that two months are equivalent to sixty days, and then add sixty days to July 1st, we shall have our note due August 30th, which would be erroneous. The same would be true of the reverse of the proposition stated; that is, if time be stated days, it would as certainly lead to error, to compute by months.

When does the time commence to run? If a note, from its date; if a bill, from its date, if it read payable a certain length of time "from date;" but if it reads, as for instance, "at thirty days' sight," then it commences on the date of its acceptance by the drawee.

Days of grace, the use of which has sprung from custom into full fledged law in the course of time, must not be forgotten.

Notes and bills, unless in the body thereof it is expressly stated to the contrary, have, added to the time for which they are written, three days, known as days of grace; so that a note given for one month, and dated July 1st, would not fall due August 1st, but August 4th.

Originally these days were intended to inure to the benefit of the maker of the note, but such is not the practice or law now; and that period of three days constitutes a part of the time for which all interests and discounts are computed, the same as the time expressly mentioned. This is one of the characteristics of bills and notes, which commercial students and business apprentices are more apt to carelessly forget than any other in the category.

We have thus far omitted mention of bank checks, a very important business medium. The element of time thrown aside, and the most that we have said regarding notes and bills, may be applied to checks, which in reality are bills or drafts payable at sight without grace.

In case of non-acceptance of a bill when presented, or non-payment of the same, or of note, when due, that the drawer in the first instance and indorsers, if any, in the latter may be holden to its payment, resort is ordinarily had to "protest," which signifies that acceptance or payment having been legally demanded of parties primarily liable, and refused, notice is given the other parties to the paper, of such refusal, by a notary public, who attaches a certificate to the bill or note, stating fact of such demand and refusal.

This may be avoided in the case of indorsers by their "waiving demand and notice" at the time of indorsement.

In writing commercial paper remember:

That the three days of grace allowed are not included in the time written;

That, unless otherwise specified, tender of payment must be made at payee's place of business;

That interest is not collectible, unless specified, until after maturity;

That the amount written and in figures should be the same;

That commercial paper without a date falls due never.

Interest.

A common and very acceptable definition of interest is, "a compensation paid for the use of money." Like other transactions this may be subject to contract agreement, to an extent however, varying in the different states. In most of the states the ability of parties to contract in the matter of interest rates, has been placed under some restraint; that is, most of the states have adopted a "legal rate," declaring thereby what amount of money shall be paid for the use of money. The reason why the states have assumed to dictate to parties the conditions of their interest contracts is to relieve the borrowers of the hardship of excessive rates, which, sometimes by reason of pecuniary embarrassments they would be, and are, notwithstanding inhibitions on statute books, forced to pay; and further to have a recognized standard rate for contracts where

there is no agreement, which last is a very salutary provision.

Upon what is interest payable? It is payable on loans, secured or unsecured, as per individual contracts, secured as loans on mortgage security; unsecured, represented partly by notes. Again, running accounts between merchants are adjusted on the basis of an interest account, he paying interest against whom the balance is found; simple indebtedness, past due, creates a legitimate interest claim; sales of merchandise, from time of sale, if no credits are given, if there are credits then from time of their expiration; also debts on which court judgment has been secured.

Time notes, as has been already observed, do not begin to draw interest until maturity, unless it be especially mentioned; demand notes not until after demand.

Interest when exacted in excess of legal rates becomes usury, which, as already hinted, is, in the states generally, a statutory offence.

We indicate here some of the statute provisions in relation to this matter, viz: "Permissible by agreement subjects the lender to a penalty of from three to six times the amount of usury taken; subject simply to have excess recovered; to lose the whole interest; an avoidance of whole contract; forfeiture of the whole debt," etc.

These provisions are of little avail really, for they are continually in conflict with the law of supply and demand; and the ingenuity of man settles this conflict in individual cases by cunningly conceived and evasive conditions.

Where partial payments have been made, interest may be computed in the following manner, which has received the sanction of recognized authority: "Compute interest due on principal sum to the time when a payment, either alone or in conjunction with preceding payments, with interest cast on them, shall equal or exceed interest due on the principal. Deduct this sum, and upon the balance cast interest as before, until a payment or payments equal the interest due; then deduct again, and so on."

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

FROM GOULBURN'S "THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION."

[March 2.]

There is no interruption in the world, however futile and apparently perverse, which we may not address ourselves to meet *with a spirit of patience and condescension borrowed from our Master*; and to have made a step in advance in conforming to the mind of Christ will be quite as great a gain (probably a far greater) than if we had been engaged in our pursuit. For, after all, we may be *too* intent upon our business, or rather intent in a wrong way. The radical fault of our nature, be it remembered, is self-will; and we little suspect how largely self-will and self-pleasing may be at the bottom of plans and pursuits, which still have God's glory and the furtherance of his service for their professed end.

Reader, the path which we have indicated is the path not of sanctity only, but of peace also. We shall never serve God with a quiet mind, unless we more or less tread in this path. It is a miserable thing to be the sport and prey of interruptions; it wastes the energies of the human spirit, and excites fretfulness, and so leads us into temptation, as it is written, "Fret not thyself, else thou shalt be moved to do evil." But suppose the mind to be well grounded in the truth that God's foresight and fore-arrangement embrace all which seems to us an interruption—that in this interruption lies awaiting us a good work in which it is part of his eternal counsel that we should walk, or a good frame of mind which he wishes us to cultivate; then we are forearmed against surprises and contradictions; we have formed an alchemy which converts each unforeseen and

untoward occurrence into gold; and the balm of peace distills upon our heart, even though we be disappointed of the end which we had proposed to ourselves. For which is better, safer, sweeter—to walk in the works which God hath before ordained, or to walk in the way of our own hearts and in the sight of our eyes?

Ah, reader! let us seek to grasp the true notion of Providence, for in it there is peace and deep repose of soul. Life has often been compared to a drama. Now, in a good drama there is one plot, variously evolved by incidents of different kinds, which until the last act present entanglement and confusion. Vice has its temporary triumphs, virtue its temporary depressions. What of that? You know it will come right in the end. You know there is an organizing mind which unfolds the story, and that the poet will certainly bring the whole to a climax by the ultimate indication of righteousness and the doing of poetical justice upon malefactors. To this end every shifting of the scene, every movement of the actors, every by-plot and underplot is made to contribute. Wheel within wheel is working together toward this result. Well, life is God's great drama. It was thought out and composed in the Eternal Mind before the mountains were brought forth, or even the earth and the world were made. In time God made a theater for it, called the earth; and now the great drama is being acted thereon. It is on a gigantic scale—this drama. The scenes are shifting every hour. One set of characters drops off the stage, and new ones come on to play much the same part as the first, only in new dresses. There seem to be entanglements, perplexities, interruptions, confusions, contradictions without end; but you may be sure there is one ruling thought, one master design, to which all these are subordinate. Every incident, every character, however apparently adverse, contributes to work out that ruling thought. Think you that the Divine Dramatist will leave anything out of the scope of his plot? Nay, the circumference of that plot embraces within its vast sweep every incident which time ever brought to birth.

Thou knowest that the mind which organized this drama is Wisdom. Thou knowest more; thou knowest that it is Love. Then of its ending grandly, wisely, nobly, lovingly, infinitely well for them who love God, there can be no doubt. But remember you are an actor in it; not a puppet worked by wires, but an actor. It is yours to study the plot as it unfolds itself, to throw yourself into it intelligently, warmly, zealously. Be sure to learn your part well, and to recite it manfully. Be not clamorous for another or more dignified character than that which is allotted you—be it your sole aim to conspire with the Author, and to subserve his grand and wise conception.

Thus shall you cease from your own wisdom. Thus shall you find peace in submitting yourself to the wisdom which is of God, and thus, finally, shall he pronounce you a good and faithful servant, and summon you to enter into the joy of your Lord.

[March 9.]

Now here comes out another point of holy policy in the combat with temptations. It is wise, especially when they are at their height, never to look them full in the face. To consider their suggestions, to debate with them, to fight it out with them inch by inch in a listed field, is, generally speaking, a sure way to fail. Turn the mind to Christ at the first assault, and keep it fixed there with pertinacity, until this tyranny be overpast. Consider him, if thou wilt, after the picture here presented to us. Think of him as one who walked amidst temptations without ever being submerged by them, as of one who by his grace can enable his followers to do the same. Think of him as calm, serene, firm, majestic, amidst the most furious agitations and turbulences of nature, and as one who can endure thy heart with a similar steadfastness. Think of him as interceding for his Church on the Mount of Glory, as watching them while they toil in rowing against the adverse influences which beset

them round about upon the sea of life, as descending on the wings of love to their relief. Think of him as standing close by thee in thy immediate neighborhood, with a hand outstretched for thy support as soon as ever thou lookest toward him. Remember that *it is not you who are to conquer, but he who is to conquer in you*; and accordingly, "even as the eyes of servants wait upon the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of the maiden upon the hand of her mistress, even so let your eyes wait upon him, until he have mercy upon you." No man ever fell in this attitude of expectant faith; he falls because he allows himself to look at the temptation, to be fascinated by its attractiveness, or terrified by its strength. One of the greatest sermons in our language is on the expulsive power of a new affection, and the principle laid down in that sermon admits of application to the circumstances of which we are speaking. There can be, of course, no temptation without a certain correspondence of the inner man with the immediate occasion of the trial. Now, do you desire to weaken this correspondence, to cut it off and make it cease? Fill the mind and heart with another affection, and let it be the affection for Christ crucified. Thus will the energies of the soul, which will not suffice for two strong actions at the same time, be drawn off into another quarter; and beside, the great enemy, seeing that his assaults only provoke you to a continuous exercise of faith, will soon lay down his arms, and you shall know experimentally the truth of those words, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one." There can be no doubt that this counsel of looking only upon Christ in the hour of temptation will be most needed (if our conscience and mind be spared us to the end), in the critical hour when flesh and heart are failing, and when Satan for the last time is permitted to assault our faith. We can well imagine that in that hour doubts will be busily instilled of Christ's love and power, suggestions of our own unfaithfulness to him in times past and questions as to whether he will now receive us. The soul will then possibly be scared by terrors, as the disciples in the boat were scared with the thoughts of a phantom, and will tremble in apprehension of being thrust out from the frail bark of the body into the darkness, uncertainty, insecurity of the new and untried element. If such should be the experience of any one who reads these pages, let him take with him this one counsel of safety, to look only to Christ, and to perish, if he perishes, at his feet; let us refuse to look in any other quarter, let us steadily turn away our eyes from the doubts, the painful recollection, the alarming anticipations which the enemy is instilling. We are not proposing to be saved on the ground of any righteousness in ourselves, or in any other way than by free grace, as undone sinners; then let these words be the motto of the tempest-tossed soul: "My soul hangeth upon thee; thy right hand hath upholden me;" ay, and let it be the motto *now*, in hours when lesser trials assault us. Let us make proof even now of the invincibility of the shield of faith, that we may bring it forth in that hour with greater confidence in its power to shield us. And the hand of an infinite love shall uphold us in the last, as it has done in previous ordeals, and the prayer shall be answered, which we have offered so often over the grave of departed friends:

"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Savior, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee." "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

[March 16.]

Never lower your principles to the world's standard. Never let sin, however popular it may be, have any sanction or countenance from you, even by a smile. The manly confession of Christ, when his cause is unpopular, is made by himself the

condition of his confessing us before men. If people find out that we are earnestly religious, as they soon will, if the light is shining, let us make them heartily welcome to the intelligence, and allow them to talk and criticise as much as they please. And then, again, in order that the lights may shine without obstruction, in order that it may easily transpire what we are, we must be simple, and study simplicity. This is by no means so easy as it at first sight appears; for in this highly artificial and pretentious age all society is overlaid with numerous affectations. Detest affectation, as the contrary of truth, and as hypocrisy on a small scale; and allow yourself freely to be seen by those around you in your true colors. There is an affectation of indifference to all things, and of a lack of general sensibility, which is becoming very prevalent in this age, and which is the sworn foe to all simplicity of character. The persons who labor under this moral disorder pretend to have lost their freshness of interest in every thing; for them, as they would have it believed, there is no surprise and no enthusiasm. Without assuming that they are really the unimpressible creatures which they would make themselves out to be, we may warn them that the wilful dissembling of a generous emotion is the way to suppress it. As Christians, we must eschew untruth in every form; we must labor to seem just what we are, neither better nor worse. To be true to God and to the thought of his presence all day long, and to let self occupy as little as possible of our thoughts; to care much for his approval, and comparatively little for the impression we are making on others; to feed the inward light with oil, and then freely to allow it to shine; this is the great secret of edification. May he indoctrinate us into it, and dispose and enable us to illustrate it in our practice.

[March 23.]

See now, tempted soul, whether this consideration, applied to your own case, may not somewhat lighten thy burden. You are beset by distractions in prayer and meditation. Well, distractions are no sin; nay, if struggled against patiently and cheerfully, they shall be a jewel in thy crown. Did you go through with the religious exercise as well as you could, not willingly harboring the distraction or consenting to it? In this case the prayer was quite as acceptable as if it had been accompanied with those high-flown feelings of fervor and sensible delight which God sometimes gives and sometimes, for our better discipline and humiliation, withholds. Nay, may we not say, that it was much more acceptable? Do not the Scriptures give us reason to think that prayer, persevering amidst difficulties and humiliations, prayer clinging close to Christ, despite his rebuffs, is more acceptable than the prayer which has its way smooth before it, and whose wings are filled by the favoring gale? What else are we to learn from the acceptance of Bartimæus's petition, who cried so much the more when the multitude rebuked him that he should hold his peace? What else from the commendation and recompense of the Syro-Phœnician's faith? Wouldst thou know the avenue to the Savior's heart, when thou art driven from his footstool by manifold discouragements, by deadness, numbness, insensibility—and he himself seems to cover himself with a cloud, so that thy prayer may not pass through? Confess thyself a dog, and plead for such crumbs as are the dog's allowed and recognized portion. Call to mind the many times when thou hast turned a deaf ear to Christ's expostulations with thee through thy conscience. Reflect that thou hast deserved nothing but repulses, and to have thy drafts upon him dishonored; and yet cling to his sacred feet, while thou sinkest low before him, resolving not to let him go except he bless thee; and this act of humility and perseverance shall make thy lame and halting prayer far more acceptable to the Divine Majesty than if it sailed to heaven with all the fluency of conscious inspiration, like Balaam's prophecy of old, which was prefaced, unhappy soul, by the assertion of his gifts.

[March 30.]

The remedy, and under God's grace the only remedy, whether in solitude or in company, is to "watch"—to "guard," as far as in us lies, "the first springs of thought and will." Let us pray and strive for the habit of challenging our sentiments, and making them give up their passport; eyeing them wistfully when they apply for admittance, and seeking to unmask those which have a questionable appearance. * * *

It will be found that all the more grievous falls of the tempted soul come from this—that the keeping of the heart has been neglected, that the evil has not been nipped in the bud. We have allowed matters to advance to a question of conduct—"shall I say this, or not say it?" "Do this, or not do it?" Whereas the stand should be made higher up and the ground disputed in the inner man. As if the mere restraint upon outward conduct, without the homage of the heart to God's law, could avail us aught, or be anything else than an offensive hypocrisy in the eyes of the Heart-searcher! As if Balaam's refraining from the malediction of the lips, while his heart was going after his covetousness, could be acceptable to the Almighty! Balaam, being an inspired and divinely-commissioned man, *dared* not disobey; for he knew too well what would be the result of such an abuse of his supernatural gifts. But we, if, like Balaam, we have allowed to evil a free range over our hearts, *are sure to disobey when it comes to a question of conduct*, not being restrained by the fear of miraculous punishment, which alone held him back. There is therefore no safety for us except in taking our stand at the avenues of the will, and rejecting at once every questionable impulse. And this, it is obvious, can not be done without watchfulness and self-recollection—without a continual bearing in mind where, and what we are, and that we have a treasure in our keeping, of which our foes seek to rob us. Endeavor to make your heart a little sanctuary, in which you may continually realize the presence of God, and from which unhallowed thoughts, and even vain thoughts must carefully be excluded.

READINGS IN ART.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

We do not know just when this term Gothic was first applied to the kind of architecture it is used to designate. It was probably intended to indicate something rude or barbaric in its features, but not that the Goths themselves invented or practiced it. That uncultured, warlike race knew little or nothing of architecture; but when, in the twelfth century, there arose in the north countries of Europe a new style of the art, those in the east and south, meaning to charge it with want of refinement, called it Gothic. There is not now the slightest reproach in the term, but rather the contrary. It won high, and for a time almost universal appreciation among all lovers of art. If, as compared with what went before, it is in a sense rude and wild, these very qualities command respect and admiration. It became the favorite architecture of the fourteenth century, reaching its highest state of development about the first of the fifteenth.

We can but imperfectly note the changes that took place in this style during its prevalence in England and other countries, for it had nearly the same phases in many lands, though not quite simultaneously. Changes were constantly made, both in language and architecture, that were not radical or destructive. As the change from the rude Anglo-Saxon forms of speech to the polished periods of Addison did not destroy the language, neither did the progress and improvement of this style of architecture change its identity.

* In the present article on Gothic architecture the outline of the excellent text-book by T. Roger Smith has been followed, but the extracts have been abridged to the utmost limit that is consistent with clearness in the presentation.

Its characteristic features were maintained throughout. Some or all of these; "boldness, naturalness, grotesqueness and redundancy," are evident in every stage, quite enough to vindicate its claim to be Gothic. Many years before the Roman emperors had introduced into Europe something like a universal architecture. The buildings of every Roman colony bore a strong resemblance to those of every other colony and of the metropolis. They were, in general, heavy in appearance, simple in structure, and had all their arches semi-circular.

Just what led to a change so marked and general it is perhaps impossible to tell. It was an age of much religious zeal; not always according to knowledge. In England, France, Germany, Lombardy, and South Italy many costly churches were demanded. A keen rivalry existed among the builders of these churches; each must be larger and finer than previous examples; and the details grew more elaborate. Architects of ability applied themselves diligently. Difficulties of construction that had seemed insuperable were overcome. The pointed arch was adopted, not only as more beautiful, but because it could be successfully used in important situations where the other was found impracticable. Whatever was lacking in religious society of the age, grand and liberal ideas were entertained as to the size and cost of churches; and architects had ample encouragement to do their best. And they did, both in designing new, and remodeling old buildings.

Mr. Smith says: "At the beginning of the twelfth century many local peculiarities—some due to accident, some to the quality of the building materials, and some to other causes, began to make their appearance in the buildings in various parts of Europe; and through the whole Gothic period they were met with; still the points of similarity were greater and more numerous than the differences. So, when we have gone through the course which the style ran in one country where it prevailed, we have a general outline of the whole, and may omit to speak particularly of them all without serious loss. On some grounds France would be the most suitable to select for the purpose, as the new order appeared earlier and had a more brilliant course in that country than in any other. But the balance of advantage lies in selection of Great Britain. The various phases the art has passed through in that country are well marked; and even the American student, who can not visit the country, may acquire some helpful information through engravings and photographs, that are happily quite common."

By far the most important specimens of Gothic architecture are the cathedrals and large churches. They are more complete as works of art than any other structures, and in all respects fit examples of pointed architecture.

The ground plan of the Peterborough Cathedral is especially simple; give a competent builder the order he is to follow, and he will need no picture, the plan tells him the whole.

Cathedrals are all similarly located as to the points of compass, and the principal entrance is in the west end. The one mentioned is about five times as long as it is wide. The wall is relieved by a large transept, the east wall of which begins about one third the distance from the east end. This gives the building the form of a cross. The part from the west end to the crossing of the transept is called the nave. The ends of the transept extend about one-third of the width of the building. The nave is flanked by avenues on each side, narrower and lower than itself, called aisles. They are separated from it by a row of columns or piers, connected by arches. Thus the nave has an arcade on each side, and each aisle has an arcade on one side, and the outer wall pierced by windows on the other. The strong arches of the arcade carry the walls that rise above the roofs of the aisles. These walls are usually divided internally into two stories. The lower story consists of a series of smaller arches, forming a second arcade, called the triforium, that opens into the dark space above the ceiling of the aisles, and is hence called the blind story.

The upper story has a range of windows, giving light

to the nave, and is called the clere-story. Thus a spectator standing in the nave and looking toward either side, will see before him the main arcade and side windows, above the arcade the triforium, and above this the clere-story, beautifully illuminated and crowned with the nave, vault or roof. The great size and height give sublimity to the sight. The east arm of a cathedral is that to which most importance is attached, and has greater richness and more elaborate finish.

When the termination is semi-circular or polygonal it is called an apse or apsidal east end. Attached to some of the side walls it is usual to have a series of chapels, partially shut off from the main building, yet of easy access.

Tombs and enclosures connected with them, called chantry chapels, are met in various positions, especially in the eastern arm. Below the raised floor of the choir there is a subterranean vaulted structure called the crypt.

Passing to the exterior, the principal doorway is in the west front, deeply recessed, and elaborate in design. There are also doors in both ends of the transept, and one or more side entrances. In a complete cathedral the grand architectural effect is principally due to the towers with which it is adorned, the most massive standing at the crossing of the transept.

To cathedrals and abbey-churches a group of monastic buildings was attached; sometimes very expensive and in the best style of the art. The most important of these is the Chapter House, which is frequently lofty and highly ornamented. The extent and arrangement of the monastic buildings adjoining the cloister vary with the needs of the different order of monks. The monk's dormitory was on the east side of the great cloister, the refectory and kitchen on the south, and on the west the great cellar, and a hospitem for the entertainment of guests.

The house for the abbot, the infirmary, the school building for novices, with its chapel, and more remotely the granaries, mills, bake-houses, offices, garden, cemetery—taken all together, a monastery shows an extensive group of buildings well arranged for the purposes intended.

Some military and domestic buildings are also of great interest. In those centuries dwellings of much consequence were all more or less fortified. Some were built with a lofty square tower, called a "keep," and capable of standing an assault or a siege. The number and character of the buildings in the enclosure around the keep of course depended on the ability of the proprietor. The outer buildings of the Tower of London, though much modernized, give a good idea of what a first-class castle grew, by successive additions, to be. In those erected near the close of the thirteenth century, the square tower was abandoned, and better provision made for the comfort and convenience of the occupants.

Warwick Castle might be cited as a good example of an English castelated mansion, of the time of Richard II. But still more interesting is Haddon Hall, the residence of the Duke of Rutland, in Derbyshire. It consists of two internal quadrangles separated by the great hall, with its dais, its minstrel's gallery, its vast open fire-place, and its traceried windows. Probably nowhere in England can the growth of domestic architecture be better studied, whether we look to the alterations which took place in arrangement, or to changes in the treatment of windows, battlements, doorways, and other features, than at Haddon Hall.

English Gothic architecture has generally been divided into three periods: The Early, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular. The following condensed list of the peculiarities of each period will be found useful for reference. Early English: General proportions more slender, and height of walls and columns greater; arches pointed, generally lancet, often richly moulded; triforium and arcades often with trifoliate heads. Piers were more slender, composed of a central shaft surrounded by several smaller ones almost or quite detached; capitals concave in outline, moulded or carved with conven-

tional foliage, delicately executed. The windows were at first long, narrow, and deeply splayed internally, the glass being within a few inches of the outer face of the wall; later in style more acute, divided by mullions, enriched with cusped circles in the head, and often with three or more lights—the center lights being the highest. Doorways were deeply recessed, enriched with slender shafts and elaborate mouldings. Buttresses were about equal in projection to their width, with but one set off, or without any. The mouldings were bold and deeply undercut.

In the Decorative style the proportions were less lofty, the arches mostly enclosing an equilateral triangle; mouldings bold, finely proportioned, and often ornamented with ball, flower, foliage of ivy, oak, and vine leaves, the execution being natural and beautiful.

The Perpendicular or Tudor style had walls profusely decorated with paintings, parapets embattled, and paneled; open timber roofs of moderate pitch, but of elaborate construction, having hammer beams, the moulded timbers often richly ornamented with pierced tracery, and carved figures of angels.

Ornamental materials of all kinds, such as mosaic, enamel, metal-work, and inlays were freely employed; but the crowning invention of Gothic artists, which contributed largely to the architectural effect of their finest buildings, was *stained glass*. So much of the old glass has perished, and so much of the new is not even passable, that this praise may seem extravagant to those who have never seen any of the best specimens that still exist. In the choir at Canterbury there is a remnant of the best glass in England, and some good fragments remain at Westminster, but to judge of glass at its best, the student must visit La Sainte Chapelle, of Paris, or the cathedrals at Chartres, Bourges or Rheims, when effects in colors are gorgeous in their richness, brilliancy and harmony. Fresco painting may claim a sort of brightness, and mosaics, when executed in polished materials, have some brilliancy, but in stained glass the light which comes streaming through the window itself gives evidence, while the quality of the glass determines the colors, and we thus obtain a glowing luster which can only be compared to the beauty of the richest gems.

Color was freely introduced both by the employment of colored materials and by painting the interior with colored pigments. Painted decorations were constantly made use of with the happiest effect.

Sculpture is the noblest ornament, and the Gothic architects, of a later day, seem to have been alive to its use, as in all their best works statues abounded. If sometimes uncouth, they always contributed to the effect intended. Whether rising to grace and grandeur or sinking to grotesque ugliness, they had a picturesque power, and added life to the whole. Monsters gaped and grinned from waterspouts; little figures of strange animals twisted in and out of the foliage at angles and corbels; stately effigies occupied dignified niches, and in the head of a doorway there was often carved a whole host of figures representing heaven, earth, and hell, with a rude force and eloquence that, to the present day, has not lost its power.

RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century men's minds and tastes were ripening for a change. The beautiful Gothic, in its most improved characteristics, did not satisfy. The change first took place in Italy, and was closely connected with the revival of letters. There all the characteristics of the middle ages were rapidly thrown off. The old Roman blood in the Italians asserted itself, and almost at a bound literature and the arts put on the old forms they had displayed fifteen hundred years before. In the schools there was a rage for classic Greek and Latin; and among architects old Roman or Græco-Roman forms were applied to buildings with much freedom and spirit.

The revival of classic taste in art was appropriately called the Renaissance.

In other countries the change came slowly, and people were

not prepared to welcome it unreservedly. In France and England there was a transition period, during which most buildings were designed in a mixed style. This in England lasted almost through the century. It was indeed a picturesque and telling style, in its earlier stages called Tudor, and later Elizabethan. In its mixture of classic and Gothic forms there are often incongruities, and even monstrosities; but it allowed unrestrained play for the fancy. Some of the best mansions of the time, such as Hatfield, Hardwick, and Audley End are unsurpassed in their pleasing picturesqueness. The wide oak staircase, with its carved balusters, ornamented newel-post, and heavy hand-rails, the old wainscoted parlor, with its magnificent chimney piece reaching to the ceiling, are all essentially English features, and full of vigor and life, as the work of every transition period is likely to prove. The period in France produced exquisite works, more refined and elegantly treated than those in England, but not so vigorous. No modern buildings are so finely ornamented and yet not spoiled.

In Italy Renaissance churches, magnificent secular buildings, and palaces of wealthy families abound, as in Naples, Rome, Florence, Geneva, Venice, and indeed in every great city.

The plan of Renaissance buildings was uniform and symmetrical; not widely different from those in Italy before the revival of classic art; but it will be remembered that they were by no means so picturesque or irregular, at any time, as were the plans of French and English churches.

The mediæval use of small materials for external walls, involving many joints, has disappeared, and they are universally faced with stone or plaster, and consequently smooth. The principal feature to note is the great use made of that elaborate sort of masonry, in which the joints of the stones are carefully channeled or otherwise marked, and which is known by the singularly inappropriate name of rustic work. The basements of most Italian and French palaces are thus built, and in many cases, as the Pitti Palace, Florence, the rustic work covers the whole façade.

Towers are less frequently employed. In churches they sometimes occur; none more picturesque than those designed by Sir Christopher Wren for many of his parish churches. But in this style the dome takes the place of the tower, both in churches and secular buildings.

The dome is the glory of Renaissance architecture, as it had been of the old Roman. It is the one feature by which Renaissance architects had a clear and defined advantage over those of the preceding century, who had, strange to say, almost abandoned the dome. The mouldings and all other ornaments of this order are much the same as those of the Roman. The sculptures and mural decorations were all originally drawn from classic sources. But these attained very great excellence—the decorative painting of Raphael and his scholars at Rome, Genoa, and elsewhere, probably far exceeding anything which the old Roman decorative artists ever executed.

ROME.

In the capital of the country is St. Peter's, the most magnificent building of fully developed Renaissance. Beamanti, a Florentine, was the architect, to whom the task of designing a cathedral to surpass any thing existing in Europe, was committed by Pope Julius II. The project had been entertained, and architects worked at it fifty years before; but nothing satisfactory was done. A new design was now made, and the first stone laid by the pope in 1506. Beamanti died in seven years, and six architects, in succession, of whom Raphael was one, proceeded with the work, without advancing it rapidly, for nearly half a century, during which the design was again and again modified.

In 1646 Michael Angelo was appointed architect, and the last eighteen years of his life were spent in carrying on the great work. He completed the magnificent dome in all its essential parts, and left the church in plan a Greek cross, *i. e.*, one in

which all the four arms are equal, and the dome at the crossing. The boast is attributed to him that he would "Take the dome of the Pantheon and hang it in the air." And this he virtually accomplished in the dome of St. Peter's; a work of the greatest beauty of design and boldness of construction. Unfortunately for the symmetry of the structure, the nave was subsequently lengthened, the existing portico built, and Bernini added the vast fore-court, lined by colonnades, which now forms the approach, and sadly obstructs the view. The exterior, seen from the front, is disappointing. The façade is so lofty, and advances so far in front as to quite hide the lower part of the dome.

To have an idea of the building, as Michael Angelo designed it, it is necessary to go round to the back; and there, with the height and contour of the dome fully seen, all its lines of living force carrying the eye with them up to the elegant stone lantern that crowns the summit, some conception of the hugeness and symmetry of this mountain of art seems to dawn on the mind. But, from the best point of view, it is with the utmost difficulty one can apply any scale of measurement to what, by its vastness and perfection, is bewildering. The interior is most impressive. The arrangements are simple. Passing the vast vestibule, there is the nave of four bays, with two side aisles, and an immense central space, over which hangs the great dome. There are transepts and a choir, each with one bay, and an apse; and there are two side chapels.

Since this largest church in the world is divided into so few parts, all of these must be of colossal dimensions. The piers are wonderful masses of masonry, while the spaces spanned by the lofty arches and vaults are prodigious. There is no sense of mystery felt about the interior. The eye at once grasps it as a whole, but hours must be spent before an adequate idea of its gigantic size is at all possible. The beauty of coloring adds wonderfully to the effect. The interior of the dome especially, and the drum on which it rests, are decorated in color throughout, in excellent taste. The designs are simple, the light to show them is ample; and though so rich, there is no impression of excessive decoration. The connection between the dome and the rest of the building seems admirable; and the spectator standing under its soaring vault has an impression of vastness made by no other work of art.

In England the new order was introduced with a longer transition period. For a generation or more the style was mixed. In many instances the main lines are Gothic, while the details are partly Gothic and partly modified Renaissance. This is true of such buildings as Knowle, Penshurst, Hardwick, Hatfield, and many others.

England has churches that take rank among the best in Europe, especially St. Paul's, London, which has a world-wide celebrity as second only to St. Peter's. It falls short of its great rival in size and internal effect; being almost wholly devoid of the artistic decoration, in which St. Peter's is so rich. But the exterior is far finer, and the building is consistent with itself throughout. The plan of St. Paul's is a Latin cross, with well marked transepts, a large portico, and two towers at the west entrance. An apse of small size forms the end of the eastern arm, and of each of the transepts; a great dome covers the crossing. The cathedral has a crypt raising the main floor considerably, and its side walls are carried high above the aisle roofs, so as to hide the clerestory windows from sight. A great dome, planted on eight piers, covers the crossing. The skill with which the dome is made the central feature of a pyramidal composition, whatever be the point of view; the great beauty of the circular colonnade immediately below the dome; the elegant outline of the western towers, and the unusual but successful distribution of the great porticos, are among the most noteworthy elements which give a charm to this very successful exterior. But no verbal description can adequately present its excellence; nor will the reader be fully satisfied with the meager account here given.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

"Enthusiastic devotion to liberty is one of the greatest charms of Mr. Motley's writings."—*Methodist Quarterly Review*.

"Few writers possess a more picturesque and dramatic style, or, by combined freshness and brilliancy, are more successful in sustaining the interest of the reader."—*H. M. Baird, Ph.D.*

It is perhaps noteworthy that our four leading American historians—Bancroft, Hildreth, Motley and Prescott—widely dissimilar in some of their characteristics, were all born in Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard. A writer can do his best on a theme suited to his taste and genius; and Motley wisely chose the Netherlands as presenting the spectacle of a noble people engaged in a heroic work.

Extract from "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

After giving a vivid description of the three great rivers—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld—which for ages had deposited their slime among the sand banks around their mouths, the historian continues: Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant Ocean and his mighty streams into subservience, forcing them to fertilize, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the furthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man.

The whole territory of the Netherlands was girt with forests. An extensive belt of woodland skirted the sea-coast, reaching beyond the mouths of the Rhine. Along the outer edge of this barrier, the dunes cast up by the sea were prevented by the close tangle of thickets from drifting further inward, and thus formed a breastwork which time and art were to strengthen. The groves of Haarlem and the Hague are relics of this ancient forest. The Badahuenna wood, horrid with Druidic sacrifices, extended along the eastern line of the vanished lake of Flevo. The vast Hercynian forest, nine days' journey in breadth, closed in the country on the German side, stretching from the banks of the Rhine to the remote regions of the Dacians, in such vague immensity (says the conqueror of the whole country) that no German, after traveling sixty days, had ever reached, or even heard of, its commencement. On the south, the famous groves of Ardennes, haunted by faun and satyr, embowered the country, and separated it from Celtic Gaul.

Thus inundated by mighty rivers, quaking beneath the level of the ocean, belted about by hirsute forests, this low land, nether land, hollow land, or Holland, seemed hardly deserving the arms of the all-accomplished Roman. Yet, foreign tyranny, from the earliest ages, has coveted this meager territory as lustfully as it has sought to wrest from their native possessors those lands with the fatal gift of beauty for their dower; while the genius of liberty has inspired as noble a resistance to oppression here as it ever aroused in Grecian or Italian breasts.

Antwerp Cathedral.

The Church of Our Lady, which Philip had so recently converted into a cathedral, dated from the year 1124, although it may be more fairly considered a work of the fourteenth century. Its college of canons had been founded in another

locality by Godfrey of Bouillon." The Brabantine hero, who so romantically incarnated the religious poetry of his age, who first mounted the walls of redeemed Jerusalem, and was its first Christian monarch, but who refused to accept a golden diadem on the spot where the Savior had been crowned with thorns; the Fleming who lived and was the epic which the great Italian, centuries afterward, translated into immortal verse, is thus fitly associated with the beautiful architectural poem which was to grace his ancestral realms. The body of the church—the interior and graceful perspectives of which were not liable to the reproach brought against many Netherland churches, of assimilating themselves already to the municipal palaces which they were to suggest, was completed in the fourteenth century. The beautiful façade, with its tower, was not completed till the year 1518. The exquisite and daring spire, the gigantic stem upon which the consummate flower of this architectural creation was to be at last unfolded, was a plant of a whole century's growth. Rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, over a church of as many feet in length, it worthily represented the upward tendency of Gothic architecture. Externally and internally the cathedral was a true expression of the Christian principle of devotion. Amid its vast accumulations of imagery, its endless ornaments, its multiplicity of episodes, its infinite variety of details, the central, material principle was ever visible. Every thing pointed upward, from the spire in the clouds to the arch which enshrined the smallest sculptured saint in the chapels below. It was a sanctuary, not like pagan temples, to enclose a visible deity, but an edifice where mortals might worship an unseen being in the realms above.

The church, placed in the center of the city, with the noisy streets of the busiest metropolis in Europe eddying around its walls, was a sacred island in the tumultuous main. Through the perpetual twilight, tall columnar trunks in thick profusion grew from a floor chequered with prismatic lights and sepulchral shadows. Each shaft of the petrified forest rose to a preternatural height, their many branches intermingling in the space above, to form an impenetrable canopy. Foliage, flowers and fruit of colossal luxuriance, strange birds, beasts, griffins and chimeras in endless multitudes, the rank vegetation and the fantastic zoölogy of a fresher or fabulous world, seemed to decorate and to animate the serried trunks and pendant branches, while the shattering symphonies or dying murmurs of the organ suggested the rushing of the wind through the forest—now the full diapason of the storm, and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

"Bancroft's writings are as well worthy of study, both for form and substance, as any that have been produced on American soil."—*John McClintock, L.L.D.*

"His every paragraph is animated with a philanthropic, liberal and progressive spirit."—*D. D. Whedon, D.D.*

"The work of Mr. Bancroft may be considered as a copious philosophical treatise, tracing the growth of the idea of liberty in a country designed by Providence for its development. It is written in a style marked by singular elaborateness, compactness, and scholarly grace, and is esteemed one of the noblest monuments of American literature."—*American Cyclopædia.*

William Penn.

Penn, despairing of relief in Europe, bent the whole energy of his mind to accomplish the establishment of a free government in the New World. For that "heavenly end" he was prepared by the severe discipline of life, and the love, without dissimulation, which formed the basis of his character. The sentiment of cheerful humanity was irrepressibly strong in his bosom. As with John Eliot and Roger Williams, benevolence gushed prodigally from his ever-flowing heart, and when, in his late old age, his intellect was impaired, and his reason pros-

trated by apoplexy, his sweetness of disposition rose serenely over the clouds of disease. Possessing an extraordinary greatness of mind, vast conceptions, remarkable for their universality and precision, and surpassing in speculative endowments, conversant with men, with books, and governments, with various languages, and the forms of political combinations as they existed in England and France, in Holland, and the principalities and free cities of Germany, he yet sought the source of wisdom in his own soul. Humane by nature and suffering, familiar with the royal family, intimate with Sunderland and Sydney, acquainted with Russel, Halifax, Shaftesbury and Buckingham, as a member of the Royal Society, the peer of Newton, and the great scholars of his age—he valued the promptings of a free mind more than the awards of the learned, and revered the simple minded sincerity of the Nottingham shepherd more than the authority of colleges and the wisdom of philosophers. And now, being in the meridian of life, but a year older than was Locke, when, twelve years before, he had framed a constitution for Carolina, the Quaker legislator was come to the New World to lay the foundation of states. Would he imitate the vaunted system of the great philosopher?

Locke, like William Penn, was tolerant; both loved freedom; both cherished truth in sincerity. But Locke kindled the torch of liberty at the fires of tradition; Penn at the living light in the soul. Locke sought truth through the senses and the outward world; Penn looked inward to the divine revelations in every mind. Locke compared the soul to a sheet of white paper, just as Hobbs had compared it to a slate, on which time and chance might scrawl their experience; to Penn the soul was an organ which of itself instinctively breathes divine harmonies, like those musical instruments which are so curiously and perfectly framed, that, when once set in motion they of themselves give forth all the melodies designed by the artist who made them.

To Locke, "Conscience is nothing else than our own opinion of our own actions;" to Penn it is the image of God, and his oracle in the soul. Locke, who was never a father, esteemed "the duty of parents to preserve their children to not be understood without reward and punishment;" Penn loved his children, with not a thought for the consequences. Locke, who was never married, declares marriage an affair of the senses; Penn revered woman as the object of fervent, inward affection, made, not for lust, but for love. In studying the understanding Locke begins with the sources of knowledge; Penn with an inventory of our intellectual treasures. Locke deduces government from Noah and Adam, rests it upon contract, and announces its end to be the security of property; Penn, far from going back to Adam, or even to Noah, declares that there must be a people before a government, and, deducing the right to institute the government from man's moral nature, seeks its fundamental rules in the immutable dictates of universal reason, its end in freedom and happiness. The system of Locke lends itself to contending factions of the most opposite interests and purposes; the doctrine of Fox and Penn being but the common creed of humanity, forbids division, and insures the highest moral unity. To Locke, happiness is pleasure; things are good and evil only in reference to pleasure and pain; and to inquire after the highest good is as absurd as to dispute whether the best relish be in apples, plums or nuts; Penn esteemed happiness to be in the subjection of the baser instincts to the instinct of Deity in the breast, good and evil to be eternally and always as unlike as truth and falsehood, and the inquiry after the highest good to involve the purpose of existence. Locke says plainly that, but for rewards and punishments beyond the grave it is *certainly right* to eat and drink, and enjoy what we delight in; Penn, like Plato and Fenelon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for his own sake, and virtue to be practiced for its intrinsic loveliness. Locke derives the idea of infinity from the senses, describes it as purely negative, and attributes

it to nothing but space, duration and number; Penn derived the idea from the soul, and ascribed it to truth and virtue, and to God. Locke declares immortality a matter with which reason has nothing to do, and that revealed truth must be sustained by outward signs and visible acts of power; Penn saw truth by its own light, and summoned the soul to bear witness to its own glory. Locke believed "not so many men in wrong opinions as is commonly supposed, because the greatest part have no opinions at all, and do not know what they contend for;" Penn likewise vindicated the many, but it was because truth is the common inheritance of the race. Locke, in his love of tolerance, inveighed against the methods of persecution as "Popish practices;" Penn censured no sect, but condemned bigotry of all sorts as inhuman. Locke, as an American lawgiver dreaded a too numerous democracy; Penn believed that God is in every conscience, his light in every soul; and therefore, stretching out his arms, he built—such are his own words—"a free colony for all mankind." This is the praise of William Penn, that, in an age which had seen a popular revolution shipwreck popular liberty among selfish factions, which had seen Hugh Peters and Henry Vane perish by the hangman's cord and the ax; in an age when Sydney nourished the pride of patriotism rather than the sentiment of philanthropy, when Russel stood for the liberties of his order, and not for new enfranchisements, when Harrington and Shaftesbury and Locke thought government should rest on property—Penn did not despair of humanity, and, though all his history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, dared to cherish the noble idea of man's capacity for self-government. Conscious that there was no room for its exercise in England, the pure enthusiast, like Calvin and Descartes, a voluntary exile, was to come to the banks of the Delaware to institute the "HOLY EXPERIMENT."

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

"To Prescott belongs the rare distinction of uniting solid merit with extensive popularity. He has been exalted to the first class of historians, both by the popular voice and the suffrages of the learned. By avoiding all tricks of flippancy or profundity to court any class of readers, he has pleased all."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Mr. Prescott's leading excellence is that healthy objectiveness of mind which enables him to represent persons and events in their just relation. The scenery, characters and incidents with which his history deals, are all conceived with singular intensity, and appear on his page instinct with their peculiar life. The mind of the author yields itself with a beautiful readiness to the inspiration of his subject, and he leads the reader along with him through every scene of beauty and grandeur in which the stirring adventures he narrates are placed."—*Review*.

Isabella of Spain and Elizabeth of England.

It is in the amiable qualities of her sex that Isabella's superiority becomes most apparent over her illustrious namesake, Elizabeth of England, whose history presents some features parallel to her own. Both were disciplined in early life by the teachings of that stern nurse of wisdom, adversity. Both were made to experience the deepest humiliation at the hands of their nearest relative, who should have cherished and protected them. Both succeeded in establishing themselves on the throne after the most precarious vicissitudes. Each conducted her kingdom through a long and triumphant reign, to a height of glory which it had never before reached. Both lived to see the vanity of all earthly grandeur, and to fall the victims of an inconsolable melancholy; and both left behind an illustrious name, unrivaled in the subsequent annals of the country.

But with these few circumstances of their history, the resemblance ceases. Their characters afford scarcely a point of contact. Elizabeth, inheriting a large share of the bold and bluff King Harry's temperament, was haughty, arrogant, coarse, irascible; while with these fiercer qualities she mingled deep dissimulation and strange irresolution. Isabella, on the other

hand, tempered the dignity of royal station with the most bland and courteous manners. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes; and her conduct in public and private life was characterized by candor and integrity. Both may be said to have shown that magnanimity which is implied by the accomplishment of great objects in the face of great obstacles. But Elizabeth was desperately selfish; she was incapable of forgiving, not merely a real injury, but the slightest affront to her vanity; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella, on the other hand, lived only for others—was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty; and far from personal resentments, showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her; while her benevolent heart sought every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law, even toward the guilty.

Both possessed rare fortitude. Isabella, indeed, was placed in situations which demanded more frequent and higher displays of it than her rival; but no one will doubt a full measure of this quality in the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Elizabeth was better educated, and every way more accomplished than Isabella. But the latter knew enough to maintain her station with dignity; and she encouraged learning by a munificent patronage. The masculine powers and passions of Elizabeth seemed to divorce her in a great measure from the peculiar attributes of her sex; at least from those which constitute its peculiar charm; for she had abundance of its foibles—a coquetry and love of admiration which age could not chill; a levity most careless, if not criminal; and a fondness for dress and tawdry magnificence of ornament which was ridiculous, or disgusting, according to the different periods of life in which it was indulged. Isabella, on the other hand, distinguished through life for decorum of manners and purity beyond the breath of calumny, was content with the legitimate affection which she could inspire within the range of her domestic circle. Far from a frivolous affectation of ornament or dress, she was most simple in her own attire, and seemed to set no value on her jewels, but as they could serve the necessities of the state; when they could be no longer useful in this way, she gave them away to her friends. Both were uncommonly sagacious in the selection of their ministers, though Elizabeth was drawn into some errors in this particular by her levity, as was Isabella by religious feeling. It was this, combined with her excessive humility, which led to the only grave errors in the administration of the latter. Her rival fell into no such errors, and she was a stranger to the amiable qualities which led to them.

The circumstances of their deaths, which were somewhat similar, displayed the great dissimilarity of their characters. Both pined amidst their royal state, a prey to incurable despondency rather than any marked bodily distemper. In Elizabeth it sprung from wounded vanity, a sullen conviction that she had outlived the admiration on which she had so long fed—and even the solace of friendship and the attachment of her subjects. Nor did she seek consolation, where alone it was to be found in that sad hour. Isabella, on the other hand, sunk under a too acute sensibility to the sufferings of others. But amidst the gloom which gathered around her, she looked with the eye of faith to the brighter prospects which unfolded of the future; and when she resigned her last breath, it was amidst the tears and universal lamentations of her people.

The Character of Cortés.

His character is marked with the most opposite traits, embracing qualities apparently the most incompatible. He was avaricious, yet liberal; bold to desperation, yet cautious and calculating in his plans; magnanimous, yet very cunning; courteous and affable in his deportment, yet inexorably stern; lax in his notions of morality, yet (not uncommon) a sad bigot. The great feature in his character was constancy of purpose; a

constancy not to be daunted by danger, nor baffled by disappointment, nor wearied out by impediments and delays.

He was a knight-errant, in the literal sense of the word. Of all the band of adventurous cavaliers whom Spain, in the sixteenth century, sent forth on the career of discovery and conquest, there was none more deeply filled with the spirit of romantic enterprise than Hernando Cortés. Dangers and difficulties, instead of deterring, seemed to have a charm in his eyes. They were necessary to rouse him to a full consciousness of his powers. He grappled with them at the outset, and, if I may so express myself, seemed to prefer to take his enterprises by the most difficult side. He conceived, at the first moment of his landing in Mexico, the design of its conquest. When he saw the strength of its civilization, he was not turned from his purpose. When he was assailed by the superior force of Narvaez, he still persisted in it; and, when he was driven in ruin from the capital, he still cherished his original idea. After the few years of repose which succeeded the conquest, his adventurous spirit impelled him to that dreary march across the marshes of Chiapa; and, after another interval, to seek his fortunes on the stormy Californian Gulf. When he found that no other continent remained for him to conquer, he made serious proposals to the emperor to equip a fleet at his own expense, with which he would sail to the Moluccas, and subdue the Spice Islands for the Crown of Castile!

This spirit of knight-errantry might lead us to undervalue his talents as a general, and to regard him merely in the light of a lucky adventurer. But this would be doing him injustice, for Cortés was certainly a great general, if that man be one, who performs great achievements with the resources which his own genius has created. There is probably no instance in history where so vast an enterprise has been achieved by means apparently so inadequate.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

ENGLISH DISCOVERIES AND SETTLEMENTS.

In 1496 John Cabot, a merchant of Venice, but of English birth, under the patronage of Henry VII., made a voyage of discovery, accompanied by his son Sebastian, who became eminent as a bold, skilful navigator. They sailed into Hudson's Bay, exploring the shore line for some hundreds of miles, and returned. This was really the first discovery of America, and some months before Columbus reached the main land. No important results followed immediately.

Two years later Sebastian Cabot sailed for the new continent in command of a squadron of well manned vessels. The northwest passage to India was doubtless the objective point of the voyage; but, failing in that, he gained much valuable knowledge of the country.

The whole coast of New England, and of the Middle States, was now, for the first time since the days of the Erricksens, traced by Europeans. In 1498 a fruitless attempt was made to colonize the country he had discovered. Some three hundred men were left on the coast of Labrador for this purpose, many of whom perished, and all who survived were a year after carried back to England.

For reasons that do not fully appear Cabot was during most of his active life in the service of Spain, having been appointed chief pilot, and honored beyond all others who then sailed the seas. When seventy years old he again visited his native country; was received with much favor, and remained some years the active patron of English enterprise.

Though for almost a century there was no actual possession of the lands thus made known, Cabot's work proved of inestimable importance to the British crown. He traced the eastern coast of North America through more than twenty degrees of latitude, and established the claim of England to the best portion of the New World.

Others of like adventurous spirit followed in the work of discovery. Frobisher, Drake, Gilbert and Grenville, all men of influence, successively came to America, but failed to establish permanent settlements. In a few months the colonists either returned in disappointment or perished. The last voyage made by the English before their permanent occupancy of the country was in 1605. George Waymouth, under the patronage of the Earl of Southampton, came to anchor off the coast of Maine. He explored the harbor, sailed some distance up the river, and opened a profitable trade with the Indians, some of whom learned to speak English, and accompanied Waymouth on his homeward voyage. Efforts that continued at intervals through a century, though for the most part barren of the immediate results that were sought, were not altogether in vain, and they served to keep secure the partial knowledge that had been gained, and to sustain the hopes that were often dashed with disappointment.

In April, 1606, King James I. issued two patents, one to an association of noble gentlemen and merchants, called the "London Company," the other to an association organized in the southwest part of England, called the "Plymouth Company." The grants were alike liberal, but only the London Company succeeded under its charter, in planting an American colony. The other company lost their first ship that was sent out, captured by a Spanish man-of-war. The year following they sent out a company of one hundred colonists, and began a settlement on the Kennebec river under what seemed favorable circumstances. But the winter of 1607-'8 proved very severe. Some were starved, some frozen, their storehouse burned, and when summer came the survivors, as in other unfortunate attempts, escaped to England.

The London Company's fleet of three vessels, under command of Christopher Newport, carried one hundred and five colonists, reached the American coast in April, intending to land in the neighborhood of Roanoke Island, but a storm carried them into the Chesapeake. Coasting along the southern shore of the magnificent bay, they entered the mouth of a broad, beautiful river that they called James, in honor of the King. Proceeding up the river about fifty miles they founded Jamestown, the first English settlement in America. This was more than a hundred years after the discovery of the continent by Cabot, so long a time did it take for the English to get any permanent possession of the country discovered. For all these long years they seemed to reap nothing but loss and misfortune from their enterprise. Not a single spot on the vast continent, now mostly peopled by their children, was as yet the settled habitation of an Englishman; while Spain and France had wonderful successes in the first century of their career of conquest and colonization. But their prosperity was not enduring. The invaders who treated the native inhabitants with murderous cruelty, were in turn oppressed by the home government, and, struggling for relief, plunged into the most deplorable anarchy. By injustice, mismanagement and tyranny, Spain alienated her once numerous dependencies. France too, whose subjects planted many flourishing colonies, lost them, not because of her oppression, but from want of ability to afford them sufficient protection.

England, the last to commence settling the western hemisphere, but finally bringing to the task a spirit of progress and strength unknown to her predecessors, has founded an empire mightier and more enduring than any of its compeers; now lost indeed to her private aggrandizement, but not to the honor of her name, or the best interest of mankind; an empire already prosperous beyond all example in history, and destined, it is probable, to yet unite under its genial protection every league of the vast continent, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the tropical forests of Darien to the eternal snows of the Arctic circle.*

*Abridged from "People's History."

Among the gentlemen in the colony on James river there were those of better culture and higher position, but none equaled, in intrepid courage, force of character and practical wisdom, Captain John Smith. There were none who contributed so much to the success of the enterprise. He had been, from his early life, an adventurer, inured to hardships, and fearless in danger. He returned to England from the war with the Turks, in which he became distinguished for prowess and valor, in time to join the colonists, and was appointed by King James a member of the council. As the appointments were, very unwisely, under seal, and made known only after they reached their destination, there was no legitimate authority during the voyage, and a state of almost anarchy prevailed. Though no one of the number possessed a truer manhood, Smith was accused of plotting the massacre of the council, and for a time deprived of his liberty, but when tried, fully acquitted.

Many of the colonists being gentlemen unused to labor or hardships of any kind, were sadly unfit for the difficult enterprise. Exposure and want brought on malignant diseases. The fort, built for defense, was filled with the sick, and in a few months half their number perished. Bad management and dishonesty added to the calamities that were suffered. The first two Governors were found guilty of embezzlement and of attempting to desert in the company's ship. The third had neither talents nor courage, and gave up the office, for which he was incompetent. In their distress Smith was chosen Governor, and did much to avert the calamities which all, at length, saw impending. Unable, at first, to induce the colonists to labor, or to seek the needed supplies by cultivating the soil, he obtained corn and other provisions from the Indians by trading, making some quite extensive trips for the purpose, and, by his courage and address, acquired great influence over the savages. In one of his excursions up the Chickahominy three of his company were killed, and he, after a terrible struggle, taken captive, and came near losing his life. When condemned to die, bound and placed in position to be slain by the war-club of a stalwart, painted savage, ready for the bloody tragedy, the stern chief yielded to the entreaties of his favorite daughter, Pocahontas, released his captive, and made a covenant of peace with him. This was not only a most touching event, but of great historical importance. The loss of their Governor at that critical juncture would have taken away all hope of continuing the settlement at Jamestown. His influence with the colonists was great, and greater with the natives of the country. He seemed to them without fear, while the natural dignity, kindness and manliness of his bearing awed and conciliated the most hostile tribes. Soon after his departure from the colony a most trying crisis came, and they were saved only by the timely arrival of men and supplies from the mother country. Other Governors succeeded, some of whom did wisely. The lands first held in common were divided, and the owners required to cultivate them.

In 1619 a Dutch trader brought some negroes from Africa, which were sold to the richer planters. Thus slavery began, and its blighting influence was long felt both there and in the other colonies. It was at first found profitable, and the population increased so rapidly that in less than forty years from the date of the first charter, the little band in Virginia had grown to over twenty thousand.

In the meantime some settlements were made in Carolina by Virginians, and also by Puritans from New England, without chartered rights, and with alternations of success and disaster.

In 1663 liberal grants were issued by Charles II., and colonization advanced more rapidly. But the colonial government, adopted not by the people but by the proprietors, was a kind of landed aristocracy, that was distasteful, and the arrogant demands of the ruling class were met with rebellion.

An attempt was made at self-government, which succeeded so far as to show that aristocratic institutions and customs were

not suited to the wilderness; and the famous constitution, framed with much labor by Lord Shaftsbury and the justly celebrated Dr. Locke, was abandoned, as its provisions were found oppressive and impracticable. The Indians, once numerous in the Carolinas, for a time gave much trouble, but through pestilence, wars and drunkenness their power was broken, and they rapidly faded away.

SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

In 1607 the Plymouth Company made an unsuccessful attempt on the Kennebec; but, though baffled and hindered, the purpose of colonization was not abandoned. In 1609 Captain Smith, injured by an accident, and disheartened by the unhappy state of the colony at Jamestown, returned to London to interest others in the settlement of America. Time was needed to make the preparation; and in 1614 he came in command of two ships to the coast of lower Maine, explored the country, and drew maps of the whole coast line from the Penobscot to Cape Cod, and called the region New England.

No colony was then planted. Months and years were consumed fruitlessly in making and unmaking plans that proved impracticable, or at best failed in the execution; till in 1617 the Plymouth Company was superseded by the Council of Plymouth, consisting of forty of the most wealthy and influential men of the kingdom. They planned magnificently, and made many fair promises; but the spirit of the enterprise was intensely secular if not selfish, and the hopes cherished were again disappointed. The actual settlement of New England was begun by men of more earnest spirit and loftier aim, to whom conscience and the love of liberty were a higher law.

The Pilgrims, a class of deeply conscientious non-conformists, who, because of the persecutions endured, had in the land of their birth no certain abiding place, and many of whom for ten years found an asylum in Holland, had now, by some mysterious influence, turned their thoughts and hopes to the New World. They had known the bitterness of leaving home and country for conscience sake, had in their voluntary exile cultivated habits of industry, gained strength of character by the things they suffered, and were now ready to encounter any difficulty to find a home, though in the far-off American wilderness.

With no charter or grant of land from the king they could only obtain consent of the Company to occupy some uninhabited part of that vast and rather indefinite tract then known as Virginia, and between 34° and 45° north latitude. After much difficulty they obtained two vessels, the "Speedwell" and "May-Flower." The former, being found unseaworthy, returned to Plymouth, and the "May-Flower" proceeded with one hundred and one colonists. Encountering fierce storms it was a long, perilous passage of sixty-three days; and being compelled to land outside the limits of the Virginia Company's jurisdiction, and so without any government, they proceeded at once to form one. All the men of the company, forty-one in number, signed the constitution before leaving the ship. It was brief but comprehensive, and, with an honest avowal of allegiance to the crown, democratic in the most explicit sense. On Monday, the 11th of December, 1620, the Pilgrims landed on the Rock of Plymouth, on the western shore of Cape Cod. It was late in the season, and though all possible efforts were made to provide themselves shelter, and some means of defense in case of attack, there was much sickness, suffering and death during the winter. An early spring brought relief to those who survived; and, from year to year, their decimated ranks were recruited by new arrivals. Treaties of peace were made with the Indians; the fields and forests furnished food, and in a short time the colony numbered thousands. Other settlements were made, and in ten years spread over the country from Cape Ann to Plymouth. Before the end of the next decade some fifty towns and villages dotted the country, and the signs of thrift were most encouraging. W. Stevens, a ship

builder, had already launched an American vessel of four hundred tons burden; and two hundred and ninety-three immigrant ships had anchored in Massachusetts Bay, and more than 20,000 Europeans had found homes as the outcome of the humble beginning at Plymouth. But the good men who had suffered much for conscience' sake, and that they might enjoy liberty, were not themselves free from the bigotry they spurned and became cruelly intolerant of those who dared differ from them.

But that narrowness was soon overcome, and measures unworthy of them overruled for good. The banishment of the eloquent Roger Williams and others who pleaded for complete religious toleration, and declared that the consciences of men are in no way bound by the authority of the magistrate, so far from quenching the spirit of freedom that burned in his manly words, gave it wider scope and richer fruitage. The exile, finding favor with the Indians, whose rights he had so nobly defended, soon became, by purchase, the owner of Rhode Island. He founded the city of Providence and established a little republic, in whose constitution freedom of conscience was guaranteed, and persecution for opinion's sake forbidden. Moreover, his influence in Massachusetts was scarcely less than it would have been had he remained.

The seed was sown, and the fruit very soon appeared. The aristocracy that was growing up in spite of all disclaimers was overthrown, a representative government established, and the good Puritans, without compromising their orthodoxy, became more tolerant toward such as "followed not with them."

The colonies of Rhode Island, Maryland and Pennsylvania were the first civil communities in which free toleration in religion was granted, but the heaven was working. A nation was fast growing up in the wilderness, whose resources were rapidly developing. But the scattered communities were much exposed, and, for mutual defense, the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven united in 1643, forming the "United Colonies of New England." The union lasted forty years, and foreshadowed the union of the United States. In union they found strength, and increased still more rapidly in all the resources of a prosperous community. They had council chambers, churches, school houses, and printing presses, with probably as large a proportion of educated and highly cultured people as are found in any new settlement. That many were strangely superstitious, bigoted and intolerant; that lives, otherwise noble and praiseworthy, were stained with acts of injustice and cruelty, is confessed with sorrow; but it only proves them men with the weaknesses and faults that belong to our common humanity. Their virtues alone are worthy of imitation.

While rapid progress was made in the east, and popular government was becoming securely established, the work of colonization was pushed vigorously in other sections, and, in less than fifty years, there had been planted fifteen colonies, most of which prospered greatly. In 1636 Providence united with Rhode Island, in 1677 Maine with Massachusetts, and in 1682 New Haven with Connecticut. Of those eventually forming the "Empire" and "Keystone" states mention will be made hereafter.

[End of Required Reading for March.]

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "What is the meaning of 'Creole'? To whom is it applied, and why?" The word is French—the Spanish being nearly the same. It means primarily to create, but also to nourish, educate, bring up. It was first applied to children of French and Spanish parentage born in the West Indies or in Louisiana, because they were brought up in the country to which their parents came as colonists. The name is honorable. The influence of climate and other circumstances made these children of European parentage differ somewhat in appearance from their ancestors. They were less hardy and robust, but more beautiful. The term "Creoles" is sometimes applied to all born in tropical climates, as they have some common characteristics.

HELEN'S TOWER.

By CHARLES BLATHERWICK.

Helen's tower, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engraved in gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love, to last as long,
I should wear my crown entire
To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
And be found of angel eyes
In earth's recurring Paradise. —A. Tennyson.

Halfway up Belfast Lough, on the high ground to the left you may see a remarkable landmark. This is Helen's Tower, built by the present Earl of Dufferin as a tribute of filial affection to his mother, the late Countess of Gifford, and formally named after her on attaining his majority.

Looking across from the grey old walls of Carrickfergus, it may be seen crowning the highest hill on the Claudeboye estate. Clear cut against the sky, there it stands, lashed by the winds or touched by the sun, ever firm and enduring—a fitting memorial of one of the best and noblest of women.

Lady Gifford was a Sheridan, one to whom wit and beauty came as natural gifts, yet one who dipped deeply into the font of human knowledge, and by pure sympathy with all that was good and beautiful in life, exerted a lasting influence on all those whose privilege it was to know her.

A short drive from Bangor, or, still better, a pleasant two-mile stretch across the turf from Claudeboye House, will bring you to the foot of the hill. Here, glimmering amid ferns, sedge, birches, and firs, very calm and peaceful on a golden autumn day, with Helen's Tower reflected on its face, is a quiet lake. Then a smart climb through a fir wood, and the tower—a veritable Scotch tower, with "corbie stairs" and jutting turrets all complete—is before you.

At the basement lives the old keeper with his wife; and here, after inscribing your name in the visitors' book, you follow him up the stone steps.

The sleeping chamber first. A cosy little room, remarkable for the fine specimen of French embroidery which decorates the bedstead, with the quaint inscription on the tester—

*"I . nightly . pitch . my . moving . tent
A . day's . march . nearer . home."*

From here you are taken to the top.

Looking east on a clear day the view is superb. From Claudeboye woods and lakes, Belfast Lough and the Antrim hills on the left, the eye sweeps round to Cantire and the Scotch coast, till distance is lost in the dim range of Cumberland hills.

Descending again, we enter the principal chamber—octagonal, oak-paneled, with groined pointed ceiling and stained-glass windows. On these are numerous quaint designs, intermixed with the signs of the zodiac, showing the pursuits of mankind during the progress of the seasons—from the sturdy sower of spring to the shrivelled old man warming his toes by the winter fire. Over the fireplace is a niche for a silver lamp, and flanking the west window are two poetical inscriptions—that on the left, printed in gold and having reference to the lamp, is by Lord Dufferin's mother; and that on the right, printed in bold black type, is by the poet-laureate.

On reading Lady Gifford's graceful verses, we are pathetically reminded that she was not spared to see her son's brilliant career. I give them here, and the laureate's sonorous lines stand at the head of this paper.

TO MY DEAR SON ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

[*With a Silver Lamp.*—"Fiat Lux."]

How shall I bless thee? Human Love
Is all too poor in passionate words!
The heart aches with a sense above
All language that the lip affords!
Therefore, a symbol shall express
My love;—a thing nor rare nor strange,
But yet—eternal measureless—
Knowing no shadow and no change!
Light! which of all the lovely shows
To our poor world of shadows given,
The fervent Prophet-voices chose
Alone—as attribute of Heaven!

At a most solemn pause we stand!
From this day forth, for evermore,
The weak, but loving, human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore!
Then as through life thy footsteps stray
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
"Let there be Light" upon thy way,
And holier guidance far than mine.
"Let there be Light" in thy clear soul,
When Passion tempts, or Doubts assail,
When Grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll
"Let there be Light" that shall not fail!

So—angel guarded—may'st thou tread
The narrow path, which few may find;
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind!
And pray, that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious Light at last! —*Good Words.*

Mr. Robert Browning has also written lines upon this "Tower," and has consented to their publication in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In an introduction to the poem, the *Gazette* remarks: "The difference in treatment of the same subject by the two poets will, we are sure, interest our readers. Mr. Browning's tribute to the love-inducing qualities of the late Lady Gifford was no mere compliment, as all who knew her will bear witness."

"HELEN'S TOWER."

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream, perchance,
How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange;
A transitory shame of long ago,
It dies into the sand from which it sprang;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change;
God's self laid stable earth's foundation so,
When all the morning stars together sang.

—*Robert Browning.*

• • •

THE traces of human deeds fade swiftly away from the sun-lighted earth, as the transient shade of thought from the brow, but nothing is lost and dissipated, which the rolling hours, replete with secrets, have received into their dark creative bosom. Time is a blooming field; nature is ever teeming with life, and all is seed, and all is fruit.—*Schiller.*

MEDELSSOHN'S GRAVE AND HUMBOLDT'S HOME.

By the Author of "German-American Housekeeping," etc.

I wish this article could be accompanied by a pen and ink sketch made on the spot of Mendelssohn's grave and that of his sister Fanny. The simplicity of it would surprise you, as it astonished me, on one Sunday afternoon when, in company with a friend, I wandered in search of the resting place of him whose songs need no words. We had both imagined some lofty monument would mark the spot, and that in order to find it, it would only be necessary to inquire of some one in the vicinity. Pursuing this plan, to our utter amazement we only received an ignorant stare from plebeian and patrician. Finally being told by an old gentleman, "if we would go beyond the Canal-strasse in the direction of the Belle-alliance Platz down the Schöneberger Ufer through a narrow street," we would come to a gate opening into a cemetery, which we must pass through, before reaching a smaller cemetery, in which Mendelssohn was buried. After many efforts we roused the old porter who kept the key to the latter gate. We walked rapidly in, expecting to see something in monumental art worthy of the name, but the artless old porter pointed to a grave in the corner and there, overshadowed by some trees, stood the plain slabs with the names of Felix, Fanny and August Mendelssohn.

A curious sense of the incongruous came over us while standing by the simple stones and recalling the solemn and appropriate demonstration at the time of Felix Mendelssohn's death, made in every city and town where his genius had been known. Was it true that here in this small, unknown graveyard they had left him? Was it to yonder small gate the four horses in black accoutrements drew the carriage containing the coffin covered with palm-branches, laurel-wreaths and flowers? And did the great choirs and orchestras of the city pass through with the grand choral, "Jesus my trust," preceded by all Germany's musicians, the clergy, civil officers, professors, officers of the army, and the immense throng of admirers? Perplexed by such thought we followed the old porter, who had started with a watering pot to the grave beyond, and asked if a monument was to be erected to Mendelssohn's memory. "Ach, nein, er war einer Jude, und deshalb ist er vernachlässigt." A Jew, therefore is his grave neglected.

When Paul and Barnabas turned to the Gentiles it was because the Jews "had judged themselves unworthy of everlasting life." But we are never told that a penitent Jew was treated differently from any one else in the days of the Apostles. Although a Jew by birth, Felix Mendelssohn's character wanted no principle of the genuine Christian. Never was feeling more sacred and profound, expressed in harmonious strain than he expressed in his great oratorio of "St. Paul" and "Elijah," nor can the praise of God be more grandly heard on earth than in the double chorus of his XLII. Psalm, when well rendered, or again, when with his pious heart he wished to show the triumph at the creation of light over darkness, which ends with a beautiful duet, "Therefore I sing thy everlasting praise, thou faithful God."

We are told that Mendelssohn spent his last days laboring over a new oratorio—"Christ." It was commenced during his stay in Italy, and while rambling among the mountains of Switzerland he is said to have been inspired with the theme for his work, which he hoped to make his best. Never was wealth used more wisely and religiously than his. Not only did he clothe the naked and feed the hungry, but every one who came near him with aspirations for an ennobling life he advanced. He undertook a tremendous amount of labor in giving concerts in Leipzig, the proceeds of which were devoted to the statue of Bach. At first he undertook to erect such a mon-

ument out of his own means, saying "that it was only right that John Sebastian Bach, who had labored so usefully and with such distinguished honor as cantor at the Thomas school at Leipzig, should have a monument in the streets of the city in which he had lived, as an immortal spirit of harmony." At these concerts he allowed only Bach's music to be produced, intending in this way, he said, to make the rising generations of musicians more familiar with the works of one to whom he felt under the greatest weight of obligation, and whom he is said to have resembled in the severity of his studies as well as the loftiness of his aims. But this is the expression of Mendelssohn's best friends; adverse criticism has much to say, and while his motives were pure and his compositions genuine and vivacious, yet in sublime combinations and serious themes Bach and Beethoven can alone be compared.

Every winter in Berlin the oratorios of "Elijah" and "St. Paul" are given in the Sing-Academy. This old music hall is a place of memorial scenes, the directorship of which Mendelssohn once applied for, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, and was refused. The enthusiastic audiences which now assemble there to hear his music seem to be as forgetful of this as they are ignorant of the little secluded grave-yard in the outskirts of the city where his immense throng of friends and admirers left him twenty years ago.

In beautiful imitation of his noble efforts for Bach's monument could an appropriation of the money secured by the rendering of his great oratorio be made—an idea which occurs to the mind of strangers in Berlin, but unfortunately not to the citizens, who are less disposed in this case than the Greeks to honor their dead, and who more readily ridicule in Mendelssohn's death than praise such sentiment as the following:

"By the sea's margin, by the sea's strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles shall stand;
By it directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store,
And when her fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy grave in sight."

It had never occurred to the Berliners to raise a monument to Goethe until two years ago, and Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt have just been recognized in this way. "Tegel," the grand old home of Alexander, is seldom seen by visitors, that is to say, it is not frequented by the traveler as Potsdam and Charlottenburg. An interesting place, and an interesting master it had, "who had trod many lands, known many deeds, probed many hearts, beginning with his own, and was far in readiness for God." His grave is just beyond the house, at the end of an avenue. His home has been inherited by a niece, and is kept up in all the elegance of former years. The grounds are very handsome, so densely covered in places with magnificent old trees along avenues stretching beyond the house and grave. These forest trees are very rare in this low sandy region. After driving for miles through barren land with only occasional forests of stiff pines, to come suddenly upon trees which somewhat resemble our American oak, bestows a happy home-like feeling to the American who has wandered from her primeval forests.

The house at "Tegel" is built in the most rigid style, relieved on the outside by niches filled with good pieces of statuary. Within every room is painfully neat—the formality with which the furniture is placed shows evidence that the owner had no wife and no children. It is an attempt at an Italian villa, but seems too cold and formal for such a climate as Berlin. There is certainly taste displayed and cultivation evinced in the selection of many things. The library is filled with books, principally works of Humboldt and Voltaire. On the tables are large portfolios containing maps and cartoons. The desk with the pen and inkstand remain just as he left them. Indeed, there is only a suggestion here and there, that the niece is living and owning the place—it seems as if she

were a ghost and her life a myth—so still and so orderly are the rooms, and so undisturbed hang the red apples by the house. Indeed, the house seems as silent as the stately avenue of oaks that leads to the grave. Humboldt left a handsome fortune to this niece, for he lived and died a bachelor.

He owned many valuable pieces of statuary. The original of Thorwaldsen's Venus was purchased by Humboldt with much pride, it is said, and placed in his collection with other rare pieces found at various places in his travels. Among other curious possessions a mutilated old fountain from Pompeii stands in the hall. The floors are tiles, as one generally finds in Germany, and the saloon which contains the finest statuary suggests Goethe's lines in "Mignon:—"

"Und Marmor Bilder stehen und sehen mich an."

What is there in the make up of literary men which prompts them almost invariably to isolate themselves in some far removed country place? The explanation which is generally given by themselves is, that their time being so precious they can not be interrupted; their ideas will not grow and flourish in the midst of the talkative world. Emerson tells of the literary man who declared "the solitary river was not solitary enough; the sun and moon put him out. When he bought a house the first thing he did was to plant trees. He could not enough conceal himself." 'Tis worse, and tragic Emerson goes on to remark that no man is fit for society who has fine traits. "At a distance he is admired, but bring him hand to hand, he is a cripple." He affects to be a good companion; but is he entitled to marry? But happily for our love of Emerson, in the same essay he observes, "A man must be clothed with society or we shall feel a certain bareness and poverty." "For behavior, men learn it as they take diseases, one of another." "But people are to be taken in small doses." "Solitude is impracticable and society fatal." Whoever talked more to the point than this wise philosopher? Carlyle talked more wisely, because his spiritual sky was less nebulous, perhaps—but who shall judge of this? All men who have written have subjected themselves to criticism, and criticism is desirable, provided it originates with good and honest intentions. Madame d'Staël wanted to hear it, not to read it! and if more authors and literary people would live as Goethe, as Macaulay, as Madame d'Staël, as the recent German novelist, Berthold Auerbach, in the midst of their friends or foes as they may chance to be, hearing the arguments for and against them, would they not have fewer words and paragraphs to regret at the end of their career? Goethe wanted to hear all that could be said of him, that he might the more cleverly understand what he was, what he was writing for, and where his lessons were to be honored.

Berthold Auerbach was in hearty sympathy with all about him—always living in the heart of the city, seeing his friends once a week through special invitation, as well as whenever they called, and observing his birthdays with a childish interest. One day, finding him sitting on a sofa, back of a table covered with flowers and fruits and presents of various kinds, we at once knew it was his birthday, and expressed a regret that we had not come in with an offering. "Oh, that does not matter, so you bring yourselves; the presents are only from those who did not come; they can not take the place of the absent ones, but they signify love! and love is what we live for!" How much more admirable than the rigid solitary scholar who sits far removed from the voice of the people! Franz Liszt is another German who, although so old, and one would think so exhausted with the voice of praise and adoration from the world, retains an intense longing for his friends and society, and they for him. When he reaches Weimar in the summer, after his winter in Pesth, every one knows or feels his presence. The Berliners even rejoice that he is the nearer to them. We are glad that Longfellow and Buchanan Read and Healy, and a host of Americans have felt his magic friendship, and

watched his Saturn fingers so full of knots. His Sixth Rhapsodie, "Les Cloches de Geneve"—"études d'exécution transcendante"—tell how great is his heart, and have most lasting influence upon the mind and feelings. Wagner, Liszt, Auerbach, Knaus and many other artists, musicians and writers of Germany, show that it is possible to live for one's friends, while living also for fame. But, alas! in America reputation and success are coupled with such secluded habits and such insatiable work that the personal influence of our literary and scientific men can not be known or estimated. Either overwork or small means keeps most of them tied down to a most prosaic life. The wife of one of our distinguished poets, in speaking of the state of society in New York City, said there had not been for years what one could call a literary coterie; that Bryant during his lifetime could have had such a salon, but he was personally too cold and indifferent to devote his leisure hours to the light and easy-going talk of the salon; but she went on to say that had one lamented one lived, he with his warm and generous nature, his wide and untiring interest in others, could have been the center, the heart and soul of such a circle. Alas! in the last few years how are the great about us fallen—Longfellow, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, Bryant, Ticknor, Motley. Bancroft, who came in with the beginning of the century, may be spared us until its end.

FLOTSAM! (1492.)

By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

All the mill-horses of Europe
Were plodding round and round,
All the mills were droning
The same old sound,

The drivers were dozing, the millers
Were deaf—as millers will be;
When—startling them all—without warning,
Came a great shout from the sea!

It startled them all: the horses,
Lazily plodding round,
Started and stopped; and the mills dropped,
Like a mantle; their sound.

The millers looked over their shoulders,
The drivers opened their eyes;
A silence, deeper than deafness,
Had fallen out of the skies.

"Halloa, there!"—this time distinctly
It rose from the barren sea;
And Europe, turning in wonder,
Whispered "What can it be?"

"Come down! come down to the shore here!"
And Europe was soon on the sand;—
It was the great Columbus
Dragging his prize to land! —*Good Words.*

THE PERIODS of our lives which give us the most joy at the moment, and which are most exquisite in memory, are those when we have gone most wholly out of ourselves, and lived for others. She who seeks excellence and not reputation alone, rises highest in her pursuits; and she who foregoes her own pleasures—ignoring, it may be, her own rights—and forgets herself, in her genuine interest for others, attains to the surest and most satisfactory enjoyment. The secret of many low and miserable lives is the complete absorption of the man and the woman in their own pleasures and wants, cares, character and prospect.—*Mary A. Livermore, in "What shall we do with our Daughters?"*

THE SEA AS AN AQUARIUM.*

By C. L. ANDERSON, M.D.

[Concluded.]

Whilst these "rivers in the ocean" are flowing more or less rapidly toward the Arctic regions, there are undercurrents moving slowly but irresistibly toward the equator, or at least in a direction to restore the equilibrium of waters. That these undercurrents come from the poles is already demonstrated by the thermometer. At certain depths under the equator the temperature is as low as 35° or 36° F. This low temperature could not be maintained unless supplied from the Polar regions. Fresh water freezes at 32° and salt water, that is sea water, at about 27°, according to the density. In many places north of England, Dr. Carpenter found the lower depths at a temperature of about 29°. He speaks of an ocean river 2,000 feet deep, colder than the freezing point of fresh water. Why could not this low temperature be maintained without supposing a supply from the Polar regions? The temperature of the earth's crust twenty or thirty feet from the surface is quite uniform at 50° to 55° all over the temperate zones. At that depth—say thirty feet—it is not deep enough to be influenced by "the internal heat" of the earth, which we experience in going down into mines, or which shows itself in the hot water from very deep springs, and yet it is sufficiently covered so as not to be influenced by seasonable changes. The water would naturally take the temperature of the earth's crust. This has been proven in the case of the Mediterranean Sea. This body of water is shut off from the general circulatory system by the Strait of Gibraltar, which is so shallow at its outlet that no communication between the deep water of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic can possibly take place. This great "middle earth sea" is at some places 11,000 to 12,000 feet deep. And yet Dr. Carpenter found the temperature in August and September 78° at the surface; and by going down with the thermometer the heat gradually diminished, until at the depth of 600 feet the temperature was 55°. From this point, curious as it may appear, there was no change in heat until the bottom was reached. Whatever was the temperature at 600 feet it was the same all the way down. He then ascertained that the temperature of the earth's crust in that region was 54° and 55°.

This shows pretty clearly that depth of water alone does not produce the coldness found in the seas having connection with the Polar regions.

But there are other ways of demonstrating this lower cold current. At a meeting of the Geographical Society Dr. Carpenter exhibited in a simple and minute way these warm and cold currents. He had a trough constructed with plate glass sides, about six feet long, a foot deep, and the sides not more than one inch from each other. At one end of this trough a piece of ice was wedged in between the two sides. That represented the Polar area. At the other end heat was applied by a bar of metal laid on the upper surface of the water, and the end carried over the trough and heated with a spirit lamp—to represent the equatorial area. Then some coloring matter was put in the water; red at the warm end, and blue at the cold end. Now what took place? The water tinged with blue, put in at the surface of the Polar area, being subject to a cold atmospheric temperature immediately fell to the bottom. It then crept slowly along the bottom of the trough, and at the warm end it gradually rose toward the surface, and gradually returned along the surface to the point from which it started. The red followed the same course as the blue, but started from a different point. It crept along the surface from the Equatorial to the Polar end, and there fell to the bottom, just as the blue

* A lecture delivered at the Monterey Assembly, Pacific Grove Retreat, California, 1883.

had done, and formed another stratum, creeping along the bottom and coming again to the surface. Each color made a distinct circulation during the half hour that the experiment was under observation.

Now this is an experiment that can be repeated in our parlors without going down to the Equator or up to the North pole; an additional proof that we often have the very thing at our doors that we travel thousands of miles to find.

Until the last four or five years the opinion prevailed that the ocean was barren of life at great depths. Continued researches, however, find that many forms and great profusion of life exists at a depth of two and three miles. This deep water life seems to be adapted to the low temperature near the freezing point of fresh water—and the forms are usually very small, requiring thousands to weigh a grain. There is an exuberance of that small animal known as *globigerina*—the little animal that secretes carbonate of lime for a covering, and makes pretty much all our chalk beds. The well known "White Cliffs of England" were made by this little animal, and in the deeper portions of the Atlantic it is still at work. Some day when the ocean's bed is raised a few thousand feet these beds of chalk will appear and be exactly like the chalk of the *cretaceous period*, so much talked of and written about by geologists. Again, there are other animals dredged lately in larger quantities at a great depth, 3,000 and 4,000 feet, belonging to the sponges. These are busy in making *flints*—or such material as flints are composed of.

So we find in this large aquarium, the great sea, the same processes going on—the same material manufactured that took place in what is termed the older geological formation. Can we say that creation is complete? That the earth is finished, and, like a ship we read about the other day, to be disposed of for the old iron it contains? Not long since I visited a marble quarry, from which very curious and beautiful marble, resembling the onyx, was being taken. There were thick strata cropping out; and the air, and rain, and frost had disintegrated the exposed parts, so they looked as old as the earth. But just beneath, and in various places, were little springs of warm water, and as these bubbled out of the earth they deposited on cooling and exposure to the air, the same kind of marble—and there I saw going on the process of marble making that had continued doubtless for thousands of years.

On the shores, in the tide, pools and lagoons of Monterey bay we often gather little plants classed with the *Algae*, or sea-moss, which we call diatoms. They are exceedingly small—some of them—so that we have to magnify them with the microscope several hundred diameters, in order to see how they are formed. Some kinds grow on the larger sea weeds, some on the rocks, and some appear to be free in the water, coming ashore in large quantities with the foam of the surf, and giving a greenish brown color to the sand of the shore. These diatoms are composed mainly of siliceous flint. If we examine the rocks of our highest ridges and mountains and the cliffs of our shores in places, with the microscope, we shall find them largely composed of fragments of diatoms and spicules of sponges. And these are chiefly of the same species that we find alive to-day. Thus while the "chalk rocks" on our shores, the sand stones and harder rocks are melting away under the pounding waves of the sea, and being carried to the lower bottoms, fresh supplies of diatoms and sponges are mixed therewith, and we have a continuation, under our eyes, of what was begun thousands of years ago.

Let us for a moment consider this fluid we call water, especially sea water. Chemically speaking, pure water is one of the rarest things—that is, water absolutely free from all foreign matter, divested of everything save hydrogen and oxygen in the combining proportions, by weight one part of hydrogen to eight of oxygen; by volume, two of hydrogen to one of oxygen, we have pure water—an *oxide of hydrogen*. But absolutely pure water must be prepared in a vacuum, and it must never have con-

tact with air of any kind. Pure water would be instantly fatal to any animal that had to breathe it with gills, as a fish, simply because it contains no oxygen in solution, which the animal can use to oxidize the blood in the gills. We in breathing air get oxygen by decomposing the air, but animals that breathe in water do not decompose the water, but take from it the free oxygen that is found mechanically mixed with the water. Pure water, being the standard of measurement of liquors and solids, is taken as one or one thousand. Sea water is 1,020, or near, whilst the water of the Dead Sea, or of lakes and seas with no outlet go as high as 1,225, or even to a point where they are saturated, or can not dissolve any more. Such is the case with the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and Mono Lake, of California. Water of this kind is not usually inhabited by any kind of gill breathing animals.

How did the sea become salt? By the washings out of the land, and the disintegration of the rocks by the elements, such as ice, wind, heat, rain, etc. The sun causes evaporation; so that the sea is being constantly lifted into the air and carried in the shape of clouds to the land, where it is drawn down and flows again into the sea. The solid matter carried down to the sea does not return. It remains in solution, or is deposited on the bottom. The clouds contain almost pure water. They distribute the visible ocean throughout the invisible air. The rocks and the trees, the animals and the air all receive their respective shares of water; and in the course of time it is returned to the sea. Were evaporation to continue at the present rate, it would require about 1,600 years before the ocean beds would become dry land. But in one way and another there is just as much water returned to the sea each year as is taken out. Not one drop is lost. The seas may change their beds—they may flow where the forest now stands, and their waters may cover our highest mountains, and their bottoms may rise many hundred feet above their present level, and still there will not be one drop more or less of the great body of water that now covers more than two-thirds of the earth's surface. The sea will still claim its own. The water that floats to-day in the clouds may to-morrow course through some giant tree of the forest, or be taken up in forming a beautiful crystal, or aid in the bloom and fragrance of a flower, or be taken into the lungs of some animal and deprived of the oxygen that it holds in solution, or it may be converted into steam and propel a ship or a railroad train, or it may be buried under the earth in a bed of coal and only be set free some thousands of years hence. But like a wayward child it will return again to its mother—the sea.

"Tho' the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Tho' with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

The deliberation, the minuteness, the exactness, the patience and the waiting of the grinding sea, and yet the magnificent, sublime result, are most beautifully exemplified to those who have "entered into the springs of the sea," or have "walked in search of the depth."

The upper currents of the sea are comparatively shallow. Whilst the depth is often eight or nine miles, these currents in the deepest places do not extend more than 2,000 or 3,000 feet, and usually only a few fathoms. They move, however, when deep, with considerable velocity, say at the rate of four miles an hour. The great body of water lies below, totally undisturbed by any atmospheric agencies, yet moving slowly, invisibly, but sufficient to keep the equilibrium and level of the waters. So quietly does this great mass of the ocean pass over the bottom surface, that the smallest particle of microscopic matter that has fallen down, is not disturbed, and would remain there forever, but for the giant tread of the earthquake, or the volcanic explosion. The dust ground and deposited by the "mills of God," makes the foundations of islands and continents.

Although demonstrated that life organisms extend to the bottom at the deepest places, yet in the rapidly flowing current the busy activities of life are to be seen. There are plains and meadows, forests and deserts, hills, mountains and plateaus, in the sea. At some places the bottom teems with life. Take, for instance, what are called the "banks"—the fishing grounds of Norway, Ireland, Newfoundland, etc.; they are submarine plains unquestionably, and must have a high degree of fertility in order to supply food for the billions of fish of a voracious kind—as codfish, halibut, etc. These large fish feed on mollusca and crustacea, and these feed on smaller animals—but principally on Algæ or sea-weed. Feeding on pastures of this kind we sometimes find the most enormous animals. Steller's sea-cow is an instance. They are described as found by him in 1742, on Behring's Island, covered with a hide resembling the bark of an old oak tree. They grew to be thirty-five or forty feet long, and to weigh 50,000 pounds. They fed on the abundant Algæ along the coast. They yielded milk in abundance, which with their flesh were said by Steller to be superior to those of the cow,

But if the sea map be considered as an aquarium, (that is, a body of water supporting animal and vegetable life), better expressed by the term *aquavivarium*—so may it be considered a cemetery, an *aquamortuum*. The life, so profuse, that takes into itself bodies of endless forms and sizes, finally yields them up to the sea, and they are buried in the bottom. There is no land where the sea has not been, and where "vestiges of creation" may not be found. If we ascend to the highest mountain, or descend to the lowest valley, behold there are diatoms, shells of mollusks, débris of corals, and bones of whales. Whence came they? Science can answer no better than Scripture: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods."

Beside the natural course of life and death, there are various ways by which the inhabitants of the sea may be suddenly destroyed. As, for instance: by the influx of fresh water; by volcanic agency; by earthquake waves; by storms; by suffocation when crowded into shoals, weeds, sand, etc.; being driven ashore by fishes of prey; too much or too little heat; diseases and parasites; poisons; lightning; and many other agencies.

Although the sea is immense, it has bounds and limits; thus far and no farther, is the command of Him that made it. I am overpowered with the immensity of the subject. In trying to comprehend the whole it is impossible to see the minutia; or to compass within our limits one fairly developed idea.

I think, however, we have arrived at a point of knowledge where we may answer an oft repeated question: "Why the Almighty has created so many insects, covering the earth, swarming in the air, or teeming in the waters?" They doubtless have many purposes, that in our dim knowledge we do not see, but they serve at least one important end; they are carbon makers, and without carbon no plant can grow, and without the plant what would become of the animal? So, to a certain extent our lives depend on the things which oftentimes only seem to annoy us. We are so ground in the mills of God, so built, linked and woven, so dependent and so cared for by the power that is in us, that the microscope can see nothing too small, that does not concern us in its use and sphere of action; and the telescope can behold no world so grand but it, too, may be considered only an aggregated expression of what we find in the miniature object.

No organism that lives and dies in the sea is lost or wasted, and like the drops of water that are scattered and spread abroad over the universe, and are gathered again to the sea, so do all these forms of life that inhabit the deep serve an important purpose while living, and when the life has departed from their forms they leave their good works behind them in the shape of iron, lime, silica, and carbon, for the use and the convenience of other lives that succeed them.

MY YEARS.

By ADA IDDINGS GALE.

O happy years! that pass and will not stay,
I con you o'er—as one might that doth clasp
A string of limpid pearls in her fond grasp—
At loss to choose which gleams with purest ray.
Or like a child within a garden fair,
That—passing swiftly on from flow'r to flow'r
Leaves each frail beauty in its wind swayed bow'r
For fear she will not pluck the fairest there.
So 'tis with me, in noting o'er my years—
I scarce can choose one out from all the rest,
And smiling say—this one was happiest.
So rich I've been in joy—so poor in tears.
Oh! may the sweetness of Time measured, be
Of Time un-measured—a sweet prophecy.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

"The Monastery," "The Abbott," and "Kenilworth," are related to the most interesting period of Britain's history. The characters of Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, stand out in bold relief. Representing, as they do, the Protestant and Catholic religions fiercely struggling for supremacy in Britain, it is not a matter of wonder or surprise that each has been painted, at different times, and by different historians, as angel and as fiend.

After reading a score of histories and essays, the general reader, like the world at large, is undecided, unless he is fortunate, or unfortunate enough to have prejudices. According to one writer, the policy of Elizabeth, alike toward foreign nations and toward her own subjects, was one vast system of chicanery and wrong; her life one of mischief and misery; her character below the standard of even the closing years of the sixteenth century. On the other hand she is the incarnation of all that is noble and heroic; she is hailed as the "Gloriana" of Spenser, and as "Fair Vestal throned in the West," by Shakspeare.

In like manner Mary, her queenly cousin, with a French education calculated to prejudice her in the minds of her countrymen, appears in some histories as a second Lady Hamlet, forgetful of her son, with undue haste marrying the alleged murderer of her husband. Again, she appears entirely ignorant of the conspiracy against her husband; nay more, actually compelled by the Nobles of Scotland to take the hand of Bothwell; while the religious feeling was so bitter that her opponents circulated falsehood and forgery in order to poison the minds of her subjects.

Probably no character in history has been the theme of more controversy; and while the English speaking world for the most part glories in the triumph of the Reformation, under the bold leadership of John Knox, in Scotland, and the resolute founders of the Established Church in England, it still turns with sympathy and compassion to the fate of the unfortunate queen, made interesting alike by her wit, her beauty and the mystery which always overhung her history. As Scott says: "Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much, of what her ene-

mies laid to her charge, can not think without a sigh, upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin, the stately swan-like neck form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that class of life where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time.”

“The Monastery,” which comes first in historic order, serves merely as a threshold to “The Abbot.” The general plan of the story was to closely associate two characters in that contentious age holding different views of the Reformation, both sincere, and both dedicated to the support of their own separate beliefs. The scene is laid in the valley of the Tweed, in the neighborhood of Melrose Abbey, which enjoyed for many years, even in the midst of border and national warfare, the immunities of peace. In the portrait of Julian Avenal we recall the fierce Laird of Black Ormiston, the friend and confidant of Bothwell, and his associate in Darnley’s murder. The White Lady of Avenal—a sort of astral spirit, neither fairy nor Brownie, but made up of many elements more Persian than Gothic—can only be excused as part and parcel of the superstition of the times; and the portrayal of Sir Percy Shafton is in no way edifying, save as a satire upon that dudish portion of humanity, the excrescence of that school of Euphuists which took its rise with Sir John Lilly in the age of Elizabeth, and blossomed out again but yesterday in the full blown sunflower of modern estheticism. It is remarkable how history repeats itself, not only in noble deeds and high daring, but also in the social expression of dress and language.

In “The Abbot” we find the government of Scotland almost entirely in the hands of the Protestant party; the queen a captive in Lochleven Castle; the regent Murray, half brother of the queen, at once governor and dictator. The monasteries are demolished, in some cases through religious zeal, in other cases as an act of jealousy and policy; the bold spirit of Knox, which dared to raise its voice in behalf of individual rights and conscience, permeates Scotland. The pulpit becomes a powerful engine for affecting the masses. The Catholics look to France and to Spain for help, and the Protestants to Holland. The prophecy is literally fulfilled: “Nation divided against nation, brother against brother;” the outgrowth of that uncompromising religion of Right, which came not to “bring peace, but a sword.”

The first pages of “The Abbott” portray life in the feudal castle of Julian Avenal, a retainer of the Protestant regent. In the strict character of Minister Warden we have a sketch of the preacher of the period, thoroughly in earnest, exceedingly austere, who seldom jested, believing that “life was not lent to us to be expended in idle mirth, which resembles the crackling of thorns under the pot.” We see the ruins of costly shrines and sainted springs, and, in the midst of desolation, hear the eloquent lamentations of mourners pouring out their sorrow like the prophets and poets of old over their lost Jerusalem. We come upon a party of mummers, headed by the “Abbot of Unreason,” desecrating the high altar of St. Mary, turning the ritual of the church into ridicule, emphasizing a custom which was not wholly discouraged at stated intervals by the clergy in their day of power; a custom inherited perhaps from the Roman carnival, tolerated alike by the Greek and Romish

churches. We are conveyed to Edinburgh, then as now, the most picturesque city of Europe; we see the intrigues of the court; we witness a *melée* in the streets between the Leslies and the Seytons, and it is not until we are half through the volume that we are introduced to Queen Mary, the Captive, about whom the whole interest of the story gathers. We see her in an island fortress of the Douglas, confronting with haughty eloquence the stern Melville, Ruthven and Lindsey, sent by the regent to obtain her signature to renounce all right to the throne of Scotland. We hear the plea of both sides distinctly stated, and transcribe a passage which throws light upon the question at issue:

“Madam,” said Ruthven, “I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Pinkiecleuch, when you were a babe in the cradle, till now that you stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and English have, with one consent, made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. For ourselves, every man’s hand hath been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion and slaughter, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons. We may endure it no longer, and, therefore, as a prince to whom God hath refused the gift of hearkening to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm.”

“My Lord,” said Mary, “It seems to me that you fling on my unhappy and devoted head those evils, which, with far more justice, I may impute to your own turbulent, wild, and untamable dispositions—the frantic violence with which you, the magnates of Scotland, enter into feuds against each other, sticking at no cruelty to gratify your wrath, taking deep revenge for the slightest offenses, and setting at defiance those wise laws which your ancestors made for stanching of such cruelty, rebelling against the lawful authority, and bearing yourselves as if there were no king in the land; or rather as if each were king in his own premises. And now you throw the blame on me—on me, whose life has been embittered—whose sleep has been broken—whose happiness has been wrecked by your dissensions. Have I not myself been obliged to traverse wilds and mountains, at the head of a few faithful followers, to maintain peace and to put down oppression? Have I not worn harness on my person, and carried pistols in my saddle, fain to lay aside the softness of a woman, and the dignity of a queen, that I might show an example to my followers?”

We see the queen at last, under compulsion, and with hasty indifference, subscribe the roll of parchment; the boat containing the three envoys turns its bow toward Edinburgh, and the square tower of Lochleven holds a desolate heart, and a queen without a throne. The winter months go by, a long monotony, now and then relieved by sharp encounters of wit and sarcasm between Queen Mary and her keeper, the Lady Douglas, proprietress of the castle. We hear among her attendants whisperings of escape from the hated prison; we see George Douglas, moved by her beauty and gracious art, no longer her jailer, but a friend aiding in the attempt; we see in Scott’s graphic description the most minute and accurate account presented in any narrative or history, of the successful adventure after the first failure. We see her in that disastrous battle at Langside, where her followers were driven back by the regent’s forces, and hear the queen’s sad words, more sad because so literally true, as she pronounced them over the dead body of the young Douglas: “Look—look at him well,” said the queen, “thus has it been with all who loved Mary Stuart!—The royalty of Francis, the wit of Chastelar, the power and gallantry of the gay Gordon, the melody of Rizzio, the portly form and youthful grace of Darnley, the bold address and courtly manners of Bothwell—and now the deep-devoted passion of the noble Douglas naught could save them—they looked on the wretched Mary, and to have loved her was crime enough to deserve early death! No sooner had the victims formed a kind thought of me, than the poisoned cup, the

ax and block, the dagger, the mine, were ready to punish them for casting away affection on such a wretch as I am!"

Defeated at every point the crownless queen turns for deliverance to Queen Elizabeth. In her great extremity it did not occur to her that she might risk her liberty and perhaps imperil her life by asking the hospitality of England. Ere she took the fatal step her friends and counselors knelt at her feet and entreated her to go anywhere but there; but their entreaties were in vain; she crossed the Solway, gave herself up to the English deputy warden, and was lodged for the time in Carlisle Castle. Elizabeth, as Scott says in his "Tales of a Grandfather," had two courses in her power, alike just and lawful; to afford her the succor petitioned for, or the liberty to depart from her dominions as she had entered them, voluntarily. But great as she was upon other occasions of her reign, she acted on the present from mean and envious motives. She saw in the fugitive a princess who possessed a right of succession to the crown of England. She remembered that Mary had been her rival in accomplishments; and certainly she did not forget that she was her superior in youth and beauty. Elizabeth treated her not as a sister and friend in distress, but as an enemy over whom circumstances had given her power. She determined upon reducing her to the condition of a captive. It is a question whether Elizabeth had a right to take cognizance of the charges against Mary. As a matter of fact her guilt was not proven when she demanded her first trial, and Elizabeth so states it over her own signature; but Mary was transported from castle to castle until the ax and the block at Fotherengay concluded the tragedy of her life.

As in "The Abbot," so in "Kenilworth" the principal personage of the story—Queen Elizabeth—is not introduced until the story is well under way. In fact, we are introduced to the characters in the inverse ratio of their prominence. The curtain rises on a swaggering soldier of fortune in a country inn, a fit accomplice and lackey of Sir Richard Varney, perhaps the most despised villain in the pages of fiction. Anthony Foster comes next, a snivelling hypocrite, willing to coin soul and body for money. The stately Earl of Leicester, and his noble rival, the Earl of Essex, with gorgeous retinue pass along the stage before us; and the palace doors open at last upon Queen Elizabeth and her court. In the meantime we have caught glimpses, through the prison doors, of Anthony Foster's dilapidated mansion, of the poor deluded Amy Robsart—the wedded but not acknowledged wife of the Earl of Leicester; we note the grief and manhood of her former lover, Tressilian, vainly entreating her to return to her home, where her broken-hearted father sits by his lonely fireside, too wretched and broken in spirit to find relief in tears.

The story of "Amy Robsart," as here presented, is almost literally true to fact, although Scott has introduced dramatic incidents not found in the history. In the introduction Scott quotes at length the foundation of the story, as given in Ashmole's "Antiquities of Berkshire:"

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favorite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the queen would have made him her husband; to this end to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife to repose herself at Anthony Foster's house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to despatch her. The same accusation has been adopted and circulated by the author of Leicester's Commonwealth, and alluded to in the Yorkshire Tragedy."

Scott also quotes an old ballad, written by Mickle, called "Cumnor Hall," in which the fair Amy bewails her fate:

The dew of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?"

The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—
To be content than to be great.

We are introduced to Queen Elizabeth at the palace gate as she takes her royal barge for a morning's trip upon the Thames: and it is here that Scott introduces with grace the well-known incident of Sir Walter Raleigh placing his mantle upon the ground before the queen to save Her Majesty's slippers. We see her attempting to reconcile the difference between Leicester and Essex, who bow for the time before her haughty will; and we wonder that her proud spirit, which brooked no opposition, could stop in the midst of state affairs to receive as flattery an allusion to tresses of gold braided in a metaphor of sunbeams; while Leicester, tottering upon the precipice of infamy, by false eloquence brings a blush to her cheek, and conjures her to strip him of all his power, but to leave him the name of her servant. "Take from the poor Dudley," he exclaimed, "all that your bounty has made him, and bid him be the poor gentleman he was when your grace first shone on him; leave him no more than his cloak and his sword, but let him still boast he has—what in word and deed he never forfeited—the regard of his adored Queen and mistress!"

But it is in the Halls of Kenilworth, where we trace in Scott's picture at once the greatness and weakness of the woman and the queen. We are introduced to the stately castle which Scott describes with the love of an antiquarian—a lordly structure composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, revealing in its armorial bearings "the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away and, whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favorite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain."

Amid these princely halls, where the clocks for seven days point to the hour of noon as if to indicate one continual banquet, we trace the misery of those who hang on princes' favors. The picture is a revelation of the frailty of all human aspirations; and we close the volume recalling the words of Burns:

"It's no, in titles or in rank,
It's no, in wealth like London bank
To purchase peace or rest.
If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise or rich or great,
But never can be blest."

IS THERE not an evening to every day? Comes not the morning back again after the most terrific night? Sometimes I have thought—the sun can never rise again; and yet it came back again with its early dawn. The time passes cold and indifferent over us—it knows nothing of our sorrows—it knows nothing of our joys; it leads us with ice-cold hand deeper and deeper into the labyrinth; at last allows us to stand still—we look around and can not guess where we are.—*Tieck.*

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR MARCH.

By PROF. M. R. GOFF.

THE SUN.

This month, on the 1st, we can obtain mean or clock time by making our clocks indicate 12:12½ p. m. when the sun crosses our meridian; on the 15th, by making our time pieces 12:09 p. m.; and on the 31st, by making them show 12:04 p. m. On the 1st, 15th, and 31st, the sun rises at 6:33, 6:11, and 5:44 a. m., and sets at 5:52, 6:07, and 6:24 p. m., respectively. And on the same dates, daybreak occurs at 4:58, 4:35, and 4:04 a. m., and end of evening twilight at 7:27, 7:43, and 8:03 p. m., respectively. On the 19th, at 36½ minutes after 11:00 p. m. the sun "crosses the line" (that is, on its journey northward, crosses the equator), and we are accustomed to say that it enters the sign *Aries*, and spring commences. During this month we have also one of the five eclipses of this year. This one occurs on the 27th, and on such a portion of the earth's surface as to render it invisible to most of our readers, being confined to a region within 42° of the North Pole, and embracing the North Pole, North Sea, Baltic Sea, Gulf of Bothnia, and the Scandinavian Peninsula. In Washington mean time, it begins on the 27th at 10:20.4 a. m., in longitude 9° 28.2' east, latitude 54° 11.5' north; greatest eclipse occurs at 11:10.5 a. m., in longitude 7° 50.1' west, latitude 72° 5' north; and eclipse ends at six minutes after 12:00 p. m., in longitude 103° 54.3' west, latitude 87° 12.8' north. This eclipse will excite little or no interest among astronomers, since the shadow cast by the moon hides only a small portion (about 1-7) of the sun's disc, and will not afford any opportunity for observing the sun's corona and the colored prominences (seen till lately only in total eclipses) which have been a source of so much interest and speculation to the scientific world. It may, indeed, not be saying too much to assert that hereafter eclipses of the sun may be looked upon as something to exercise the mathematical ability of students, and not as a means of obtaining a knowledge of the physical properties of that body. For it has already been demonstrated that the colored prominences may be examined at any time when the sun can be seen; and it is believed that Mr. Huggins has accomplished the difficult feat of photographing the corona, so that it too may be scrutinized *at leisure*. The importance of this discovery can be approximately estimated when we remember that, as Mr. Proctor asserts, "adding together all the minutes of total solar eclipse during an entire century, we obtain a period of about eight days during which the corona can be observed."

THE MOON

Offers nothing special this month, except as noted, its interference with the sun's light. Her phases will occur in the following order: 1st quarter, on the 4th, at 8:25 a. m.; full moon on 11th, at 2:32 p. m.; last quarter on 19th, at 6:05 p. m., and new moon on 27th, at 12:39 p. m. In case we have failed to set our clock by the sun, we may do so by the moon, which will cross the meridian on the 1st, at 3:36 p. m.; on the 15th, at 2:37 a. m., and on the 31st, at 4:20 p. m. On the 16th, at 11:18 p. m., she will be furthest from the earth; on the 28th, at 8:18 p. m., nearest the earth; and on the 4th, farthest from the horizon; that is in latitude 41° 30', the elevation is 67° 19'.

Inferior Planets.

Inferior planets are those whose orbits are inside that of the earth. The first, whose mean distance from the sun may be put down as thirty-five millions of miles, is called

MERCURY.

It has one peculiarity; it twinkles like a star. In this respect it differs from all the other planets. Its nearness to the sun has

led some astronomers to believe that the temperature is very uneven, that "every six weeks on an average there is a change of temperature nearly equal to the difference between frozen quicksilver and melted lead." But later discoveries indicate that temperature dependent on the sun's rays is influenced much more by the media through which the rays pass, or by which they are absorbed, than the proximity of the sun; and hence Professor Langley argues that Mercury might be a globe on which people like ourselves could have the proper degree of heat to sustain life. Our calendar for Mercury for this month is as follows: On the 1st, it rises at 5:50 a. m.; on 15th, at 5:54 a. m.; and on 31st, at 5:57 a. m. On the same dates it sets as follows: 3:52, 4:52 and 6:25 p. m. On the 30th it will be in superior conjunction with the sun, that is, in a line with the sun and earth, but having the sun between it and the earth. Up to this last date it will be morning star; after that, evening star. On the 26th, at 9:11 p. m., it will be 3° 25' south of the moon. The only other inferior planet with which we are acquainted is called Venus.

VENUS

Will increase in brilliancy every day this month; but will not shine its brightest till about the third of June. Its time for setting will be as follows: On the 1st, 8:58 p. m.; on the 15th, at 9:28 p. m.; and on the 31st, at 10:03 p. m. Its motion will be direct, and amount to 34° 34' 37.35". Its diameter will increase from 14.6" at the beginning of the month to 17.8" on the 31st. On the 27th, at 9 p. m., it will be in conjunction with and 3° 34' north of Neptune.

Superior Planets.

Superior planets are those whose orbits are outside that of the earth, and which are as a consequence, farther from the sun than the earth is. So far as we now know, all the planets except Mercury and Venus, are in the class "superior." The first of these going outwardly from the sun is called

MARS,

Whose bright ruddy face, growing smaller every day, as it gradually moves away from us and the sun, is still distinctly visible, being above the horizon from 2:19 p. m., on the 1st, to 5:11 a. m., on the 2nd; from 1:21 p. m. on the 15th, to 4:11 a. m., on the 16th; and from 12:30 p. m. on the 31st, to 3:12 a. m. on April 1st. During the month its diameter decreases from 13.2' to 10". Up to the 12th, its motion is retrograde 56' 36.6". From that date to the end of the month, its motion is 1° 59' 6.3" direct. On the 12th it is stationary; or, at least, appears so. On the 22nd, it reaches its farthest point from the sun. It had often been surmised that Mars had a satellite; but it was not until after the 11th of August, 1877, that this supposition gave place to certainty. On the night of the date mentioned, Professor Asaph Hall discovered, a little east of the planet, a small object, which proved on further investigation to be a small body making a revolution in about twenty-nine hours, or as afterward appeared, in thirty hours eighteen minutes. Soon after was seen still closer to Mars an object which proved to be another satellite making a revolution about its primary in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes. These satellites not only make their revolutions in the shortest time, but are the least known heavenly bodies; the diameter of the outer one being estimated by Professor Newcomb at from five to twenty miles, and that of the inner at from ten to forty miles, the entire surface being little if any larger than the "ranches" of some of our western "farmer," or "cattle kings."

Between Mars and Jupiter, there was in 1801 discovered a small planet to which was given the name Ceres; in 1802, another named Pallas; in 1804 another named Juno, and in 1807, another named Vesta. From 1807 to 1845, discovery in that region seemed to cease; but since 1845 not less than two hundred and twenty of these bodies have been found and named, and are now called by the general name

ASTEROIDS, OR PLANETOIDS.

Of these none, except perhaps occasionally Ceres and Vesta, can be seen by the unaided eye. This is on account of their small size, their diameters ranging from fifty to two hundred and twenty-eight miles. The theory respecting these bodies is that they are portions of a larger one that in some manner became disintegrated, and each part obeying the laws of gravitation, formed itself into a separate sphere.

JUPITER,

Like Mars, this month will decrease somewhat in brilliancy, his diameter diminishing in appearance from $41.6''$ to $38''$. On the 20th he will be stationary. Up to that date he will have a retrograde motion amounting to $34' 5.85''$; and from the 22nd to the end of the month a direct motion of $13' 37.9''$. On the 1st, he rises at 1:48 in the afternoon; sets next morning at 4:26; on the 15th, rises at 12:50 p. m., setting next morning at 3:50, and on the 31st rises at 11:48 a. m., setting at 2:58 a. m., April 1st. On the 7th, at 8:16 p. m., is $5^{\circ} 54'$ north of the moon.

SATURN,

Though still a prominent object in the evening in the west, is fast approaching a time when its beauties will be rendered invisible by a greater luminary. Only temporarily, however; for next year it will emerge and shine with increased splendor. For this month, on the 2nd, it sets at 12:38 a. m., and on the 15th, at 11:47 p. m.; and on the 31st, at 10:50 p. m. Its motion is direct, and amounts to $2^{\circ} 16' 58''$. Diameter on 1st, $17.2''$; on 31st, $16.4''$. On 3rd, at 2:08 p. m., it will be $1^{\circ} 42'$ north of the moon; and on the 30th, at 11:57 p. m., $2^{\circ} 4'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

On the 16th, places itself directly on the other side of the world from the sun; in other words is in "opposition" to, or 180° from, the sun. Its diameter remains constant during the month ($3.8''$). On the 1st, 15th, and 31st, it rises at 7:00, 6:02, and 5:38 p. m., respectively. It sets on the 2nd, 16th, and April 1st, at 7:14, 6:18, and 5:14 a. m., respectively.

NEPTUNE

Will be evening star during the month, setting at the following times: On the 1st, at 11:22 p. m.; on the 15th, at 10:29 p. m.; and on the 31st, at 9:28 p. m. Its motion is direct, and about $45'$. Its diameter, $2.6''$. On the 2nd, at 12:30 p. m., $27'$ north of moon; on the 29th, at 9:06 p. m., $38'$ north of moon, making, as does also Saturn, two conjunctions with the moon in one month. On the 27th, about 9 p. m., it will be in conjunction with and $3^{\circ} 34'$ south of Venus.

THE FIR TREE.

By LUELLA CLARK.

Hark, hark! What does the fir tree say?
Standing still all night, all day—
Never a moan from over his way.
Green through all the winter's gray—
What does the steadfast fir tree say?

Creak, creak! Listen! "Be firm, be true.
The winter's frost and the summer's dew
Are all in God's time, and all for you.
Only live your life, and your duty do,
And be brave, and strong, and steadfast, and true."

THERE is a pride which belongs to every rightly-constituted mind, though it is scarcely to be called pride, but rather a proper estimate of self. It is, properly speaking, the elevation of mind which arises when we feel that we have mastered some noble idea and made it our own. Man is proud of the idea only so far as he feels that it has become part of himself.—*Von Humboldt.*

ARDENT SPIRITS.

By B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D.

It is the business of science to take up the pint and a half of ardent spirit which, split up through fifteen pints, gives all the zest and consequence to the thirteen and a half pints of colored water.

Taking this ardent spirit into one of her crucibles or laboratories, Science compares it with other products on the shelves there, and soon she finds its niche in which it fits truly. On the shelf where it fits she has ranged a number of other spirits. There is chloroform, ether, sweet spirit of nitre, and some other fluids, very useful remedies in the hands of the physician. These, she sees, are the children of the spirit, are made, in fact, from it. On the same shelf she has another set of spirits; there is wood spirit, there is potato spirit, there is a substance which looks like spermaceti; and these she sees are all members of the same family, not children, this time, of the ardent spirit, but brothers or sisters, each one constructed from the same elements, in the same relative proportions and on the same type. Passionless, having no predilection for any one object in the universe except the truth, she writes down the ardent spirit as having its proper place in a group of chemical substances which are distinctly apart from other substances she knows of, on which men and animals live, and which are called by the name of foods or sustainers of life. She says all the members of the spirit family are, unless judiciously and even skilfully used, inimical to life. They produce drowsiness, sleep, death. In the hands of the skilful they may be safe as medicines; in the hands of the unskilful they are unsafe, they are poisons. To this rule there is not one exception amongst them. There can be no demur, no doubt now on this particular point; it may be a blow to poetry of passion; it may make the ancient and modern bacchanalian look foolish to tell him that wine is a chemical substance mixed and diluted with water, and that beer and spirits are all in the same category; but such is the fact. In computing the influence of wine, men have no longer to discuss anything more than the influence of a definite chemical compound, one of a family of chemical compounds called the alcohols—the second of a family group, differing in origin from the first of the series, which is got from wood, in that it is got from grain, and is called ethylic, or common alcohol, pure spirit of wine. But now the world turns properly to ask another question. Admitted all that is said, why, after all, should the practice of mankind in the use of this spirit be bad? Man is not guided solely by reason; passion may lead him sometimes, perchance, in the true path. Tell us then, O Science! why this ardent spirit may not still be drunken; why may it not be a part of the life of man?

To this question the answer of Science is straight and to the point. In the universe of life, she says, man forms but a fractional part. All the sea is full of life; all the woods are full of life; all the air is full of life; on the surface of the earth man possesses, as companions or as enemies, herds and herds of living forms. Of that visible life he forms but a minute speck, and beyond that visible life there is the world invisible to common view, with its myriads of forms unseen, which the most penetrating microscope has not reached. Again, there are other forms of life; plants innumerable, from gigantic Wellingtonias to lichens and mosses, and beneath these myriads more so infinitely minute that the microscope fails to reach them. This is all life, life which goes through its set phases in due form; grows in health and strength and beauty, every part of it, from highest to lowest living grade, without a shade of the use of this strong spirit. What evidence can be more conclusive that alcohol is not included in the scheme of life?

And yet, if you want more evidence, it is yours. You try man by himself. Every child of woman born, if he be not perverted, lives without alcohol, grows up without it; spends—and this

is a vital point—spends the very happiest part of its life without it; gains its growing strength and vitality without it; feels no want for it. The course of its life is, at the most, on the average of the best lives, sixty years, of which the first fifteen, in other words, the first fourth, are the most dangerous; yet it goes through that fourth without the use of this agent. But if in the four stages of life it can go through the first and most critical stage without alcohol, why can not it traverse the remaining three? Is Nature so unwise in her doings, so capricious, so uncertain, that she withholds a giver of life from the helpless, and supplies it only to the helpful? Some men, forming whole nations, have never heard of it; some have heard of it and have abjured its use. In England and America, at this time, there are probably near upon six millions of persons who have abjured this agent. Do they fall or fail in value of life from the abjuration? The evidence, as we shall distinctly see by and by, is all the other way. There are, lastly, some who are forced to live without the use of this agent. Do they fall or die in consequence? There is not a single instance in illustration.

On all these points, Science, when she is questioned earnestly, and interpreted justly, is decisive and firm, and if you question her in yet another direction, she is not less certain. You ask her for a comparison of alcohol and of man, in respect to the structure of both, and her evidence is as the sun at noon in its clearness. She has taken the body of man to pieces; she has learned the composition of its every structure—skin, muscle, bone, viscera, brain, nervous cord, organs of sense! She knows of what these parts are formed, and she knows from whence the components came. She finds in the muscles fibrine; it came from the fibrine of flesh, or from the gluten or albumen of the plants on which the man had fed. She finds tendon and cartilage, and earthy matter of the skeleton; they were from the vegetable kingdom. She finds water in the body in such abundance that it makes up seven parts out of eight of the whole, and that she knows the source of readily enough. She finds iron, that she traces from the earth. She finds fat, and that she traces to sugar and starch. In short, she discovers, in whatever structure she searches, the origin of the structure. But as a natural presence, she finds no ardent spirit there in any part or fluid. Nothing made from spirit. Did she find either, she would say the body is diseased, and, it may be, was killed by that which is found.

Sometimes, in the bodies of men, she discovers the evidences of some conditions that are not natural. She compares these bodies with the bodies of other men, or with the bodies of inferior animals, as sheep and oxen, and finds that the unnatural appearances are peculiar to persons who have taken alcohol, and are indications of new structural changes which are not proper, and which she calls disease.

Thus, by two tests, Science tries the comparison between alcohol and man. She finds in the body no structure made from alcohol; she finds in the healthy body no alcohol; she finds in those who have taken alcohol changes of the structure, and those are changes of disease. By all these proofs she declares alcohol to be entirely alien to the structure of man. It does not build up the body; it undermines and destroys the building.

One step more. If you question Science on the comparison which exists between foods and alcohol, she gives you facts on every hand. She shows you a natural and all-sufficient and standard food—she calls it milk. She takes it to pieces; she says it is made up of caseine, for the construction of muscular and other active tissues; of sugar and fat, for supplying fuel to the body for the animal warmth; of salts for the earthy, and of water for the liquid parts. This is a perfect standard. Holds it any comparison with alcohol? Not a jot. The comparison is the same with all other natural foods.

Man, going forth to find food for his wants, discovers it in various substances, but only naturally, in precisely such sub-

stances, and in the same proportions of such substances as exist in the standard food on which he first fed. Alcohol, alien to the body of man, is alike alien to the natural food of man.

Some of you will perhaps ask: Is every use of food comprised in the building up of the body? Is not some food used as the fuel of the engine is used, not to produce material, but to generate heat and motion, to burn and to be burned? The answer is as your question suggests. Some food is burned in the body, and by that means the animal fire—the *calor vitalis*; or vital heat, of the ancients—is kept alive. Then, say you: May not alcohol burn? We take starch, we take sugar into the body, as foods, but there are no structure of starch and sugar, only some products derived from them which show that they have been burned. May not alcohol in like manner be burned and carried away in new form of construction of matter?

What says Science to this inquiry? Her answer is simple. To burn and produce no heat is improbable, if not impossible; and if probable or even possible, is unproductive of service for the purpose of sustaining the animal powers. Test, then, the animal body under the action of alcohol, and see your findings. Your findings shall prove that, under the most favorable conditions, the mean effect of the alcohol will be to reduce the animal temperature through the mass of the body. There will be a glow of warmth on the surface of the body. Truly! but that is cooling of the body. It is from an extra sheet of warm blood brought from the heart into weakened vessels of the surface, to give up its heat and leave the whole body chilled, with the products of combustion lessened, the nervous tone lowered, the muscular power reduced, the quickened heart jaded, the excited brain infirm, and the mind depressed and enfeebled. Alcohol, alien to the structure of man and to the food of man, is alike alien to living strength of man, and to the fires which maintain his life.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

V.—A METHODIST DON QUIXOTE.

The place of Lorenzo Dow in the American pulpit is peculiar. He might be called "The Great Disowned." He passed his life a wandering, outcast preacher; did a great work alone, generally unacknowledged by any religious body; opposed by the societies and maligned by many of the clergy, whom he powerfully aided; and in death his name and work would have sunk into undeserved oblivion, but for his own writings in which, with prophetic instinct, he preserved the record of his own sacrifices and successes, and the scant recognition accorded them. He also recorded with impartial fidelity his own "fantastic tricks" and erratic independence, which furnish the only excuse for the treatment he received. He called himself a Methodist, and refused to work inside church lines. A zealous, even bigoted sectarian; he preached in open defiance of all denominational polity. He was a clerical bushwhacker.

The time in which Dow flourished was a remarkable one politically, commercially and religiously. It was the formative age of the Constitution and of the American Republic. It saw the creation of American commerce and the opening up of the continent to settlement. And it has been well called "the heroic age of American Methodism."

As the sense of dependence on the mother country, and of subjection to royal authority wore off, the people began to grow rapidly in mental and moral stature. The population which had timidly hugged the Atlantic coast, as if afraid to lose sight of the British navy, now turned its eyes inland, its thoughts over the whole world. The pioneer spirit awoke. The "Northwest Territory" was organized for settlement; Louisiana and Florida were purchased and the great Mississippi

basin was opened up. Indian nations were subdued and "city lots were staked for sale above old Indian graves." A second war was fought with Great Britain, to drive her from our path of advance on land or sea. Settlers in a thousand directions ramified the wilderness with the nerves and arteries of civilization. The growth of men's ideas was to correspond with expansion of territory for "the spirit grows with its allotted spaces." It became evident, even in the first generation of the Republic, that a new people had been raised up—almost as Roderick Dhu's men sprang from the brake—to subjugate a continent and to create sovereign states out of the rudiments of empire which yet lay plastic and warm in the wilderness.

The spirit of unrest, of adventure, of expansion, seized all classes and occupations; and the pioneers of the Cross pressed into the wilderness side by side with the bearers of the ax and rifle.

Not the least remarkable feature of the evolution of this people was the deepening of the religious spirit. Wars, indeed, are generally followed by seasons of revival; but now the sobered thoughts of the American people seemed to increase as they receded from the war period, and realized the burdens of a new nationality, of self-government, and of continental subjugation which they had taken upon themselves. They had not only cut loose from the mother country, but had cut loose from all the ancient traditions of government and the experience of mankind. Responsibility brought seriousness; daily perils inclined men's thoughts to hear whoever would discourse of eternal things. Thus the movement of the time at once prepared the way for the work of gospel spreading, and raised up strong men to do it.

One of the young men who was "set on fire of freedom" to this work was Lorenzo Dow. Never was more unpromising candidate for the ministry. He was eighteen years of age (1795), thin, angular, ungainly, eccentric in manner, illiterate, diffident, and, worst of all, an invalid, supposed to be a consumptive. No wonder the proposition of this sick, gawky boy to go upon circuit without any preparation met with opposition from his parents and brethren, was discouraged by those who dared not contradict his solemn protestations of an irresistible call, and was rejected by all the authorities of a church most liberal in its requirements of licentiates of any then extant.

"I do not believe God has called you to preach," bluntly declared the minister in charge after having Dow try to preach, and seeing him faint dead away in the pulpit.

"Why?" demanded the weeping candidate.

"For five reasons.—(1) your health; (2) your gifts; (3) your grace; (4) your learning; (5) sobriety."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the boy, aghast. "Lord, what *am* I but a poor worm of the dust?"

Just the same, all this did not change his determination one whit. Nay, in a foot-note to this incident in his book he makes this finishing reference to his critic of this time with evident satisfaction: "He is since expelled the connection."

Those who opposed him little knew of the reckless earnestness of his character—the trait which lay at the bottom of his whole remarkable career, and brought him success in spite of all his disabilities and all the external chances against him. He seemed to have accepted as his all-sufficient credentials the Lord's charge to his disciples in the tenth chapter of Matthew; accepted it as literally and confidently as if it had been delivered specially to a sickly young convert in Connecticut about the close of the eighteenth century, instead of having been given to certain other illiterates in Judea eighteen centuries before. He always took the whole Bible literally, and acted and talked it in dead earnest. So providing neither gold, silver, brass nor scrip in his purse, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor staff for his journey, he started to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He stood not on the order of his going, but went at once. If any would receive him, well; if not, worse for them, as saith Matthew x.14.

He asked no gifts nor collections; rejected most of that which was voluntarily offered—giving frequent offense thereby—taking only what would suffice for the day. Sleeping in woods and under fences was small privation to him, for he never slept in beds, any way; the floor or a bench was his choice, on account of the asthma, he said. He was used to long fasts, and would travel fifty miles and preach half a dozen times without food. Indeed, his defiance of all precautions against sickness, and reversal of all physical conditions gave him rather a grow-some reputation with the simple folk among whom the invalid exploited, and some were afraid to entertain him. What a saint he would have made in those good old times when asceticism, energy, fanaticism, piety and dirt were of the popular odor of sanctity! A modern Peter the Hermit on a crusade!

To talk and to walk were his chief functions, and he rarely intermitted either. At that time the qualifications of a circuit preacher were said to be covered by these points: "Is he converted; is he qualified to preach; has he a horse?" Lorenzo had no need of the last of these qualifications. He was the champion pedestrian of the day. He could out-travel the public conveyances and tire out any horse over such roads. He was known throughout the south as "the walking minister." But through New England, New York and Canada his quaint figure, queer actions and rude and vehement exhortations soon got him the general sobriquet of "Crazy Dow." We read in his journal:

"As I entered the meeting house, having an old borrowed great-coat on and two hats, the people were alarmed. Some laughed, some blushed, and the attention of all was excited. I spoke for two hours, giving them the inside and outside of Methodism. I besought God in public that something awful might happen in the neighborhood if nothing else would do to alarm the people. For this prayer many said I ought to be punished."

Again:

"Here, too, it was soon reported I was crazy. I replied, people do not blame crazy ones for their behavior; last night I preached from the word of God, when I come again I will preach from the word of the devil. This tried our weak brethren."

Hardly to be wondered at, one would say. At one time he got an audience into a school house, and planting his back against the door so they could not escape, preached at them two hours, hot and strong. At another time he hired a woman for a dollar to give up one day to seeking her soul's salvation; and again, following a young woman on the road importing her to seek God, when she took refuge in a house; he sat on the steps, declaring he would not let her proceed till she had promised to pray. His nervous impatience of rest often impelled him to steal from a hospitable house at dead of night, and at daylight he would be found in another county drumming up a meeting.

These eccentricities, perhaps, brought him as much success as opposition; but the chief source of his troubles came from his independence, and even defiance of his own church. His impatience of limitations, regulations and authority of any kind caused an irrepressible conflict between him and the church from the beginning to the end of his labor. Four times the first year of his ministry did they try in vain to send him home. Though constantly, and with many tears, besieging conferences, bishops and elders for license, as soon as a circuit of appointments was given him, he would fly the track and be found traveling on another minister's round, as complacent as a hen setting on the wrong nest. Regularity was death to him. Once he had been persuaded to take a circuit, and he says, "I had no sooner consented to try for a year, the Lord being my helper, than an awful distress came over my mind." He staid the year, with an occasional escapade into other circuits, but says of it: "Scarce any blessing on my labors, and my mind depressed from day to day." Yet he insisted, to the day of his death, that he was a Methodist preacher, and refused indignantly all propositions of his admirers and converts to organize

a following of his own—"Dowites," as they would call themselves, "Split-off Methodists," as he dubbed all such schismatics. When his presiding elder, the renowned Jesse Lee, sent him injunctions against irregular traveling, under pain of expulsion, he replied to the messenger: "It does not belong to Jesse Lee or any other man to say whether I shall preach or not, for that is to be determined between God and my own soul. It only belongs to the Methodists to say whether I shall preach in their connection."

"But," said his monitor, "What will you call yourself? The Methodists will not own you, and if you take that name you'll be advertised in the public papers as an impostor."

"I shall call myself a friend to mankind," said Dow, expansively.

"Oh," exclaimed the advocate of regularity, "for the Lord's sake—*don't!* You are not capable of that charge—who is!"

One would think so, for Dow was at this time only eighteen years old, and the callowest fledgeling in all green New England. It was no use. This young eccentric would not work to any line. He obeyed only dreams, impulses and "impressions," which he accepted as divine guidings. At one time they thought they had laid out for him in Canada a field sufficiently large, wild, unorganized and forbidding to give him "ample scope and verge enough" wherein to wander, preach and organize churches. It did seem that almost the whole boundless continent was his. But a continent has limitations. That thought tormented him. He tramped till he got to the edge, and then was seized with "a call" to carry the gospel into Ireland! and despite all remonstrance, opposition and threats he sailed for Ireland without a government passport, without church credentials of any kind, minus an overcoat and change of linen. Three dollars, a bag of biscuits, and unlimited confidence in his ability to "get through some way," constituted his missionary outfit. His real reason for going, however, was the hope that a sea-voyage would improve his health, as he admits in his "Journal."

Thereafter, wherever Dow pushed his peculiar mission he found the reputation of a schismatic and rebel against church authority had preceded him, and turned the Methodist clergy and laity against him, and generally closed their homes and houses of worship to him. This coldness, and sometimes enmity, he had to overcome before he could begin his work in any place. Nevertheless, he prosecuted it vigorously for over forty years with few interruptions, diverting all the converts of his ministry into the Methodist church that he could, and giving not only his services, but much of the proceeds of the sale of his books to that body. To the last he declared, like Wesley, "my parish is the world!" and extended his circuits to all parts of the Union, to Balize, the West Indies, and the United Kingdom. He would lay out routes of three or four thousand miles, covering appointments months or years ahead, and he rarely failed to appear on time or to find an audience awaiting him.

"The camp meeting era," which began about the commencement of Dow's ministry, was his great opportunity. These meetings were free, catholic, and welcomed all workers. They were the legitimate outcome of the religious necessities of the time. The land was ablaze from backwoods to seaboard with that popular excitement which soon got the expressive name of "The Wildfire." A host of preachers—Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers—went from camp to camp preaching, singing, exhorting. The meetings were going continuously. The country seemed to give up all other pursuits for religion. Twenty thousand often assembled at one place, coming hundreds of miles. One Granada, "the western poet," wrote many "Pilgrim Songs," rude but spirited, for camp meeting use, and these traveled, unprinted, on the air. That peculiar psychological phenomenon called "The Jerks," appeared and spread like an epidemic. Penitents in this death-like trance were laid in long ranks under the trees and the weird

torchlights, as if ready for interment. Three thousand fell in one night at Caneridge, Kentucky. It was common practice to prepare the camp meeting grounds by cutting all the saplings about six feet from the ground, leaving the stumps for the infected ones to grasp, to keep them from falling, and Dow records that the ground around them was torn up as if horses had been hitched there. At times a sudden influence would come over the multitude, which would strike preachers, singers, mourners and listeners speechless, so that not a word could be spoken for a period—a hush more awful and inexplicable than the jerks or the shoutings.

Into this work Dow plunged with the abandon of a knight-errant, and with wonderful success. His thin, skeleton frame, pale, sharp face, luminously black eyes, long hair, curling to his waist, sharp, strident voice, fierce, jerky sentences, qualified him to add intensity to the prevalent excitement. And he was fond of appealing to the fears and superstitions of humanity. He was full of dire predictions. The world was in travail for the last day. Napoleon was wading knee-deep in the blood of Europe. The last vial of wrath seemed to have been poured out upon the earth. The prophecies and the apocalypse were drawn on for texts, which he used literally. Any local calamity—and a long list of sudden or accidental deaths within his ken—were worked upon the minds of his hearers, as links in the chain of these awful portents. If there was any "scare" in a man or woman or child, he'd frighten them to their knees. He used the *argumentum ad hominem* liberally, and if there were a conspicuous atheist reprobate or Calvinist in the audience—all of whom he classed together—the man was sure to be singled out for direct attack. A favorite device was to ask the audience to grant him a favor, and require all who were willing to do so to stand. When up, he would bind them to pray three times a day for a week for salvation, and abjure them not to add the perjury of a broken promise to their many other sins. This he exultantly calls "catching 'em in a covenant," he expecting to make converts of nine-tenths of those who kept the promise into which they had been thus trapped.

The quality which gave Lorenzo Dow his greatest power with the "lower million"—to whom, after all, his mission went—was his courage. He was as bold as a man seeking martyrdom. His mien was defiant and his language brusque and aggressive. He belonged to the church militant by one of those contrasts which make the tender-hearted and sensitive seem rough and pugnacious. He fought against the wild beasts, on two legs, not at Ephesus, but from Boston to Balize. Rowdies dreaded his tongue more than any physical force, to which he never resorted. At New Kent, Va., a large billet of wood was hurled at him through a window. He immediately leaped through the window and gave chase to the assassins yelling "Run, run, the Old Sam is after you." Returning, he took the billet, cut the words "Old Sam" in it, and nailed it to a tree, installing it as "Old Sam's monument." He then proceeded logically to this demonstration: "You disturbers of the meeting, your conduct is condemnable—which expression means damnable; hence, to make the best of you, you are nothing but a pack of damned cowards, for not one of you durst show his head." "Old Sam's monument" stuck to the tree for years, and Dow records with great satisfaction that one of the ringleaders in this assault, a few months later had his *nose bit off* in a fight, and another was flung from a horse and had his neck broken—all of which he cited as redounding to the glory of God and the vindication of Lorenzo Dow.

On another occasion, being apprised of the approach of a mob of several hundreds, sworn to take his life, he left the pulpit, took his wife by the hand, and marched out to meet the enemy. When met, he mounted a stump and poured out upon them a tirade of hot reviling, the very boldness of which overawed them. The result was that he led them back to camp, and in a short time had the most of them on the anxious seat.

At times, however, his enemies and opponents were too much

for him. Detraction and back-biting hurt him worst, coldness cut him deeper than opposition. At one time, every man's hand was so against him that he cut his way into the depths of a Mississippi cane swamp, built a hut, and there he and his wife lived recluse for months, surrounded by wolves and snakes, whose society he found less objectionable than that of the best friends he had in the country. One of the chief causes of enmity was jealousy, because he had made a little money by the sale of his writings. I fancy, too, that the popular feeling was mingled with one of contempt for a circuit-rider, who could be so easily beaten in a horse trade—a man who, equipped with a gallant mount on Monday morning, would turn up before the week was gone on a sorry, broken-down "plug," against which he had paid beside more "boot" than his own horse was worth—could not command the respect of such people as he labored among.

It is hard to realize that the man is an invalid, working without fee or reward, unrecognized, and receiving more curses than coppers, of whose exploits we read such passages as these:

"August 24.—After preaching at Ebenezer, Pa., I silently withdrew, and taking my horse, traveled all night until ten next morning, when I spoke at Bethel, and then jumping out at a window from the pulpit, rode seventeen miles to Union; thence to Duck Creek Cross Roads, making near eighty miles travel and five meetings without sleep. These few weeks past, since the eruption was dried up and the asthma more powerful and frequent, I feel myself much debilitated."

"I returned to Dublin, having been gone sixty-seven days, in which time I traveled about 1700 English miles and held about two hundred meetings." "To Warrington, having been about fifty-two hours, held nine meetings and traveled about 50 miles." "Sunday, July 20, my labors were equal to seven sermons, which gave me a fine sweat that was very refreshing, and added to my health. In speaking twice in the street I addressed five thousand."

"In the space of twenty-two days I traveled 350 miles and preached seventy-six times, beside visiting some from house to house and speaking to hundreds in class meetings."

"October 28, 1803.—After an absence of about seven months, I arrived back in Georgia, having traveled upward of four thousand miles (through the Mississippi Territory and Florida). When I left this state I was handsomely equipped for traveling, by some friends whom God had raised me up in need. But now on my return I had not the same valuable horse, my watch I had parted with to bear my expenses. My pantaloons were worn out. I had no stockings, shoes, nor moccasins for the last several hundred miles, nor outer garment, having sold my cloak in West Florida. My coat and vest were worn through to my shirt. With decency, I was scarcely able to get back to my friends."

But we can not forget Peggy. Peggy was one of Lorenzo's earliest converts, and throughout the most of his crusades was his faithful companion, through exposures and trials, through evil report and good report. She was the loveliest trait in his character. The courtship was unique. Let him tell it:

"Dining at the house of her foster parents, he learned that she had declared if she was ever married it should be to a traveling preacher."

He continues:

"As she then stepped into the room, caused me to ask her if it were so. She answered in the affirmative; on the back of which I replied: 'Do you think you could accept of such an object as me?' She made no answer, but retired from the room."

When about going away, he remarked that he was going a circuit of a year and a half in the South.

"If during that time," he said to her, "you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than you do me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, to travel, and that in foreign lands, and never say, 'Do not go to your appointment,—for if you should stand in my way I should pray God to remove you, which I believe he would answer, and if I find no one that I like better than I do you—perhaps something farther may be said on the subject.'"

An ardent popping of the question, surely! But she waited, and they were married, and were happy. He was a very devoted husband, subsidiary to his appointments. He was away preaching when both their children were born, and on one occasion left his wife among strangers in England, ill, so that her death was hourly expected, and their infant child also being ill and dying in another place, for a chance to preach. Neither parent attended the child's funeral. Peggy never murmured. She was as consecrated to his work as he—perhaps more unselfishly so. Minister's wives often are, I have heard.

Applying to Lorenzo Dow a purely intellectual analysis, I should say he was a man born with a morbidly nervous temperament, which only ceaseless activity could satisfy. Rest was physical and mental poison to him. This helps explain his extraordinary energy. Egotism took the form of conceit for haranguing and influencing masses of people, and of believing himself competent to fill a world-wide field. Consciousness of his own weakness and supersensitiveness led him to shrink from the restraint and criticisms and evade the duties of church affiliation. He wanted the notoriety and gratification of ministerial life, without its responsibilities; he could not take the responsibility of becoming the founder of a sect.

In short, as I read Lorenzo Dow, he had a mania for haranguing people, and he gratified it in the easiest and most popular way then open to an uncultured, lawless, irresponsible nature, with strong natural tendencies toward religious exercises. If Dow had been born seventy-five years later, he would have made a first-rate demagogue and communist, but it is doubtful if he could have got any one to hear him preach in these days. He served the time and purpose well, and reached hundreds whom perhaps no one else could have influenced.

His eccentric behavior was due partly to lack of education and culture, and partly to physical causes, viz: A morbid, nervous organization, which could only keep keyed up by excitement. His seeming violence and extravagance were probably assumed at first to cover diffidence and sensitiveness, and afterward became habits of pulpit address. He was affectionate, honest, sincere and brave.

HYACINTH BULBS.

By GRANT ALLEN.

If we were not so familiar with the fact, we would think there were few queerer things in nature than the mode of growth followed by this sprouting hyacinth bulb on my mantelpiece here. It is simply stuck in a glass stand, filled with water, and there, with little aid from light or sunshine, it goes through its whole development, like a piece of organic clock-work as it is, running down slowly in its own appointed course. For a bulb does not grow as an ordinary plant grows, solely by means of carbon derived from the air under the influence of sunlight. What we call its growth we ought rather to call its unfolding. It contains within itself everything that is necessary for its own vital processes. Even if I were to cover it up entirely, or put it in a warm, dark room, it would sprout and unfold itself in exactly the same way as it does here in the diffused light of my study. The leaves, it is true, would be blanched and almost colorless, but the flowers would be just as brilliantly blue as these which are now scenting the whole room with their delicious fragrance. The question is, then, how can the hyacinth thus live and grow without the apparent aid of sunlight, on which all vegetation is ultimately based?

Of course, an ordinary plant, as everybody knows, derives all its energy or motive-power from the sun. The green leaf is the organ upon which the rays act. In its cells the waves of light propagated from the sun fall upon the carbonic acid which the leaves drink in from the air, and by their disintegrating power, liberate the oxygen while setting free the car-

bon, to form the fuel and food-stuff of the plant. Side by side with this operation the plant performs another, by building up the carbon thus obtained into new combinations with the hydrogen obtained from its watery sap. From these two elements the chief constituents of the vegetable tissues are made up. Now the fact that they have been freed from the oxygen with which they are generally combined gives them energy, as the physicists call it, and, when they re-combine with oxygen, this energy is again given out as heat, or motion. In burning a piece of wood or a lump of coal, we are simply causing the oxygen to re-combine with these energetic vegetable substances, and the result is that we get once more the carbonic acid and water with which we started. But we all know that such burning yields not only heat, but also visible motion. This motion is clearly seen even in the draught of an ordinary chimney, and may be much more distinctly recognized in such a machine as the steam-engine.

At first sight, all this seems to have very little connection with hyacinth bulbs. Yet, if we look a little deeper into the question, we shall see that a bulb and an engine have really a great many points in common. Let us glance first at a somewhat simpler case, that of a seed, such as a pea or a grain of wheat. Here we have a little sack of starches and albumen laid up as nutriment for a sprouting plantlet. These rich food-stuffs were elaborated in the leaves of the parent pea, or in the tall haulms of the growing corn. They were carried by the sap into the ripening fruit, and there, through one of those bits of vital mechanism which we do not yet completely understand, they were selected and laid by in the young seed. When the pea or the grain of wheat begins to germinate, under the influence of warmth and moisture, a very slow combustion really takes place. Oxygen from the air combines gradually with the food-stuffs or fuels—call them which you will—contained in the seed. Thus heat is evolved, which in some cases can be easily measured with the thermometer, and felt by the naked hand—as, for example, in the malting of barley. At the same time motion is produced; and this motion, taking place in certain regular directions, results in what we call the growth of a young plant. In different seeds this growth takes different forms, but in all alike the central mechanical principle is the same; certain cells are raised visibly above the surface of the earth, and the motive-power which so raised them is the energy set free by the combination of oxygen with their starches and albumens. Of course, here, too, carbonic acid and water are the final products of the slow combustion. The whole process is closely akin to the hatching of an egg into a living chicken. But, as soon as the young plant has used up all the material laid by for it by its mother, it is compelled to feed itself just as much as the chicken when it emerges from the shell. The plant does this by unfolding its leaves to the sunlight, and so begins to assimilate fresh compounds of hydrogen and carbon on its own account.

Now it makes a great deal of difference to a sprouting seed whether it is well or ill provided with such stored-up food-stuffs. Some very small seeds have hardly any provision to go on upon; and the seedlings of these, of course, must wither up and die if they do not catch the sunlight as soon as they have first unfolded their tiny leaflets; but other wiser plants have learnt by experience to lay by plenty of starches, oils, or other useful materials in their seeds; and wherever such a tendency has once faintly appeared, it has given such an advantage to the species where it occurred, that it has been increased and developed from generation to generation through natural selections. Now what such plants do for their offspring, the hyacinth, and many others like it, do for themselves. The lily family, at least in the temperate regions, seldom grows into a tree-like form; but many of them have acquired a habit which enables them to live on almost as well as trees from season to season, though their leaves die down completely with each recurring winter. If you cut open a hyacinth bulb, or, what is

simpler to experiment upon, an onion, you will find that it consists of several short abortive leaves, or thick, fleshy scales. In these subterranean leaves the plant stores up the food-stuffs elaborated by its green portions during the summer; and there they lie the whole winter through, ready to send up a flowering stem early in the succeeding spring. The material in the old bulb is used up in thus producing leaves and blossoms at the beginning of the second or third season; but fresh bulbs grow out anew from its side, and in these the plant once more stores up fresh material for the succeeding year's growth.

The hyacinths which we keep in glasses on our mantelpieces represent such a reserve of three or four years' accumulation. They have purposely been prevented from flowering, in order to make them produce finer trusses of bloom when they are at length permitted to follow their own free will. Thus the bulb contains material enough to send up leaves and blossoms from its own resources; and it will do so even if grown entirely in the dark. In that case the leaves will be pale yellow or faintly greenish, because the true green pigment, which is the active agent of digestion, can only be produced under the influence of light; whereas the flowers will retain their proper color, because their pigment is always due to oxidation alone, and is but little dependent upon the rays of sunshine. Even if grown in an ordinary room, away from the window, the leaves seldom assume their proper deep tone of full green; they are mainly dependent on the food-stuffs laid by in the bulb, and do but little active work on their own account. After the hyacinth has flowered, the bulb is reduced to an empty and flaccid mass of watery brown scales.

Among all the lily kind, such devices for storing up useful material, either in bulbs or in the very similar organs known as corms, are extremely common. As a consequence, many of them produce unusually large and showy flowers. Among our lilies we can boast of such beautiful blossoms as the fritillary, the wild hyacinth, the meadow-saffron, and the two pretty squills; while in our gardens the tiger lilies, tulips, tuberoses, and many others belong to the same handsome bulbous group. Closely allied families give us the bulb-bearing narcissus, daffodil, snowdrop, amaryllis, and Guernsey lily; the crocus, gladiolus, iris, and corn-flag; while the neighboring tribe of orchids, most of which have tubers, probably produce more ornamental flowers than any other family of plants in the whole world. Among a widely different group we get other herbs which lay by rich stores of starch, or similar nutritious substances, in thickened underground branches, known as tubers; such, for example, are the potato and the Jerusalem artichoke. Sometimes the root itself is the storehouse for the accumulated food-stuffs, as in the dahlia, the carrot, the radish, and the turnip. In all these cases, the plant obviously derives benefit from the habit which it has acquired of hiding away its reserve fund beneath the ground, where it is much less likely to be discovered and eaten by its animal foes.—“*Knowledge*” Library.

HISTORY presents to us the life of nations, and finds nothing to write about except wars and popular tumults: the years of peace appear only as short pauses, interludes, a mark here and there. And just so is the life of individuals a continued course of warfare, not at all in a metaphorical way of speaking, with want or ennui, but in reality too with his fellow men. He finds everywhere adversaries—lives in continual struggles—and dies at last with arms in his hands. Yet, after all, as our bodies must burst asunder if the weight of the atmosphere were to be withdrawn from it, so, too, if the heavy burden of want, misery, calamities, and the non-success of our exertions, were taken away from the life of men, their arrogance would swell out, if not to the length of explosion, at all events to the exhibition of the most unbridled folly—nay, to madness. So that every man at all times requires a certain *quantum* of cares and sorrow, or necessities, as a ship does ballast, to enable him to go forward steadily and in a direct line.—*Schopenhauer*.

MIGRATIONS ON FOOT.

By Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

We have to consider those creatures who are deprived of food by climate, but who are able to pass to other places where food still exists. Travel for this purpose is called migration, and it may be accomplished in two ways, namely, upon the earth by means of feet, or over it by means of wings. We will first take migration on foot.

Again, I put aside man, because his migrations (and we English are the most migratory race on the earth) are the result of reason and not of instinct. Man migrates for a definite purpose. He knows beforehand the object of his travel, and if he should prefer staying in one country he can do so. But these papers do not deal with human reason, but with animal instinct, which is, in fact, Divine wisdom brought into visible action without the exercise of free will on the part of the agent.

In many cases migration has a strong influence on man. To uncivilized man it is mostly an unmixed benefit, as he lives upon the migrators. But to civilized man it is almost invariably an unmixed evil, as the migrators destroy the crops which he is cultivating, in order to supply food for the coming year. We shall see examples with both these influences.

As might naturally be expected, food is more apt to fail toward the poles than in the temperate zones, and so we find many examples of migration in northern Europe. One of them has the curious result that it involves the migration of man. I allude to the annual migration of the vast herds of reindeer possessed by the Lapps. Forced by instinct, the reindeers are obliged to migrate in search of food, and unless their owners wish to lose all their property, they must needs accompany the deer.

Now, to the Lapp the reindeer is what cows are to the Kaffir, or land and funded property to us. A Lapp of moderate wealth must possess at least a thousand reindeer. Half that number are required to make a man recognized as one of the well-to-do middle class, while those who only have forty or fifty are nothing but servants, who are forced to mingle their deer with those of their masters.

From these details the reader can form some idea of the vast herds of tame reindeer possessed by the Lapps alone. The annual incursion of these herds into more civilized countries can at the best be considered only a nuisance, and as the herds increase in numbers year by year their migration becomes an intolerable pest.

For example, the *Globe* newspaper lately made the following remarks:

"Every year, Tromsøe is the meeting point of upward of a hundred thousand reindeer, the property of the nomads, who follow them from Sweden. The herd is rather 'nice' in the selection of pasturage, and the absence of everything save a mere superficial control gives it the most complete freedom of choice.

"Wandering about at their own sweet will, the reindeer do damage indiscriminately in meadow, plowed land, and forest. The farmer may protest, but he is powerless to prevent the destruction of his young wood or the trampling down of his crops.

"If he appeals to the authorities he is baffled by the practical impossibility of fixing responsibility for damage upon the right owner. Only the Lapps know the offender, and a verdict with damages often enough serves no other purpose than that of bringing Scandinavian justice into ridicule, for, before it can be carried into effect, the defendant has gone on another of his annual migrations."

This pest has at last reached such dimensions that special laws were made about a year ago to meet it. Norway and Sweden have therefore been divided into districts, and if damage

be done, and the owners of the offending animals not be given up, the entire district has to make good the damage, each family having to pay in proportion to the number of reindeer which they own.

Now we will take another example of migration from the same country.

As we have seen, the migration of the reindeer occurs at regular intervals, and can be provided against, especially as it is possible to make the owners of the migrators responsible for the damage which they do. But there is one animal of northern Europe which has no special time for migration, against whose approach it is impossible to provide, whom it is almost equally impossible to resist when it is on the march, and for whom no one can be responsible. It is therefore far more baneful to civilized man.

This is the lemming, a little, short-tailed, round-eared rodent, somewhat resembling our common water-rat in shape and size. In its ordinary life it is nothing more than a small, rather voracious, very prolific, and unintellectual rodent. It is too stupid to get out the way of anything, and if met by a cart its only idea would be to bite the wheel. Mr. Metcalfe mentions that two or three lemmings might be indulging in their favorite habit of sitting on a stump. If a traveler accompanied by dogs passed by them, the dogs were sure to fly at the lemmings. Yet the stupid creatures would not think of escaping, though there might be plenty of time to do so, but would merely sit on the stumps and try to bite the dogs' noses. This remarkable stupidity will account for the way in which the migration invariably ends.

Owing to its fecundity, conjoined with its voracity, it sometimes fails to obtain food in its own district, and migrates southward.

The strangest point about this migration is its exceeding uncertainty. Fortunately, there is seldom an interval of less than seven years between the migrations, and seventeen years have been known to pass before the coming of the lemming. Yet, whatever the interval may be, the whole of the lemmings of vast northern districts begin their march southward through Norway and Sweden in search of food.

They are divided into two vast armies, which are kept apart by the Kiølsens range; and it is very curious that they direct their course toward the southwest and southeast. Nothing seems to stop their progress. They only have one idea, namely, to press onward. If a wall or house be in their line of march they will try to climb it rather than go round it, and if they come upon a stack of corn they will eat it and then go forward.

Rivers, and even lakes, are swum by the lemmings, thousands of which are eaten by the fishes. They are admirable swimmers as long as the surface of the water is smooth, but the least ripple is too much for them, so that if the day be windy very few of those which enter the water are seen to leave it alive.

Their ranks are perpetually thinned by birds and beasts of prey which accompany their columns. These parasites are wolves, foxes, wild cats, stoats and other weasels, eagles, hawks and owls. It is said that even the reindeer feed upon them. Man eats them, and so obtains some trifling compensation for the destruction of his crops. But, while its invasion lasts, the lemming is nearly as destructive as the locust itself, not leaving even a blade of grass behind it. Despairing of checking this terrible foe by ordinary means, the people turned to religion, and had a special service of exorcism prepared against the lemmings.

The end of the migration is as unaccountable as its beginning. I have mentioned the instinct which forces the creature to proceed onward on the line which it has taken. Now, Norway and Sweden form a peninsula, toward the apex of which the course of the lemmings is directed. It follows that sooner or later the animals must arrive at the coast. And, having

reached the shore, they still must needs go into the sea, where the waves almost immediately drown them.

Now we will turn from cold to heat, and imagine ourselves in South Africa. From the migrants of that country we will take the springbok as our example.

Many travelers in that country have mentioned the "trek-bokken," as the Boers call these pilgrimages, but none have painted them more vividly than the late Captain Gordon Cumming, whose description I have had the pleasure of hearing as well as seeing.

One morning, as he had been lying awake in his wagon for some two hours before daybreak, he had heard the continual grunting of male springboks, but took no particular notice of the sound.

"On my rising, when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching steadily and slowly along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about half a mile to the east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground which they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile.

"I stood upon the fore-chest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and beautiful scene which was passing before me; and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was a reality which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills, in one unbroken, compact phalanx."

It has sometimes happened that a flock of sheep has strayed into the line of march. In such cases the flock has been overlapped, enveloped in the springbok army, and forced to join in the march. A most astonishing example of the united power of the springbok was witnessed by a well known hunter.

Just as the lemming hosts are attended by the birds and beasts of prey of their own country, so it is with the springbok. These parasites do not attack the main body, but watch for the stragglers and pounce upon them. During the passage of one of these springbok armies a lion was seen in the midst of the antelopes, forced to take unwilling part in the march.

He had evidently miscalculated his leap and sprung too far, alighting upon the main body. Those upon whom he alighted must have recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

As only the front ranks of these armies can put their heads to the ground, we very naturally wonder how those in the middle and rear can feed. The mode which is adopted is equally simple and efficacious.

When the herd arrives at pasturage, those animals which occupy the front feed greedily until they can eat no more. Then, being ruminants, they need rest in order to enable them to chew the cud. So they fall out of the ranks and quietly chew the cud until the column has almost passed them, when they fall in at the rear, and gradually work their way to the front again.

As to water, they do not require it, many of these South African antelopes possessing the singular property of being able to exist for months together without drinking. Dr. Livingstone has offered a very remarkable theory on this subject, but the limited space will not permit me to cite it.

Let us again visit in imagination a different part of the world, and suppose ourselves to be on the prairies of North America. There we find another ruminant, the bison, wrongly called the buffalo.

— This creature migrates with tolerable regularity, and not many years ago, when the red men possessed the vast expanses of North America, the native tribes were dependent upon the bison for their very existence. The bison was to the red Indian what the seal tribe is to the Esquimaux.

From the skins were made their tents or "wigwams," their warm clothing for winter, and their shields; while the bones afforded rude tools, and handles for weapons, the sinews gave strength and toughness to their wonderful little bows, while there was scarcely a portion of the animal that was not put to some useful purpose.

The annual migrations brought the creatures within the reach of the various tribes, who, being in a state of perpetual warfare, did not dare to venture out of their own district in search of the bison.

So utterly dependent, indeed, were they upon the migrations of the bison, that if the coming of the animals was delayed a few weeks beyond the usual period, death from hunger would be an almost certain result. The reader may perhaps remember that several tribes of Esquimaux were lately exterminated by a similar failure, the walrus having deserted its usual haunts, and gone off to some land whither they could not follow it.

In some respects the bison resembles the lemming, being equally stupid, and equally determined to press forward. Nothing will stop the bison herd when it is "on the run." The animals do not march slowly, like the springbok, but dash forward at full speed, their heads down, their long hair hanging over their eyes, and each only intent on following those which are in front of it.

The hunters, whether native or European, take advantage of this peculiarity. The country in which these creatures live is intersected here and there with ravines many hundreds of feet in depth, having nearly perpendicular sides. At a distance of a hundred yards these ravines are as invisible as the trenches of a modern fortress.

The hunters, however, know every inch of the country, and when they learn that a bison herd is on the run they contrive to frighten the leaders, who compose the front rank, until they are taking a direct course for a ravine.

Then, nothing is needed but to let the bison alone. When they come within forty yards or so of the ravine, the leaders see the danger, and try to stop; but the pressure from behind is so irresistible that they are forced onward, and pushed over the edge of the precipice. The rest of the herd follow them, scarcely any of them even seeing the ravine until they are falling into it.

In this reckless way thousands of bison are destroyed in less than an hour. Not one hundredth part of them can be used by the hunters, the remainder being left to feed the vultures, coyotes, and other scavengers. It is no wonder that the animal becomes gradually scarce, and that the hunters are obliged year by year to go farther afield in search of it.—*London Sunday Magazine*.

EVERY man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say, "Come!" But the voices of the past say, "Wait!" With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time.—*Longfellow's "Hyperion."*

HE is not dead who departs this life with high fame; dead is he, though still living, whose brow is branded with infamy.—*Tieck*.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

Readings for March: "Preparatory Latin Course in English," by Dr. William C. Wilkinson; half of the book. Required Readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

There is no Memorial Day in March.

There are many persons, members of local circles and individual readers, who do not join the central office at Plainfield. The C. L. S. C. is what it is to-day because of the PLAN by which it is conducted. But for the central office at Plainfield, it would never have been. But for the central office at Plainfield, it could not continue. It seems but fair that the slight annual fee required of persons who enjoy the PLAN should be paid to the central office. *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, the work of the "Counselors," the postage, the correspondence and general supervision by the Superintendent of Instruction—all these involve expenses which can be met only by the fee appointed—a fee appointed not by the managers of the C. L. S. C., but unanimously recommended by the members of the C. L. S. C. themselves in 1878, when the Circle was organized. There are also many advantages which accrue from membership in the central circle; valuable communications, memoranda, addresses, cards of membership, calendars, maps, outlines, catechisms, vesper-services, Chautauqua songs, the memorial-day volume, and sundry hints. Pleasant fellowships and alliances, which constitute the charm of the college life as adopted by the C. L. S. C.—all spring from the relation to the central office. The diploma and the seals to be added are enjoyed only by those who join the central circle. Hereafter there will be an official bulletin which will go out from the central office at least bi-monthly, to be entitled "Our Alma Mater," which will in itself be worth the trifling annual sum of fifty cents. I really think that it is slightly unjust for persons to avail themselves of the benefits of the PLAN of the C. L. S. C. and decline to help support the central office.

Can there be any objection to the simple invocation of the divine blessing in opening a meeting of the local C. L. S. C.? Long and elaborate devotional services may be considered out of place. A simple invocation of the Father, whose word and works we study, and the reading of a choice gem from the great book itself would require two or three minutes; and unless strong opposition is expressed to it, it seems to me well to commend with emphasis such provision in the program of the local circle.

One of these days when our C. L. S. C. books are all published, as we intend they shall be, we shall be able to give greater unity to each year's course than is now possible. One year's study, for example, will embrace a good Roman History, the Preparatory Latin and the College Latin. Another year will study Greek History, Old Greek Life, Preparatory Greek and College Greek. Another year will take up English and American History and Literature, and another General, Oriental and European History and Literature. Among the four years will be distributed the readings in art, science, philosophy and mathematics, so that the course will be less fragmentary than now. Stand by the Circle in the formative years.

The local circle is not necessary to the profitable and acceptable reading of the required books. Let this be well understood. Local circle work is *exceedingly valuable*—but not indispensable. I say this over and over, because I wish members who read alone to be encouraged to read on.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. announce that they have now ready an edition of "The Hall in the Grove," by Pansy, in paper covers, which will sell at 75 cents per copy to members of the C. L. S. C.

The class of 1887 numbers over fourteen thousand. Is the class of 1886 holding its own? Have you as a member of that class forwarded your fee for the current year to Miss Kimball? And how about '84 and '85?

I notice in our little book on "Good Manners," that putting the knife into the mouth is condemned by the regulations of so-called "society." A correspondent asks: "Have I not a right to put my knife into my mouth at the table if I choose?" Answer: You have a perfect right to put your knife into your mouth, to pick your teeth with your fork, and to draw back from the table and tilt up your feet on the edge of the table. There are many rights which, as American citizens, we may enjoy in this country. But other people also have rights who are offended by such violations of propriety, and who are tempted to think you a boor, and, although they may say nothing, you lose by your vulgarity and wilfulness far more than you gain in any way by such exercise of what you call "independence."

All local circles should report promptly to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. If there are but two members associated in study, report as a local circle.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

MARCH, 1884.

The Required Readings for March include half of Prof. Wilkinson's Preparatory Latin Course in English, and the Required Readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

First Week (ending March 8).—1. Preparatory Latin Course from chapter i to chapter iii, on page 45.

2. First half of French History in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

3. Sunday Readings for March 2, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

Second Week (ending March 17).—1. Preparatory Latin Course from page 45 to the middle of page 84.

2. Second half of French History.

3. Sunday Readings for March 9, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

Third Week (ending March 24).—1. Preparatory Latin Course from page 84 to page 127.

2. Readings in Commercial Law and in Art in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

3. Sunday Readings for March 16, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

Fourth Week (ending March 31).—1. Preparatory Latin Course in English, from page 127 to "Fifth Book," page 167.

2. Readings in American Literature and United States History in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

3. Sunday Readings for March 23, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

4. Sunday Readings for March 30, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

C. L. S. C. '84.

NEW ENGLAND AUXILIARY.

Fellow Students and Classmates:

Dr. Vincent tells us that "more than one half of the members of '84 reside in New England." But a very small part of them can attend the graduating exercises at Chautauqua, therefore the management of the New England Assembly are to set apart one afternoon of next summer's Sessions for Services of Recognition of the N. E. members as graduates. We shall then and there be enrolled as members of "*The Society of the Hall in the Grove*." The members who were present at Framingham last year, to the number of one hundred and fifty, having great pride in the C. L. S. C., and not a little Class pride, chose a committee to make arrangements suitable for so important and glorious an occasion. The committee decided upon the three following items in the program:

1. An Oration, and a well known College President is to be invited to grace the occasion.

2. Some prominent band or other musical organization to furnish music for the day.

3. Decoration of the Auditorium.

We therefore make two requests of the New England membership:

1. That as many as possible arrange to be present at the Assembly, which meets in July next year. It will richly repay you to be present through the ten days; but be sure to be present upon C. L. S. C. day.

2. In accordance with the vote of the Auxiliary, as announced in "The Outlook," we ask each member, whether to be present at Framingham or not, to send the *Secretary* of the Committee the sum of *fifty cents*, with as much more as you choose to add. If we carry out the program as arranged, the expenses will be large. In order to make definite our arrangements, we should know as to the amount to be realized from your contributions by the first of February, 1884. We desire that you consider this a personal invitation, and that you will forward your checks, or postal orders, or pledges, as local circles or individuals, on or before the above date. We ask you to do so much for the good of the cause and the honor of the class.

We suggest to the N. E. members that they keep their reading well up, as their memoranda must be in Miss Kimball's hands by the first of July, that the diplomas may be awarded and forwarded to Framingham.

Yours in behalf of the Committee,

WEBSTER WOODBURY.

Committee of Arrangements: Rev. W. N. Richardson, East Saugus, Mass.; D. D. Peabody, Stoneham, Mass.; Hon. J. G. Blaine, Manchester, N. H.; Rev. W. Woodbury, Foxboro, Mass.; J. M. Nye, Crompton, R. I.

Foxboro, Mass., Dec. 30, 1883.

TO THE CLASS OF '85.

At Chautauqua, during the last Assembly, a class organization was effected and badge adopted as our class colors, after which the following officers were chosen: J. B. Underwood, President, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. Philomena Downs, Vice President, Burlington, Iowa; Miss Carrie Hart, Treasurer, Aurora, Indiana; Miss N. M. Schenck, Secretary, Osage City, Kansas. It is with regret that I am compelled to say the attendance of the class of '85 was so small it was deemed most expedient to leave the adoption of a class motto until our next annual gathering, when it is earnestly desired that the then to be seniors will be largely represented.

One local member of the Meriden local circle, removing from the city to an adjacent township, knowing from observation and experience the good that might be accomplished by the organization of a circle, at once set about the task by becoming a regular Chautauquan, and soliciting others to join her, and as a result of these efforts she rejoices over the establishment of an enthusiastic corps of students, and has been honored by being made their president. The same enthusiasm by each '85 member renders us as *invincible* as our immediate predecessors of '84 are *irrepressible*. Let us one and all rally to the work and be prepared in the summer soon upon us to "Gather a pilgrim band" at our famous and much loved retreat, "The Hall in the Grove." J. B. UNDERWOOD.

Class stationery and badges may be had by addressing any of the officers of the class.

For a certain equable and continuous mode of life, we require only judgment, and we think of nothing more, so that we no longer discern what extraordinary things each unimportant day requires of us, and if we do discern them, we can find a thousand excuses for not doing them. A man of understanding is of importance to his own interests, but of little value for the general whole.—*Goethe*.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

In preparing copy for the local circle columns we would caution secretaries not to omit the name of state and town. This has been done, and several valuable reports are on our table, stateless. We can not use them, and will be censured for not doing so. Please bear this in mind when you send your report.

The letter which we publish in the Editor's Outlook this month deserves careful attention. It is valuable for new plans, but more for the spirit of ingenuity and push which it suggests.

The number of new circles formed this year is astonishing. The reports are all strong and enterprising. From Shelburn, Vermont, the secretary writes:

"About the first of November fourteen persons in this place formed themselves into a literary circle and adopted the Chautauqua course of study. Our method in our circle is simple and effective. We read selections from the week's work, and then converse familiarly upon what we have read, thus giving the entire circle the benefit of each member's information upon the subject under consideration. By most of us the course was undertaken with hesitation, for we feared that we should not be able to do the work marked out for us, yet we have been encouraged at every step of our progress. We have found the C. L. S. C. no hard task-master, but a helpful friend."

Massachusetts reports three new circles this month. One was organized in Braintree, in October, 1883, consisting of eight regular members; others attend, and they hope to enroll a number as local members. The circle meets once in three weeks. The order of exercises varies, two being appointed at each meeting to give the lesson and reading for the next meeting. Seven are members of the class of 1887, one of class of 1884.

A circle, numbering twelve registered Chautauquans, and some twenty local members, has been organized in the factory town of North Brookfield, Mass. The circle starts off with splendid prospects of success, and the only fear is to find rooms to accommodate the meetings as they grow in size.

From Westfield, same state, we learn that the number of the readers in the C. L. S. C. course has been increased each year at the return of members from the Framingham Assembly, but that they have never had a local circle until last fall. The first regular meeting was held September 17, 1883. The circle numbers eighteen, composed of members of three different classes; the original five intend to graduate the coming summer. There is a good regular attendance.

At Canaan, Connecticut, a local circle was organized early in October last, with a membership of fifteen, which has since increased to about forty. It is doing good work, not only in promoting habits of thorough, systematic reading, but in cultivating a better social feeling. An executive committee arranges a program for each meeting in advance, assigning to certain members the most important topics found in the readings. The question box adds much to the interest of the meetings.

Connecticut also boasts another new circle, at Goshen, of which a member writes: "A local circle was organized here the last week in September with a membership of sixteen. We meet once a week at the houses of the members, and have a large average attendance, considering the situation of our hill town, some of us living as much as four miles apart. The program varies according to the taste and inclination of the presiding officer. A favorite way seems to be to choose sides. The leader of each side asking questions which are prepared beforehand for the opposite side to answer."

"We have organized in our village (Hannibal, N. Y.) a local circle of the class of '87, consisting of sixteen regular and ten local members. We hold our meetings weekly, and a lively interest is manifested by all. On our roll we have two clergymen, two teachers, and some college and seminary graduates; although we are as yet freshmen in the course, we all expect to do good solid work and honestly earn our diplomas."

At Orchard Park, N. Y., there is another new circle. The "Iota Class" of the C. L. S. C. organized last October. "We have twelve interested and enthusiastic members, three having joined since our organization. We meet once in two weeks, at each meeting a committee being appointed to prepare the program of exercises for the second ensuing meeting. By this arrangement our program can be announced two weeks ahead, thus giving ample time for preparation. By appointing a new committee each time we find that it varies our entertainment, nearly every meeting introducing something new. The following is the program for December 29: Opening exercises, responsive service; song No. 12; secretary's report; paper, American poets; class drill on American Literature; brief oral account of America's greatest statesman; song No. 13; paper, comparative lives of Wolfe and Montcalm; selected questions to be answered by class; selections from Bret Harte; brief oral account of the present condition of Greece; question drawer; report of orthoepist; closing exercises."

A new circle organized at Bethlehem, Pa., numbers ten, and reports enthusiastic meetings. Their plan of "quizzes" is especially good. The secretary writes: "In our circle the first half hour is devoted to a quiz in history, the president appointing a new conductor at each meeting. The second half hour is spent in reading from American authors. The president selects the pieces and appoints the readers. We use the third half hour for a quiz in some branch connected with the course. After this we spend the remainder of the evening in an informal way, talking over our studies, and examining pictures of celebrated statuary, which the members bring from different sources. We have been meeting every two weeks, but all enjoy the meetings so much, and find them such a help that we have decided to meet every week. Interest in the C. L. S. C. is spreading, and I have no doubt that next year there will be several circles organized."

From Ohio three new societies send us greetings. At Painesville a circle was formed in November. They write—"We number only five, but we are enthusiastic readers, and have received much benefit from the work. We all belong to the class of '87, excepting one member, who has read one year, and with whom our circle originated."

At Sabina, a circle was organized on September 28, through the instrumentality of an energetic lady who had studied a year alone. It consists of nine members, six of whom are gentlemen, and three ladies. All are regular members of the C. L. S. C. Much interest was manifested, the books were ordered at once, and the reading has progressed finely, all being delighted with the plan. The circle has since been christened "The Philomathean C. L. S. C." The query box is made use of, and work assigned at each meeting, and a general discussion opened on the readings of the previous interval. They send best wishes to the C. L. S. C.

From Columbus the secretary writes: "We have a growing circle here under the distinctive name of the 'Central C. L. S. C. of Columbus.' We began in October with a membership of fourteen, and now number twenty. Our meetings are rendered interesting and profitable by papers on the subjects of the month, interspersed with discussions and music."

At Ottawa, Illinois, a local circle was organized in October last with seventeen members, seven regular and ten local. They follow the course of study laid out in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and the reading for the week is discussed, generally some one

being appointed to question the class, and occasionally an essay or address is read. A great deal of interest is felt, and all are working very enthusiastically.

From Galena, Illinois, the secretary sends an account of a new circle, and gives some very interesting reminiscences: "We have been much interested in the C. L. S. C. for some time, and some of our members are quite advanced in the course; but it was not until October, 1883, that we organized ourselves into a tributary circle. Our meetings are controlled and carried out according to a constitution ratified by the circle. We endeavor to be as parliamentary as possible. We Galena people think that of all others we should be the truest and best Chautauquans. Long years ago, before some of us were old enough to remember, Dr. Vincent was pastor of the M. E. Church of our city. He organized and carried on while here what he called a 'Palestine Class,' though there was no 'Palestine Park' in connection with it. At the end of this course each successful candidate was presented with a diploma and medal. At present there are three of the original Palestine members in our circle, and if we enter their homes they are pleased to show us the familiar face of our 'Princely Pericles' hanging in some safe nook. So, you see, we feel as though we had a right to Chautauqua and its benefits. We number about twenty-two members, and have also one member in St. Louis and one in England. The circle has radiated so far at present, who shall say where the C. L. S. C. contagion will end?"

From Nashville, Tennessee, the secretary of the "Nashville Local Circle," a new organization of about twenty members, writes: "Our members have taken a deep interest, from the very beginning in the work, and most of us are fully up with the required readings, beside having read several books in connection with those required. We hold our meetings every alternate Monday night in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. Our exercises are always entertaining and instructive, consisting of songs, essays, lectures, readings, questions, etc. Milton's memorial day was observed in a very appropriate manner. The 'East Side Circle' joined with us by invitation of Prof. Hurst. The exercises were opened with a Chautauqua song and prayer. A short but very interesting sketch of Milton's life and character was read by Mr. E. C. Wells, and a fine selection from Milton was read by Miss E. C. Whitehurst; the exercises were concluded with the 'vesper service.' We have adopted the motto of the '87's—'Neglect not the gift that is in thee.' Nashville already has three circles, and the grand 'Chautauqua Idea' is fast spreading throughout the Sunny South."

Iowa (Lyons).—We organized a circle last October of fifteen members. Of our number nine have become members of the C. L. S. C., and are reading the full course. We have not an elaborate program, but try to take up a few things as thoroughly as possible.

Iowa (Marshalltown).—Our plan of organizing our circle, was first a press notice, then individual effort. Our first meeting found twelve persons anxious to commence the study. The second meeting there were as many more joined our forces. We have divided our circle, one party meeting in the afternoon, the other in the evening, all under one leader. It is probable that by the close of the year we shall have a very large and intelligent circle.

Iowa (Shenandoah).—Our circle was organized in October, 1883. It is composed of busy people.

"To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight."

All are very desirous of doing good work, and are in real earnest as to the success of our circle. All members are freshmen but one, who is a sophomore. All are bound for a battle of four years.

The last of the new circles reported this month is from Louisburg, Kansas. They say: "We are a little band of ten readers. We organized in October for the purpose of studying the required course of the class of '89. We feel that the study is a great benefit to us, and recommend it to all."

The circle at New Gloucester, Maine, has recently closed a lecture course which proved successful beyond expectation. The circle has been flourishing in fine style this year, and the meetings have been of a high literary order. Essays on various subjects have been willingly contributed, while much entertainment and profit has been derived from passing round to the whole company written questions to be immediately answered.

The circle organized at Rockville, Massachusetts, in 1882, is still in fine condition. They meet weekly, and the program consists in answering the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, abstracts from required reading, readings and conversations. In October the circle enjoyed a day at Diamond Hill, R. I., gathering geological specimens.

The local paper of Hudson, Massachusetts, says: Our local circle is doing excellent work. Here is the program of next meeting: 1st, Review of "Ten Reasons why we should know the great outlines of Grecian History and Literature." 2d, Crayon map of Greece, drawn and explained. 3d, Conversation on "The Art of Healing" as known to the Greeks. 4th, Essay, "The Age of Pericles." 5th, Conversation; some "Similitudes and Contrasts" in Greek and American Literature. 6th, One Hundred Questions on Biology, class. This means quiet, little by little, but constant and steady work to extend the realm of personal knowledge.

The secretary of the Centerville, Rhode Island, local circle gives the following account of how they made Political Economy interesting: "At the last meeting of the circle a member who formerly gave much time to the study of political science, delivered an informal lecture, in the conversational vein, upon that subject, using the blackboard freely and presenting a synopsis of the topics discussed in Mr. Steele's articles. The treatment of the subject differed considerably from that of Mr. Steele. This talk was followed by a general discussion, participated in by most of the members, during which questions suggested by the lecture were propounded, answered by the member having the subject in charge, and further discussed by the members. By this means the subject of Political Economy, usually considered so uninteresting, was pronounced by all to be the most entertaining thus far considered."

We want to commend the following model program of exercises to the attention of all circles. It comes from the splendid society at Troy, New York, and was the program for January 3d: 1. German History—Early Data of German History; Who were the Franks; Give an Account of Clovis; The Achievements of Charlemagne; Character of Charlemagne. 2. Political Economy—Uses of Political Economy; Define Production; Define Consumption; Exchange and its Necessity; Banks; Protection and its Arguments; Free Trade—its Arguments. 3. Physical Science—Air; Circulation of Water on Land; Rivers; Glaciers. 4. Monthly Events—December. 5. Round Table. 6. Conversazione—William Cullen Bryant.

What testimony could be more inspiring than this from Shushan, N. Y.: "Most of our members are hardworking people, with but little time for study, but they all unite in saying that every meeting is better than the last."

New York State sends us so much and so good reports that we are embarrassed to find room for them all sometimes. We have a trio of remarkably strong reports here which we give in full.

New York (Glen Falls).—We think we are now numerically

strong enough and combine enough enthusiasm to deserve a good sized corner in an issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Our Circle, in which we all take pardonable pride, is on a very solid footing, and each succeeding meeting shows an improvement on the one before. The pioneer member was Mrs. Charlotte W. Craig, to whose zeal in pursuing the readings single-handed among us can truthfully be attributed the successful start. In 1880 four ladies commenced the reading independently, and things ran along in this lonesome manner until last year a circle of thirteen was formed, with meetings every two weeks, held in the afternoon. This was a strong nucleus, and ever and anon during the winter and spring of 1883 their work was noticed in reports of their meetings and memorial days which appeared in the local newspapers. At the commencement of the year, 1883-84, in October last, a large number were enrolled as new members. Our circle now is full half a hundred strong, and the meetings which are held at private residences every alternate Tuesday evening are truly enjoyable. The mode of conducting them is very much like that of other circles, and needs no detailed description. Beside the work laid out in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* a committee is appointed four weeks prior to each meeting to provide a program of exercises, and as there is a good natured strife as to who shall excel in the attractiveness and excellence of the program furnished, the meetings never lack interest. A question box is quite well utilized, and we also have an appointed critic. We have no glee club as yet, but a movement in that direction has been made. The constraint which of course characterized the first meeting of the new circle is fast wearing away, and each meeting is looked forward to by all with increasing interest. Our membership comprehends part of the best society of the village, and is given a more solid aspect by a representation of one Dartmouth and two Wesleyan graduates, who are very well pleased with their new connection. From the start we have found the local newspaper a valuable and efficient help.

New York (Brooklyn).—The "New York Avenue Circle" holds its meetings in the Chapel of the New York Avenue M. E. Church in Brooklyn. The circle is not connected with the church, and owes its place of meeting to the courtesy of the trustees. There are at present (December) ninety-one members, who come from all parts of the city—one member from New York. They represent about fifteen different churches, of the principal denominations. The members are both old and young gentlemen and ladies; parents and their grown sons and daughters, business men, mothers of young children, and young people just from school. Beside the members there is a large transient attendance. This is the second year in the history of the circle, and has begun with increased interest. Many have expressed themselves as very grateful for the C. L. S. C. in the personal advantage it has been to them. The meetings are fortnightly, on Thursday evenings. There is an able committee of instruction who usually undertake the reviews. Others are sometimes called upon, and frequently the leader assigns essays to selected members. Especially has this been the case with the review of American Literature, when the various authors were distributed through the class for three-minute essays. The music committee provide solos or duets, both vocal and instrumental. The songs from the "Chautauqua Song Book" are used at the opening of the meetings. Occasional lectures have been given; as for instance, last year one on the spectroscope, and two on astronomy. One meeting was devoted to China, when essays on the literature, manners and customs, Confucianism, and the missionary work were read. Another evening was devoted to Scandinavia. There were essays, as on the Chinese evening, and songs, all of which were of Scandinavian composition, one being sung in Swedish. Extra social evenings have been found necessary, in order that the members of so large a circle may become acquainted. The interest continues, and good work is done.

New York (Cortland).—We, the Alpha C. L. S. C., of Cortland, N. Y., feel ourselves honored in belonging to an organization that is doing such a noble work as is the C. L. S. C. We organized as a circle October, 1882, and have tried to accomplish faithfully the work in the course thus far. We number about twenty members, most of whom are housekeepers, with a sprinkling of clerks, bookkeepers and teachers. We elect our officers twice a year, and have in addition to a president, vice president and secretary, a committee on instruction appointed from month to month, whose duty it is to lay out the work; also a committee on pronunciation. Our circle meets weekly, and in brief, this is our usual program: 1. An hour spent reading aloud from one of the required books by alternate members. 2. Questions from *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, covering subject-matter read during the evening. 3. A short review in the form of five questions on each of four subjects passed over in our last year's work. 4. An oral examination on the Required Reading in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, alternating subjects from week to week. 5. A personation by some member giving first, obscure data, after which more prominent features concerning the life, character and works of the character presented. Circle decide on character. 6. Query box. This is with us quite an important part of the program, as topics are discussed of quite a practical nature, as well as the topics of the day.

Pleasantville, Pennsylvania, a beautiful little village of perhaps six hundred inhabitants, writes us: "We have two circles; one of the graduates, and one composed of those who have not yet had the honor to finish the regular C. L. S. C. course. The classes are composed entirely of ladies—some unusually bright ones and we generally get along very well."

Pennsylvania (West Philadelphia).—We call ourselves the Quaker City Circle of the C. L. S. C. We have nineteen members. We select parts of the Required Readings each month, and certain members (usually three) are appointed to ask questions, or to write essays for the following meeting. We have had a very enjoyable essay on "Art," with engravings of the notable works of Grecian and Roman Art and Ruins, from one of our members—also two evenings with the microscope. Our greatest trouble is the evening is so short that we can not get all in.

Among the Society Notes of the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., we find the following: "The 'Chautauqua Idea' seems to have taken a firm hold on Washington, and has evidently come to stay. It affords pleasure and means of profit to hundreds who might but for its influence ever remain in want of literary or scientific culture. Of the many circles in the city none are more prosperous than Union Circle, the pioneer organization of the kind in the District, it being now in its third year. Its last weekly gathering, Thursday evening, was one of unusual interest to the members, who had arranged a surprise for their worthy president, Mr. E. S. Wescott. An elegant silver water pitcher, appropriately inscribed, had preceded the members to Mr. Wescott's pleasant home, where the meetings of the circle are held, and while it was a surprise to the host and his estimable wife, they nevertheless took care not to be outdone entirely. When the members arrived, instead of the usual Chautauqua literary and scientific studies, an entertainment of a different kind was substituted, the program consisting of music and recitations, and short speeches. The program ended, Mrs. Wescott invited the circle to repair to the dining room, where was spread a most inviting feast. This time it was the members of the circle who experienced a surprise, but they fell to with a will, and satisfied the host that their lines had fallen in pleasant places. Each guest was presented with a souvenir of the event, and went home feeling that the 'Chautauqua Idea' is a good thing in more ways than one."

The following list of officers in the circle at Saybrook, Ohio, strikes us as particularly good. They are president, vice president, and secretary, elected annually; also a leader, critic, and question-answerer appointed each month, and certainly the following device is both novel and good: "We pride ourselves on possessing something which is very unique as well as useful. It is a *C. L. S. C. lantern*, made of wood, in the shape of a Gothic roofed house. It contains a lamp whose rays illuminate the letters C. L. S. C., tastefully curved across the front. We put it in a conspicuous place, by the street door, where it serves the double purpose of guiding our members to the right place, and shows to passers-by that our little town has a C. L. S. C., which is *alive*, and letting its light shine."

The year 1884-85 has opened auspiciously for the Cincinnati, Ohio, circles. On November 4, Dr. Vincent was with them, and held a vesper service at St. Paul M. E. Church, and there was used for the first time, the new and beautifully arranged "C. L. S. C. Vesper Service." On November 15, the circles held a Fall reunion at the Third Presbyterian Church, at which they were favored with the presence of the general Secretary of the C. L. S. C. On December 20, a Round-Table was held by the Cincinnati circles at Christie Chapel, Col. John A. Johnson, president of Christie Circle presiding. The following topics were discussed: 1. The advantage of the C. L. S. C. Course of Reading. 2. The advantages of a local circle. 3. How to conduct a local circle. 4. How to advance the C. L. S. C. interests in Cincinnati. The greatest freedom of expression was desired in the discussion and each of the topics elicited numerous responses. On the first Sabbath of the New Year (January 6) the circles held a union vesper service at Christie. The service was conducted by Rev. A. H. Gillett, who gave many touching incidents of his own personal experience in the C. L. S. C. work which had come to him in his varied travels from the lakes to the gulf. His words of advice and encouragement will long be remembered. Rev. B. F. Dimmick, pastor of Christie Chapel, gave an excellent address.

Ohio (Freedom).—A local circle was organized here in September. There are at present about twenty members, of whom thirteen belong to the general Circle. We meet every two weeks at the houses of the members, our meetings opening with a verse of song, and prayer. Our president questions the members upon the lesson read during the two weeks, and several persons have been assigned topics upon which to write essays. We enjoy our meetings very much.

Ohio (New London).—The first year of a local organization of the C. L. S. C. in our village ended in June. Our membership was about twenty-five. Our mode of conducting the meetings was, no doubt, similar to that of most other circles, following the course laid down for each week in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and having essays and informal talks upon subjects in connection with the Required Reading. The order of exercises for each meeting was arranged by the committee of instruction at the previous meeting. Our circle gradually increased in numbers, and from the increasing interest in the movement we confidently expect our numbers will be doubled this year.

Ohio (Ravenna).—The "Royal" Circle of Ravenna is one of four within the limits of our miniature city. It is named in honor of its senior member, Colonel Royal Taylor, who has passed his eighty-second milestone in the journey of life. This circle was organized with but few members, in 1880. With the additions since made it now numbers twelve, whose average ages are fifty-two years. We meet every Friday evening, elect a chairman who serves two weeks, each member in turn being eligible to the position. Both the Text-Books and the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* are memorized. We have an occasional essay and such appropriate reading as is selected by

a committee appointed for that purpose. Although many of our harmonious, working little band are past the meridian of life, they are punctual at the meetings, diligent and thorough in their lessons, enjoy the exercises, and always have a grand good social time.

Ohio (Berlin Heights).—The "Philomathean" Circle has been organized and meets each Tuesday evening. We vary the method of conducting our meetings; sometimes (and we find it very interesting) we have question slips, place them in the center of the table, each one draws a question, and then answers it. The greatest interest is manifested, and although our number is small, we expect quite an increase next year. We expect to spend a part of each evening in preparing the work of the White Seal Course.

This is the second year of the existence of the C. L. S. C. in the Wall Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Jeffersonville, Indiana. Last year it had to contend with many obstacles, which are now removed, but ended the year with success. Two of its members graduated, having read three years at Indianapolis. One of these graduates was Mrs. Mary Curtiss, 72 years of age. She is again enrolled as a candidate for White Seal. The circle this year consists of thirty-three active and forty-five local members. Some of the local members are reading all the books as fully as the active. In the circle are four who have graduated in the Chautauqua course. Having acquired a taste for reading, they read on, to gratify their own tastes, and to encourage others to read. The circle meets twice a month. Its meetings are publicly announced from the pulpit, and everybody is invited to be present. When assembled, the subjects for reading the past two weeks are made the subject of review. The leader, the pastor of the church in this case, commences questioning the circle, who respond in concert or singly, as they remember. When other histories have been consulted new matter is presented by the leader or any other person. The blackboard, charts and maps are largely employed in illustrating and fixing the subject in the mind. The members of the circle are urged to ask questions on the subjects of review, and express their opinions. Short papers are also read by members of the circle on such parts of the reading as may be assigned them. By these means every part of the readings are carefully reviewed. Some of those who commenced the course last year have dropped out this year; a few from necessity, others because they thought the work hard.

A member writing from Logansport, Indiana, says: We have quite an interesting local circle organized here, numbering about twenty-five active members, and five who have already graduated but still continue active in the work, which I take to be a true characteristic of a Chautauquan. Our circle meets at private houses every two weeks. The officers make out a program of work two weeks ahead, which is to occupy the next meeting. We have taken up the work as laid out in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, devoting half the evening to American Literature, and the other half to History of Greece, each member speaking either orally on the topic assigned, or reading what *they* have written or been appointed to select and read from some of the leading authors that have been mentioned in our course of reading. Our program October 30 was as follows: American Literature—(1) "What are its excellences and defects;" (2) "Growth since 1809;" (3) "The First Book;" (4) "Irving's place in American Literature;" (5) "How Novelists of our day differ from Cooper;" (6) Reading—Bryant's "Ode to a Water Fowl." Greek History—(1) "Civil Government—Greece;" (2) "Greek Religions;" (3) "Greek Battles in History;" (4) "Different Athenians and Spartans;" (5) "Greek Gods;" (6) "Customs of the Greeks."

Indiana (Fort Wayne).—The local circle of this city is of

four years' growth. We number this year about twenty-five members. Among these we have one graduate of '82, and two "irrepressibles" of the glorious class of '84. Since our first organization we have tried numerous experiments; circles of all sizes, and all sorts of programs. We had in our circle one year forty-five members. This failed. Too many different elements. The next year we divided into several small circles of about six or eight each. These frequently met to celebrate a memorial day, or listen to a lecture. This year we have considered our circle a model organization, and feel we are competent to judge, after so varied an experience. We have had no regular programs. Our leader questions us as he would a class, allowing us to have our books, from which to answer. A few of us have always observed most faithfully the five o'clock hour Sabbath afternoon. This we find very helpful, and would recommend it to others. At our last local circle the subject was "Vegetable Biology." The members were seated about a long table on which were three fine microscopes to illustrate the lesson. Questions and the freest conversation were allowed. The most interesting object examined was that showing the movements of the bioplasm in the cells of a plant. This was considered a rare sight, as so few plants show these movements clearly. Our specimen was the common water weed, *Anacharis*. It had been secured with great difficulty, but was well worth all the effort expended.

Illinois (Charleston).—On October 1, 1882, a class of the C. L. S. C. was organized here, consisting of nine members. The lessons were gone over carefully and conscientiously, and during vacation Geology was reviewed with the aid of the charts. So earnest was the first year's class in the work, and so evangelizing was their spirit, that the class of this, the second year, has forty-one members. To accommodate the members, the class was divided, and part now meet in the afternoon, and part in the evening. Each division has its own officers. We call ourselves one class, however, and those who choose may attend both meetings. The attendance is good, and the interest great. Neither cold, heat, nor the "raging elements" affects our attendance, nor abates our zeal. Some of the members meet informally and socially every week, and the lessons are read over, more careful attention being paid the pronunciation and meaning of words. At each meeting we select some poet, from whose writings a short quotation must be selected, and recited by each member at the following meeting. Our question box is also a feature of great interest. Members all have the privilege of writing out a question on any subject pertaining to literature, science or art, and these questions are collected and read. They are answered immediately if it can be done, if not they are reserved for further investigation. The influence exerted by the C. L. S. C. is becoming visible outside of its regular members, and we are sure that here, as well as elsewhere, wherever there is a class of the C. L. S. C., more scientific, historical, and classical books will be bought this year than ever before.

The Vincent Local Circle, of Lafayette, Indiana, was organized in 1881. It numbers fifty-six members, twenty-two of whom have undertaken the four years' course. It is a live, wide awake circle, the most enthusiastic member being a lady seventy-five years of age, who visited Chautauqua last summer, and by her descriptions of the work there, has succeeded in enthusing all. They have organized a lecture course consisting of lectures and musical entertainments. The course was opened on December 5, by an able lecture on "Ultimate America," by Joseph Cook.

Michigan (Albion).—An event of unusual importance was the meeting of the of Alpha C. L. S. C. of this city, January 11, 1883, it being a farewell to their beloved ex-president, Miss Mary C. Robinson, who has been recently elected by the Northwestern Branch of the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church

as missionary to China. It was an occasion long to be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be included in the list of invitations. Miss Robinson held for a year the position as president of our circle, and during that time won all hearts by the faithful and persistent effort in its behalf. During the evening a most tempting collation was served, after which an entertaining program was carried out.

A friend writes from Harlan, Iowa: "Our circle is growing in interest, and makes many of us feel that the good old college days have returned. We have several A. M.'s in our circle, and as the rust begins to rub off we begin to appreciate the magnitude of the blessing that this will be to the young who are deprived of college advantages."

Iowa (Manchester).—Our circle was reorganized in September. It numbers fifty, beside a class of young people who take the history only. We are divided into three classes. We held our first memorial November 3, Bryant's day. Between eighty and ninety people were present at the exercises, which consisted of an address on Bryant and selections from his works, interspersed with music. The exercises were short, followed by a social which all seemed to enjoy.

The circle numbering twenty, at Independence, Iowa, reports a very interesting time with German History and Literature. The secretary writes: One evening was confined to the articles on "German History" and "German Literature" in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for November. The first thing on the program was quotations from some of the writers mentioned in the article on "German Literature." Then followed written questions on the "German History," and discussion. Then two essays were read, one on "Heinrich Heine," another on "Goethe."

The S. H. G. and the C. L. S. C. of Osceola, Iowa, united in celebrating Milton's day, on the eve of December 10. The first named society has ten members, the latter twenty-one. Each member had the privilege of inviting three friends, so that about one hundred and twenty in all assembled. The president of the C. L. S. C. presided, and a fine program was rendered. The guests were all in sympathy with the Chautauqua movement. Some of the circle, who are members of the S. H. G., scarcely know how life would go without the inspiring influences of the Circle. They have no thought of giving it up either this year, next year, nor the one after that.

Dakota (Sioux Falls).—Our circle at this place numbers but twelve. We thought best to have a small number first year. Next year we shall make an effort to enlarge our number to fifty or seventy-five. We doubt whether you have in the East a more enthusiastic circle. We all enjoy the readings much, and the best people in our city are becoming much interested in C. L. S. C.

The first local circle which we have known to "ring out the old year, ring in the new," is that at Omaha, Nebraska. From the local paper we learn that the meeting was one of unusual importance. Special preparations were made, as this was the closing meeting of the year, and coming as it did on the last evening of the year. The attendance was exceptionally large. The literary exercises were of a very high order, and were much appreciated by the large and fashionable audience assembled. An elegant banquet was served after the exercises, and speech making followed. In response to the toast "The Chautauqua Club," a gentleman said that a little while ago he, himself, did not know what Chautauqua meant. It was a dim, indefinable something. He had been told that the meaning of the word in the Indian language is "a foggy place," and it was a dim, distant, foggy place away off, but how real it came to him now! It meant intellectual study, literature, science

and art. It had done more, it had led him into a new life.

A little over one year ago a young lady of Ossawatimie, Kansas, returned from a visit to New York, brim full of enthusiasm for the C. L. S. C., having imbibed the "Chautauqua Idea" at the summer Assembly. She at once went to work and in a short time a local circle of twelve members was organized. About mid-winter the circle gave a supper to its friends—a very enjoyable affair. Again, later in the season, a literary entertainment, given to procure funds with which to buy a telescope, met with fair success. This year all hands took hold of the work with renewed vigor, and the old members were encouraged by an addition of seven new members to the circle. The weekly meetings are conducted on the conversational plan, with now and then a C. L. S. C. song. They are, withal, a very enthusiastic body of Chautauquans.

Missouri (Maryville).—This is the third year of our local circle at Maryville. We have eight regular members enrolled. Others here are reading the course, but do not meet with us for review. We have varied the method of conducting our readings as often as practicable, so as to make them interesting as well as instructive in character. This has been done sometimes by adding questions to be answered, writing short essays, or biographical sketches, and introducing the Chautauqua games. Then again a change was made in the number of officers and teachers, or manner of opening or closing the meetings.

There is a circle of over forty persons at Butte City, Montana. The secretary writes: "The interest is good, in fact beyond our expectation. The C. L. S. C. is the right organization for us western people who are all busy and can only take spare moments for study. We have developed no new plan of instruction. We meet every week. An instructor in each important branch prepares at a week's notice a 'quiz,' which is given to the class for about one half hour. Essays are read upon the most important topics connected with the lessons. Readings from choice literature, music, etc., embraces the remainder of our enjoyable evenings."

We have received memorials of the death of two members of the C. L. S. C. One from Brooklyn, as a minute adopted at the local circle: "The New York Arc C. L. S. C. learn with sorrow of the death of one of its most esteemed members. Mrs. Anna C. Fredericks died on Sunday, December 30, 1883. She was one of those who were enrolled as members of the circle at its organization, for she was already a Chautauquan student, and had then so nearly completed the prescribed studies that she graduated last summer. Such was her enthusiastic love of our methods of study, and attachment to this circle, that the winning of her degree did not detach her from this association, and she continued, with apparently increased zeal, to attend these meetings until prevented by her late short, though fatal, illness. But this was only one manifestation of a life which was characterized with earnest religious devotion and a loving spirit which endeared her to all who were privileged to be near to her, or in any way subject to her influence. *Resolved*, That the secretary be requested to enter the foregoing minute in the records of the circle, and to present copies to Mr. Fredericks and to the secretary at Plainfield."

Another comes from Felicity, Ohio: "Our 'Pleiades' circle mourns the loss of Miss Flora Carver, of the class of 1884. She was one of our enthusiastic members, ever trying to keep the spirit of our mottoes. When she became too weak to keep up the Course of Reading, she still read *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and in July, with kindling eye and glowing cheek she spoke of the comfort a perusal of Dr. Townsend's lecture on the "Employments of Heaven" had given her. Her's was a Christian life, and her last days were spent in patient endurance of severe suffering, and joyful contemplation of a happy future.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON FIRST PART OF
PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH--FROM COM-
MENCEMENT OF BOOK TO PAGE 167.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. What is the general purpose of the series of four books, of which the present is the second in order of preparation and publication? A. To conduct the readers by means of the English tongue alone, through substantially the same course of discipline in Greek and Latin Literature as is accomplished by students who are graduates from our American colleges.
2. Q. What does this second volume of the series seek to do? A. To go over the ground in Latin literature usually traversed by the student in course of preparing himself to be a college matriculate.
3. Q. What three elements may be said to be in any body of literature? A. A substance, a spirit, and a form, somewhat separate one from another.
4. Q. Of these three elements, what two is it the hope of the author to communicate to his readers? A. The spirit as well as the substance, so far as they are separable one from another.
5. Q. By whom was the literature called Latin produced? A. By a people called Roman, chiefly in a city called Rome.
6. Q. Over what does the name Roman lord it exclusively? A. Over everything pertaining to Rome, except her language and her literature.
7. Q. What may this circumstance be taken to indicate in reference to Rome? A. What is indeed the fact, that literature was for her a subordinate interest.
8. Q. When was the city of Rome founded? A. An unreckoned time before the history of the city began.
9. Q. According to the fable followed by Virgil, by whom was Rome founded? A. By Æneas, escaping with a trusty few from the flames of Troy.
10. Q. According to a second legend, lapping on and piecing out the first, who was the founder of Rome? A. Romulus, whose father was Mars, the Roman god of war.
11. Q. What legendary line of rulers succeeded Romulus? A. A line of legendary kings, followed by a Republic.
12. Q. What may be assumed as the starting-point of Roman history, worthy to be so called? A. The war with Pyrrhus, which broke out two hundred and eighty-one years before Christ.
13. Q. After Rome had absorbed Italy into her empire, with what African city was a prolonged war waged? A. With Carthage.
14. Q. What three names were prominent on the Carthaginian side during this war? A. Hamilcar, Hasdrubal and Hannibal.
15. Q. Give three prominent names on the Roman side? A. Regulus, Fabius and Scipio.
16. Q. After the subjugation of Carthage, what is said of the dominions of Rome? A. Her dominions were rapidly extended in every direction until they embraced almost literally the whole of the then known world.
17. Q. When was the Augustan age of Latin literature? A. During the reign of Augustus Cæsar.
18. Q. What is said on the whole of the fame of ancient Rome? A. It is the most famous city of the world.
19. Q. What is stated in regard to the natural advantages of Rome? A. Its remove from the coast secured it, in its feeble beginning, against pirates, while the navigable stream of the Tiber made it virtually a seaboard town.
20. Q. What was the height of the buildings that covered much of the extent of ground within the limits of the city of ancient Rome? A. Six and eight stories in height.
21. Q. At what has the population of Rome at its maximum been estimated? A. From two to six million souls.
22. Q. For what was a large area reserved, inclosed between the Quirinal hill and the river? A. Exclusively to public buildings, and here there was an almost unparalleled accumulation of costly, solid, and magnificent architecture.
23. Q. What is now one of the chief spectacles in modern Rome to excite the wonder and awe of the tourist? A. The Coliseum, a roofless amphitheater for gladiatorial exhibitions built of stone, and capable of seating more than eighty thousand spectators.
24. Q. From what people were the Greeks and Romans descended? A. The Aryan or Indo-European, a people having its original home in Central Asia.
25. Q. How did the Romans conquer and govern the world? A. By being conquerors and governors.
26. Q. For what did the Romans all live? A. For the state.
27. Q. What was the one business of the state? A. Conquest, in a two-fold sense: first, subjugation by arms; second, consequent upon subjugation, rule by law.
28. Q. What is said of the cultivation of letters by Rome? A. Letters she almost wholly neglected until her conquest of the world was complete.
29. Q. In what way did the Romans make peace with other nations? A. They never made peace but as conquerors.
30. Q. What course did the Romans take in regard to whatever superior features they found in the military scheme of other nations? A. They did not hesitate to transfer and adopt it into their own.
31. Q. What nations in turn enjoyed the honor of furnishing to the Romans the model for their sword? A. The Spaniards and the Gauls.
32. Q. From whom did Rome learn how to order her encampment? A. From Pyrrhus.
33. Q. From what people did Rome learn to build ships? A. From the Carthaginians.
34. Q. As soon as Rome had conquered a people what did she make that people? A. Her ally.
35. Q. What phrase has Rome made a proverb to all time of false dealing between nations? A. "Punic faith."
36. Q. At whose expense did Rome do her conquering and her governing? A. At the expense of the conquered and the governed.
37. Q. What effect did war have upon the wealth of Rome? A. She never herself became poorer, but always richer, by war.
38. Q. What was all that enormous accumulation of public and private resources which made Rome rich and great? A. It was pure plunder.
39. Q. What is a momentous fact in regard to the population of the Roman Empire? A. That in the end over one-half the population were slaves.
40. Q. Notwithstanding the injustice of Rome, how did she govern as compared with other ancient nations? A. She governed more beneficently than any other ancient nation.
41. Q. What blessing did she extend to all the countries she conquered? A. The blessing of stable government, of an administration of law at least comparatively just and wise.
42. Q. What effect did Rome have upon the civilization of those she subjugated? A. After her fashion she civilized where she had subjugated.
43. Q. What did Rome do that is to be accounted an immeasurable blessing to mankind? A. She made the world politically one, for the unhindered universal spread of Christianity.
44. Q. Who are some of the historians mentioned as having written works on the history of Rome, that are commended to the reader? A. Creighton, Leighton, Liddell, Mommsen, Merivale, Arnold and Gibbon.
45. Q. What work on the literature of Rome is spoken of as perhaps the best manual of Latin letters? A. Cruttwell's "History of Roman Literature."

46. Q. During what period was Roman literature produced, that is usually termed classic? A. From about 80 B. C. to A. D. 108, covering a space of 188 years.

47. Q. What writer begins, and what one ends this period? A. Cicero begins and Tacitus ends it.

48. Q. Who may be regarded as the beginner of Latin literature? A. Livius Andronicus, a writer of tragedy about twenty-four years before Christ.

49. Q. Who wrote a sort of epic on the first Punic war, esteemed by scholars one of the chief lost things in Roman literature? A. Nævius.

50. Q. What is the next great name in Latin literature, and what is said of his influence and example? A. Ennius, and his influence and example decisively fixed the form of the Latin poetry.

51. Q. Who were two great Roman writers of comedy? A. Plautus and Terence.

52. Q. What form of composition in verse may be said to be original with Rome? A. The satire.

53. Q. What seems to be a general fact in literary history, in regard to the first development of a national literature? A. That verse precedes prose.

54. Q. Who was the creator of the classic Roman satire? A. Lucilius.

55. Q. Who were the great Roman masters of satire? A. Horace and Juvenal.

56. Q. What English writers have written brilliant imitative satires with the essential spirit of Horace and Juvenal? A. Dryden, Pope and Johnson.

57. Q. To whom may be attributed the merit of being the founder or former of Latin prose? A. Cato, the Censor.

58. Q. Who among the Romans, with Demosthenes among Greeks, reigns alone as one of the two undisputedly greatest masters of human speech that have ever appeared on the planet? A. Cicero.

59. Q. Who among Romans were eminent writers of history for Rome? A. Cato, Sallust, Livy and Tacitus.

60. Q. In what age, and by whom, was the great epic of Rome produced? A. The *Æneid*, in the age of Augustus, by Virgil.

61. Q. Who by eminence was the Roman poet of society and manners? A. Horace.

62. Q. What is any Latin Reader, like any Greek, pretty sure to contain? A. Its share of fables, of anecdotes, of historical fragments, of mythology, and of biography.

63. Q. What revived plan of making up Latin Readers is among the late changes in fashion introduced by classical teachers? A. Of making up Latin Readers that consist exclusively of selections credited to standard Latin authors.

64. Q. What two writers sometimes find a place in these Latin Readers, that are sometimes wholly omitted in the course of Latin literature accomplished by the college graduate? A. Sallust and Ovid.

65. Q. What three historical works did Sallust write? A. The "Conspiracy of Catiline," the "Jugurthine War," and a "History of Rome from the death of Sulla to the Mithridatic War."

66. Q. In the midst of what was the residence Sallust occupied in Rome? A. In the midst of grounds laid out and beautified by him with the most lavish magnificence.

67. Q. What did these grounds subsequently become, and what name do they still bear? A. They subsequently became the chosen resort of the Roman emperors, and they still bear the name of the Gardens of Sallust.

68. Q. With what is Sallust's "Jugurthine War" commenced? A. With a sort of moral essay, or homily, not having the least particular relations to the subject about to be treated.

69. Q. What is the subject of the "Jugurthine War?" A. The war which the Roman people carried on with Jugurtha, king of the Numidians.

70. Q. What are the names of three Romans who took prominent part in the Jugurthine war? A. Metellus, Marius and Sulla.

71. Q. With what did the war end? A. With the capture of Jugurtha by the Romans through the treachery of Bocchus, his father-in-law.

72. Q. Where and when was Ovid born? A. In northern Italy, in 43 B. C.

73. Q. With what did the youth of Ovid coincide? A. Either with the full maturity, or with the declining age, of the great Augustan writers, Virgil, Livy, Horace and Sallust.

74. Q. By whom was Ovid banished from Rome? A. By Augustus.

75. Q. What may be considered as the chief work of Ovid? A. His "Metamorphoses."

76. Q. What does this title literally mean? A. Changes of form.

77. Q. What is Ovid's idea in the poem? A. To tell in his own way such legends of the teeming Greek mythology as deal with the transformations of men and women into animals, plants, or inanimate things.

78. Q. What has this poem been to subsequent poets? A. A great treasury of material.

79. Q. What episode, taken from the second book of "Metamorphoses," is given by our author? A. Phæton driving the chariot of the sun.

80. Q. In what is the legend of Phæton conceived by many to have had its origin? A. In some meteorological fact—an extraordinary solar heat perhaps, producing drought and conflagration.

81. Q. Of what two other stories from the "Metamorphoses" does our author present a translation? A. The story of Daphne's transformation into a laurel, and the tragic story of Niobe.

82. Q. What American writer has quite extensively treated Ovidian topics in a way that is at once instructive and delightful? A. Hawthorne.

83. Q. Ovid's verse in the "Metamorphoses" is the same as what? A. As that of Virgil and Homer, namely, the dactylic hexameter.

84. Q. What has the general agreement of thoughtful minds tended to affirm in regard to Julius Cæsar? A. The sentence of Brutus, as given by Shakspeare, that he was "the foremost man of all this world."

85. Q. What is the principal literary work of Cæsar that remains to us? A. His "Commentaries," which is an account he wrote of his campaigns in Gaul.

86. Q. With the exception of a few instances, in what person does Cæsar write? A. In the third person.

87. Q. From whom did the ancient patrician family of Cæsar claim derivation? A. From Iulus, son of Trojan Æneas.

88. Q. The word Cæsar was made by Caius Julius a name so illustrious that it came afterward to be adopted by whom? A. By his successors in power at Rome, and finally thence to be transferred to the emperors of Germany, and to the autocrats of Russia, called respectively Kaiser and Czar.

89. Q. With whom was Cæsar associated in the first triumvirate? A. Pompey and Crassus.

90. Q. Out of the eight books comprised in Cæsar's "Gallic Commentaries," how many is the preparatory student usually required to read? A. Only four.

91. Q. With what two series of military operations on Cæsar's part does the first book principally occupy itself? A. One directed against the Helvetians, and one against a body of Germans who had invaded Gaul.

92. Q. Of what is Cæsar's tenth legion, that became famous in history, still a proverb? A. For loyalty, valor and effectiveness.

93. Q. In the second book Cæsar gives the history of his campaign against whom? A. The Belgians, made up of different tribes.

94. Q. Who were esteemed the most fierce and warlike of all the Belgian nations? A. The Nervians.

95. Q. After Cæsar's successful campaign against the Belgian tribes, what was decreed for his victories? A. A thanksgiving of fifteen days, an unprecedented honor.

96. Q. In the third book an account is given of a naval warfare against whom? A. The Veneti.

97. Q. What is the first thing of commanding interest in the fourth book of Cæsar's "Commentaries?" A. The case of alleged perfidy, with enormous undoubted cruelty, practiced by Cæsar against his German enemies.

98. Q. What famous feat on the part of Cæsar is narrated in the fourth book? A. That of throwing a bridge across the river Rhine.

99. Q. What were the dimensions of this bridge? A. It was fourteen hundred feet long, furnishing a solid roadway thirty or forty feet wide.

100. Q. With the relation of what enterprise does the fourth book close? A. The invasion by Cæsar of Great Britain.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON VI.—BIBLE SECTION.

The Land of The Bible.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

1. *It is an ancient land.*—Before Rome was cradled by Tiber—before the storied strifes of the Gods in Hellas, before Troy and the great glory of the Trojans were, even before history was this wonderful land.

2. *It is an historic land.*—Much of the world's destiny has been decided in this little strip of coast and mountain land, between the Jordan and the sea. Here armies have camped and battles have been fought. The restless feet of merchant traders have beaten its highways, the white wings of merchant vessels have flitted to and from its ports with the wealth of the world.

3. *It is a diminutive land.*—A little triangle bounded by the sea, the Jordan and her mountains, and the desert, it seems hardly large enough for all the mighty events that have occurred within it; 180 miles from farthest north to south, and 90 miles for its greatest breadth from west to east, measures the country in all its extent.

4. *It is a storied land.*—Where such a treasure house of tales as in that old Bible? The land and its book have figured in all the literatures of the *Occidental* ages. Knights and paladins have trod its vales and mountains; saint and crusader have watched at night beneath its stars.

5. *It is a land of famous mountains.*—Ebal and Gerizim, Hor and Nebo, Olivet and Tabor, Gilboa and Hermon. What scenes rise to the mind as we name them! Carmel and Quarantania; struggle and victory; Elijah, Immanuel.

6. *It is a land of remarkable waters.*—A single river—the Jordan, from north to south—rising in the extreme north from springs so hidden as to have long been unknown, loses itself in that sea of desolation, Lake Asphaltites, the Dead Sea. The mid-world sea, the mother sea of great nations, washes the western shores, and Galilee shines like a diadem in her mountain setting.

7. *It is a land of many names.*—The land of Canaan, the land of the children of Heth, Philistia, Palestine, the Promised Land, the Holy Land, the land of Judah, Immanuel's Land.

8. *It is an impregnable land.*—Its hills, rock-ribbed, rise one upon another, covering the whole face of the land, and forcing all travel of army or caravan through the few passes in which the great northern plain terminates. Hence Esdrelon became of necessity the country's battle ground. A united people made the country a fear to its force.

9. *It was a populous land.*—Beyond belief almost are the records of the people who lived within these few square miles. Cities and villages laid so close to each other that their environs almost met. The people thronged in them, and in the well tilled country about them, so that centuries of war, foreign and civil, and repeated depletions left them still in their decadence a troublesome foe to the veterans of Rome.

10. *It was a productive land.*—Shrubs and trees were in abundance. Pine, oak, elder, dogwood, walnut, maple, willow, ash, carob, sycamore, fig, olive and palm. Fruits in great variety were ripened beneath its sun; grapes, apples, pears, apricots, quinces, plums, mulberries, dates, pomegranates, oranges, limes, bananas, almonds, and pistachios. Many kinds of grains were cultivated, such as wheat, barley, rice, sesamum, millet and maize.

11. *It was a land of a remarkable climate.*—Thirty degrees variation from mountain to plain was its daily range. With the isothermal lines of our Florida and California, it yet had snow and ice as in our northern climates. Heavy rainfalls were characteristic, so were long periods of drought. Heavy dews, fierce siroccos, cloudless skies, oppressive heat, steady sea breezes, burning valleys, cool mountain summits were all characteristics of this land of the Bible.

Under the headings now given let the student give:

1. Ten dates which cover its history, and mark its principal events.

2. Give five events which have occurred in this land, that have direct bearing in the world's history.

3. Give its geographical dimensions and natural features which mark its boundaries.

4. Give ten events in its history which have made it an enchanted land.

5. Give the event which has made the mountains mentioned memorable.

6. Give the event which makes each of the waters of the Bible memorable; Galilee, Jordan, Kishon, the Salt Sea.

7. Give the origin of the names by which the land is known.

8. Give the principal routes of travel through this land; and name the defensible passes.

9. Give its ten principal cities.

10. Give the Bible references which mention any of the trees, shrubs, fruits or grains here specified.

11. Give reasons why the climate should be as described.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON VI.—THE TEACHER'S MISTAKES.

That they are possible is assumed. That they are probable is likewise assumed. That they are real is a fact of personal experience. Mistakes anywhere are mischievous. In Sunday-school they are often ruinous. Let us classify them. They are *first*, mistakes of manner and method; *second*, mistakes of purpose and expectation; *third*, mistakes of thought and action. Let us examine our classification:

I. Manner and Method.

It is a mistake (*a*) to recognize differences in social position or station between members of a class. In the Sunday-school all meet on a common level. There is no rank in the Christian kingdom. All are peers of the realm, and Jesus Christ is the only Lord.

(*b*) To be in any degree partial to any scholar. All should be favorite scholars in this school.

(*c*) To seem uninterested in anything pertaining to the general interest of the school. If the teacher is devoid of interest the scholar will be.

(*d*) To scold or threaten in the class, even under provocations such as do occur in Sunday-school. Scolding always exercises an ill effect, and a threat is but a challenge.

(*e*) To pretend to be wiser or better versed in Bible lore than one really is. In Bible teaching, real knowledge is real power

—but a manner that assumes to know what it does not is only the lion's skin on the ass' head.

(f) To neglect thorough study. Wherever there is good teaching there will be at least two students. One will be the teacher. Witness Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

(g) To neglect private prayer in the teacher's preparation. Said old Martin Luther, "*Bene arâsse est bene studuisse.*"

(h) To depend upon lesson-helps in the class. Crutches are not becoming to an able bodied man. But some teachers bring out the lesson crutches on Sunday morning and hobble through Sunday-school on them.

(i) To expect the superintendent to discipline each class. He is no more responsible for class order than a commanding general for the order of a corporal's guard.

(j) To use the lesson verse by verse, ending each with the Esopian interrogation, "*Hæc fabula docet?*"

II. Purpose and Expectation.

It is a mistake (a) to seek only for a scholar's conversion. If growth does not follow birth, death will. Upbuilding in Christ is one great purpose of the school.

(b) To seek only to create interest in the lesson. There may be *deep intellectual interest created, and no spiritual interest.*

(c) To teach for the purpose of performing duty. That robs the teacher of one chief essential to success—*heartiness.*

(d) To teach for the purpose of inculcating one's own pe-

culiar religious views. Paul's purpose was the right one—"to know nothing save Christ and him crucified."

(e) For the teacher to expect the pupil's interest in the Gospel theme to equal his own. It is contrary to sinful nature.

(f) To expect home work by pupils, unless it has been prepared for by patient effort.

(g) To expect conversion as the immediate result of teaching, and to grow discouraged and abandon the work because the expectation is not at once realized. God's way and time are his own.

(h) Not to expect conversion as the ultimate result of teaching; and hence to fail to direct every effort to that end.—"In the morning sow thy seed," etc.

III. Thought and Action.

It is a mistake (a) to think teaching easy. It has taxed the noblest powers of the noblest men.

(b) To think it an insignificant or puerile employment. The two greatest names of the ages, heathen and Christian, were nothing if not teachers: Socrates—Immanuel.

(c) To think the Sunday-school a children's institution only. The three great Christian institutions are the home, the church, the Sunday-school, and the constituency of each is the same.

(d) To be irregular in attendance at Sunday-school.

(e) To be unpunctual.

(f) To be lax in discipline.

(g) To fail in example, whether in connection with school work or daily life.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

INGENUITY IN LOCAL CIRCLES.

The degree of interest in work depends largely upon the degree of its variety. A class which nods over the same day-in-and-day-out routine of questions and answers, wakes up, smiles, thinks and becomes animated when a new way of doing even familiar work is proposed. Local circle life and strength depends very largely upon wide-awake schemes and novel plans. Unless something fresh is continually arousing interest, a circle will lose ground. There are many workers who are continually developing new enterprises; there are others who never have anything to report but the number of members, the names of officers, and the place and time of meeting. Such societies are dwarfed by their own lack of ingenuity. The kind and variety of work which is to be done in all circles can not be better told than it is in an open letter before us from Newton Highlands, Massachusetts:

"We are a mutual club. Our plan of work is very informal. Our officers have been only a president and secretary. We meet every Monday at the house of one of our number, alternating as we please. We commence precisely on time, viz: 2:30 o'clock p. m., and continue till 5:30, or later. For the first two years our president was our leader. Since that time we have taken our turn in order, as leaders, and asked questions in order around the circle, on the subject of the former week's work, taking the lesson up by paragraphs, faithfully examining each, and often incidentally bringing in for drawing out of the members) much information bearing upon the lesson. Often a subject was allotted to a member, on which she thoroughly prepared herself and contributed the information at the next meeting, either verbally or by reading a paper. The memorial days were faithfully kept, though not always on the identical day; but we selected a day most convenient for the club during the month—for we are all housekeepers.

"For these memorial days great preparation was made. In the first place we all assembled two hours earlier than usual,

with the preparations for a banquet, at the home of the lady who had invited us to dine with her.

"Each carried whatever she had previously pledged, or what had been suggested to her; and here the ladies had ample opportunity to exhibit their skill in the culinary line, which they did not fail to improve; so that one of the suggestions, not yet acted upon, was to publish a C. L. S. C. Cook Book.

"We had our post-prandial exercises too, though care was taken to send each member the toast to which she was to respond, that she might not be taken unawares, and having never had any training in that line we were allowed to read our responses, if we chose. Then at the usual time we gathered for our work.

"After having celebrated the birthday of each of those selected by C. L. S. C. for two years, we have since introduced other names to our list, as Walter Scott, George Eliot.

"Once we had a *Roman day*, and one of our party wrote a description of our imagined entrance into Rome, and locating us at a hotel, took us daily trips to different parts of the city; each member describing one or more interesting objects to be found on the way. A map of Rome hung up before us, so that the imaginary excursion could be easily traced. The members brought in any engravings or illustrations, medallions, etc., which were helpful, and our neighbors who had traveled abroad were happy to aid us by loaning their precious mementoes. Our excursions, too, as a club, have been very enjoyable and profitable.

"While studying geology we made an excursion to Harvard College and spent the day in looking over the buildings and listening to the curator, who kindly explained the articles in the Agassiz Museum, and then delivered a lecture to us on "Ancient Mounds," etc.

"After completing the History of Art, we made an excursion to the Art Museum in Boston, and examined everything in the rooms which had been referred to in the Art Book, thus fixing

the knowledge already acquired by seeing its representation. We also, through the kindness of friends, had the privilege of visiting the State House, and examining the original charters and ancient letters of Washington, Arnold, etc., also the Acts and Resolves in the archives of the state.

"On our return, our president proposed to one of our members, whose father had been in the legislature, and was well acquainted with all the technical terms and methods in use there, to write an article for the club, introducing a bill into the legislature, noting the steps necessary for its passage through both houses, and tracing it even till it became a law.

"This afforded us considerable amusement, as the sister was progressive (?) and recognized in her look into futurity some of our club as members of the different houses! and the bills were such as had an amusing local significance.

"A trip to Wellesley College also was made.

"But time and your patience would fail me to tell of all our doings. One thing more, however, I must not omit, and that is that our club *wrote a book*. We will not call it a Romance, though it was the 'Bridal Trip' of a couple of young Americans. Each chapter, written by a different member, constituted a part of the journey, and included an account of the points of interest in or around some principal city. The couple journeyed through Scotland, England, France, Italy and Germany.

"Of course it was necessary for a committee to act as editors, and write these chapters so that it would read like a continuous story. Then one afternoon we met and had the whole read aloud by the editors.

We felt the attempt was an exceedingly great undertaking at first, but as each one had a certain part allotted to her, and was allowed to gather all the ideas she pleased from research, and use them in her own way—fearing no accusation of plagiarism—we found it was not so difficult after all."

IS CRIME INTERESTING?

The newspaper reader, for one or another reason, regards crime as important news because he is full of morbid curiosity regarding whatever is abnormal in human conduct. A crime is something strange and fascinating because passions play through it, and secret places in human life are uncovered by it. It interests us because we are human, with strange forces of evil coming up now and again into consciousness and suggesting our brotherhood to the thief and the murderer. Many a man reads in a story of defalcation, things he has himself done without being found out. Many a woman reads in the story of a murder, passages from her own life where she also *might* have taken the fatal step beyond the line of safety. Try as much as we may, we cannot divest ourselves of the curiosity and the unconscious sympathy which make us look over the crime record with more interest than we give to any other part of a newspaper.

The newspapers are reproached for publishing all about crimes; but the average reader, perhaps we might say the best reader, peruses even the details with absorbing interest. He may be ashamed of himself for his curiosity, but he has the curiosity. The fact is not complimentary to us, and we lash the press when we know we ought to lash ourselves. For the reason just given, the remedy for the daily feast of passion and blood is not an easy one to find. A newspaper needs great merits to be able to omit the crime record; and though it should be accepted without that record, many a subscriber of it would look for the record elsewhere. The remedy is difficult because the public has to cure itself—the newspaper can not cure it—of the desire to know "the evil that is in the world through lust." The world, the flesh and the devil take up a commanding position in our anxieties, solicitudes, curiosities, and sympathies. We must be a great deal better as a people before we shall be content to live in ignorance of any badness which breaks through the calm surface of life and rises into a billow of crime. It is true that the curiosity may be educated out of us—not en-

tirely, but in large degree—and yet it is also true that we do not display any serious desire to be so educated. We want this kind of news. We want to know at least the motives of the crimes, how they were committed and whether they were punished or not. The newspaper may give us these outline facts discreetly and briefly, but the mass of us will secretly hunger for more. The moral of the business may be left to the pulpit; it is tolerably plain to the pews.

A DRAWBACK TO SOCIAL LIFE.

To one examining the society notes of the various cities, it is very evident that never before were we, who are in society, living so sumptuously as at present. Our dinners have become banquets, our teas feasts. The magnificence, the notoriety, the cost, are astounding. One involuntarily rubs his eyes and looks to see some gallant dissolving pearls for his liege lady. This elaborate effort to feast one's guests is not only prevalent among the millionaires and epicureans of our cities, it is a feature of entertaining which prevails even in small communities. In a village of some six hundred people, well known to us, we have had the opportunity to study the effect of extravagant hospitality upon the society. The people almost without exception are well-to-do, well educated, congenial, a set in every way suited to form a pleasant society. Among them are a few wealthy families. In such a town one would expect to find almost ideal social life—full of good will, of pleasant thought, new amusements, not overcrowded, thoroughly enjoyable; but to our surprise we found very little. A few evenings out, a few questions, and we understand the cause. At a small party given by a leading lady, we were astounded to be called out to a table loaded with every conceivable delicacy; meats, salads, cakes, creams, fruits in every variety. The supper was a work of art, a mammoth undertaking, and it had been prepared by the lady herself and her one servant, with such assistance as is to be found in a small village, off the railroad. Further experience taught us that when any one entertained friends there such refreshments were considered necessary. The effects upon the social life of the town were disastrous. Where there was the possibility of most delightful companionships there was an absolute dearth of social gatherings. A lady of culture remarked: "I can not entertain, simply because I can not afford it. If it were possible I should receive weekly, but our customs demand such outlays for all social affairs that I am obliged to deny myself what otherwise would be a pleasure." Another, a lady of wealth remarked: "I am handicapped in my social life by the extravagant habits of our people. What I would be glad to do, were I in a city where I could obtain efficient help, it is impossible to do with our servants. I can not prepare my own dinners, and our town requires such extensive preparations for even a small company, that I have ceased entertaining." But even this feature is not the worst. Social life is virtually killed when the table becomes the feature of the evening, when on the merits of pastry and salads depends the social status of the family. The hostess comes to her guest's room, worn with the care of the thousand details of a great dinner. The possibility of friction or failure destroys the ease, the mirth, the abandon, that makes her charm. Her spirit oftentimes is contagious, and her guests, too, feel the responsibility which oppresses her. It comes to be true that the most elaborate dinner-givers are the poorest entertainers, that instead of new ideas, pleasant memories and the ring of music, all one carries away from the house where they have been feasted is indigestion and their *menu* card.

This extravagance is a feature of social life which sensible people can not afford to countenance. There is too great danger that by it the truly desirable and helpful features will be injured; that while epicureans will support the elegance, people of simple habits will be driven in a measure from society; that social life will be changed to feasting, and conversation, wit and music placed a step below eating and drinking.

AN UNJUST COMPLAINT.

It would be a strange thing if the public schools of the country gave entire satisfaction. They are so numerous, they cost so much, such large hopes are built on them, they so pervasively affect the most sensitive social regions—those of the family—that a very large amount of criticism, a huge aggregate of discontent, would be properly and naturally expected. The wonder is that there is so little dissatisfaction. Perhaps the most sensitive spot just now is the pass examinations—or the system of regulating the rise of pupils from one department to another. It is affirmed, for example, that in New York and other cities the teachers are constantly employed in coaching their pupils for examinations. It is declared that there is very little of proper teaching, that most of the work is simply cramming for the sake of passing, and that the pupils really learn very little, and are not in any proper sense being educated. The whole mass of these children are being crowded up a stairway—and the getting up, by whatever means, into the higher grades is the sole object of teachers and pupils.

It is easy to see that there must be much use of the spirit of emulation, and the pride of standing, in teaching great masses of young people. There are owlish philosophers who would have children and young people act from the motives that are supposed to regulate the lives of their grandfathers. A public school boy or a college boy is often, perhaps commonly, spoken of as though he were a companion of Socrates and George Washington. This kind of critic assumes that the lad knows all wisdom and only needs to select some bits of knowledge and chew them with the relish of a Plato. The critic can not put himself in the boy's place. He can not realize that the boy does not know everything, and does not much care to learn anything. This critic has the practical teacher at a great advantage; knowing boys and girls as saints and philosophers, he can condemn the practical instructor who has never met any such boys and girls. The teacher wants to get work out of his pupils; and he goes about it practically, and does get the work done. At the end of his work, the pupils are doubtless very unsatisfactory. In fact, we are all of us, always more or less unsatisfactory.

In New York, there is no doubt that the pass system has developed some bad features. Perhaps some trace of these features will be found everywhere in graded schools. It would be difficult to secure ambitious and industrious pupils without running some risks. You must awaken the desire to rise, even though the desire to rise dishonestly may develop itself in some pupils.

The gravest charge against the schools is that they kill the pupils with hard work. Every city has its story of a pupil (always a girl) murdered by the severe tasks of the school. The simple truth is that negligent mothers are more guilty than the schools. It is a mother's business to know all about her children—to know when they are overworked—and it is also the mother's duty to put a stop to hurtful work. We do not hire teachers to take the place of parents. We could not afford to pay enough teachers for this service. The public school system assumes that mothers attend to their duties, and retain their authority. If school work is hurtful to a young girl, the mother has the right to remove the child from the school. If *she* does not find out that the work is too hard, how can she expect the teacher to discover it? The general health of public school children proves that the system is not too severe; but it will often happen that young girls are physically unfit for study. It is the business of their mothers—not of their teachers—to know when such disabilities exist.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

We love to read the letters of great men, who in letters, art, science, statesmanship, theology, have held a front rank. They discover their personality, and bring us into acquaintance with the men themselves, as nothing else does. We

say to the biographer: "Let your subject, as far as may be, tell us of himself; give us any fragments of autobiography or journals which may be in existence; print copiously of his letters." The wise writer of biography does so; and the most valuable portions of the life of a man of note are those in which he speaks himself. Let Michael Angelo, with candle stuck in his pasteboard cap, teach those who undertake to show us a character in whom there is a public interest; let them keep their own shadows off the canvas. "The Life of Frederick W. Robertson," by Stopford A. Brooke, and the "Life of Dr. Arnold," by Dean Stanley, are models of biography. The letters of Robertson and of Arnold are their most prominent feature, and are a priceless treasure, both because of the light they throw upon the personality of the men, and the rich thought with which they sparkle. Mr. Parke Godwin, in his "Life of Bryant," has done his work well. To have omitted the scrap of autobiography which occupies the first thirty-eight pages of the work would have been a great blunder. It is most charming. And the letters of the great poet and editor are interspersed generously through the two volumes. No one will say that they fill too large a space. Fame came to Bryant early, and he was permitted to live, with his reputation continually widening, and his honors augmenting, until nearly four-score-and-four years had passed over his head; and to die, like Moses, with his eye undimmed and his natural force not abated. It could not have been a difficult matter to secure letters of his in abundance for the purposes of biography; and these the world wants.

We have them here in these volumes of Mr. Godwin; letters written in all periods of life; letters to acquaintances, friends and strangers; letters upon literature, politics, and matters personal; letters to persons well known in letters and public affairs; letters written here and there at home, and from various points in his frequent journeyings in other lands. As might have been expected, we find always, as we read them, the same clear and beautiful style. Bryant could not write, even upon trivial matters, without writing well. It was said of him that "he never said a foolish thing." No foolish thing is found in these letters, and whatever is said is said clearly and well. The poet was not a humorist; the editor was not. And the element of humor, wanting in his poems and editorials, seldom appears in his letters. They do not sparkle with drollery and wit like those of Dickens. Sometimes, in writing to his old pastor and warm friend, Rev. Dr. Dewey, he unbends and is somewhat playful and jocose; and a letter written to his mother, when a young man, telling her of his marriage, is, for him, rather funny; but as a rule, the letters are of a grave and serious tone. Bryant the *litterateur* and the politician, appears in his correspondence more prominently than any other character. His interest in politics from early life was evidently very great. Letters are given which he wrote upon state and national affairs, when a boy, to the congressman of the district at Washington; and letters full of wise reflections, written by the mature and sagacious man to President Lincoln and other eminent statesmen. As a matter of course, the man is far more modest, is much less positive, and knows far less than the boy! And numerous and highly interesting are the letters to many associates of his in the field of letters. Richard H. Dana, the senior, gave him valuable aid at the beginning of his literary career, and became his close, life-long friend. Perhaps to him more of the letters of these volumes are addressed than to any other one person. Mr. Bryant's home-life was beautiful, and his letters to members of his family discover the fact, and his strongly affectionate nature. The death of his wife, for whose recovery to health the climate of different parts of Europe was tried in vain, was keenly felt, and the shadow of the bereavement was upon him the balance of his years. Among the letters, we find that written to Dr. Vincent, in his last years, in which his interest in the C. L. S. C. and its objects was so beautifully expressed, and which has become familiar to all the members of the Circle.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

All inquiries and correspondence relating to the business management of Chautauqua should be addressed to Mr. W. A. Duncan, Secretary, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Duncan makes his home in that city, and is in easy communication with Chautauqua. He has entered upon the work of the secretaryship with his usual enterprise and zeal, and the management of Chautauqua is being greatly strengthened by his election.

There is very little of an exciting character in the political world. General W. T. Sherman has been mentioned by his friends for the Presidency, but the newspapers and politicians seem to have dismissed his name from the list of probable candidates. He is too much mixed up with the Romish church in his family relations. President Arthur has made a fine impression by the prudence and statesmanlike bearing of his administration. He has won a high rank as a man, a politician, and a patriot, since he took the oath of office, much higher than he held in the thought of the people before, but he will fail of the nomination for the Presidency. Ohio will not endorse him and his own state did not elect his Secretary of the Treasury governor, and the logic is that New York would not endorse him. All other candidates seem to have gone into private training for the open conflict.

The election of Mr. Payne to the United States Senate by the Democrats of Ohio, does, it is thought, change the attitude of the Democratic party on Civil Service Reform. Senator Pendleton, who is a strong champion of this reform in his party, and one of its earnest advocates in the Senate, was defeated by Mr. Payne, who is not regarded as an advocate of Civil Service.

Ever since our government was founded, there have been, no doubt, many persons who feared that there would eventually grow up a too close intimacy between the executive and legislative departments. This fear has in part prevented the heads of departments from being members of the House of Representatives. And yet they wield a tremendous influence in shaping legislative action as it relates to their departments. The secretaries are consulted by members on the floor of the House and the Senate on all important matters in which they are interested. Why not give them the rights and privileges of membership, that they may represent their departments in person? It might be the means of throwing new light on many vexed questions in the administration of the government.

After sixteen years of neglect and broken treaty stipulations the Congress of the United States is moving to provide Alaska with a simple, inexpensive government and school system. Strangely enough the portion of the bill pertaining to schools is the one that meets with the most opposition in Congress. That it shall not be defeated, and the native population of Alaska be deprived of educational advantages, it is in order for the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to show their interest in education by petitioning Congress to pass this bill.

Every congressional season we have revived for public discussion in one form or another, "Who is first lady at Washington?" At the New Year's reception, Mrs. Carlisle, the speaker's wife, stood next the President, while it is maintained that the wife of the Secretary of State should have occupied this position, and that Mrs. Carlisle should have stood "below" the Cabinet. The President settled the dispute by inviting Mrs. Carlisle to stand by his side.

As knowledge increases, the tests applied to men for service grow more severe. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been inquiring into the color blindness of their employes, a very important matter, when we think of the relations of signals as they are used on the road to the safety of human life, as well as to the protection of the rolling stock of the company.

Dr. William Thompson, the ophthalmologist by whom the work was conducted, discovered that one man in twenty-five is unfit for service where prompt recognition of color signals is required. Some who are color blind do indeed distinguish correctly between danger and safety flags, but, as Dr. Thompson suggests, they are guided by form, not by color. It might be some security, therefore, to make every danger signal peculiarly recognizable by both its form and color.

Shall the government take charge of the telegraph service? is a question that has not come up in any shape for discussion in Congress, and we doubt if it will receive much attention in either House or Senate in the immediate future. There is one objection to the government assuming control of this branch of public service, viz: As the leading daily newspapers of the country are now conducted, they depend on the telegraph companies for facilities to transmit the Associated Press dispatches, and since this is the only medium the people have for the quick transmission of news, and it is feared that if the general government should get charge of the wires, the administration, if it were Republican or Democratic, would have the power indirectly, if not directly, to shade the news, and we would be in danger of losing what we now have—a free press. While monopolies are to be dreaded, still we believe that the present management of the telegraph system is preferable to anything we would be likely to get from the government; a change would be hazardous. "Better endure the ills we have than fly to those we know not of."

Wendell Phillips died of heart disease, in Boston, February 5th. Few men become so generally known in a lifetime, without the help of public offices, as Mr. Phillips. He was an orator pure and simple, and, perhaps, when in his prime, the foremost of American orators. He has written nothing that will mark the period of his life among men, but he was a great battle-ax against slavery, and on that issue he found an opportunity to use his powers of denunciation to their maximum. As a lecturer he will be missed, for since the war here he shone the most brilliantly. Dr. Vincent expected him at Chautauqua the coming season to deliver his great lecture—"The Lost Arts." We shall have more to say concerning him in a future number.

A letter from the wife of a missionary in Madagascar has been published in London. It was written on September 24th. She says: "The mourning for the late queen is ended. It only lasted about two months, and was not of the severe kind of olden times; this time the people were only forbidden to plait their hair, wear hats, carry an umbrella, build much, and to weave cloths, while in former times the mourning lasted at least a year, and everybody's hair was shaven close to the head, women's and all; they were not allowed to wear clothes at all, just mats round their waist. The new queen promises to be a worthy successor of her good mother. Her name is Rayafindrakely, but she comes to the throne under the title of Ranavalona III. The Malagasy now publish a newspaper, the *Gazety* they call it, once a fortnight; it is the first specimen of Malagasy attempt at printing and composing. It is after the style of our own newspapers, and gives the news of everything that happens in every part of the island, and especially of every movement of the queen and prime minister."

The news from India that Keshub Chunder Sen is dead will occasion profound sorrow. He was in the midst of a great work, and we hoped for much from him in connection with needed reforms in India, to which his life was given. Through his open, manly renunciation of the errors of Brahmanism, and earnest protests against caste, child-marriages, and other social evils of their system, and more by his new theology, Mr.

Sen was widely known. In his own land he was revered as a religious teacher, orator, and reformer. In this country and in England, where those marvelous outbursts of devout feeling stirred the hearts of all who heard, the chief interest centers in his theology. He, whose words so thrilled other Christian hearts, did not yet confess himself a Christian. He had renounced *polytheism*, and all forms of idolatrous worship, but attempted to show his countrymen, from their own sacred books, that primitive Hindoos, like himself, were *monotheistic*. The belief of the Brahmo Somaj, or society of which he became a minister, was a great advance from idolatrous Hindooism, and in most respects seemed like true Christian faith. His work as a reformer seemed full of promise. Who will be his successor to carry it forward, does not yet appear. His early death will be mourned as a great, if not an irreparable, loss. The inchoate creed of the community, so sadly bereaved, is not complete or fixed, and will, we hope, and perhaps now more rapidly, crystalize about the wisest sayings of their great leader. May a divine radiance from the cross of Jesus brighten its every line.

Poverty brings its temptations and makes its demands even on the priests of the church. "The other day a priest in Kerry," says the *St. James Gazette*, "went to his Bishop: 'I want you,' he said, 'to give me a general dispensing power for cases of perjury.' 'For perjury?' said his lordship. 'What do the people want with that?' 'Faith!' answered the good father, 'they can't get on without it. For, first of all, the Moonlighters come to them and swear them that they must say that they didn't know who they were; and then there's the Arrears Act, and they have to take the oath they're not worth a farthing; and you know in the Land Court they can't get a reduction till they say they can't pay their rent. In fact, my lord, the poor people have to perjure themselves at every turn.'"

Oscar Wilde, in a recent lecture in Dublin, made a remark which deserves more attention than anything which that gentleman has ever said in regard to American customs: "American children seem to be pale and precocious, and that might be owing to the fact that the only national game of America is euchre, which could hardly, if industriously practiced, tend to create and develop a fine or manly physique." It is undoubtedly too broad a statement to call euchre our national game, but it probably is more universally played than any other. It puts us as a people in a weak light, to say that our leisure is spent in a game that calls for little thought, which gives us no outdoor exercise, and which enervates rather than strengthens, but it is the true light. We are, as a rule, making of ourselves hot-house plants. Vigorous games are shunned; weak ones are adopted. The criticism is just, and worth our attention.

The following item sent us from New York is to the point: "Kings County Wheelmen's Club, which numbers fifty members, gave its annual reception, recently, in Knickerbocker Hall, Clymer Street, Brooklyn. Several clubs from New York and vicinity attended. The wheelmen gave an exhibition of fancy riding, and there was also a bicycle drill, in which movements were made by single file, and by twos, fours, and eights. At one part of the drill two lines of bicyclers advanced in opposite directions, met each other, came to a standstill, and saluted." We feel like encouraging the use of the bicycle. As a sport it is an improvement on any of the games on which we have had a craze in late years. Roller skating, or standing to roll on spoons, is not the healthiest or best exercise; perhaps it is the best substitute that can be invented for skating, but it is a failure for this purpose. The bicycle is useful and graceful, when in motion, and the wheelman gets genuine exercise out of turning the wheel.

There are many opinions advanced on the Newton case. Rev. Heber Newton, of the Episcopal Church, was silenced

from delivering a course of lectures on the Old Testament, in which he advanced some startling and new opinions. As to their weight authorities differ. One remarks that they were "The work of a shallow thinker, with fragmentary knowledge, intent on saying startling things." Others contend that he thought he could make the Bible a more helpful book. Let him have charity; he certainly acted the part of a moderate and wise man in obeying his bishop without making a hubbub. His attempt is but that of hundreds of other men in orthodox churches who every winter introduce courses of lectures in which they instruct their flocks in speculative philosophy, new theories and scientific teachings. A friend recently remarked to the writer: "The first idea of doubt that ever entered my mind was on hearing one of a series of scientific lectures delivered from a Christian pulpit. Pantheism was presented so invitingly that I went home a pantheist." If minds are speculative they should enter another realm; the practical truth of the gospel is the work of the pulpit.

Decidedly, the most sensible opinion on matters in Sudan is that of "Chinese" Gordon, who says: "That the people were justified in rebelling, nobody who knows the treatment to which they were subjected will attempt to deny. Their cries were absolutely unheeded at Cairo. In despair they had recourse to the only method by which they could make their wrongs known; and, on the same principle that Absalom fired the corn of Joab, so they rallied round the Mahdi, who exhorted them to revolt against the Turkish yoke. I am convinced that it is an entire mistake to regard the Mahdi in any sense a religious leader; he personifies popular discontent. All the Sudanese are potential Mahdis, just as all the Egyptians are potential Arabis. The movement is not religious, but an outbreak of despair. Three times over I warned the late Khedive that it would be impossible to govern the Sudan on the old system after my appointment to the governor-generalship."

Charles Scribner's Sons have decided to begin a new issue of *The Book Buyer*. It was discontinued in 1877, but the demand for such a concise, readable and reliable "Summary of American and Foreign Literature" has led to republication. *The Book Buyer* is so cheap (fifty cents per year) that every one can have it; it is so useful and authoritative that no book-lover can afford to be without it.

Public opinion on the question of woman's rights has so shaped itself that we all feel inclined to smile at the speech of the Solicitor of the Treasury against issuing the license as master of a steamboat on the Mississippi, for which Mrs. Mary A. Miller, of Louisiana, applied. Had it been on the ground of inability to fill the position no one would have commented, but on the ground of its "shocking the sensibilities of humanity," the world laughs. The truth is, no one is seriously shocked—except fossils. Whatever ideas, pro or con, the public may hold on woman's suffrage, it does recognize the right of women to earn their living in any employment for which they are fitted. The weight of public sentiment would say of Mrs. Miller: "If she be competent to do the work, let her do it."

Henry Hart, the designer of the beautiful C. L. S. C. pins advertised in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, has gone to Atlanta, Ga. He reports a fine local circle in that city. Mr. Hart makes C. L. S. C. a very generous offer in promising to devote one-tenth of the proceeds of the "People's College" badge to the Hall fund. It is to be hoped that very many will take this opportunity of helping themselves and the Hall.

The *Manhattan* for February contains a finely illustrated article on "Caricature," by our friend Prof. Frank Beard. We recommend it to our readers as a most entertaining paper.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR MARCH.

PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH.

P. 11.—“Matriculate.” The roll or register book in which the Romans recorded names was called *matricula*, from this we have the verb to matriculate, to admit to a membership in an institution or society, and the noun matriculate, the one admitted.

P. 17.—“Latium,” la/she-ūm. One of the principal divisions of ancient Italy, lying south of the Tiber. Its boundaries varied at different periods.

P. 18.—The Greeks called themselves *Hellenes*, their language the *Hellenic*.

“Æneas,” æ-nē/as. See the *Æneid* of Virgil, page 251 of “Preparatory Latin Course.”

“Mars.” For the story of Mars and Romulus, see page 73 of “Preparatory Latin Course.” The date of the founding of the city is given as 753 B. C., and the line of legendary rulers numbered seven.

P. 19.—“Pyrrhus.” For his history see Timayenis, vol. ii.

“Cin’e-as,” cin’e-as. The friend and prime minister of Pyrrhus. So eloquent was he that Pyrrhus is said to have declared that “the words of Cineas had won him more cities than his own arms.” He went twice to Rome on important embassies for the king, and probably died in Sicily while Pyrrhus was there.

“Cavour,” kā’voor. (1810-1861.) An Italian statesman. After a varied experience in war and politics, Cavour was called in 1850 to the cabinet of Victor Immanuel, king of Sardinia. Italy was then divided into several states, some under Austria, others under papal rule. Cavour turned all his ability to defeating the Austrian powers and breaking the pope’s authority, in order to unite Italy. In all the struggles he was one of the chief advisers. In 1861 the states were united. It has been said of him, “he was one of the most enlightened, versatile and energetic statesmen of the age. . . . It is now conceded on all hands that to him more than any other man is owing the achievement of the unity of Italy.”

“Victor Immanuel.” (1820-1878.) Became king of Sardinia in 1849 by his father’s abdication. He took part in the Crimean war with France and England, and was joined by France in the war for Italian independence. In 1861 he assumed the title of King of Italy, having united many of the northern provinces. In 1866 he annexed Venetia, and in 1870 the last of the papal states. In 1871 he transferred his seat of power to Rome.

“Carthage,” car’thage. The city was situated in the middle and northernmost part of the north coast of Africa. It was founded about one hundred years before Rome, and so rapidly its conquests and influence advanced that it soon became evident that the rulership of the western world lay between these two cities. Jealousy kept each on the alert, and B. C. 264 a dispute about matters in Sicily brought about the first Punic war, which lasted until B. C. 241. The second Punic war (B. C. 218-201) resulted in a complete relinquishment of all power by Carthage. The third (B. C. 149-146) was ended by the complete destruction of Carthage.

P. 20.—“Hamilcar.” A famous leader in the latter part of the first Punic war; the father-in-law of Hasdrubal, and father of Hannibal. After this war and a campaign in Africa, Hamilcar undertook to establish an empire for Carthage in Spain. After nine years he fell in battle there and was succeeded by Hasdrubal, who finished the work and formed a treaty with Rome, regulating the boundaries. After Hasdrubal’s death Hannibal took his place, but breaking the treaty, brought about the second Punic war, where he won several brilliant victories, though finally defeated by Scipio Africanus.

“Regulus.” A Roman leader captured by the Carthaginians in the first Punic war, and held five years. The Carthaginians desiring peace sent him to Rome with an embassy to help negotiate, but he dissuaded his countrymen from accepting the terms. Before leaving Carthage he had given his word to return if peace was not made, and in spite of the protest of Rome, he kept the promise. He is said to have been tortured to death on his return. This story, however, is suspected to be an invention of the Romans.

“Fabius.” Was five times Roman consul. After the first victories

of Hannibal in the second Punic war, Fabius was appointed dictator. Here he earned the title of “Master of Delay.” Merivale says: “His tactics were to throw garrisons into the strong places, to carry off the supplies of all the country around the enemy’s camp, wherever he should pitch it, to harass him by constant movement, but to refuse an engagement.”

P. 21.—“Gracchus.” The family name of two brothers, Tiberius and Caius, who soon after the destruction of Carthage (146) tried to relieve the sufferings of the Roman poor. The former was made tribune in 133, and immediately tried to arrange for a fair division of public lands, so that the poor citizens might each obtain a small farm. The opposition was so great that in the attempt to reelect Tiberius a riot occurred and he was slain. Ten years afterward Caius became tribune; he succeeded in carrying several measures to better the condition of the poor, but through the jealousy of the senate, his power with the people was broken, and finally during a disastrous fight between his party and his opponents he fled and caused a slave to kill him.

“Jugurtha.” See page 82 of “Preparatory Latin Course.”

“Marius.” See page 87 of “Preparatory Latin Course.”

P. 27.—“King William.” See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February, page 252.

P. 28.—“Mommsen, mūm’zen. A German historian, born in 1817. He has held professorships in jurisprudence or archaeology at various universities, and has published several books. His “History of Rome” is the most important. It has run through five editions, and been translated into French and English.

P. 29.—“Curtius.” According to this legend the earth in the Roman forum gave way B. C. 362. The soothsayers declared that the chasm could only be filled by throwing into it Rome’s greatest treasure. Curtius, a young nobleman, declared that Rome possessed no greater treasure than the citizen willing to die for her, and mounting his steed leaped into the abyss, which closed upon him.

P. 31.—“Medusa.” One of the Gorgons, frightful beings, whose heads were covered with hissing serpents; they had wings, brazen claws and enormous teeth. Medusa was fabled to have been a beautiful maiden of whom Athena was jealous, and in consequence turned her into a gorgon. Her head was so fearful that every one who looked at it was changed into stone. See illustration, page 115.

P. 33.—“Roman Mile.” A thousand paces, or 1600 yards.

P. 34.—“Cretan.” From the island of Crete, one of the largest of the Mediterranean Sea. It became a Roman province B. C. 66. The people were celebrated as archers, and were frequently employed as mercenaries by other nations.

“Balearic.” The Balearic Islands, a group east of Spain, were known to both Greeks and Romans by this name, derived from the Greek verb to throw, because of the skill of the inhabitants as slingers. The Romans subdued the islands 123 B. C.

P. 37.—“Longwood.” The largest of the plains on the island of St. Helena.

P. 38.—“Trajectory.” The curve which a body describes.

“Cineas.” It is said that when Cineas (see note above) returned from an embassy at Rome, he told the king that there was no people like that; their city was a temple, their senate an assembly of kings.

P. 45.—“Montesquieu,” mōn’-tēs-kū. French jurist and philosopher (1689-1755).

P. 46.—“Marcus Aurelius.” Roman Emperor from 161-180, called “The Philosopher.” Smith says of him: “The leading feature in the character of Aurelius was his devotion to literature. We still possess a work by him written in the Greek and entitled ‘Meditations,’ in twelve books. No remains of antiquity present a nobler view of philosophical heathenism.”

“Boethius.” A Roman statesman and philosopher, said to be “the last Roman of any note who understood the language and studied the literature of Greece.” His most celebrated work was “On the Consolation of Philosophy.”

P. 48.—“Ennius.” (B. C. 239-169.) Called Father Ennius.

“Plautus.” (B. C. 254-184.) “Terence.” (B. C. 195-159.)

"Menander." (B. C. 342-291.) A distinguished poet at Athens, in what was called the "New Comedy."

P. 50.—"Cato." (B. C. 234-149.) Cato was famous in military affairs in early life; after that he entered on a civil career. In 184 he was elected to the censorship, the great event of his life. Here he tried to turn public opinion against luxury and extravagance. Cato wrote several works; only fragments of his greatest, "A History of Rome," have been saved.

P. 51.—"Boileau," bwā'lo. (1636-1711.) A French poet and critic.

P. 52.—"Æschines." See Greek history.

"Hortensius," hor-ten'si-us. (B. C. 114-50.) Hortensius was the chief orator of Rome until the time of Cicero, by whom, in the prosecution of Verres, he was completely defeated. He held many civil offices, but in old age retired from public life.

P. 53.—"Livy." (B. C. 59-A. D. 17.) Livy spent the greater part of his life in Rome, where he was greatly honored by the emperors. His reputation is said to have been very great in all countries. His best known work was a history of Rome, in one hundred and forty-two books, only thirty-five of which are in existence.

"Tacitus," "Suetonius." See page 61 of this volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

"Nepos." A contemporary of Cicero, of whose life nothing is known. The chief works of Nepos were biographies, of which we have only fragments.

"Georgics." See page 236 of "Preparatory Latin Course."

P. 54.—"Horace." (B. C. 65-8.) Horace was the son of a freedman who attempted to educate his son, sending him to Rome and then to Athens. While in the latter place Brutus came to Athens, and Horace joined his army. Returning to Rome he found his father's estate gone. He lived in poverty until some of his poems were noticed by Virgil. Mæcenas became his patron, and afterward Augustus. His works are *The Odes, Satires, Epistles, and The Art of Poetry*.

"Ovid." See page 100 of "Preparatory Latin Course."

P. 63.—"Historia Sacra." Sacred history.

P. 65.—"Æsop." A writer of fables who lived about B. C. 570. He is said to have been born a slave, but was freed. He was thrown from a precipice by the Delphians because of a refusal to pay them money which Cræsus had sent to them. It is uncertain whether Æsop left any written fables, but many bearing his name have been popular for ages.

"Putative," pū'ta-tive. Reputed; supposed.

P. 66.—"Viri Romæ." Men of Rome.

"Valerius." A historian of the time of the Emperor Tiberius. The circumstances of his life are unknown. His work remaining to us is on miscellaneous subjects, sacred rites, civil institutions, social virtues, etc.

P. 69.—"Fra Angelico," frā-ān-gel'e-cō. At the age of twenty he entered a monastery, where he spent the rest of his life. His paintings of angels were so beautiful that he won the name of *Fra Angelico*—the Brother Angelic. He was called to Rome to decorate the papal chapel, and offered the position of Archbishop of Florence, but refused it. He painted only sacred subjects, and would never accept money for his pictures.

P. 70.—"Repertories," rēp'er-to-ries. A book or index in which things are so arranged as to be easily found.

"Metellus Pius." A prominent Roman of the first century B. C. He held various civil offices, was a commander in the Social war, and carried on war against the Samnites, in 87. Afterward he was in arms in Africa, and in 79 went as proconsul to Spain. He died about 60 B. C.

P. 71.—"Dolabella," dōl-a-bē'lā.

P. 72.—"Caninius," ca-nī'n'i-ūs. One of Cæsar's legates in Gaul and in the civil war.

"Drusus." He won successes in the provinces after the death of Augustus, and was pointed out as the successor of Tiberius. Sejanus, the favorite of Tiberius, aspired to the empire. He won the wife of Drusus to his plans, and persuaded her to administer a slow poison to her husband, which finally caused his death.

P. 75.—"Egeria." She had been worshiped by the people of Latium from the earliest times, as a prophetic divinity. Numa consecrated to her a grove in the environs of the city, where it is said that he used

to meet her. The grotto and fountain of Egeria are still pointed out to travelers. It is said that on the death of Numa, Egeria was so inconsolable that she was changed into a fountain.

"Aurora." In Grecian mythology the goddess of the morning, who sets out before the rising of the sun and heralds his coming.

"Nympholepsy," nim-pho-lēp'sy. The state of being caught by the nymphs; ecstasy.

P. 77.—"Numidia," nu-mid'i-a. A country of Northern Africa, now Algiers.

P. 78.—"Bohn." An English publisher who has republished in the English language, and in cheap form, most of the rare standard works of the different literatures of Europe. His library now numbers between 600 and 700 volumes.

P. 80.—"Numantine." This war was waged by the Numantians, a little people of Spain, not numbering more than 8,000 fighting men, against Rome. Their city, Numantia, was taken B. C. 133, after a long siege.

P. 82.—"Cato." (B. C. 95-46.) Great-grandson of Cato the Censor. His character was stern and stoical, and in his public and military life he was famous for his rigid justice and sternness against abuses. Cato opposed Cæsar throughout his life. When Cæsar entered Africa he tried to persuade Utica to stand a siege, but failing, committed suicide.

P. 103.—"Clymene," clym'e-ne. The mother of Phæton.

"Styx." The chief river of the infernal world, according to Grecian mythology, around which it flows seven times. The name comes from the Greek word *to hate*. Milton calls it "Abhorred Styx, the flood of burning hate."

"Hours." The Hours were the goddesses who presided over the order of nature and over the seasons. They gave fertility to the earth, and furnished various kinds of weather. The course of the season is described as the dance of the Hours. In art they are represented as beautiful maidens, carrying fruits and flowers.

P. 194.—"Tethys," tē'thys. The goddess of the sea. The wife of Oceanus, and mother of the river gods.

P. 105.—"Seven Stars." By these seven stars are meant the sun, moon, Mars, Mercury, Saturn, Jupiter and Venus.

"Serpent." The constellation of *Draco*, which, stretching between *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*, nearly encircles the latter.

"Boötes," bo-o'tes. The constellation commonly known as Charles' Wain, or the Wagoner. Boötes is said to have been the inventor of the plow, to which he yoked two oxen. At his death he was taken to heaven and set among the stars.

"Libya." A name for the continent of Africa, applied here to the Sahara Desert.

"Dirce." It is fabled that a king of Thebes drove away his wife into the mountains of Bœotia, where she died, leaving two sons. When the boys grew up they returned to Thebes and killed both their father and his wife, Dirce, who had been an assistant in his crime. Dirce was dragged to death by a bull, and her body thrown into a well, which was from that time called the "Well of Dirce." The celebrated statue of the Farnese bull represents the death of Dirce.

"Pyrene," pyr'e-ne.

"Amynone," am'y-mo'ne. The daughter of Danaus, who had fled with his family from Egypt to Argos. The country was suffering from drought, and he sent out Amynone to bring water. She was attacked by a Satyr but rescued by Neptune, who bade her draw his trident from a rock. Thereupon a threefold spring gushed forth, which was called the river and well of Amynone.

"Tanais," tan'a-is. The river Don.

"Caicus," ca-i'cus. A river of Asia Minor.

"Lycormas," ly-cor'mas.

"Xanthus," zan'thus. The chief river of Lycia, in Asia Minor.

"Mæander," mæ-an'der. A stream of Asia Minor. The greater part of its course is through a wide plain, where it flows in the numerous windings which have made of its name the *verbo meander*.

"Ismenos," is-me'nos. A small river in Bœotia.

"Phasis," phā'sis. A river flowing through Colchis, into the Black Sea.

"Tagus." One of the chief rivers in Spain.

P. 106.—“Cayster” or “Castrus,” ca-ys/ter. A river of Lydia and Ionia, in Asia Minor. It is said that it still abounds in swans, as it did in Homer’s time.

“Pluto.” The god of the infernal world.

“Cyclades,” cyc/la-des. A group of islands in the Ægean Sea, so called because they lay in a circle around Delos.

“Phocæ,” phō/cæ. Sea calves, or sea monsters of any description.

“Doris.” The daughter of Oceanus, and wife of her brother Nereus; sometimes her name is given to the sea itself.

P. 107.—“Presto,” prēs’tō. Quickly; at once.

P. 108.—“Burke,” Edmund. (1730-1797.) An English statesman, writer and orator.

“Lucian,” lū/ci-an. (A. D. 120-200.) A Greek author.

“Molossian,” mo-los’sian. The Molossi were a people in Epirus, inhabiting a country called Molossis. They were the most powerful tribe in Epirus.

P. 109.—“Daphne,” dāph’ne.

P. 110.—“Peneus,” pe-ne’us. The name of the chief river of Thessaly. As a god Peneus was the son of Oceanus.

“Claros,” cla’ros. A small town on the Ionian coast, with a celebrated temple and oracle of Apollo.

“Tenedos,” tēn’e-dōs. A small island of the Ægean, off the coast of Troas, also sacred to Apollo.

“Patarian,” pa-ta’ri-an. From Patara, one of the chief cities of Asia Minor, in Lycia. Apollo had an oracle here, and a celebrated temple.

P. 114.—“Narcissus.” A youth who was fabled to be so hard of heart that he never loved. The nymph Echo died of grief because of him. Nemesis caused him to fall in love with his own image as he saw it in a fountain, and Narcissus died because he could not approach the shadow. His corpse was metamorphosed into the flower which has his name.

“Dædalus.” A character of Grecian mythology, fabled to be the inventor of many contrivances, as well as a sculptor and architect. Having incurred the displeasure of the king of Crete, he was obliged to flee from the island. Accordingly he made wings for himself and his son Icarus. Dædalus flew safely to shore, but Icarus went so near the sun that the wax by which his wings were fastened melted, and he was drowned in that part of the Ægean called the Icarian Sea.

“Baucis.” Baucis and Philemon were an aged couple living in Phrygia. Jupiter and Mercury having occasion to visit this part of the

world, went in the disguise of flesh and blood. Nobody would receive them until Baucis and Philemon took them into their hut. Jupiter took the couple to a hill near by, while he punished the inhospitable by an inundation; he then rewarded them by making them guardians of his temple, allowing them to die at the same moment, and changing them into trees.

“Lycidas,” lis/i-das. A poetical name under which Milton laments the death of his friend Edward King, who had been drowned.

“Comus.” In the later age of Rome, a god of festive joy and mirth. In Milton’s poem entitled “Comus, a Masque,” he is represented as a base enchanter who endeavors, but in vain, to beguile and entrap the innocent by means of his “brewed enchantments.”—Webster.

P. 123.—“Rhodes.” An island of the Eastern Ægean. It was long celebrated for its schools of Greek art and oratory.

“Pontifex,” pon’ti-fex. A Roman high priest, a pontiff. The pontifices constituted a college of priests, superintended the public worship, and gave information on sacred matters. Their leader was called pontifex maximus.

“Quæstor.” The title of a class of Roman officials, some of whom had charge of the pecuniary affairs of the state, while others superintended certain criminal trials.

“Ædile.” A magistrate of Rome who superintended public buildings, such as temples, theaters, baths, aqueducts, sewers, etc., as well as markets, weights, measures, and the expenses of funerals.

P. 125.—“Proconsul.” The title given to those who, after holding the office of consul, were sent to some province as governor.

P. 126.—“Ascham,” (1515-1568.) The foremost scholar of his time, celebrated for his superior knowledge of Greek and Latin.

P. 127.—“Æduans,” æd/u-ans. Their country lay between the Loire and the Saone.

P. 126.—“Lingones.” A people living to the east of the source of the Mosa river. (See map.)

P. 137.—“Sequani.” A tribe of Gallia Belgica (see map), taking their name from the river Sequana, near the source of which they lived.

P. 139.—“Soissons,” swā’sōn’, almost swt/sōn’. About fifty miles northeast of Paris.

P. 112.—“Bellovaci.” They dwelt in the north of Gallia, beyond the Sequana river. (See map.)

P. 143.—“Ambian.” These people, with the Nervii and the Aduatuci (p. 147) were all tribes of Gallia Belgica.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

READINGS FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

P. 215, c. 1.—“Gallia.” For Gallia and the tribes Aquitani, Celtae and Belge, see Professor Wilkinson on Cæsar in “Preparatory Latin Course.”

“Burgundians.” A race of early Germans who in 407 A. D. crossed the Rhine and settled between the Rhone and Saone. In 534 Burgundy was taken possession of by the Franks.

“Franks.” See page 63 of the present volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

“Clovis.” See page 129 of the present volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

“Salian Franks.” There were two tribes of the Franks, one called Salian, from the river Sala or Yssel, upon which they dwelt, the other Ripurian, from the Latin *ripa*, bank, the name showing their location on the banks of the Rhine.

“Merovingians.” See notes, page 185 of present volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

“Childeric,” or Hilderik. The race had become so weak that the rulers have been well described as the “shadow kings.” This last ruler of the Merovingians was thrust into a convent, where he soon died.

“Pepin,” pep’in. The son of Charles Martel. See page 129 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. His wars were successful. The most interesting was against the Lombards, who were threatening Rome. He compelled them to give up to the Church of Rome a considerable territory which was, says a writer, “The foundation of that temporal power of the papacy, the end of which we have seen with our own eyes.”

“Charlemagne,” shar’le-man’. See page 131 of fourth volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

“Hugues.” Hugh, in English; “Capet,” cā/pet or cāp’et.

“Louis le Gros.” Louis the Great.

“Feudal system.” That system where land is held of superiors, on condition of military service.

P. 215, c. 2.—“Oriflamme.” From the Latin *auriflamma*, or flame of gold. A flag or banner of red or flame colored cloth, cut into long points at the end and mounted on a gilded lance. It originated in a certain abbey of France, where it was used in religious services.

“Touraine,” tō-rān; “Poitou,” pwā-tō’. These provinces had come to England on the accession of Henry II. (1154), to whom they belonged.

“Gallican Church.” The Catholic Church of France, which holds certain doctrines differing from those of the church at large. This church claims that the pope is limited as far as France is concerned, by the decisions of the Gallican Church, that kings and princes are not subject to him, and that he is not infallible. This pragmatic sanction of St. Louis in 1269 was the most important outbreak against Rome that ever took place in the Gallican Church.

“Le Bel.” The Beautiful.

“Navarre,” nā-var’. A province of France on the northern slope of the Pyrenees.

“Champagne,” shōn/pān’. See map.

“Brie,” bre. A former province of France, lying between the Seine and the Marne.

“Valois,” vāl-wā’.

“Salic Law.” According to this, “no woman could succeed to Salian soil.” The only descendant of Charles IV. was his infant daughter,

and when the lords met to decide on the succession after his death, they followed this law; for as Froissart says, "The twelve peers of France said and say that the crown of France is of such noble estate, that by no succession can it come to a woman nor a woman's son."

P. 216, c. 1.—"Le Sage," the wise; "Crecy," krēs'e; "Poitiers," pwā-terz'; "Le Bien Aime," the Beloved; "Agincourt," ā-zhan-koor; "Le Victorieux," the Victor; "Le père du peuple," the father of his people.

"Valois-Orleans." Louis XII. was the representative of the line nearest to the Valois family, that is, he was a son of the Duke of Orleans, and a grandson of the younger brother of Charles VI., thus representing both families.

"Valois Angoulême," ōn'goo'lame'. Louis XII. dying without heirs, the kingdom fell to the heirs of his uncle, the Count of Angoulême. Francis became a competitor with Charles I., of Spain, for the throne of Spain, but the latter was successful. This led to the war which was ended by Francis being made a prisoner at Pavia.

"St. Bartholomew." There had been a struggle for many years between the Protestants and Catholics, which finally took the form of a conflict between the houses of Guise and Condé. Henry of Navarre was the successor to the throne—a marriage was arranged between him and the sister of the king, and August 18, 1572, was to be the wedding day. Many of the leading Huguenots were in Paris. It has been said that this wedding was but a scheme to bring them together; at any rate Coligni, a leading Huguenot, was fired upon by an assassin. The Huguenots became excited and threatened revenge. Catherine persuaded her son that they intended massacring the Catholics, and Charles gave an order for a general slaughter of the Protestants. The order was executed in nearly every city and town of France, and nearly 100,000 persons were put to death.

"Confederation of the League." This holy league, or "Catholic Union," as it was called, was supported by the pope and Philip II., of Spain. Its head was Duke Henry of Guise, who aimed at the French throne.

"Guise," gheeze.

"Bourbon," boor'bon. A French ducal and royal family, different branches of which have ruled Spain, France, Naples and Parma. The civil wars which were carried on between these houses were no less than eight in number.

"Richelieu," resh'eh-loo.

"Mazarin," mās-a-reen'.

"Fronde." A faction which opposed putting all the power of France into the hands of the government, as Richelieu and Mazarin both attempted. The name of *frondeurs* (slingers) was applied to them because in their sneering and flippant attacks upon Mazarin they were said to resemble boys throwing stones from slings.

"Tiers état." Third estate. Before the reign of Philip the Fair, the people had had no voice in the government; but in his struggle with the papacy, as he desired to have the whole body of citizens on his side, he convened an assembly of the middle class of citizens, beside the clergy and nobility. The third body was called the *third estate*.

P. 216, c. 2.—"États Generaux," States general. An assembly of the nation, which consisted of representatives of the clergy, nobility, and the third estate.

"National Assembly." Upon the meeting of the states general, the nobles and the clergy insisted that the meetings of the body and its deliberations should be conducted according to class distinctions; this met with the opposition of the third estate, who finally declared themselves the only body having a right to act as the legislature of France, and summoned the clergy and nobles to attend their deliberations. They called themselves the National Assembly.

"Bastille," bas teel'. The state prison and citadel of Paris. It was begun in 1366; destroyed in 1789.

"Marie Antoinette," mā're' ōn'twā'nét'.

"Dauphin." The title given to the eldest son of the king of France, under the Valois and Bourbon lines. It corresponds to "Prince of Wales" in England. It originally belonged to the counts of Dauphiny.

"Cis-Alpine," sis-al'pin. On this side of the Alps, that is, on the south or Roman side.

"Marengo," ma rén'gō; "Prestige," prés tij'.

P. 317.—"D'Artois," dar'twā; "Louis Philippe," loo-e fe-leep;

"Coup d'état," a stroke of policy in state affairs; "Sedan," se-dān', a town of France, 130 miles northeast of Paris; "Bordeaux," bor-dō; "Thiers," te-ēr'; "Grevy," grā-vē.

P. 317, c. 2.—"Champs de-Mars," shān-duh-marce. An extensive parade ground of Paris, on the left bank of the Seine. It has been the scene of many very remarkable historic events, and is now used for great reviews, etc. The buildings of the exposition of 1867 were erected upon it.

"Friesland," freece'land. A province of Holland.

"Teignmouth," tin'muth.

"Hengesdown," hen'ges-down.

"Narbonnese," nar'bon'nes'. One of the four provinces into which Augustus divided Gaul was named from Narbonne, a city near the Mediterranean, Gallia Narbonensis or Narbonnese Gaul.

P. 318, c. 1.—"Montfort." The wife of the duke of Brittany, who had succeeded his brother, Jean III. It seems that the latter had left the duchy to his nephew, Charles of Blois, but Montfort took possession. War was declared, and the king of France aided Blois, the king of England, Montfort. The latter was taken prisoner and his wife took the field.

"Blois," blwā; "Penthièvre," pēn'tevr'.

"Van Artevelde," vān ar'ta-velt. A citizen and popular leader of Ghent, who for a long time was almost ruler of Flanders. In this war the people, under Artavelde, supported the English, while the nobility were in sympathy with the French.

"Froissart," frois'ärt. (1337-1410.) A French history writer.

"D'Harcourt," dār'kört'.

"Harfleur," har-flur'; "Cherbourg," sher'burg; "Valognes," vā'loñ' (n like *ni* in *minion*). "Caréentan," kā'rōn'tōn'; "Caen," kōn; "Louviers," loo've-ā'; "Vernon," vē'rōn'; "Verneuil," vē'r'nuhl; "Mantes," mants; "Meulan," moi-lān; "Poissy," pwā-sē; "Ruel," roo-al; "Neuilly," nuh'ye'; "Boulogne," bū-lōn'; "Bourg-la-reine," boor-la-rain.

"Bethune," bā-tūn; "Ponthieu," pōn-te-ūh.

P. 318, c. 2.—"Hainault," a-nōl; "De Vienne," deh ve-en'; "De Manny," deh mǎn'ne'.

P. 319, c. 1.—"Eustace de St. Pierre," eus'tace deh sǎn'pe-ēr'; "D'Aire," d'air; "Domremy," dōn-rūh-me; "Neufchâtel," nush'ā'tel; "Vancouleurs," vōn'koo'luhr'; "Baudricourt," bō'dre'koor'; "Chinon," she-nōng.

"Cap-a-pie," kāp'a-pee'. From head to foot.

P. 319, c. 2.—"La pucelle," the maid; "Trémoille," trā'-mooy'; "Boussac," boo'sāk'; "Xaintrailles," zan'trāl'ye'; "La Hire," lā'er'; "Dunois," dū'nwā'; "Jargeau," zhar'ghō'; "Meung," mūng; "Beaugency," bō'gān ce'; "Patay," pa-tay'.

P. 320, c. 1.—"Compiègne," kōm'pe-an'; "Ligny," le-nyē; "Vendôme," vōn'dōm'.

P. 320, c. 2.—"Epervier," a'pēr'nōn'; "Angoumois," ōn'goo'mwā'; "Saintonge," sǎn-tōnz'.

P. 321.—"Sancy," san'ce; "Ile de France," eel-deh-frōns; "Picardy," pic'ar-dee; "Auvergne," ō-vern'; "Gaetano," gā-a-tā'no, usually written Cajetan.

"Sorbonne," sor-būn. The principal school of theology in the ancient university of Paris. Its influence was powerful in many of the civil and religious controversies of the country.

"Arques," ark; "Dreux," dru; "Evreux," ēv'ruh'; "Ivry," ēv're'; "Eure," yoor.

P. 321, c. 2.—"Reiters," ri'ters; "Mayenne," mā'yēn'; "Meaux," mō; "Senlis," sōn'les'.

P. 322, c. 1.—"Brisson," brē'sōn'; "Grève," grāv.

"Sully." A French statesman, the chief adviser of Henry IV.

P. 322, c. 2.—"Bearnese," ba'ar'nese'. Bearn, a former southwest province of France, belonged to the kings of Navarre. From this possession Henry IV. received the title of the Bearnese.

"Eustache," uhs'tāsh'; "Merri," mā-rē; "Guineestre," ghin'cestr'; "Villeroi," vēl'rwā; "Vervins," vēr-vān'.

"Escorial," ēs-koo-re-āl'. A palace and mausoleum of the kings of Spain.

P. 323, c. 1.—"Saluzzo," sǎ-loot'so; "Rosny," ro-ne; "Gontaut de Biron," gōn'to' deh be'rōn'; "Malherbe," māl'ēr'b'.

P. 323, c. 2.—"Praslin," prā'lān'; "Montbazou," mōn'bā'zōn'; "Créqui," krā-ke'; "Mirabeau," me'rā'bō'.

"Equerry," e-quér'ry. An officer of nobles, charged with the care of their horses.

"Cœur Couronné," etc. The crowned heart pierced with an arrow.

"Curzon en Quercy," kür-sôn' éng kwer'cé'.

P. 324, c. 1.—"Bruyère," brü-e'yér'. (1646?-1696.) French author.

"Fouquet," foo'ká'. (1615-1680.) A French financier, convicted of dishonesty and treason under Louis XIV.

"De la Vallière," deh lá vā'le-ér'; "Montespan," mōn'tes-pān'.

"Bossuet," bo'sü-a' (almost bos'swā'). (1627-1704.) French bishop and orator.

"Lauzun," lö'zün'. (1633?-1723.) A French adventurer.

"Pignerol," pe-nüh-rül. A city of Piedmont, Italy.

"Iron Mask." The man in the iron mask was a prisoner who died in the Bastille in 1703. He was brought there in 1698, from the state prison of Marguerite, by the governor who had been changed to the Bastille. His face was covered with a black velvet mask, fastened with steel springs. He was never allowed to remove this, nor to speak to any one except his governor. After his death everything he possessed was burned. There have been many theories as to his identity, but no one has been thoroughly proven.

P. 324, c. 2.—"Marcellac," mār-ceel'lak'; "Rochefoucauld," rosh'-foo'kō'; "Maréchal," mā'ra'shal'; "Fontanges," fōn'tanzh'.

"Scarron," skār'rōn'. She had been the wife of Paul Scarron, a French author, who died in 1660. "Maintenon," mān'tüh'nōn.

P. 325, c. 2.—"Della Guidice," del'lā gwee'de-ca; "Alberoni," āl-ba-ro'nee.

P. 326, c. 1.—"Lettres de Fenelon," etc. Letters of Fenelon to the duke of Chevreuse.

P. 326, c. 2.—"Nunc et in," etc. Now and in the hour of death.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 331, c. 1.—"Transept." Any part of a church which projects at right angles with the body and is of equal or nearly equal height to this. Transepts are in pairs, that is, the projection southward is accompanied by a corresponding projection northward.

"Nave." The central portion of a cathedral, distinguished from the choir.

"Arcade." Ranges of arches supported on piers or columns. "Triforium," tri-fō'ri-um.

P. 331, c. 2.—"Apse," āpse; "Apsidal," āp'si-dal.

"Chapter-house." The house where the *chapter* or assembly of the clergymen, and their dean, belonging to a cathedral, meet.

"Hospitium," hos-pish'i-ūm.

"Castellated." Adorned with turrets and battlements, like a castle.

"Dais," dā'is. A raised floor at the upper end of a dining hall.

"Lancet." High, narrow, and sharp pointed.

"Piers." A mass of stonework used in supporting an arch; also the part of the wall of a house between the windows or doors.

P. 332, c. 1.—"Cusped," cusp'at-ed. Ending in a cusp, that is, the projecting point thrown out from foliations in the heads of Gothic windows.

"La Sainte Chapelle." The holy chapel.

"Chartres," shart'r; "Bourges," boorz; "Corbel," a projecting stone or timber supporting, or seeming to support, some weight.

P. 332, c. 2.—"Tudor," tū'der. So called from the house on the English throne at the time of the growth of the style.

"Elizabethan," eliz'a beth'an.

"Newel-post." The stout post at the foot of the staircase, on the top of which the rail rests.

"Wren." (1632-1723.) An English architect, the designer of St. Paul's, in London. After the London fire of 1666, he drew the plans for over fifty churches and many important public buildings of the city.

"Mural," belonging to a wall.

"Beaumonti." bē-ā-mān'te.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 333, c. 2.—"Ichthyophagi," ich'thy-ōph'a-gi. A compound word of Greek origin, meaning fish eaters.

"Dunes." Same as downs, little sand hills piled up near the sea.

"Badahuenna," bad-a-huen'na.

"Hercynian," her-cyn'i-an.

P. 334, c. 1.—"Bouillon," boo'yūn'.

"Brabantine," bra'bran-tine.

P. 335, c. 2.—"Cortes," kōr'tez.

P. 336, c. 1.—"Narvaez," nar-vā'eth; "Chiapa," che ā'pā.

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Lewis K. Hanson, Natick, Massachusetts.
Lillian R. Hemenway, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Bertha J. Hopkins, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Kate E. Lawrence, South Framingham, Massachusetts.
Stella Mann, Boston Highlands, Massachusetts.
C. L. Reynolds, Framingham Center, Massachusetts.
Florence M. Sears, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Cora E. Thayer, Allston, Massachusetts.
Fred P. Wheeler, Allston, Massachusetts.
Ellen M. Works, Southboro, Massachusetts.
Frank S. Wright, Natick, Massachusetts.

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Mattie P. Cushing, Hudson, Massachusetts.
William O. Cutler, Natick, Massachusetts.
Joseph H. Hall, Natick, Massachusetts.
Mary A. Harriman, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Lewis K. Hanson, Natick, Massachusetts.
Howard Mason, Natick, Massachusetts.
Harry D. Neary, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Ida M. Neary, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Edward O. Parker, East Holliston, Massachusetts.
Bertie M. Stetson, Holliston, Massachusetts.
G. Adelbert Watkins, South Framingham, Massachusetts.
Theodore S. Bacon, Natick, Massachusetts.
Millie S. Bruce, Southville, Massachusetts.
Harry R. Barber, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Geo. F. Beard, South Framingham, Massachusetts.
Albert Comey, South Framingham, Massachusetts.
John Connelly, Cohituate, Massachusetts.
Bertha May Cushing, Hudson, Massachusetts.
Fred L. Francis, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.
Emeline Hancock, Milford, Massachusetts.
Emma L. Huse, Somerville, Massachusetts.
Stella Mann, Boston Highlands, Massachusetts.
Florence B. Moulthrop, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Ida M. Neary, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Emma J. Parker, East Somerville, Massachusetts.
Charles H. Phipps, South Framingham, Massachusetts.
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Hattie Stratton, South Framingham, Massachusetts.
Fred R. Woodward, Natick, Massachusetts.
Frank S. Wright, Natick, Massachusetts.

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Minnie E. Gaskins, Mattapan, Massachusetts.
Georgie A. Goodnow, Sudbury, Massachusetts.
Jessie E. Guernsey, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Minnie L. Jackson, South Gardner, Massachusetts.
Addie M. Knight, Magnolia, Massachusetts.
Helen Virginia Ross, Charleston Station, Massachusetts.
Ellen Letitia Ruggles, Milton, Massachusetts.
Josie Bell Stuart, Lowell, Massachusetts.
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Alice Bertha Besse, Lowell, Massachusetts.
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Mary Amittai Bradford, Mystic Bridge, Connecticut.
Hannah K. Bradford, Mystic Bridge, Connecticut.

Mrs. Lizzie E. Bird, Boston, Massachusetts.
Mrs. L. S. Brooks, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.
Nellie M. Brown, Lowell, Massachusetts.
Nellie E. Canfield, South Britain, Connecticut.
Hattie D. Fuller, Hudson, Massachusetts.
Rev. A. Gardner, Buckingham, Connecticut.
Miss M. E. Harrington, North Amherst, Massachusetts.
F. M. Harrington, Northboro, Massachusetts.
O. A. Heminway, Framingham, Massachusetts.
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Caroline M. Lee, Wayland, Massachusetts.
J. H. O. Lovell, Oakham, Massachusetts.
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Margaret S. Rolfe, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
Julia A. Robinson, North Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Luella H. Simonds, Lowell, Massachusetts.
Mrs. Harriet B. Steele, Reading, Massachusetts.
Rachel Steere, Greenville, Rhode Island.
Clara E. Stevens, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
Ellen K. Stone, Framingham, Massachusetts.
Anna A. Ware, West Medway, Massachusetts.
Mrs. William L. Woodcock, Winchendon, Massachusetts.
L. D. Younkin, Boston, Massachusetts.

ERRATA AND ADDENDA.

LIST OF GRADUATES OF CLASS OF 1883.

STATE.	ERROR.	CORRECT.
N. Y.	Mary E. Gese	Mary E. Gere.
N. Y.	Hannah Gibson Leslie . .	Hannah Gibson Leslie.
N. Y.	Camelia M. Morgan . . .	Cornelia M. Morrell.
N. Y.	Mrs. Sarah Petty Redhouse	Mrs. Sarah P. Redhead.
N. Y.	Joseph Lucius Seymons . .	Joseph Lucius Seymour.
N. Y.	Zilpha Villefen	Zilpha Villefeu.
Penn'a	Mrs. Fannie B. Annas . . .	Mrs. Fannie B. Armor.
Penn'a	Chas. D. Fentemaker . . .	Chas. D. Fenstemaker.
Penn'a	Hershey	Benjamin H. Hershey.
Penn'a	J. H. Mushlitz	J. H. Mushlitz.
Penn'a	Hallis Wiley	Hallie Wiley.
D. C.	Olippard B. Brown	Oliphant B. Brown.
D. C.	Huldap J. Wise	Huldah J. Wise.
W. Va.	Emma B. Tavennes	Emma B. Tavenner.
Ohio	Alice Christianas	Alice Christianar.
Tenn.	Lizzie A. T. Shumand . . .	Lizzie A. F. Shumard.
Miss.	Mrs. (Sillie) John Calhoon	Mrs. John Calhoun.
Wis.	Elizer Adeline Brown . . .	Eliza Adeline Brown.
Iowa	Hattie J. Hankinson . . .	Hattie J. Hankinson.
Mo.	Mamie Langhoun	Mamie Langhorn.

ADDENDA.

Fenner, Harry Benham, N. Y. Grinnell, Mrs. J. B., Iowa.
Forsyth, John W., Va. Walker, Maria Victoria, Pa.
Gifford, Martha J., N. Y. Youngs, Sidney M., Pa.



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No. 7.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.

APRIL.

READINGS FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

IX.—LOUIS XVI.

About twenty years of age, amiable, irresolute, of simple tastes and earnest piety, Louis XVI. succeeded to the throne at a time when these qualities of gentleness could avail but little against the crowning evils of the age, and when the supreme genius and iron will of a Cromwell or a Napoleon could alone have averted the destruction by which the state was menaced. Signs of dissolution and prophecies of woe were already abroad. Long wars and the lavish expenditure of the last century and a half, had reduced the finances of the kingdom to a deplorable condition. The public credit was at its lowest ebb. The treasury presented a deficit of forty millions. The people, over-taxed, restless, half-savage, and dangerously intelligent, abandoned agriculture and sought a precarious subsistence by smuggling and spoliation. A spirit of political and religious infidelity pervaded the middle and lower classes. The throne had too long been degraded by excess, and tarnished by scandal, to command the affection of the multitude. The nobles were scorned rather than revered, and not even the ancient stronghold of terror remained. The clergy, by their cruelties, their ignorance, and their debaucheries had alienated the great body of the people, and brought down upon themselves the satire and indignation of the enlightened. In Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, and D'Alembert, the new opinions had found their chief advocates and leaders. Before their sweeping censures Christianity, loyalty, tradition had trembled, and sunk away. They were speedily reinforced by all the intelligence of the age. A host of distinguished men hastened to their support, and the innovators carried all before them—leveling good as well as evil, trampling upon much that was pure in their reckless hatred of that which was foul, and sapping the foundations of truth, mercy and chivalry, while compassing the necessary destruction of falsehood, despotism, imposition and vice.

To the government of this crumbling edifice and this mur-

muring people came Louis, with his good heart, his boyish timidity, and his woful inexperience. His queen, Marie Antoinette, was a daughter of Maria Theresa, fair, generous and impetuous. Surrounded by eager courtiers, and saluted for the first time as king and queen, they fell upon their knees, and cried, weeping, "Oh God, guide us! Protect us! We are too young to reign!"

The king's first act was to reëstablish the parliament, and place the financial department in the hands of the impartial and provident Turgot. Unfortunately for himself and the country, Louis suffered his mind to be prejudiced against this able minister, and, dismissing him in 1776, gave his office to M. Necker, a less efficient but a less unpopular politician. A war with England was now proposed by the king's ambitious statesmen, who beheld at this juncture an opportunity of wresting from their ancient rival a large proportion of her foreign commerce. England and her American colonies were at variance. Not much more than a year had elapsed since the great battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, and the American independence was but just declared. It now became the obvious policy of France to foment this war, to support the rebellious colonists, and to transfer to the navies of Louis XVI. that maritime superiority which had so long been the bulwark of the English liberties. The king, from motives of forbearance, was unwilling to commence this war; but, being overruled by his ministry, signed a treaty of alliance with the United States in the commencement of the year 1778. This treaty was equivalent to a declaration of war, and the first important action took place by sea off the isle of Ushant on the 27th of July. The fleets numbered thirty sail each; not a ship was captured or sunk on either side; and the fortune of the day was indecisive. In the following year, an alliance with Spain doubled the naval strength of Louis XVI. The French and Spanish admirals united their fleets, and hovered about the coasts of England without making any descent; whilst the Count d'Estaings, with twelve ships of the line, took the islands of Granada and St. Vincent, and made an unsuccessful attack upon St. Lucia, which had been lately conquered by the English. On the 16th of January, 1780, Admiral Rodney, then on his way to the relief of Gibraltar, encountered and defeated a Spanish fleet commanded by Don Juan de Langara. He then sailed on, unopposed, to Gibraltar, and next proceeded to the West Indies. While there he thrice engaged with the Count de Guichen, who had succeeded to the command of the French fleet. None of these actions were productive of important results. The Count de Guichen was replaced in 1781 by the Count de Grasse, a man of great skill and courage, who defeated the English admiral, Hood, on the 28th of April, and added Tobago to the conquests of France. In this year another enemy rose against England. The Dutch declared war, and George III. was involved at one time, by sea and land, in four great contests, namely, with France, Spain, America and Holland. In the month of October, however, the surrender of Yorktown by Lord Cornwallis virtually ended the contest between England and the United States; and the four European

powers alone carried on hostilities. The month of April, 1782, was signalized by a hard fought and sanguinary engagement between the Count de Grasse and Admiral Rodney. They met on the 12th, off the island of Dominique, with nearly equal forces, and the French were disastrously defeated with a loss of eight ships, a terrible sacrifice of life, and the captivity of the Count de Grasse. England was not, however, destined to profit much by the victory; for, as Admiral Rodney was sailing back with his well-won captures, a fearful storm arose, and most of the prizes were lost. Among these was the *Ville de Paris*, a fine ship of 110 guns, lately presented to the king by the citizens of Paris. On the 13th of October, in the same year, the fortress of Gibraltar was made the scene of a formidable assault, which failed utterly. The besiegers were commanded by the Duke de Crillon, an officer in the Spanish service; the Count d'Artois, brother to Louis; and the Duke de Bourbon. Negotiations for peace were now commenced, and her late successes by sea enabled England to treat at a less disadvantage than might have been expected, considering the circumstances of the war. The preliminaries were signed at Versailles on the 20th of January, 1783. France restored to England all her conquests, with the exception of St. Lucia, Tobago, the establishments on the river Senegal, and some trifling possessions in Africa and the East Indies. England relinquished all that she had captured. Spain acquired the island of Minorca.

More embarrassed than ever by the cost of the late war, the finances of France had now fallen into a worse state than before. The public debt was increased. The people exasperated by a system of taxation which spared the wealthy and oppressed the poor, and imbued, moreover, with those democratic principles which had found their way from America to France, became still louder in the expression of their discontent. M. De Calonne had by this time succeeded M. Necker. He was brilliant, fluent, ready with expedients. Dreading the recriminations and plain-speaking that must have attended a meeting of the States-general, this minister proposed to convene the Notables—that is to say, an assemblage of persons gathered from all parts of the kingdom, and chiefly from the higher ranks of society. This measure had been taken by Henry IV. and by Louis XIII.; it was not, therefore, without precedent, and much was hoped by the nation. They met, to the number of 137, in February, 1787. M. De Calonne laid before them the condition of the exchequer, and proposed to submit to taxation all the landed property of the kingdom, including that of the privileged classes. But he addressed an assembly composed almost exclusively of the privileged classes, and they would not hear his arguments. On the 9th of April, finding his position untenable, he resigned his office, and was succeeded by M. De Brienne. Still the notables refused to abate their ancient immunities, and were in consequence dissolved on the 25th of May. The absolute necessity of procuring money now compelled the king arbitrarily to register a royal edict, which met with strong opposition from the parliament. This body was then banished to Troyes, but again recalled in the month of September. In 1788, M. de Brienne, weary of combating the difficulties of his office, resigned in favor of M. Necker. This gentleman, as the first act of his second ministry, proposed to convoke the states-general, and on the 5th of May, 1789, that august assembly filled the Hall de Menus in the Palace of Versailles. The king, in a brief speech, spoke hopefully of the present and the future, trusted that his reign might be commemorated henceforth by the happiness and prosperity of his people, and welcomed the states-general to his palace. Unforeseeing and placid, he beheld in this meeting nothing but the promise of amelioration, nor guessed how little prepared for usefulness or decision were its twelve hundred. It soon became evident that the real strength of the states-general lay in the commons. They formed the third estate, and numbered as many members as the clergy

and noblesse together. They took upon themselves to decide whether the deliberations of the Assembly should be carried on in three chambers or one—they covered their heads in presence of the king—they constituted themselves the "National Assembly," and invited the clergy and aristocracy to join them. The timid sovereign sanctioned these innovations, and the Assembly proceeded to exercise its self-conferred functions. Supplies were voted for the army; the public debt was consolidated; a provisional collection of taxes was decreed; and the inviolability of the members proclaimed. In the meantime the nobles, headed by the king's second brother, the Count d'Artois, were collecting in the neighborhood of the court and capital such troops as they could muster from every quarter of the kingdom. Necker was exiled, and it became evident that the king's imprudent advisers had counselled him to have recourse to violence. Paris, long prepared for insurrection, rose *en masse*. Necker alone had possessed the confidence of the citizens, and his dismissal gave the signal for arms. Camille Desmoulins, a young and enthusiastic patriot, harangued the populace at the Palais Royal.

The guards, when called out to disperse the mobs, refused to fire. The citizens formed themselves into a national guard. The foodless multitude attacked and pillaged in various quarters. The barriers were fired; and on the 14th of July, this wild army appeared before the walls of the Bastille. Stanch in his principles of military honor, the aged Marquis de Launay, then governor of the prison, refused to surrender, raised the drawbridge, and fired upon the multitude. His feeble garrison, consisting of eighty-two invalids and thirty-two Swiss, was menaced by thousands. The siege lasted four hours. The besiegers were joined by the French guards—cannon were brought—De Launay capitulated—the drawbridge was lowered, and the Bastille taken. Taken by a lawless sea of raging rebels, who forthwith massacred the governor, his lieutenant, and some of the aged invalids—set fire to the building, and razed it to the ground—freed the few prisoners found in the cells—garnished their pikes with the evidences of murder, and so paraded Paris. From this moment the people were supreme. The troops were dismissed from Versailles—Necker was recalled—the king visited Paris, and was invested at the Hotel de Ville with the tri-colored emblem of democracy.

Then began the first emigration. The Count d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, the Polignacs, and other noble and royal families, deserted in the moment of peril, and from beyond the frontiers witnessed the revolution in ignoble safety. The king and his family remained at Versailles, sad at heart amid their presence-chambers and garden-groves, just four leagues from volcanic Paris. Hither, from time to time, during the few days that intervened between the 14th of July and the 4th of August, came strange tidings of a revolution which was no longer Parisian, but national—tidings of provincial gatherings—of burning chateaux—of sudden vengeance done upon unpopular officials, intendants, tax-gatherers, and the like. It was plain that the First Estate must bow its proud head before the five-and-twenty savage millions, make restitution, speak well, smile fairly—or die. The memorable 4th of August came, when the nobles did this, making an ample confession of their weakness. The Viscount de Noailles proposed to reform the taxation by subjecting to it every order and rank; by regulating it according to the fortune of the individual; and by abolishing personal servitude, and every remaining vestige of the feudal system. An enthusiasm, which was half fear and half reckless excitement, spread throughout the Assembly. The aristocrats rose in their places and publicly renounced their seigniorial dues, privileges, and immunities. The clergy abolished tithes and tributes. The representative bodies resigned their municipal rights. All this availed but little; and should have been done many months before to have weighed with the impatient commons. The people scorned a generosity which relinquished only that which was untenable, and cared little for

the recognition of a political equality that had already been established with the pike. The Assembly was at this time divided into three parties—that of the aristocracy, composed of the greater part of the noblesse and clergy; that of the moderate party, headed by M. Necker; and that of the republicans, among whom the most conspicuous were Lafayette, Sièyes, Robespierre, and the great, the impetuous, the profligate Mirabeau. But theirs was not the only deliberative body. A minor assembly, consisting of one hundred and eighty electors; a mass of special assemblies of mechanics, tradesmen, servants, and others; and a huge incongruous mob at the Palais Royal, met daily and nightly for purposes of discussion. These demonstrations, and the extreme opinions to which they hourly gave rise, alarmed the little court yet lingering around the king. They persuaded him that he must have military assistance, and the troops were, unhappily, recalled to Versailles.

The regiment of Flanders and a body of dragoons came, and on the 1st of October the newly-arrived officers were invited to a grand banquet by their comrades of the royal body-guard. After the dinner was removed and the wine had begun to circulate, the queen presented herself with the Dauphin in her arms, and her husband at her side. Cries of loyalty and enthusiasm burst forth—their healths were drunk with drawn swords—the tri-colored cockades were trampled under foot, and white ones, emblematic of Bourbon, were distributed by the maids of honor. The news of this fatal evening flew to Paris. Exasperated by the arrival of the soldiery—by the insult offered to the tri-color—by the fear of famine and civil war—the mob rose in fury, and with cries of "Bread! bread!" poured out of Paris and took the road to Versailles. Here, sending messages, threats, and deputations to the king and to the Assembly, the angry thousands encamped for the night, in inclement weather, round about the palace. Toward morning a grate leading into the grand court was found to be unfastened, and the mob rushed in. On they went, across the marble court and up the grand staircase. The body-guards defended themselves valiantly and raised the alarm—the queen fled, half-dressed, to the king's chamber—the "living deluge" poured through galleries and reception-rooms, making straight for the queen's apartments. On this terrible day, Marie Antoinette was, above all, the object of popular hatred. Separated now from the revolutionists by the hall of the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*, where the faithful remnant of body-guards had assembled to defend them to the last, the royal family listened tremblingly to the battering of the axes on the yet unbroken doors. At this moment of peril came Lafayette, with the national guard of Paris, and succeeded in clearing the palace, in pacifying the multitude, and in rescuing, for the time, the hapless group in the king's apartments. The mob, now driven outside, demanded that Louis should show himself, and go to Paris with his family. Refusal and remonstrance were alike useless. The royal carriage was brought out, the king and his family took their places, the mob thronged round, and so, with the defeated body-guards in the midst, and some bloody trophies of the struggle carried forward upon pikes, the mournful procession went from Versailles to Paris. Lodged thenceforth in the Tuileries, treated with personal disrespect, and subjected to all the restrictions of imprisonment, Louis and his queen supported indignities with dignity, and insult with resignation.

On the 4th of September, M. Necker relinquished his office. He had been so courageous as to oppose the decree of the 16th of June, by which all distinctions of titles, armorial bearings, and other hereditary honors were abolished. From having been the idol of the republicans he now found himself dangerously unpopular, and so retired in safety to Geneva. During all this time the emigration of the noblesse went on. Assembling upon the German frontier toward the spring-time of the year 1791, they formed themselves into an army under the command of the Prince of Condé, and adopted for their motto, "Conquer or die." Fearful, however, of endangering the

king's personal safety, they took no measures to stay the tide of rebellion, but hovered by the Rhine, watchful and threatening. Soon the king and queen, their two children, and the Princess Elizabeth, sister to the king, were the only members of the royal family left in Paris. Flight had long been talked of and frequently delayed; but at last everything was arranged, and Monday night, June 20, 1791, was fixed for the attempt. Eluding the vigilance of the guards, they stole out of the palace in disguise, and after numerous delays and misapprehensions, during which the queen lost her way in the Rue de Bac, they entered a hackney-coach driven by the Count de Fersen, and exchanged it, at the gate St. Martin, for a carriage and four. Thus, never pausing, they passed Chalons, and arrived at St. Menes. Here they were to have been met by some cavalry, commanded by the Marquis de Bouillé; but the time fixed for their arrival was so long gone by that the escort, weary of waiting, had given them up, and gone on to Varennes. Stopping to change horses at St. Menes, the king was recognized; and at Varennes, within reach of Bouillé's soldiers, he was stopped and questioned. The national guard flew to arms—an aid-de-camp came up in breathless haste, seeking the fugitives and bearing the decree of arrest—the horses' heads were turned toward Paris, and the last chance for life and liberty was past! After a return-journey of eight days, the king and his family reentered the capital, and were received in profound silence by an immense concourse. More closely guarded, more mistrusted than ever, he was now suspended by the National Assembly from those sovereign functions which he had so long ceased to exercise or possess. In the meantime the articles of a new Constitution had been drawn up, and were publicly ratified by the royal oath and signature on the 14th of September. The National Assembly, having completed this work, dissolved itself on the 30th, and the members of the new, or legislative assembly, took their seats on the 1st of October, 1791.

And now the violences of late committed, and the anarchy existing not only in Paris, but in all districts of France, had roused the indignation of Europe. Francis II., Emperor of Austria, entered into an alliance with the king of Prussia, hostilities were threatened, and the Assembly declared for war, on the 20th of April, 1792. An invasion of the Austrian Netherlands was attempted; but the French soldiers fled upon the first sight of the Prussian columns, and General Rochambeau laid down his command. On the 25th of July, the Duke of Brunswick, who commanded the allies, issued a violent and imprudent manifesto, declaring himself authorized to support the royal authority in France; to destroy the city of Paris; and to pursue with the extremity of military law all those who were disposed to resist the policy of Europe. He at the same time put his immense army in motion, and advanced over the frontier with 70,000 Prussians and 68,000 Austrians and emigrant French. Perhaps no effort on the part of his most eager enemy could have so injured the cause and periled the safety of Louis XVI. The Assembly replied by fitting out an army of 20,000 national volunteers, and giving the command to General Dumouriez. Brunswick took Verdun and Longwy, and advanced toward the capital, confident of victory; but, being met by the active and sagacious Dumouriez, was forced to retreat. Verdun was won back again on the 12th, and Longwy on the 18th of October. An Austrian army, engaged in the siege of Lille, was compelled to abandon the attempt; and Custine on the Rhine took possession of Trèves, Spire, and Mayence. War having also been declared against the King of Sardinia, Savoy was taken; and the great victory of Jemappes, won by General Dumouriez, on the 6th of November, subjected the whole of the Austrian Netherlands, with the exception of Luxembourg, to the power of France. On all sides the national troops repelled the invaders, resumed the offensive, and asserted the independence of a victorious revolution.

In the meantime, enraged at this interference of the foreign

powers, and fluctuating (according to the reports from the scene of war) between apprehension and exultation, the Parisian mob and the extreme republican party came to regard the king with increased enmity. He was named in the Assembly with violent opprobrium; the mob, incited to fury by Robespierre and his associates, demanded the abolition of the royal authority; and on the 10th of August the palace of the Tuileries was attacked. The national guards, who had been appointed to the defence of the courtyard, went over to the insurgents, and pointed their cannon against the chateau. Only the gallant Swiss were left, and they, overpowered by numbers and fighting gallantly to the last, were literally cut to pieces. The king and his family escaped to the National Assembly, and on the 14th were removed to the old Temple prison. From this time the reign of terror may properly be said to have begun. The chronicles of September are written in blood. Supreme in power as in crime, the party of the *Fédérés*, or Red Republicans, secured the barriers, sounded the tocsin, and proceeded to clear the prisons by an indiscriminate massacre. Nobles and priests, aged men and delicate women, all who were guilty of good birth, loyalty, or religion, were slain without distinction. The inmates of the Abbaye, the Conciergerie, the Carmes, La Force, and the Bicêtre were all murdered, after a hideous mockery of trial, at which neither innocence nor evidence availed. The head of the beautiful and hapless Princess de Lamballe was paraded about Paris on a pike, and displayed before the eyes of the wretched prisoners in the Temple, whose confidential friend and companion she had been. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil only saved her father's life by drinking a goblet of blood. Mademoiselle Cazotte flung herself between her father and the murderers. Instances of the sublimest resignation, of the loftiest courage, are abundant amid the records of this appalling period. Thirteen thousand souls are said to have been sacrificed in Paris alone, and similar massacres were perpetrated at Orleans, at Rheims, at Lyons, and at Meaux. On the 21st of September, the legislative assembly, having presided for the allotted space of one year, was succeeded by a new body of representatives, chiefly consisting of the extreme republican party, and known by the name of the National Convention. To abolish the statutes of the kings, to leave the offices of government open to men of every condition, to persecute the members of the more moderate faction, and to impeach the king before the bar of the convention, were among the first acts of the new government.

On the 11th of December, 1792, Louis, still placid and dignified, appeared before the tribunal of his enemies. He was accused of plots against the sovereignty of the people—of intrigues with the European powers—of tampering with Mirabeau, since dead—in short, of everything that might be construed into an effort for life, liberty, or prerogative. His trial lasted for more than a month, and during that time he was separated from his family. Hitherto Louis and his wife had at least shared their sorrows, and, by employing themselves in the education of the Dauphin, had beguiled somewhat of the tedious melancholy of prison life. Now it was over, and they were to meet but once again—to bid farewell. On Christmas day the king drew up his will, and on the following morning was summoned to the Convention for the purpose of making his defense. This paper was read by his counsel, and, at its conclusion, Louis spoke a few simple words relative to his own innocence and the affection which he had always felt toward his people. He was then conducted back to the Temple, and the discussions went on till the 15th of January, 1793, when it was resolved to put to the vote the three great questions of culpability, of the expediency of an appeal to the people, and of the nature of the punishment to be inflicted. On Tuesday, the 15th, the first two questions were put, and the replies recorded. By all the king was voted guilty, and by a majority of two to one the appeal to the people was negatived. On Wednesday, the 16th, the question of punishment was in like manner propounded. The agitation

of Paris was something terrible to witness. A savage mob gathered about the doors of the Assembly, heaping threats upon all who dared to be merciful. Even those who most desired to save the king became intimidated, and some who had spoken bravely in his favor the day before now decreed his death. From Wednesday to Sunday morning this strange scene lasted. Seven hundred and twenty-one members, in slow succession, with trembling, with confidence, with apologetic speech, or fierce enforcement, mounted the tribune one by one, gave in their "Fate-word," and went down to hear the judgment of their successors. Paine, the English democrat, entered his name on the side of mercy. Louis Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and father to the late Louis Philippe, had the unparalleled infamy to vote for death. Even the brave President Vergniaud, who had pleaded for Louis with passionate earnestness only a day or two before, wavered in his allegiance at the last, and spoke the fatal word. At length, when all had voted, death was found to be decreed by a majority of twenty-six voices. The king's counsel appealed against the sentence; but the appeal was rejected, and the Assembly recommenced voting, to fix the time of execution. Death without delay—death within four-and-twenty hours, was the result. On Sunday morning, January the 20th, the messengers of the Convention told Louis he must die. A priest, a delay of three days, and an interview with his family, was all that he asked. They granted him the first and last request; but the delay was refused. In the evening he was permitted to see his wife, sister and children. They met in a chamber with glass doors, through which the municipal guards watched all the cruel scene. Falling into each other's arms, they were for some time speechless with sorrow, and the conversation that ensued was interrupted by cries and sobs. Then the king rose, promising to see them again on the morrow, and so ended this agony of two hours. About midnight, having recovered his serenity, and prayed with his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, he went to bed and slept soundly. Waking at five, he heard mass and received the sacrament. At eight the municipals summoned him to execution, and, willing to spare the feelings of those whom he loved, he left without a second farewell. There was a silence of death upon all the city. Silent were the lines of soldiers—silent the gazing multitudes—silent the eighty thousand armed men who guarded with cannon the space around the scaffold. Through all these rolled the solitary carriage, and to these the king, advancing suddenly as the last moment came, said in an agitated voice, "Frenchmen, I die innocent. I pardon my enemies, and I hope that France . . . At this moment he was seized by the executioners, the drums beat and drowned his voice, and in a few seconds he was no more. All at once the strange silence was broken—the executioner upheld the severed head—the shouts of the wild populace filled the air—and then they gradually cleared off, and the business of the day went on in Paris as if no unusual thing had been done. Such was the end of Louis XVI., a virtuous and well-intentioned sovereign, on the 21st of January, 1793.—*Edwards*.

X.—THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION (1792-1796).

The government, after the king (Louis XVI.) was deposed, was placed in the hands of the National Assembly—or Convention, as it now called itself—of deputies chosen by the people.

There is nothing but what is sad and terrible to be told of France for the next four or five years, and the whole account of what happened would be too hard for you to understand, and some part is too dreadful to dwell upon.

The short account of it is that, for years and years before, the kings, the nobles, and some of the clergy too, had cared for little but their own pride and pleasure, and had done nothing to help on their people—teach, train, or lead them. So now these people were wild with despair, and when the

hold on them was a little loosened, they threw it off, and turned in furious rage upon their masters. Hatred grew, and all those who had once been respected were looked on as a brood of wolves, who must be done away with, even the young and innocent. The king, queen, his children, and sister (Madame Elizabeth), were shut up in a castle called the Temple, because it had once belonged to the Knights Templar, and there they were very roughly and unkindly treated. A national guard continually watched them, and these men were often shockingly rude and insulting to them, though they were as patient as possible. Great numbers of the nobles and clergy were shut up in the other prisons; and when news came that an army of Germans and emigrant nobles was marching to rescue the king, a set of ruffians was sent to murder them all, cutting them down like sheep for the slaughter, men and women all alike. The family in the Temple were spared for the time, but the emigrant army was beaten at Jemappes; and the brave nobles and peasants who had risen in the district of La Vendée, in hopes of saving them, could not make head against the regular French army, all of which had joined in the Revolution, being angered because no one not of noble birth could be an officer. All his friends did for the king only served to make his enemies hate him trebly; and three men had obtained the leadership who seemed to have had a regular thirst for blood, and to have thought that the only way to make a fresh beginning was to kill every one who had inherited any of the rights that had been so oppressive. Their names were Marat, Danton, and Robespierre; and they had a power over the minds of the Convention and the mob which no one dared resist, so that this time was called the Reign of Terror. A doctor named Guillotin had invented a machine for cutting off heads quickly and painlessly, which was called by his name; and this horrible instrument was set up in Paris to do this work of cutting off the old race. The king—whom they called Louis Capet, after Hugh, the first king of his line—was tried before the Assembly, and sentenced to die. He forgave his murderers, and charged the Irish clergyman, named Edgeworth, who was allowed to attend him in his last moments, to take care that, if his family were ever restored, there should be no attempt to avenge his death. The last words of the priest to him were: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to the skies."

The queen and her children remained in the Temple, cheered by the piety and kindness of Madame Elizabeth until the poor little prince—a gentle, but spirited boy of eight—was taken from them, and shut up in the lower rooms, under the charge of a brutal wretch (a shoemaker) named Simon, who was told that the boy was not to be killed or guillotined, but to be "got rid of"—namely, tormented to death by bad air, bad living, blows and rude usage. Not long after, Marie Antoinette was taken to a dismal chamber in the Conciergerie prison, and there watched day and night by national guards, until she too was brought to trial, and sentenced to die, eight months after her husband. Gentle Madame Elizabeth was likewise put to death, and only the two children remained, shut up in separate rooms; but the girl was better off than her brother, in that she was alone, with her little dog, and had no one who made a point of torturing her.

Meanwhile the guillotine was every day in use. Cart-loads were carried from the prisons—nobles, priests, ladies, young girls, lawyers, servants, shopkeepers—everybody whom the savage men who were called the Committee of Public Safety chose to condemn. There were guillotines in almost every town; but at Nantes the victims were drowned, and at Lyons they were placed in a square and shot down with grape shot.

Moreover, all churches were taken from the faithful. A wicked woman was called the Goddess of Reason, and carried in a car to the great cathedral of Notre Dame, where she was enthroned. Sundays were abolished, and every tenth day was kept instead, and Christianity was called folly and superstition;

in short, the whole nation was given up to the most horrible frenzy against God and man.

In the midst, Marat was stabbed to the heart by a girl named Charlotte Corday, who hoped thus to end these horrors; but the other two continued their work of blood, till Robespierre grew jealous of Danton, and had him guillotined; but at last the more humane of the National Convention plucked up courage to rise against him, and he and his inferior associates were carried to prison. He tried to commit suicide with a pistol, but only shattered his jaw, and in this condition he was guillotined, when the Reign of Terror had lasted about two years.

There was much rejoicing at his fall; prisons were opened, and people began to breathe freely once more. The National Convention governed more mildly and reasonably; but they had a great deal on their hands, for France had gone to war with all the countries round; and the soldiers were so delighted at the freedom they had obtained, that it seemed as if no one could beat them, so that the invaders were everywhere driven back. And thus was brought to light the wonderful powers of a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been educated, at a military school in France, as an engineer. When there was an attempt of the mob to rise and bring back the horrible days of the Reign of Terror, Colonel Bonaparte came with his grape shot, and showed that there was a government again that must be obeyed, so that some quiet and good order was restored.

Some pity had at last been felt for the poor children in the Temple. It came too late to save the life of the boy, Louis XVII., as he is reckoned, who had for the whole ninth year of his life lain alone in a filthy room, afraid to call any one lest he should be ill-used, and without spirit enough to wash himself, so that he was one mass of sores and dirt; and he only lingered till the 8th of June, 1795, when he died, thinking he heard lovely music, with his mother's voice among the rest. In the end of the same year his sister was released, and went to Russia to join her uncle, who had fled at the beginning of the Revolution, and was now owned by the loyal among the French as Louis XVIII.

In the meantime the French army had beaten the Germans on the frontier, and had decided on attacking their power in the north of Italy. Bonaparte made a most wonderful passage of the Alps, where there were scarcely any roads but bridle-paths, and he gained amazing victories. His plan was to get all the strength of his army up into one point, as it were, and with that to fall upon the center of the enemy; and as the old German generals did not understand this way of fighting, and were not ready, he beat them everywhere, and won all Lombardy, which he persuaded to set up for a republic, under the protection of the French.

All this time, the French were under so many different varieties of government, that you would not understand them at all; but that which lasted longest was called the Directory. People were beginning to feel safe at last; the emigrants were coming home again, and matters were settling down a little more.—*Yonge.*

XI.—NAPOLEON I. (1796-1814.)

When Bonaparte had come back from Italy, he persuaded the Directory to send him with an army to Egypt to try to gain the East, and drive the English out of India. He landed in Egypt, and near Grand Cairo gained the battle of the Pyramids, and tried to recommend himself to the people of Egypt by showing great admiration for Mahomet and the Koran. But his ships, which he had left on the coast, were attacked by the English fleet, under Sir Horatio Nelson, and every one of them taken or sunk except two, which carried the tidings home. This was the battle of the Nile.

The Sultan of Turkey, to whom Egypt belonged, fitted out an army against the French, and Bonaparte marched to meet it half way in the Holy Land. There he took Jaffa, cruelly

massacred the Turkish garrison, and beat the Sultan's army at Tabor: but Acre was so bravely and well defended, under the management of a brave English sailor, Sir Sidney Smith, that he was obliged to turn back without taking it. He led his troops back, suffering sadly from hunger and sickness, to Egypt, and there defeated another Turkish army in the battle of Aboukir. However, he there heard news from home which showed him that he was needed. The French had, indeed, gone on to stir up a revolution both in Rome and Naples. The pope was a prisoner in France, and the king of Naples had fled to Sicily; but the Russians had come to the help of the other nations, and the French had nearly been driven out of Lombardy. Beside, the Directory was not able to keep the unruly people in order; and Napoleon felt himself so much wanted, that, finding there were two ships in the port, he embarked in one of them and came home, leaving his Egyptian army to shift for themselves.

However, he was received at home like a conqueror; and the people of France were so proud of him, that he soon persuaded them to change the Directory for a government of three consuls, of whom he was the first. He lived in the Tuileries, and began to keep something very like the old court; and his wife, Josephine, was a beautiful, graceful, kind lady, whom every one loved, and who helped very much in gaining people over to his cause. Indeed, he gave the French rest at home, and victories abroad, and that was all they desired. He won back all that had been lost in Italy; and the battle of Marengo, on the 14th of June, 1800, when the Austrians were totally routed, was a splendid victory. Austria made peace again, and nobody was at war with France but England, which conquered everywhere by sea, as France did by land. The last remnant of the French army in Egypt was beaten in Alexandria, and obliged to let the English ships transport them to France; and after this there was a short peace called the peace of Amiens, but it did not last long; and as soon as Bonaparte had decided on war, he pounced without notice on every English traveler in his dominions, and kept them prisoners till the end of the war.

He had made up his mind to be Emperor of the French, and before declaring this, he wanted to alarm the old royalists; so he sent a party to seize the Duke d'Enghien (heir of the princes of Condé), who was living at Baden, and conduct him to Vincennes, where, at midnight, he was tried by a sham court-martial, and at six in the morning brought down to the courtyard, and shot, beside his own grave.

After this every one was afraid to utter a whisper against Bonaparte becoming emperor, and on the second of December, 1804, he was crowned in Notre Dame, with great splendor. The pope was present, but Bonaparte placed the crown on his own head—a golden wreath of laurel leaves; and he gave his soldiers eagle standards, in memory of the old Roman Empire. He drew up an excellent code of laws, which have been used ever since in France, and are known by his name; and his wonderful talent did much to bring the shattered nation into order. Still, England would not acknowledge his unlawful power, and his hatred to her was very great. He had an army ready to invade England, but the English fleet never allowed him to cross the Channel; and his fleet was entirely destroyed by Lord Nelson, at the great battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805.

But Napoleon was winning another splendid victory at Ulm, over the Austrians; and not long after, he beat the Prussians as entirely at Jena, and had all Germany at his feet. He was exceedingly harsh and savage to the good and gentle queen Louisa, when she came with her husband to try to make better terms for her country, thus sowing seeds of bitter resentment, which were to bear fruit long after. The Russians advanced to the aid of Germany, but the battles of Eylau and Friedland made them also anxious for peace. There never, indeed, was a much abler man than Napoleon; but he had no honor, honesty

or generosity, and had very little heart amid all his seeming greatness. He made his family kings of conquered countries. His brother Louis was King of Holland; Jerome, of Westphalia, and the eldest brother, Joseph, King of Naples; but in 1808, he contrived to cheat the King of Spain of his crown, and keep him and his son prisoners in France, while Joseph was sent to reign in Spain, and General Murat, the husband of his sister Caroline, was made King of Naples. The Portuguese royal family were obliged to flee away to Brazil; but the Spaniards and Portuguese would not submit to the French yoke, and called the English to help them. So year after year the Duke of Wellington was beating Napoleon's generals, and wearing away his strength; but he still went on with his German wars, and in 1809, after two terrible battles at Aspern and Wagram, entered Vienna itself. Again there was a peace; and Napoleon, who was grieved to have no child to leave his empire to, had the wickedness and cruelty to decide on setting aside his good, loving Josephine, and making the Emperor Francis of Austria, give him his young daughter, Marie Louise. In 1810, the deed was done; and it was said that from that time all his good fortune left him, though he had one little son born to him, whom he called King of Rome.

He set out with what he named the Grand Army, to conquer Russia; and after winning the battle of Borodino, he entered Moscow; but no sooner was he there than the whole town was on fire, and it burnt on, so that it was not possible to stay there. Winter was just coming on, the Russian army was watching everywhere, and he could only retreat; and the unhappy Grand Army, struggling in the snow, with nothing to eat, and beset by the enemy everywhere, suffered the most frightful misery. Napoleon left it in the midst, and hurried home; but no sooner had this blow been given him, than the Germans—the Prussians especially, to whom he had been so harsh—rose up and banded together against him. France was worn out with the long wars; and though Napoleon still showed wonderful skill, especially at the battle of Leipsic, he was driven back, inch by inch, as it were, across Germany, and into France, by the Emperors of Austria and Russia and King of Prussia; for though each battle of his was a victory, force of numbers was too much for him. He went to the palace of Fontainebleau, and tried to give up his crown to his little son, but the Allies would not accept this; and at last, in the spring of 1814, he was forced to yield entirely, and put himself into the hands of the English, Prussian, Russian, and Austrian sovereigns. They decided on sending him to a little isle called Elba, in the Mediterranean Sea, where he was still to be treated as a prince. His deserted wife, Josephine, loved him so much that she died of grief for his fall; but Marie Louise returned to her father, and did nothing to help him.—*Yonge.*

COMMERCIAL LAW.

By EDWARD C. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

III.—AGENCY.

Agency is one of the most common relations of individual to individual. It is a delegation of power that few can avoid, in a greater or less degree of importance. The wife who purchases goods for household purposes in her husband's name, is acting purely as his agent; and the clerk who sells the articles to her acts, in the transaction, as agent for the merchant in whose employment he is.

The legal maxim, *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, which we will make read here, "What one does by another he does himself," is the essential idea of agency; that is, it places on sure foundation the question of responsibility, at least, as to where it belongs. This is the whole doctrine so far as responsibility or liability is concerned.

That it is particularly necessary in business life to have this delegation of power, and this centralization of responsibility,

needs no explanation. The publisher of this magazine could be a publisher only in imagination without it, for he would have no influence in his own sanctum, except with himself; and we should feel no security in dealing with a company with no recognized and responsible manager.

We have to deal with a fixed fact. Agency exists. The owners of magnificent stores, the stockholders in the railroad and steamship lines are all indebted to an army of agents whose active brains and eager efforts keep cars and steamers in motion, purchase and sell goods, and keep the accounts of the business world in proper balance.

How is an agency established? Our readers probably could answer this question in part; try it and see if we are not right.

We must answer by remarking that it depends somewhat upon what is wanted of an agent. Thus, if one be possessed of real estate, situated in some distant place, and is desirous of making a sale, and of selecting and commissioning some one to represent him in such a transfer of property, the appointment would be by a power of attorney, executed as described in our later article on real estate, "to which reference is hereby made."

To represent another in ordinary business transactions one may act by virtue of a written or verbal agreement. Thus, if A places goods in B's hands for the purpose of selling through B, this will be sufficient to constitute an agency, and for the purposes of this business B is A's agent, and all would be protected in dealing with him in such capacity. A bookkeeper in the counting room of his employer is fairly presumed to have authority to receipt bills, to pay bills, render accounts, and in some cases to make purchases, particularly if such part by him done has been sanctioned by the merchant in the past. But he has no authority to sign his employer's name to notes, bills or checks unless specially authorized.

A minor, though not capable of being a party to a contract himself, may do so for an employer, and thus be an agent, and his principal is responsible for his acts in such capacity, unless they be *tortious*, or wrongs in themselves. There would obviously be no security for innocent parties in fixing upon any other solution of the question of liability, because if A permits B, though a minor, to act for him and thereby takes advantage of his services in that capacity when they are favorable to his interests, it would be inequitable for him to shift the responsibility when it becomes onerous.

While the principal is responsible for the acts of his agent, when not beyond the authority given, it is the duty of the agent to obey the instructions of his principal. This he is always to do unless some unforeseen situation presents itself, which requires the exercise of a discretionary power and immediate action. And then, an agent would be justified in acting contrary to instructions, or without instructions only when reasonable foresight and experience would approve of the course pursued by him. This for legitimate pursuits, our readers always remembering that an agent is not justified in doing an illegal or immoral act, and that, even though specially instructed so to do. The agency must be apparent and known to exist, that third parties may know themselves to be dealing with one in such capacity, and that agents may not be made to assume responsibilities which do not belong to them. This may be accomplished by advertising in and transacting all business in the principal's name; or where the name of the principal is not necessarily made use of in the course of the business, the fact of the agent's business employment being known as such would doubtless be sufficient.

A clerk having occasion, in the course of business, to sign his employer's name to letters, in receipting bills and such routine business, does it in this manner:

E. E. EMMONS,

Per S.

Where special authority is given to sign checks, notes and

accept bills in his principal's or employer's name, the agent will add his own name, with the word "Attorney."

It must be remembered that an agency, so far as an agency transaction is concerned, must stand by itself, and not be associated with agent's private business; that principal's and agent's property should be kept entirely distinct.

A commission merchant, although an agent so far as his dealings with his principal or consignor, is not such in relation to other parties, since he does business in his own name, and is recognized as a merchant and not an agent, although his business may be largely a commission business. He is bound to obey instructions of his principal or consignor, whom he charges a percentage for the handling of the goods consigned, incidental expenses, and, in cases where he assumes the indebtedness resulting from the sales, an extra commission.

Since mention has been made of commission merchants, we must individualize once more, and mention brokers. A broker simply effects a sale or purchase, as of merchandise or stocks. Unlike commission merchants they neither have, for the purpose of effecting the one, nor acquire by the accomplishment of the other, absolute possession of the chattels bought or sold.

In whatever capacity as special agent for another, one is acting, he is ever bound to keep and render proper account of the business entrusted to his care; to keep his principal properly informed regarding it; to use due diligence in business; to treat the property of his principal with same care and handle with same prudence, as a man of ordinary carefulness and forethought would his own. All this means only, that he should act with ordinary skill, and should render to his principal fair and honest service.

What terminates the agency? Death or insanity of either party; completion of work undertaken; expiration of time agreed upon; by express declaration of either party at pleasure, the other having due notification, and by such action acquiring a valid claim for whatever damages result on account thereof.

Partnership.

It is of constant occurrence that persons deem it advisable to unite themselves together for the prosecution of some general or particular business, paying their respects, by such act, to the old saw, "In union there is strength." They agree by such an association to undertake the business, which induced them to unite their efforts with the hope of attaining to better results. The partners may or may not equally participate in the activities of the business to be undertaken, and may or may not stand on equal footing so far as relates to the sharing of the gains and losses. All of this is governed by their agreements at the outset, and its subsequent mutually agreed upon changes.

Like other species of contracts, the conditions of partnerships may be agreed upon verbally, may be in writing, and may result by implication. Of the three, which? Regarding this and all other engagements, establish a rule to which adhere rigidly. The rule: Have a thorough understanding with all parties with whom you contract; reduce it to writing, and have all interested parties sign. In this way the difficulties of misunderstandings and convenient forgetfulness will be less troublesome. It is worth all it costs to bear this precaution in mind.

Partners assume different relations and responsibilities as regards the partnership and the business world. There are the ostensible partners who boldly advertise themselves as such, and as such assuming the hazards incident to commercial enterprises; then the nominal partner who seeks to help a partnership by lending it his name, and thereby holding himself out as a member of it and making himself liable to creditors for partnership debts, providing credit was given, because of his supposed connection with the firm, as a regular partner; secret partners, who keep their names from the public, seeking by this means to avoid liability, but at same time sharing with the other partners the profits arising from the business. If

such partnership becomes known to creditors, they may enforce collection of claims due from the partnership; as against the property of the secret partner; and the special partner, recognized by the laws of some of the states, which limit his liability to the amount of his investment, on condition that he gives public notice of such partnership agreement in a manner prescribed.

The partnership is organized, the partners assuming such relation to the partnership as they mutually agree upon, bearing in mind the above description of liabilities.

The element agency becomes quite conspicuous here, for each partner is an agent of the partnership and invested with plenary power to bind the other partners by his acts, when within the business sphere of the firm. It will be observed that we say in the line of the copartnership business, because otherwise it would not be sanctioned. As an illustration: A member of a partnership engaged in the flour trade would not have authority to bind his partners, if he attempted to involve them in stock speculations, unless previous similar enterprises by him had been approved by them, in which case there might be a fair presumption that such authority existed. This leads us to the question of liability; and liable they are, each and every partner, unless by virtue of exception previously mentioned, exempted. Their individual property, in the event of there being insufficient partnership assets to liquidate the indebtedness of the firm, must respond to the creditors' call.

Now, since the acts of a partner may result in a manner disastrous to all associated with him, it is his duty to act with all fidelity and perfect good faith; to give his attention carefully to the business, acting as his best judgment may advise for the benefit of all. While, however, a breach of these obligations creates a liability for such misfeasance or wrong act as a partner may be guilty of, it does in no way affect outside parties, unless cognizant of and participating in same.

Gains and losses how shared? The object of our partnership is the hope of gain; its effect may be the realization of loss.

This question of division ought to be solved by reference to the articles of agreement, which should have expressed the whole partnership contract, and have been signed by all the partners. This not done? Well then, we say, all should share in equal proportions the gains or losses, first making unequal investments equal by an allowance of interest on net investments, and equalizing individual ability and experience by allowing each partner that salary to which, measuring his services by comparison with those rendered by other partners, he seems to be fairly entitled. Where capital and skill are equal, an equal sharing in the gains or losses is equitable.

Dissolution.

The following conditions serve to dissolve a partnership:

The expiration of the time for which the partnership was organized; ordinarily the completion of the business for the purpose of accomplishing which the partnership was formed;

The misfeasance of a partner; whenever a partner fails to act in harmony with his associates, or disposes of his interest in the partnership affairs;

By the death of any one of the partners;

By decree of the court ordering the same;

By the consent of all the partners at any time.

After the dissolution, a partner acts no longer for his former copartners to the extent of entering into or incurring new obligations. Each partner however has full power to collect debts due the firm, signing the firm name to receipts, and also to liquidate outstanding obligations of the firm, unless by special agreement these powers are conferred on one partner alone. This is an arrangement which affects the partners only, third persons being protected in a settlement with any member of a late partnership dissolved.

After the business is wholly settled, all liabilities being paid, and not till then, is a partner entitled to his share of the partnership funds.

Notice of the dissolution of a partnership should be publicly given, it being necessary in the case of one or more retiring from the firm, in order to secure them from future liability. Individually this notice is given by mail to all with whom the firm has been dealing. This, in addition to ordinary publication of notice in newspaper, is sufficient.

SALES—Personal Property.

A sale is the transfer of certain property from one to another for a certain sum paid or to be paid, those being parties to it, to make it valid, who are competent to enter into a contract.

A sale effected entitles the purchaser to possession of the goods on payment of price agreed upon; or, if purchaser be given credit, at once, unless there be some special agreement to the contrary.

In the case of goods shipped to a purchaser who becomes insolvent before they have been delivered, the vendor may order the carrier to hold them subject to his (vendor's) order, thereby exercising a privilege given him by law, and called the right of stoppage *in transitu*.

All sales are not made with an actual knowledge on the part of the vendee of the quality of his purchase, some being by sample. Sales in this manner give credence to the inference that the samples constitute a part of the goods sold, and therefore the goods must be of same quality as the samples, else the vendor does not comply with the conditions of the contract to which he is a party, and the purchaser may refuse to complete the sale by acceptance of the goods.

The quality of goods sold must be as represented by the vendor, if he warrants them by such representation, in order to secure a sale. In sales each one is supposed to be on his guard. "Let the purchaser beware," is the maxim. And if, without actual fraud, concealment or misrepresentation on the part of the vendor, the vendee is deceived in a purchase because of poor judgment, he alone must suffer the consequences and take the loss. A warranty of an article puts the vendor under the necessity of making compensation to vendee, if the article is defective wherein warranted.

A purchase of stolen property gives to the purchaser no title as against the true owner, or the one from whom the property was stolen, even though the purchase be made in good faith, and for a full consideration. "Let the purchaser beware."

There is but one species of personal property to which this will not apply, and that negotiable commercial paper.

Some contracts regarding sales must be in writing, and signed by the party to be charged, or his agent. What are they? See article on contracts.

READINGS IN ART.

I.—ITALIAN PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.*

Italian painting is divided into a number of schools, each of which has some illustrious artist as its founder, and a train of skillful and exact workmen following his methods. To study the style and methods of the master is to study the school. The most famous of these artists have been selected to represent the Art of Italy, the first of whom, the father of Italian painting, is

GIOTTO.

Giotto was born near Florence, in 1266. Employed as a boy in watching sheep, he is said to have been one day discovered by the artist Cimabue, as he was sketching one of his flock upon a stone. The painter, surprised at the promise shown by the boy, who was not more than ten years old, took him to Florence, and made him his pupil. Giotto's earliest works were executed at Florence, and at the age of thirty he had already attained such fame that he was invited to Rome by Pope

* The present paper has been abridged from "Italian Paintings," by Edward J. Poynter, R. A., and Percy R. Head.

Boniface VIII., to take part in the decoration of the ancient Basilica of Saint Peter. The *Navicella* mosaic which he there executed, representing the Disciples in the Storm, is preserved in the vestibule of the present Saint Peter's. The famous story of "Giotto's O" belongs to this episode in his career. When the envoy sent by the pope to engage his services begged for some drawing or design which might be shown to his holiness in proof of the artist's talent, Giotto, taking an ordinary brush full of color, and steadying his arm against his side, described a perfect circle on an upright panel with a sweep of the wrist, and offered this manual feat as sufficient evidence of his powers. The story shows the importance attached by a great artist to mere precision in workmanship, and teaches the useful lesson that genius, unsupported by the skill only to be acquired by discipline and labor, is wanting in the first condition which makes great achievements possible. This visit to Rome took place about 1298; soon afterward we find Giotto engaged on his frescoes in the church of Saint Francis at Assisi, a series of allegorical designs illustrating the saint's spiritual life and character. In 1306 he was working at the fine series of frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua, which represent thirty-eight scenes from the lives of the Virgin and of Christ. We here see Giotto in the fulness of his powers; the incidents are treated with a charming simplicity and sentiment for nature, and he rises to great solemnity of style in the more important scenes. Important works by Giotto are found in many other places beside those mentioned above, including especially Naples, Ravenna, Milan, Pisa and Lucca. Perhaps the finest are those which have been discovered of late years in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence under coats of whitewash which happily had preserved them almost intact; the "Last Supper," in the refectory of the convent attached to the church, is in remarkable preservation, and is a magnificent example of the style of the time. The twenty-six panels which he painted for the presses in the sacristy of the same church are good illustrations of his method of treatment; natural and dignified with the interest concentrated on the figures; the background and accessories being treated in the simplest possible manner, and hardly more than symbols expressing the locality in which the scene is enacted. Giotto was the first of the moderns who attempted portrait-painting with any success, and some most interesting monuments of his skill in that branch of art have been preserved to us. In 1840, discovery was made, in the chapel of the Podestà's palace at Florence, of some paintings by Giotto, containing a number of portraits, among them one of his friend, the poet Dante; the portraits being introduced, as was usual among the early painters, and indeed frequent at all periods, as subordinate actors in the scene represented. Giotto was not only a painter; as a sculptor and architect he was also distinguished. Giotto died at Florence in January, 1337, and was buried with public solemnities in the cathedral. His style, though marked by the hardness and quaintness of a time when chiaro-scuro and perspective were very imperfectly understood, displays the originality of his genius in its thoughtful and vigorous design, and shows how resolutely the artist relied, not on traditions, but on keen and patient observation of nature.

FRA ANGELICO.

The earliest of the great fifteenth-century painters belongs in the character of his works rather to the preceding century. The monk Guido di Pietro of Fiesole, commonly called Fra Angelico from the holiness and purity which were as conspicuous in his life as in his works, was born in 1387 at Vicchio, in the province of Mugello. At the age of twenty he entered the order of the Predicants at Fiesole, and took the name of Giovanni, by which he was afterward known. His first art work was the illumination of manuscripts. Quitting the monastery in 1409, he practiced as a fresco-painter in various places until 1418, when he returned to Fiesole, and continued to reside there for the next eighteen years. In 1436 he again quitted

his retreat, to paint a series of frescoes on the history of the Passion for the convent of San Marco in Florence. This work occupied nine years, and on its completion Angelico was invited to Rome. The chief work which he undertook there was the decoration of a chapel in the Vatican for Pope Nicholas V. In 1447 he went to Orvieto to undertake a similar task, but returned in the same year, having done only three compartments of the ceiling, and leaving the rest to be afterward completed by Luca Signorelli. He then continued to reside in Rome, where he died and was buried in 1455. The most striking characteristics of Angelico's art spring from the temper of religious fervor with which he practiced it. He worked without payment; he prayed before beginning any work for the Divine guidance in its conception; and believing himself to be so assisted, he regarded each picture as a revelation, and could never be persuaded to alter any part of it. His works on panel are very numerous, and are to be found in many public and private galleries; of the finest of these are, a "Last Judgment," belonging to the Earl of Dudley, and the "Coronation of the Virgin" in the gallery of the Louvre. After his death he was "beatified" by the church he had served so devotedly—a solemnity which ranks next to canonization; and Il Beato Angelico is the name by which Fra Giovanni was and is most fondly and reverently remembered. His style survived only in one pupil who assisted him at Orvieto.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo da Vinci belonged to the Florentine school, the fifteenth century, of which he was the first great example. Leonardo was the son of a notary of Vinci, near Florence, and was born at that place in the year 1452. He became the pupil of Andrea Verrocchio, the Florentine sculptor and painter, and progressed so rapidly that he soon surpassed his master, who is said to have thereupon given up painting in despair. Leonardo's studies at this time ranged over the whole field of science and art; beside being a painter and a sculptor, he was a practiced architect, engineer, and mechanic; profoundly versed in mathematics and the physical sciences; and an accomplished poet and musician. The famous letter in which he applied to the Duke of Milan for employment, enumerates only a few of his acquirements; he represents himself as skilled in military and naval engineering, offensive and defensive, and the construction of artillery, and as possessing secrets in these matters hitherto unknown; he can make designs for buildings, and undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra-cotta; and "in painting," he says, "I can do what can be done as well as any man, be he who he may." He concludes by offering to submit his own account of himself to the test of experiment, at his excellency's pleasure. He entered the Duke's service about the year 1482, receiving a yearly salary of 500 scudi. Under his auspices an academy of arts was established in Milan in 1485, and he drew round him a numerous school of painters. Of the many works executed by Leonardo during his residence at Milan, the greatest was the world renowned picture of the "Last Supper," painted in oil upon the wall of the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Whether it was the fault of the wall or the medium used by the painter, the great picture rapidly faded, and by the end of fifty years had virtually perished. It is still shown, but decay and restoration have left little of the original work of Leonardo. The best idea of it is to be got from the old copies, taken while the picture was yet perfect; of these the most valuable is the one executed in 1510 by Marco d' Oggione, now in the possession of the Royal Academy of London. His other important achievement, while at Milan, was a work of sculpture, which unfortunately perished within a few years of its completion. It seems to have occupied him at intervals for eleven years, for the completed model was first exhibited to the public in 1493. All that we now know of it is from the numerous sketches in the Royal Collection at Windsor. The model was still in existence in 1501,

after which nothing more is recorded of it. He also at this time made a model for the cupola of Milan Cathedral, which was never carried out. In 1499 Leonardo left Milan and returned to Florence. He received a commission in 1503 to paint the wall at one end of the Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, the decoration of the other end being at the same time entrusted to Michelangelo. Leonardo's picture was never completed, and Michelangelo's apparently never begun; but the cartoons for their two compositions, known respectively as the "Battle of the Standard" and the "Cartoon of Pisa," excited the greatest admiration, and were termed by Benvenuto Cellini "the school of the world;" both have been lost or destroyed; all that we know of Leonardo's composition is gained from a drawing of it by Rubens in black and red chalk in the gallery of the Louvre, to which, though spirited enough, he contrived to impart the coarse Flemish character with which all his work is disfigured. In 1514 Leonardo visited Rome, and was to have executed some work in the Vatican, had not an affront put upon him by the pope given him offence and caused him to leave Rome. He went to the King of France, Francis I., who was then at Pavia, took service with him, and accompanied him to France, in the early part of 1516. He was, however, weakened by age and in bad health, and did little or no new work in France. In a little more than three years' time, in May 1519, he died, at Cloux, near Amboise, at the age of sixty-seven.

Those pictures of Leonardo, which we may regard with confidence as the work of his own hand, fully justify the exceptional admiration with which he has always been regarded. He was excessively fastidious in his work, "his soul being full of the sublimity of art," and spent years over the execution of some of his works. The painting of the portrait of Madonna Lisa is said to have extended over four years, and to have been then left incomplete. His mind also was at times equally bent on scientific matters, and for long periods he was entirely absorbed in the study of mathematics. For these reasons he produced but few pictures; if, however, he had left none, his drawings, which fortunately exist in large numbers, would suffice to account for the enthusiasm which his work has always excited. 'It is certain that we do not see his pictures in the state in which they left his easel; from some causes, unnecessary to discuss, they have blackened in the shadows, and the colors have faded. Vasari praises beyond measure the carnations of the Mona Lisa, which, he says, "do not appear to be painted, but truly flesh and blood;" but no trace of these delicate tints now remains.

Leonardo was the author of many treatises, some of which only have been published. The most celebrated is the "Trattato della Pittura," still a book of high authority among writings on art.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

Was born at Castel Caprese, near Arezzo, in 1475. In 1488 he entered the school of Ghirlandaio, the master giving a small payment for the boy's services. His precocious abilities soon attracted the notice of Lorenzo de' Medici, and until the death of that prince in 1492, Michelangelo worked under his especial patronage. His earliest drawings show a spontaneous power which made Fuseli say that "as an artist he had no infancy;" but for many years he confined himself almost entirely to sculpture; and some of his greatest achievements in that kind of art were executed before he undertook his first considerable work with the pencil. This was the "Cartoon of Pisa," finished in 1505, and intended as a design for a mural picture to face that of Leonardo in the Council Hall at Florence. This cartoon is lost, but a copy in monochrome, containing probably the whole of the composition, exists in England. During its progress he had broken off to visit Rome, and execute some sculptural work for the pope; and in 1508 he went to Rome again to begin the great achievement of his life, the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. The paintings of the ceiling illustrate

the Creation and the Fall of Man, together with other scenes and figures typical of the Redemption. "The middle part of the ceiling is divided into nine compartments, containing the "Creation of Eve" (placed in the center, as symbolizing the woman of whom the Messiah was born), the "Creation of Adam," the "Temptation, Fall and Expulsion" in one composition, the "Separation of Light from Darkness," the "Gathering of the Waters," the "Creation of the Sun and Moon," the "Deluge," the "Thanksgiving of Noah," and the "Drunkenness of Noah." At the corners of the ceiling are four designs of the great deliverances of the children of Israel, the Brazen Serpent, David and Goliath, Judith with the head of Holofernes, and the punishment of Haman. There are six windows on each side of the chapel; the lunettes which surround them, and the spaces above them, are occupied by groups of the ancestors of Christ. Between the windows, at the springing of the vault, are colossal seated figures of the Prophets and Sibyls who foretold the coming of the Savior. They are arranged alternately as follows:—Jeremiah, Persian Sibyl, Ezekiel, Erythraean Sibyl, Joel, Delphic Sibyl, Isaiah, Cumæan Sibyl, Daniel, Libyan Sibyl; Jonah and Zachariah are placed one at each end of the chapel, between the historical compositions at the angles of the ceiling. These single figures are the most striking features of the design, and calculated skilfully to help the architectural effect. The side walls of the chapel, below the springing of the vault, had already been decorated with frescoes executed by Sandro Botticelli, Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandaio, Luca Signorelli, and Perugino. Michelangelo's frescoes were finished toward the end of the year 1512. Vasari's statement that he painted them all in twenty months without any assistance is undoubtedly exaggerated; it possibly refers to the completion of the first half of the ceiling.

For the next twenty years Michelangelo did little or nothing in painting; but in 1533, at the age of fifty-nine, he began the cartoons for the fresco of the "Last Judgment" on the wall behind the altar in the Sistine Chapel. This celebrated composition is entirely of nude figures, no accessories being introduced to add to the terror of the scene. Each figure throughout this vast composition has its appropriate meaning, and the power of design and mastery of execution are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The picture was finished in 1541. Two frescoes in the neighboring Pauline Chapel, the "Conversion of Saint Paul," and the "Crucifixion of Saint Peter," which were finished in 1549, were his last paintings. He had accepted, in 1547, the position of architect of Saint Peter's, stipulating that his services should be gratuitous. He continued to carry the building forward, altering materially the original design of Bramante, until his death, which took place in February, 1564. His body was taken to Florence, and buried in Santa Croce.

Although the genius of Michelangelo has exercised a vast and widely diffused influence over all subsequent art, yet this master, unlike Raphael, formed no school of his own immediate followers. It must be admitted that Raphael owes him much, for he never found his full strength until he had seen Michelangelo's works at Rome, when his style underwent immediate improvement. None of those who worked under Michelangelo dared to walk directly in his steps; there is in his style, as there was in the character of the man himself, a certain stern individuality which gives the impression of solitary and unapproachable greatness. Of his assistants, the most eminent was Sebastiano del Piombo.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO

Always called Raphael, was born at Urbino in 1483. His father died when he was eleven years old, and the boy was placed by his uncles, who became his guardians, with Perugino. His handiwork at this time is no doubt to be traced in many of Perugino's pictures and frescoes; and, as may be seen, he was an important coadjutor with Pinturicchio at Siena. The earliest picture known to be painted entirely by himself is a "Crucifixion," in the collection of Lord Dudley, done at the

age of seventeen, which closely resembles the style of Perugino. In 1504 he first visited Florence, where he enjoyed the friendship of Francia and Fra Bartholommeo, and made acquaintance with the works of Leonardo and Michelangelo—new influences which considerably affected his style. With the exception of short visits to Perugia, Bologna, and Urbino, he was resident in Florence until 1508. In that year he went to Rome at the invitation of Pope Julius II., and was for the rest of his life continually in the employment of that pontiff and his successor, Leo X. Raphael died on his birthday, the 6th of April, 1520, aged exactly thirty-seven years.

Raphael's manner as a painter is divided into three styles, corresponding with the broad divisions of his life's history. Unlike Michelangelo, whose genius and individuality is stamped on the earliest works from his hand, Raphael gained, as his experience of what had been done by his contemporaries was enlarged, a deeper and further insight into his own powers. His first, or Peruginesque style, characterizes those works which he produced while still the companion of his master, before his first visit to Florence; of these pictures the most important are the "Sposalizio" (or "Marriage of the Virgin,") at Milan, and the "Coronation of the Virgin," in the Vatican. His second, or Florentine, style covers the four years from his arrival in Florence in 1504, to his departure for Rome in 1508; here the manner of Fra Bartolommeo had great influence upon him; to this period belong the "Madonna del Cardellino" ("of the Goldfinch,") in the Uffizi, "La Belle Jardinière," of the Louvre, the "Madonna del Baldacchino," in the Pitti (which was left incomplete by Raphael, and finished by another hand), and the "Entombment" in the Borghese Gallery, at Rome, his first attempt at a great historical composition. It is in his third, or Roman, style that Raphael fully asserts that sovereignty in art which has earned him the name of Prince of painters, and appears as the head of his own school, which, generally called the Roman School, might perhaps, as he collected round him followers from all parts of Italy, more fitly be termed the Raphaellesque. This third period includes all his great frescoes in the Vatican, with a host of easel pictures; for, short as Raphael's life was, his works are wondrously numerous, and our space permits mention of only a few of even the most celebrated.

It has been questioned whether Raphael's art gained by what he learnt from Michelangelo, some critics affirming that his earlier style is his best. This, however, must be considered to be entirely a matter of taste. Most painters—unless, like Fra Angelico, so entirely absorbed in the mystical side of their art as never to change their style—as they gain in power of expression, lose something of their youthful emotional fervor; and it is possible to assert that in the magnificent design of the "Incendio del Borgo" the dramatic element is more in evidence than in the "Disputa." But what is lost on the emotional and religious side is compensated for by the gain in power of representation; and it is difficult to stand before the cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and not to confess that Giotto himself could not have imparted a more implicit trustfulness and childlike belief in the power of the Redeemer to the look and gesture of St. Peter; and while the magnificent simplicity of the youths drawing the net is conceived in an equal spirit of truthfulness to nature, the grandeur of style and the knowledge displayed in the drawing is so much pure gain on his earlier manner.

The Loggie, or open corridors of the Vatican, were also adorned by Raphael's scholars with a series of fifty-two paintings of Biblical subjects from his designs; the whole series was known as "Raphael's Bible."

In 1515 he was commissioned to design tapestries for the Sistine Chapel; of the ten cartoons (distemper paintings on paper) for these tapestries three have been lost; the other seven after many dangers and vicissitudes came into the possession of Charles I. of England. They are perhaps the most remarka-

ble art treasures belonging to England, and are at present exhibited, by permission of Her Majesty, in the South Kensington Museum.

Among the greatest oil pictures of Raphael's third period may be enumerated the "Madonna di Foligno" in the Vatican; the "Madonna della Sedia" in the Pitti Palace at Florence; the "Saint Cecilia" at Bologna; the "Madonna of the Fish," and the picture of "Christ Bearing His Cross," known as the "Spasimo," in the splendid collection at Madrid; the "Madonna di San Sisto" at Dresden, which obtained for the artist the name of "the Divine;" and finally the "Transfiguration" at the Vatican, the sublime picture on which his last working hours were spent, and which was carried at his funeral before its colors were dry.

TIIZIANO VECELLIO,

Commonly called by the anglicised form of his Christian name, Titian, was born at Cadore, near Venice, in 1477. His studies in art began at the age of ten, under a painter named Zuccato, from whose studio he passed to Gentile Bellini's, and from his again to that of his brother Giovanni. Space forbids us to do more than indicate the chief landmarks in Titian's long, eventful, and illustrious life. When his reputation as a great artist was new, before he was thirty years old, he visited the court of Ferrara, and executed for the duke two of his earliest masterpieces, the "Tribute Money," now at Dresden, and the "Bacchus and Ariadne," in the National Gallery of London. In 1516 he painted his great altarpiece, the "Assumption," now removed from its church to the Accademia at Venice, and was at once placed by this incomparable work in the highest rank of painters. The "Entombment" of the Louvre was painted about 1523; and in 1528 he executed another magnificent altarpiece, the "Death of St. Peter Martyr," in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, which was destroyed in the fire of 1867. In 1530 Titian was invited to Bologna, to paint the portrait of the Emperor Charles V.; and he is supposed by some writers to have accompanied the emperor shortly afterward to Spain. Owing to the patronage which Charles V. and his son Philip II. liberally conferred on the artist, Madrid possesses a collection of his works second in number and importance only to the treasures of Venice. The "Presentation in the Temple," in the Accademia at Venice, dates from about 1539, and the "Christ at Emmaus," in the Louvre, from about 1546. In 1545 he painted at Rome the celebrated portrait of "Pope Paul III.," in the Naples Museum. Titian continued active in his art even up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1576, at the great age of ninety-nine. His style, as is to be expected, changed considerably in the course of his long life, and the pictures painted in his last years, though full of color, are infirm in drawing and execution; in the full vigor of his powers he was a draughtsman second to none, though never aiming at the select beauty of form attained by the Florentine school, and by Raphael. It was this that led Michelangelo to say that, with a better mode of study, "This man might have been as eminent in design as he is true to nature and masterly in counterfeiting the life, and then, nothing could be desired better or more perfect;" adding, "for he has an exquisite perception, and a delightful spirit and manner."

The splendid artistic power of Titian may perhaps be better discerned in his portraits than in the more ambitious works of sacred art. He stands unquestionably at the head of portrait painters of all ages and of all schools; not even Velasquez equaling him at his best. Beside religious pictures and portraits he painted a great number of subjects from classical mythology. Among the most famous, beside the "Bacchus and Ariadne," mentioned above—the pride of the English collection—may be named the "Bacchanals" of Madrid, the two of "Venus" in the Uffizi, at Florence, the "Danae," at Naples, and the often repeated "Venus and Adonis," and "Diana and Callisto." He is seen at his very best in the "Venus" of the Tribune, at Florence, perhaps the only work of his which.

has escaped retouching, and in the exquisite allegory called "Sacred and Profane Love," at the Borghese Palace, at Rome. As a landscape painter, he possessed a sentiment for nature in all its forms which had never before been seen, and his backgrounds have never been equaled since. The mountains in the neighborhood of his native town, Cadore, of which, as well as of other landscape scenes, numerous pen and ink drawings by his hand are in existence, inspired him, doubtless, with that solemn treatment of effects of cloud and light and shade and blue distance for which his pictures are conspicuous.

It is unnecessary to deal with the school of painting which exists in Italy at the present day. It would be paying it too high a compliment to regard it as the legitimate successor of the art of those great epochs whose course we have tried to sketch. The modern Italian school is little more than an echo of the modern French. And seeing that there is no principle clearer or more certain than this, that a great national school of art can flourish only when it springs from a sane and vigorous national existence, it is not to be wondered at if a country so convulsed by the political passions and so vulgarized by the social triviality and meanness of modern times, should be in this respect cast down further than her more fortunate neighbors by the same causes which have soiled even the best art of the nineteenth century with something of dilettantism and affectation.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[April 6.]

THE EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him.—I. John, ii:15.

There are two ways in which a practical moralist may attempt to displace from the human heart its love of the world—either by a demonstration of the world's vanity, so that the heart will be prevailed upon simply to withdraw its regards from an object that is not worthy of it, or by setting forth another object, even God, as more worthy of its attachment, so as that the heart shall be prevailed upon not to resign an old affection, which shall have nothing to succeed it, but to exchange an old affection for a new one. My purpose is to show that from the constitution of our nature, the former method is altogether incompetent and ineffectual, and that the latter method will alone suffice for the rescue and recovery of the heart from the wrong affection that sometimes domineers over it. After having accomplished this purpose, I shall attempt a few practical observations.

Love may be regarded in two different conditions. The first is when the object is at a distance, and then it becomes love in a state of desire. The second is when its object is in possession, and then it becomes love in a state of indulgence. Under the impulse of desire, man feels himself urged onward in some path or pursuit of activity for its gratification. The faculties of his mind are put into busy exercise. In the steady direction of one great and engrossing interest, his attention is recalled from the many reveries into which it might otherwise have wandered; and the powers of his body are forced away from an indolence in which it else might have languished; and that time is crowded with occupation, which but for some object of keen and devoted ambition, might have drived along in successive hours of weariness and distaste, and though hope does not enliven, and success does not always crown this career of exertion, yet in the midst of this very variety, and with the alternations of occasional disappointment, is the machinery of the whole man kept in a sort of congenial play, and upholden in that tone and temper which are most agreeable to it. Insomuch, that if through the extirpation of that desire which forms the originating principle of all this move-

ment, the machinery were to stop, and to receive no impulse from another desire substituted in its place, the man would be left with all his propensities to action in a state of most painful and unnatural abandonment.

A sensitive person suffers, and is in violence, if, after having thoroughly rested from his fatigue, or been relieved from his pain, he continues in possession of powers without any excitement to these powers; if he possess a capacity of desire without having an object of desire; or if he have a spare energy upon his person, without a counterpart, and without a stimulus to call it into operation. The misery of such a condition is often realized by him who is retired from business, or who is retired from law, or who is even retired from the occupations of the chase and of the gaming table. Such is the demand of our nature for an object in pursuit, that no accumulation of previous success can extinguish it, and thus it is that the most prosperous merchant, and the most victorious general, and the most fortunate gamester, when the labor of their respective vocations has come to a close, are often found to languish in the midst of all their acquisitions, as if out of their kindred and rejoicing element. It is quite in vain with such a constitutional appetite for employment in man, to attempt cutting away from him the spring or the principle of one employment, without providing him with another. The whole heart and habit will rise in resistance against such an undertaking. The else unoccupied female, who spends the hours of every evening at some play of hazard, knows as well as you, that the pecuniary gain, or the honorable triumph of a successful contest, are altogether paltry. It is not such a demonstration of vanity as this that will force her away from her dear and delightful occupation. The habit can not so be displaced as to leave nothing but a negative and cheerless vacancy behind it—though it may be so supplanted as to be followed up by another habit of employment to which the power of some new affection has constrained her. It is willingly suspended, for example, on any single evening, should the time that was wont to be allotted to gaming require to be spent on the preparation of an approaching assembly.

The ascendant power of a second affection will do what no exposition, however forcible, of the folly and worthlessness of the first, ever could effectuate. And it is the same in the great world. You never will be able to arrest any of its leading pursuits, by a naked demonstration of their vanity. It is quite in vain to think of stopping one of these pursuits in any way else, but by stimulating to another. In attempting to bring a worldly man, intent and busied with the prosecution of his objects, to a dead stand, you have not merely to encounter the charm which he annexes to these objects, but you have to encounter the pleasure which he feels in the very prosecution of them. It is not enough, then, that you dissipate the charm by your moral, and eloquent, and affecting exposure of its illusiveness. You must address to the eye of his mind another object, with a charm powerful enough to dispossess the first of its influence, and to engage him in some other prosecution as full of interest, and hope, and congenial activity, as the former. It is this which stamps an impotency on all moral and pathetic declamation of the insignificance of the world. A man will no more consent to the misery of being without an object, because that object is a trifle, or of being without a pursuit, because that pursuit terminates in some frivolous or fugitive acquirement, than he will voluntarily submit himself to the torture because that torture is to be of short duration. If to be without desire and without exertion altogether, is a state of violence and discomfort, then the present desire, with its correspondent train of exertion, is not to be got rid of simply by destroying it. It must be by substituting another desire, or another line of habit or exertion in its place, and the most effectual way of withdrawing the mind from one object, is not by turning it away upon desolate and unpeopled vacancy, but by presenting to its regards another object still more alluring.

These remarks apply not merely to love considered in the state of desire for an object not yet attained. They apply also to love considered in its state of indulgence, or placid gratification, with an object already in possession. It is seldom that any of our tastes are made to disappear by a process of natural extinction. At least, it is very seldom that this is done by the instrumentality of reasoning. It may be done by excessive pampering, but it is almost never done by the mere force of mental determination. But what can not be thus destroyed may be dispossessed, and one taste may be made to give way to another, and to lose its power entirely as the reigning affection of the mind. It is thus that the boy ceases, at length, to be the slave of his appetite, but it is because a manlier taste has now brought it into subordination, and that the youth ceases to idolize pleasure, but it is because the idol of wealth has become the stronger, and gotten the ascendancy—and that even the love of money ceases to have the mastery over the heart of many a thriving citizen, but it is because drawn into the whirl of city politics, another affection has been wrought into his moral system, and he is now lorded over by the love of power. There is not one of these transformations in which the heart is left without an object. Its desire for one particular object may be conquered; but as to its desire for having some one object, or other, this is unconquerable. Its adhesion to that on which it has fastened the preference of its regards, can not willingly be overcome by the rending away of a single separation. It can be done only by the application of something else, to which it may feel the adhesion of a still stronger and more powerful preference. Such is the grasping tendency of the human heart, that it must have something to lay hold of—and which, if wrested away, without the substitution of another something in its place, would leave a void and a vacancy as painful to the mind as hunger is to the natural system. It may be dispossessed of one object or of any, but it can not be desolated of all. Let there be a breathing and a sensitive heart, but without a liking and without affinity to any of the things that are around it, and in a state of cheerless abandonment, it would be alive to nothing but the burden of its own consciousness, and feel it to be intolerable. It would make no difference to its owner, whether he dwelt in the midst of a gay and goodly world, or placed afar beyond the outskirts of creation, he dwelt a solitary unit in dark and unpeopled nothingness. The heart must have something to cling to—and never, by its own voluntary consent, will it so denude itself of all its attachments that there shall not be one remaining object that can draw or solicit it.

[April 13.]

The misery of a heart thus bereft of all relish for that which is wont to minister to its enjoyment, is strikingly exemplified in those who, satiated with indulgence, have been so belabored, as it were, with the variety and the poignancy of the pleasurable sensations that they have experienced, that they are at length fatigued out of all capacity for sensation whatever. The disease of ennui is more frequent in the French metropolis, where amusement is more exclusively the occupation of higher classes, than it is in the British metropolis, where the longings of the heart are more diversified by the resources of business and politics. There are the votaries of fashion, who, in this way, have at length become the victims of fashionable excess, in whom the very multitude of their enjoyments has at last extinguished their power of enjoyment—who, plied with the delights of sense and of splendor even to weariness, and incapable of higher delights, have come to the end of all their perfection; and, like Solomon of old, found it to be vanity and vexation. The man whose heart has thus been turned into a desert can vouch for the insupportable languor which must ensue, when one affection is thus plucked away from the bosom, without another to replace it. It is not necessary that a man receive pain from anything in order to become miserable. It is barely enough that he looks with distaste at everything—and

in that asylum which is the repository of minds out of joint, and where the organ of feeling as well as the organ of intellect, has been impaired, it is not in the cell of loud and frantic outcries where you will meet with the acme of mental suffering. But that is the individual who outpeers in wretchedness all his fellows, who throughout the whole expanse of nature and society, meets not an object that has at all the power to detain or interest him; who neither in earth beneath, nor in heaven above, knows of a single charm to which his heart can send forth one desirous or responding movement; to whom the world, in his eye a vast and empty desolation, has left him nothing but his own consciousness to feed upon—dead to all that is without him, and alive to nothing but to the load of his own torpid and useless existence.

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We hope that by this time you understand the impotency of a mere demonstration of this world's insignificance. Its sole practical effect, if it had any, would be to leave the heart in a state which to every heart is insupportable, and that is a mere state of nakedness and negation. You may remember the fond and unbroken tenacity with which your heart has often recurred to pursuits, over the utter frivolity of which it sighed and wept but yesterday. The arithmetic of your short-lived days, may on Sabbath make the clearest impression upon your understanding, and from his fancied bed of death may the preacher cause a voice to descend in rebuke and mockery on all the pursuits of earthliness, and as he pictures before you the fleeting generations of men, with the absorbing grave, whither all the joys and interests of the world hasten to their sure and speedy oblivion, may you, touched and solemnized by his argument, feel for a moment as if on the eve of a practical and permanent emancipation from a scene of so much vanity.

But the morrow comes, and the business of the world, and the objects of the world, and the moving forces of the world, come along with it, and the machinery of the heart, in virtue of which it must have something to grasp, or something to adhere to, brings it under a kind of moral necessity to be actuated just as before, and in utter repulsion toward a state so unkindly as that of being frozen out both of delight and of desire, does it feel all the warmth and the urgency of its wonted solicitations, nor in the habit and history of the whole man can we detect so much as one symptom of the new creature, so that the church, instead of being to him a school of obedience, has been a mere sauntering place for the luxury of a passing and theatrical emotion; and the preaching which is mighty to compel the attendance of multitudes, and which is mighty to still and to solemnize the hearers into a kind of tragic sensibility, and which is mighty in the play of variety and vigor that it can keep up around the imagination, is not mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

The love of the world can not be expunged by a mere demonstration of the world's worthlessness. But may it not be supplanted by the love of that which is more worthy than itself? The heart can not be prevailed upon to part with the world by a single act of resignation. But may not the heart be prevailed upon to admit into its preference another, who shall subordinate the world, and bring it down from its wonted ascendancy? If the throne which is placed there must have an occupier, and the tyrant that now reigns has occupied it wrongfully, he may not leave a bosom which would rather detain him than be left in desolation. But may he not give way to the lawful sovereign, appearing with every charm that can secure his willing admittance, and taking unto himself his great power to subdue the moral nature of man, and to reign over it? In a word, if the way to disengage the heart from the positive love of one great and ascendant object, is to fasten it in positive love to another, then it is not by exposing the worthlessness of the former, but by addressing to the mental eye the worth and excellence of the latter, that all things are to be done away, and all things are become new.

To obliterate all our present affections by simply expunging them, so as to leave the seat of them unoccupied, would be to destroy the old character, and to substitute no new character in its place. But when they take their departure upon the ingress of others, when they resign their sway to the power and the predominance of new affections, when, abandoning the heart to solitude, they merely give place to a successor who turns it into as busy a residence of desire, and interest, and expectation as before—there is nothing in all this to thwart or to overthrow any of the laws of our sentient nature—and we see how, in fullest accordance with the mechanism of the heart, a great moral revolution may be made to take place upon it.

This, we trust, will explain the operation of that charm which accompanies the effectual preaching of the gospel. The love of God, and the love of the world, are two affections, not merely in a state of rivalry, but in a state of enmity—and that so irreconcilable that they can not dwell together in the same bosom. We have already affirmed how impossible it were for the heart, by any innate elasticity of its own, to cast the world away from it, and thus reduce itself to a wilderness. The heart is not so constituted, and the only way to dispossess it of an old affection is by the expulsive power of a new one. Nothing can exceed the magnitude of the required change in a man's character, when bidden, as he is in the New Testament, not to love the world; no, nor any of the things that are in the world, for this so comprehends all that is dear to him in existence as to be equivalent to a command of self-annihilation. But the same revelation which dictates so mighty an obedience, places within our reach as mighty an instrument of obedience.

It brings for admittance, to the very door of our heart, an affection which, once seated upon its throne, will either subordinate every previous inmate, or bid it away. Beside the world, it places before the eye of the mind Him who made the world, and with this peculiarity, which is all its own—that in the gospel do we so behold God, as that we may love God. It is there, and there only, where God stands revealed as an object of confidence to sinners—and where our desire after Him is not chilled into apathy by that barrier of human guilt which intercepts every approach that is not made to Him through the appointed Mediator. It is the bringing in of this better hope whereby we draw nigh unto God—and to live without hope is to live without God, and if the heart be without God, the world will then have the ascendancy. It is God apprehended by the believer as God in Christ, who alone can disport it from this ascendancy. It is when He stands dismantled of the terrors which belong to Him as an offended lawgiver, and when we are enabled by faith, which is his own gift, to see His glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and to hear His beseeching voice, as it protests good will to men, and entreats the return of all who will, to a full pardon and a gracious acceptance—it is then that a love paramount to the love of the world, and at length expulsive of it, first arises in the regenerating bosom. It is when released from the spirit of bondage, with which love can not dwell, and when to the number of God's children, through the faith that is in Christ Jesus, the spirit of adoption is found upon us; it is then that the heart, brought under the mastery of one great and predominant affection, is delivered from the tyranny of its former desires, and in the only way in which deliverance is possible. And that faith which is revealed to us from heaven, as indispensable to a sinner's justification in the sight of God, is also the instrument of the greatest of all moral and spiritual achievements on a nature dead to the influence, and beyond the reach of every other application.

[April 20.]

Thus may we come to perceive what it is that makes the most effective kind of preaching. It is not enough to hold out to the world's eye the mirror of its own imperfections. It is not enough to come forth with a demonstration, however pathetic,

of the evanescent character of all its enjoyments. It is not enough to travel the walk of experience along with you, and speak to your own conscience and your own recollection of the deceitfulness of the heart, and the deceitfulness of all that the heart is set upon. There is many a bearer of the gospel message who has not shrewdness of natural discernment enough, and who has not power of characteristic description enough, and who has not the talent of moral delineation enough, to present you with a vivid and faithful sketch of the existing follies of society. But that very corruption which he has not the faculty of representing in its visible details, he may practically be the instrument of eradicating in its principle. Let him be but a faithful expounder of the gospel testimony; unable as he may be to apply a descriptive hand to the character of the present world, let him but report with accuracy the matter which revelation has brought to him from a distant world, unskilled as he is in the work of so anatomizing the heart, as with the power of a novelist to create a graphical or impressive exhibition of the worthlessness of its many affections—let him only deal in those mysteries of peculiar doctrine, on which the best of novelists have thrown the wantonness of their derision. He may not be able, with the eye of shrewd and satirical observation, to expose to the ready recognition of his hearers the desires of worldliness—but with the tidings of the gospel in commission, he may wield the only engine that can extirpate them. He can not do what some might have done, when, as if by the hand of a magician they have brought out to view, from the hidden recesses of our nature, the foibles and lurking appetites which belong to it. But he has a truth in the possession, which, into whatever heart it enters, will, like the rod of Aaron, swallow up them all—and unqualified as he may be, to describe the old man in all the nicer shading of his natural and constitutional varieties, with him is deposited that ascendant influence under which the leading tastes and tendencies of the old man are destroyed, and he becomes a new creature in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Let us not cease, then, to ply the only instrument of powerful and positive operation, to do away from you the love of the world. Let us try every legitimate method of finding access to your hearts for the love of Him who is greater than the world. For this purpose, if possible, clear away that shroud of unbelief which so hides and darkens the face of the Deity. Let us insist on His claims to your affection, and whether in the shape of gratitude or in the shape of esteem, let us never cease to affirm that in the whole of that wondrous economy, the purpose of which is to reclaim a sinful world unto Himself, He, the God of love, so sets Himself forth in characters of endearment, that naught but faith, and naught but understanding are wanting, on your part, to call forth the love of your hearts back again.

And here let me advert to the incredulity of a worldly man; when he brings his own sound and secular experience to bear upon the high doctrines of Christianity, when he looks upon regeneration as a thing impossible, when feeling as he does the obstinacies of his own heart, on the side of things present, and casting an intelligent eye, much exercised, perhaps, in the observations of human life, on the equal obstinacies of all who are around him, he pronounces this whole matter about the crucifixion of the old man, and the resurrection of a new man in his place, to be in downright opposition to all that is known and witnessed of the real nature of humanity. We think that we have seen such men, who, firmly trenched in their own vigorous and homebred sagacity, and shrewdly regardful of all that passes before them through the week, and upon the scenes of ordinary business, look on that transition of the heart by which it gradually dies unto time, and awakens in all the life of a new felt and ever growing desire toward God, as a mere Sabbath speculation; and who thus, with all their attention engrossed upon the concerns of earthliness, continue unmoved to the end of their days, amongst the feelings and the appetites, and the pursuits of earthliness.

If the thought of death, and another state of being after it, comes across them at all, it is not with a change so radical as that of being born again, that they ever connect the idea of preparation. They have some vague conception of its being quite enough that they acquit themselves in some decent and tolerable way of their relative obligations; and that upon the strength of some such social and domestic moralities as are often realized by him in whose heart the love of God has never entered, they will be transplanted in safety from this world, where God is the Being with whom it may almost be said that they have had nothing to do, to that world where God is the Being with whom they will have mainly and immediately to do throughout all eternity. They admit all that is said of the utter vanity of time, when taken up with as a resting place. But they resist every application made upon the heart of man, with the view of so shifting its tendencies that it shall not henceforth find in the interests of time, all its rest and all its refreshment. They in fact regard such an attempt as an enterprise that is altogether aerial, and with a tone of secular wisdom caught from the familiarities of every-day experience, do they see a visionary character in all that is said of setting our affections on the things that are above, and of walking by faith, and of keeping our hearts in such a love of God as shall shut out from them the love of the world, and of having no confidence in the flesh, and of so renouncing earthly things as to have our conversation in heaven.

Now, it is altogether worthy of being remarked of those men who thus disrelish spiritual Christianity, and, in fact, deem it an impracticable acquirement, how much of a piece their incredulities about the doctrines of Christianity are with each other. No wonder that they feel the work of the New Testament to be beyond their strength, so long as they hold the words of the New Testament to be beneath their attention. Neither they nor any one else can dispossess the heart of an old affection, but by the impulsive power of a new one, and, if that new affection be the love of God, neither they nor any one else can be made to entertain it, but on such a representation of the Deity as shall draw the heart of the sinner toward Him. Now, it is just their unbelief which screens from the discernment of their minds this representation. They do not see the love of God in sending His Son into the world. They do not see the expression of his tenderness to men, in sparing him not, but giving him up unto the death for us all. They do not see the sufficiency of the atonement, or of the sufferings that were endured by him who bore the burden that sinners should have borne. They do not see the blended holiness and compassion of the Godhead, in that He passed by the transgressions of His creatures, yet could not pass them by without an expiation. It is a mystery to them how a man should pass to a state of godliness from a state of nature—but had they only a believing view of God manifest in the flesh, this would resolve for them the whole mystery of godliness. As it is, they can not get quit of their old affections, because they are out of sight from all those truths which have influence to raise a new one. They are like the children of Israel in the land of Egypt, when required to make bricks without straw—they can not love God, while they want the only food which can aliment this affection in a sinner's bosom—and however great their errors may be, both in resisting the demands of the gospel as impracticable, and in rejecting the doctrines of the gospel as inadmissible, yet there is not a spiritual man (and it is the prerogative of Him who is spiritual to judge all men) who will not perceive that there is a consistency in these errors.

[April 27.]

But if there be a consistency in the errors, in like manner is there a consistency in the truths which are opposite to them. The man who believes in the peculiar doctrines will readily bow to the peculiar demands of Christianity. When he is told to love God supremely, this may startle him to whom God has

been revealed in grace, and in pardon, and in all the freeness of an offered reconciliation. When told he should shut out the world from the heart, this may be impossible with him who has nothing to replace it—but not impossible with him who has found in God a sure and a satisfying portion. When told to withdraw his affections from the things that are beneath, this was laying an order of self-extinction upon the man who knows not another quarter in the whole sphere of his contemplation, to which he could transfer them—but it were not grievous to him whose view has been opened up to the loveliness and glory of the things that are above, and can there find, for every feeling of his soul, a most ample and delighted occupation. When told to look not at the things that are seen and temporal, this were blotting out the light of all that is visible from the prospect of him in whose eye there is a wall of partition between guilty nature and the joys of eternity—but he who believes that Christ has broken down this wall, finds a gathering radiance upon his soul, as he looks onward in faith to the things that are unseen and eternal. Tell a man to be holy—and how can he compass such a performance, when his alone fellowship with holiness is a fellowship of despair? It is the atonement of the cross, reconciling the holiness of the lawgiver with the safety of the offender, that hath opened the way for a sanctifying influence into the sinner's heart, and he can take a kindred impression from the character of God now brought nigh, and now at peace with him.

Separate the demand from the doctrine, and you have either a system of righteousness that is impracticable, or a barren orthodoxy. Bring the demand and the doctrine together, and the true disciple of Christ is able to do the one through the other strengthening him. The motive is adequate to the movement, and the bidden obedience of the gospel is not beyond the measure of his strength, just because the doctrine of the gospel is not beyond the measure of his acceptance. The shield of faith, and the hope of salvation, and the Word of God, and the girdle of truth—these are the armor that he has put on; and with these the battle is won, and the eminence is reached, and the man stands on the vantage ground of a new field and a new prospect. The effect is great, but the cause is equal to it—and stupendous as this moral resurrection to the precepts of Christianity undoubtedly is, there is an element of strength enough to give it being and continuance in the principles of Christianity.

The object of the gospel is both to pacify the sinner's conscience, and to purify his heart; and it is of importance to observe that what mars one of these objects, mars the other also. The best way of casting out an impure affection is to admit a pure one; and by the love of what is good, to expel the love of what is evil. Thus it is, that the freer the gospel, the more sanctifying the gospel; and the more it is received as a doctrine of grace, the more will it be felt as a doctrine according to godliness. This is one of the secrets of the Christian life, that the more a man holds of God as a pensioner, the greater is the payment of service that he renders back again. On the tenure of "Do this and live," a spirit of fearfulness is sure to enter; and the jealousies of a legal bargain chase away all confidence from the intercourse between God and man; and the creature striving to be square and even with his Creator, is, in fact, pursuing all the while his own selfishness instead of God's glory, and with all the conformities which he labors to accomplish, the soul of obedience is not there, the mind is not subject to the law of God, nor indeed under such an economy ever can be. It is only when, as in the gospel, acceptance is bestowed as a present, without money and without price, that the security which man feels in God is placed beyond the reach of disturbance, or that he can repose in him, as one friend reposes in another, or that any liberal and generous understanding can be established betwixt them—one party rejoicing over the other to do him good—the other finding that the truest gladness of his heart lies in the impulse of a

gratitude, by which it is awakened to the charms of a new moral existence. Salvation by grace—salvation on such a footing is not more indispensable to the deliverance of our persons from the hand of justice, than it is to the deliverance of our hearts from the chill and the weight of ungodliness.

Retain a single shred or fragment of legality with the gospel, and you raise a topic of distrust between man and God. You take away from the power of the gospel to melt and to conciliate. For this purpose, the freer it is, the better it is. That very peculiarity which so many dread as the germ of Antinomianism, is in fact the germ of a new spirit, and a new inclination against it. Along with the light of a free gospel, does there enter the love of the gospel, which in proportion as you impair the freeness, you are sure to chase away. And never does the sinner find within himself so mighty a moral transformation, as when under the belief that he is saved by grace, he feels constrained thereby to offer his heart a devoted thing, and to deny ungodliness.

To do any work in the best manner, you would make use of the fittest tools for it. And we trust that what has been said may serve in some degree for the practical guidance of those who would like to reach the great moral achievement of our text—but feel that the tendencies and desires of nature are too strong for them. We know of no other way by which to keep the love of the world out of our heart, than to keep in our heart the love of God—and no other way by which to keep our hearts in the love of God, than building ourselves up on our most holy faith. That denial of the world which is not possible to him that dissents from the gospel testimony, is possible, even as all things are possible to him that believeth. To try this without faith, is to work without the right tool or the right instrument. But faith worketh by love; and the way of expelling from the heart the love that transgresseth the law, is to admit into its receptacles the love which fulfilleth the law.

Conceive a man to be standing on the margin of this green world; and that, when he looked toward it, he saw abundance smiling upon every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford scattered in profusion throughout every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society—conceive of this as being the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation; and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him on earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling places, and become a solitary wanderer through the fields of nonentity? If space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he abandon the homebred scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exerted such a power of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society?—and shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond it, would not he be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and to take shelter under the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blest had floated by; and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories, and its sounds of sweeter melody; and he clearly saw that there a purer beauty rested upon every field, and a more heartfelt joy spread itself among all the families; and he could discern there a peace, and a piety, and a benevolence, which put a moral gladness into every bosom, and united the whole society in one rejoicing sympathy with each other, and with the beneficent Father of them all. Could he further see that pain and mortality were there unknown, and above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him, perceive you not, that what was before the wilderness,

would become the land of invitation; and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beatific scenes and beatific society. And let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the scene that is near and visible around us, still, if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith, or through the channel of his senses—then, without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die unto the present world, and live to the lovelier world that stands in the distance, away from it.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Quiet and fair in tone; condensed to the last point, and still perfectly clear; written in such pure English that the youngest reader can understand, yet free from an affectation of baby talk, which is often considered indispensable in children's books—the "Young Folks' History of the United States" makes a refreshing contrast to the kind of school book with which Abbott and Loomis, and men of their stamp have inundated the country. Not that these latter, in spite of bombast and dryness, may not have served a purpose in their day and generation, no better men having come forward heretofore, but that a more thoughtful and scientific age demands better work.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Criticism on "Back-Log Studies."

In "Back-Log Studies" there are, no doubt, some essentially inartistic things—some long episodes; for example, such as the "New Vision of Sin" and the "Uncle in India," which are clearly inferior in texture to the rest, and not quite worth the space they occupy; but, as a whole, the book is certainly a most agreeable contribution to the literature of the Meditative school. And it is saying a great deal to say this. To make such an attempt successful there must be a lightness of touch sustained through everything; there must be a predominant sweetness of flavor, and that air of joyous ease which is often the final triumph of labor. There must also be a power of analysis, always subtle, never prolonged; there must be description, minute enough to be graphic, yet never carried to the borders of fatigue; there must also be glimpses of restrained passion, and of earnestness kept in reserve. All these are essential, and all these the "Back-Log Studies" show. If other resources were added—as depth of thought, or powerful imagination, or wide learning, or constructive power—they would only carry the book beyond the proper ranks of the Meditative school, and place it in that higher grade of literature to which Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" belongs. Yet it may be better not to insist on this distinction, for it is Mr. Warner himself who wisely reminds us that "the most unprofitable and unsatisfactory criticism is that of comparison."

It is as true in literature as in painting that "it is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line that the claim to immortality is made." The first and simplest test of good writing is in the fresh and incisive phrases it yields; and in this respect "Back-Log Studies" is strong. The author has not only the courage of his opinions, but he has the courage of his phrases, which is quite as essential. What an admirable touch, for instance, is that where Mr. Warner says that a great wood-fire in a wide kitchen chimney, with all the pots and kettles boiling and bubbling, and a roasting spit turning in front of it, "makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels!" Fancy the bewilderment of some slow and well-meaning man upon encountering that stroke of fancy; his going over it slowly from beginning to end, and then again backward from end to beginning, studying it with microscopic eye, to find where the resemblance comes in, until at last it occurs to him that possibly there may be a typographical error somewhere, and that, with a little revision, the sentence might become intelligible! He does not know that in literature, as in life, nothing venture,

nothing have; and that it often requires 'precisely such an audacious stroke as this to capture the most telling analogies.

There occurs just after this, in "Back-Log Studies," a sentence which has long since found its way to the universal heart, and which is worth citing, as an example of the delicate rhetorical art of under-statement. To construct a climax is within the reach of every one; there is not a Fourth-of-July orator who can not erect for himself a heaven-scaling ladder of that description, climb its successive steps, and then tumble from the top. But to let your climax swell beneath you like a wave of the sea, and then let it subside under you so gently that your hearer shall find himself more stirred by your moderation than by your impulse; this is a triumph of style. Thus our author paints a day of winter storm; for instance, the wild snow-drifts beating against the cottage window, and the boy in the chimney-corner reading about General Burgoyne and the Indian wars. "I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house, rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars, did not aspire to—'John,' says the mother, 'you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat.' But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. 'Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood.' How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all."

I defy any one who has a heart for children to resist that last sentence. Considered critically, it is the very triumph of under-statement—of delicious, provoking, perfectly unexpected moderation. It is a refreshing dash of cool water just as we were beginning to grow heated. Like that, it calls our latent heat to the surface by a kindly reaction; the writer surprises us by claiming so little that we concede everything; we at once compensate by our own enthusiasm for this inexplicable lowering of the demand. Like him! of course we like him—that curly-pated, rosy-cheeked boy, with his story books and his Indians! But if we had been called upon to adore him, it is very doubtful whether we should have liked him at all. And this preference for effects secured by quiet methods—for producing emphasis without the use of italics, and arresting attention without resorting to exclamation points—is the crowning merit of the later style of Mr. Warner.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., inherits from his father a diction so rich and pure, so fluent and copious, so finely shaded, yet capable of such varied service, that it is, in itself, a form of genius. Few men have ever been so brilliantly equipped for literary performance. Carefully trained taste, large acquirements of knowledge, experience of lands and races, and association with the best minds have combined to supply him with all the purely intellectual requisites which an author could desire.—*Bayard Taylor*.

As a story-teller, we know of no one who is entitled to rank higher since Poe and Hawthorne are gone, than Mr. James. His style is pure and finished, and marked by the nicety of expression which is so noticeable among the best French writers of fiction.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The "Portrait of a Lady" is a very clever book, and a book of very great interest. We do not know a living English novelist who could have written it. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Carlyle's Letters to Emerson.

Carlyle takes his place among the first of English, among the very first of all letter-writers. All his great merits come out in this form of expression; and his defects are not felt as defects, but only as striking characteristics and as tones in the picture. Originality, nature, humor, imagination, freedom, the disposition to talk, the play of mood, the touch of confidence—these qualities, of which the letters are full, will with the aid of an inimitable use of language—a style which glances

at nothing that it does not render grotesque—preserve their life for readers even further removed from the occasion than ourselves, and for whom possibly the vogue of Carlyle's published writings in his day will be to a certain degree a subject of wonder.

Carlyle is here in intercourse with a friend for whom, almost alone among the persons with whom he had dealings, he appears to have entertained a sentiment of respect—a constancy of affection untinged by that humorous contempt in which (in most cases) he indulges when he wishes to be kind, and which was the best refuge open to him from his other alternative of absolutely savage mockery.

It is singular, indeed, that throughout his intercourse with Emerson he never appears to have known the satiric fury which he directed at so many other objects, accepting his friend *en bloc*, once for all, with reservations and protests so light that, as addressed to Emerson's own character, they are only a finer form of consideration. * * * Other persons have enjoyed life as little as Carlyle; other men have been pessimists and cynics; but few men have rioted so in their disenchantments, or thumped so perpetually upon the hollowness of things with the idea of making it resound. Pessimism, cynicism, usually imply a certain amount of indifference and resignation; but in Carlyle these forces were nothing if not querulous and vocal. It must be remembered that he had an imagination which made acquiescence difficult—an imagination haunted with theological and apocalyptic visions. We have no occasion here to attempt to estimate his position in literature, but we may be permitted to say that it is mainly to this splendid imagination that he owes it. Both the moral and the physical world were full of pictures for him, and it would seem to be by his great pictorial energy that he will live.

Anthony Trollope.

His great, his inestimable merit was a complete appreciation of reality. This gift is not rare in the annals of English fiction; it would naturally be found in a walk of literature in which the feminine mind has labored so fruitfully. Women are delicate and patient observers; they hold their noses close, as it were, to the texture of life. They feel and perceive the real (as well as the desirable), and their observations are recorded in a thousand delightful volumes. Trollope therefore, with his eyes comfortably fixed on the familiar, the actual, was far from having invented a *genre*, as the French say; his great distinction is that, in resting there, his vision took in so much of the field. And then he *felt* all common, human things as well as saw them; felt them in a simple, direct, salubrious way, with their sadness, their gladness, their charm, their comicality, all their obvious and measurable meanings.

Du Maurier.

He is predominantly a painter of social, as distinguished from popular life, and when the other day he collected some of his drawings into a volume, he found it natural to give them the title of "English Society at Home." He looks at the "accomplished" classes more than at the people, though he by no means ignores the humors of humble life. His consideration of the peculiarities of costermongers and "cadgers" is comparatively perfunctory, as he is too fond of civilization and of the higher refinements of the grotesque. His colleague, the frank and as the metaphysicians say, objective, Keene, has a more natural familiarity with the British populace. There is a whole side of English life, at which du Maurier scarcely glances—the great sporting element, which supplies half of their gayety and all their conversation to millions of her Majesty's subjects. He is shy of the turf and of the cricket field; he only touches here and there upon the river. But he has made "society" completely his own—he has sounded its depths, explored its mysteries, discovered and divulged its secrets. His observation of these things is extraordinarily acute, and his illustrations, taken together, form a complete comedy of

manners, in which the same personages constantly re-appear, so that we have the sense, indispensable to keenness of interest, of tracing their adventures to a climax. So many of the conditions of English life are picturesque (and, to American eyes, even romantic), that du Maurier has never been at a loss for subjects. We mean that he is never at a loss for pictures. English society makes pictures all round him, and he has only to look to see the most charming things, which at the same time have the merit that you can always take the satirical view of them.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

He is equal as an artist to the best French writers. His books are not only artistically fine, but morally wholesome.—*Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes.*

The great body of the cultivated public has an instinctive delight in original genius, whether it be refined or sensational. Mr. Howells's is eminently refined. His humor, however vivid in form, is subtle and elusive in its essence. He depends, perhaps, somewhat too much on the feelings of humor in his readers to appreciate his own. He has the true Addisonian touch; hits his mark in the white, and instead of provoking uproarious laughter, strives to evoke that satisfied smile which testifies to the quiet enjoyment of the reader. His humor is the humor of a poet.—*E. P. Whipple.*

Mr. Howells has been compared to Washington Irving for the exquisite purity of his style, and to Hawthorne for a certain subtle recognition of a hidden meaning in familiar things. A more thoroughly genial writer, certainly, we have not, nor one more conscientious in the practice of his art.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The Young Editor, from "A Modern Instance."

"Hullo!" he cried, with a suddenness that startled the boy, who had finished his meditation upon Bartley's trowsers, and was now deeply dwelling on his boots. "Do you like 'em? See what sort of a shine you can give 'em for Sunday-go-to-meeting-to-morrow-morning." He put out his hand and laid hold of the boy's head, passing his fingers through the thick red hair. "Sorrel-top!" he said with a grin of agreeable reminiscence. "They emptied all the freckles they had left into your face—didn't they, Andy?"

This free, joking way of Bartley's was one of the things that made him popular; he passed the time of day, and would give and take right along, as his admirers expressed it from the first, in a community where his smartness had that honor which gives us more smart men to the square mile than any other country in the world. The fact of his smartness had been affirmed and established in the strongest manner by the authorities of the college at which he was graduated, in answer to the reference he made to them when negotiating with the committee in charge for the place he now held as editor of the *Equity Free Press*. * * * They perhaps had their misgivings when the young man, in his well-blacked boots, his grey trowsers neatly fitting over them, and his diagonal coat buttoned high with one button, stood before them with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and looked down over his mustache at the floor, with sentiments concerning their wisdom which they could not explore; they must have resented the fashionable keeping of everything about him, for Bartley wore his one suit as if it were but one of many; but when they understood that he had come by everything through his own unaided smartness, they could no longer hesitate. One, indeed, still felt it a duty to call attention to the fact that the college authorities said nothing of the young man's moral characteristics in a letter dwelling so largely upon his intellectual qualifications. The others referred this point by a silent look to 'Squire Gaylord. "I don't know," said the 'Squire, "as I ever heard that a great deal of morality was required by a newspaper editor." The rest laughed at the joke, and the 'Squire continued: "But I guess if he worked his own way through college, as they say, that he hain't had time to be up to a great

deal of mischief. You know it's for idle hands that the devil provides, doctor."

"That's true, as far as it goes," said the doctor. "But it isn't the whole truth. The devil provides for some busy hands, too."

"There's a good deal of sense in that," the 'Squire admitted. "The worst scamps I ever knew were active fellows. Still, industry is in a man's favor. If the faculty knew anything against this young man they would have given us a hint of it. I guess we had better take him; we shan't do better. Is it a vote?"

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Humor he has, and of the very highest order. It is as delicate as Washington Irving's, and quite as spontaneous. But humor is hardly his predominant quality. He has all the wit of Holmes, and all the tenderness of Ik Marvel. He is often charmingly thoughtful, earnest and suggestive.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

There is only one other pair of microscopic eyes like his owned by an American, and they belong to W. D. Howells. These two men will ferret out fun from arid sands and naked rocks, and in one trip of a league, less or more, over a barren waste, see and hear more that is amusing and entertaining than the rest of the world will discover in crossing a continent. Such men should do our traveling for us.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From "Back-Log Studies."

The fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its center; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince pies at ten o'clock at night; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the grey-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers; it is a day of trial, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone as an institution, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand as without the rallying-point of a hearth-stone. Are there any homesteads now-a-days? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change their clothes? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictitious stone-front splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house; unless I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste.

From "Being a Boy."

It is a wonder that every New England boy does not turn out a poet, or a missionary or a peddler. Most of them used to. There is something in the heart of the New England hills to feed the imagination of the boy and excite his longing for strange countries. I scarcely know what the subtle influence is that forms him and attracts him in the most fascinating and aromatic of all lands, and yet urges him away from all the sweet delights of his home to become roamer in literature and in the world—a poet and a wanderer. There is something in the soil and in the pure air, I suspect, that promises more romance than is forthcoming, and that excites the imagination without satisfying it, and begets the desire of adventure.

* * * * *

What John said was, that he didn't care much for pumpkin pie; but that was after he had eaten a whole one. It seemed to him then that mince would be better. The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered. * * * His elders say that the boy is always hungry; but that is a very coarse way of putting it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is on the whole a very short time in which to eat them; at least he is told, among the first information he receives, that life is brief. Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides on an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years; but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and thin as it comes—as to pie, for instance. Some people do make them very thin.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK.

The most favorably situated, and, for its extent, the most valuable region of the country was first settled by the Dutch, Hollanders and Swedes.

For some ten years there had been a trading post and small village on Manhattan Island; and, in 1623 the "Dutch West India Co.," with a charter covering the whole coast from the Strait of Magellan to Hudson's Bay, landed a colony of thirty families at New Amsterdam.

The first colonists were mostly Protestant refugees from Belgium, who came to America to escape the persecutions endured in their own country. A part of the colonists took up their abode at New Amsterdam; others went down the New Jersey coast, and landed on the eastern shore of the Bay of Delaware. The same year a colony of 18 families ascended the Hudson, and located at or near Albany. This was the most northern post, and was called Fort Orange.

A civil government was established for New Netherlands, in 1624, Cornelius May being the first governor.

In 1626 Peter Minuit was appointed governor, and during his administration he purchased of the native inhabitants the whole of Manhattan Island, containing more than 20,000 acres, for forty dollars.

Some settlements were also made on Long Island. The Dutch of New Amsterdam and the Pilgrims of New England were early friends, and helped each other. Both enjoyed a good degree of prosperity, and the population steadily increased.

For more than ten years the Indians, with few exceptions, received the strangers who came among them kindly and in good faith. When injured and wronged their resentment was kindled, and terribly did they avenge themselves on their enemies. The first notable instance was at Lewistown, on Delaware Bay, where Hosset, a governor of violent temper and little sagacity, seized and put to death a chief, who in some way offended him. The tribe was aroused, and assailed the place with such violence that not a man was left alive. When the next ship-load of colonists arrived, instead of a thrifty town, and friends eagerly waiting to receive them, they found but the bones of the slain, and the ashes of the homes that had sheltered them. Afterward there was not, for many years, the same sense of security; and in 1640 New Netherlands became involved in a general war with the Indians of Long Island and New Jersey, a war that, on both sides, was far from honorable, and marked with treachery, cruelty, and murders most revolting. If the whites were surprised and massacred by the Indians, there were as terrible massacres of Indians by the whites, who were, too often, the aggressors. An impartial historian says: "Nearly all the bloodshed and sorrow of those five years of war may be charged to Governor Kief. He was a revengeful, cruel man, whose idea of government was to destroy whatever opposed him." For his headstrong course and cruelty he lost

his position, and, to the great relief of the colonists, who had suffered much on his account, sailed for England. But the ship was wrecked on the coast of Wales, and the guilty governor found a grave in the sea. He was succeeded by Peter Stuyvesant, a resolute man, of more ability than most who preceded him. He, for seventeen years, managed the affairs of the colonists successfully. He conciliated the savages, settled the boundaries of his territory, and enforced the surrender of New Sweden, which became a part of his dominion. There was afterward some difficulty with the Indians, but more from a quarter whence no danger was expected. Lord Baltimore, of Maryland, claimed, under his charter, all the territory between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bay. Berkley claimed New Sweden, while Connecticut and Massachusetts were equally aggressive on the territories adjacent to their lines.

In 1664 the unscrupulous king of England, Charles II., issued patents to his brother, the Duke of York, covering the territory called New Netherlands, and more beside. It was in utter disregard of the rights of Holland, and of the West India Co., who had settled the country. No time was given for protest against the outrage. An English squadron soon appeared before New Amsterdam, and demanded the immediate surrender of the country, and the acknowledgment of the sovereignty of England. No effectual resistance could be made, and the indignant old governor, his council ordering it, had to sign the capitulation; and, on the 8th of September, 1664, the English flag was hoisted over the fort and town. The Swedish and Dutch settlements likewise capitulated, and the conquest was complete. From Maine to Georgia, in every settlement near the coast, the British flag was unfurled. This high-handed injustice, which robbed a sister state of her well earned colonial possessions, was but slightly mitigated by the fact that the armament was insufficient to enforce submission without the shedding of blood. The capitulation was on favorable terms, and with fair promises, that were never fulfilled. The government was despotic, and the people were sorely oppressed. The policy of the tyrannical governor was to tax the people till they could do nothing but think how possibly to pay the amount assessed.

In 1673, England and Holland being at war, the latter sent a small squadron to recover the possessions wrested from her in America. When the little fleet appeared before New York, the governor was absent, and his deputy, either from cowardice, or, knowing the people preferred to have it so, at once surrendered the city, and the whole province yielded without a struggle.

But the re-conquest of New York by the Dutch, gave them no permanent possession, as the war was soon closed by a treaty of peace, in which all the rights of Holland in America were surrendered.

The Dutch and Swedes again became subject to English authority. Popular government was overthrown, and the officers appointed by the crown, directly or otherwise, with few exceptions, were unjust and tyrannical. Their oppressive measures were met with resistance, and, so intense was the hatred excited, that obstructions were thrown in the way of everything that was attempted. The people, when not repelling the attacks of the French and the Indians, or carrying the war into the territory of the invaders—campaigns in which much was sacrificed and nothing gained—were in a constant struggle with the royal governors, intent on collecting the revenues and enriching themselves, but careless of the best interests of the people.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In 1681 William Penn, a man of convictions, who, with other Quakers, had suffered persecution on account of his religious convictions, obtained a charter with proprietary rights, for a large tract of American territory. Geographically its position was nearly central as regards the original colonies, but at first somewhat indefinitely bounded. In the final adjustment of

colonial limits it was made a regular parallelogram, a small addition being made to give access to Lake Erie, and a good harbor. The average length is 310 miles; the width, 160 miles. In naming his territory the proprietor modestly omitted any allusion to himself. He suggested Sylvania, because of the extensive and almost unbroken forest. The clerk prefixed "Penn." From this he appealed to the king, who decided the prefix should be retained; but, as a relief to the wounded modesty of the Quaker, said it would be in honor of the Admiral, his friend, and the deceased father of William. For whomever the compliment was intended, the citizens of the commonwealth have always liked the name.

The liberal plan for the government of West New Jersey, previously drawn up by Penn, was adopted, and the colonists encouraged to govern themselves. The powers conferred on him personally were never used in selfishness, or to advance his personal interests, but only to further the complete establishment of freedom, justice, and the best interests of the people.

To the Swedes and others who had settled within his territory before he took possession, he introduced himself in a way so conciliatory and assuring that their friendship was at once won. His first message as governor was an admirable document—plain, honest, sensible in its every utterance. Its brevity allows it to be printed in full. "My friends, I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These words are to let you know that it hath pleased God, in his providence, to cast you in my lot and care. It is a business that though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest heart to do it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change and the king's choice; for you are now fixed at the mercy of no governor that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and if you will, a sober, industrious people." * * *

Before the proprietor's arrival, with three shiploads of Quaker colonists, his deputy, as instructed, had respected the rights of all the settlers, of whatever nationality or religious faith, and had been specially careful to cultivate friendly relations, and form treaties with the Indian tribes located in or near the territory. The offers of friendship, honestly made, were received in the same kindly spirit that prompted them, and neither fraud nor violence was feared. Not long after Penn came, a general council was called of the chiefs and sachems, anxious to see him of whom they had heard, and whose promises, reported to them, they had believed. He met them, with a few friends, unarmed as they all were, and spoke kind words by an interpreter.

It was not his object to purchase lands, or to lay down rules to govern them in trading, but honestly to assure the untutored children of the forest of his friendly purposes and brotherly affection.

The covenant then made, not written with ink, nor confirmed by any oath, was sacredly kept. No deed of violence or injustice ever marred the peace or interrupted the friendly relations of the parties. For more than seventy years, during which time the province remained under the control of the Friends, the peace was unbroken. Not a war-whoop was heard, nor any hostile demonstration witnessed in Pennsylvania.

In December, 1682, a convention was held of three days' continuance, and all needful provision made for territorial legislation.

The generous concessions of the proprietor harmonized the views of the assembly, and the results of the convention were eminently satisfactory.

After a month's absence, during which there was a visit to the Chesapeake, and an amicable conference with Lord Baltimore, about the boundaries of their respective provinces, Penn returned, and busied himself in locating and making a plot of

his proposed capital. The beautiful neck between the Schuylkill and Delaware was wisely chosen; the land purchased of the Swedes, who had begun a settlement there, and map of the city provided. Three or four cabins were the only dwellings on the site, and the lines of the streets were indicated by marks on the trees. Thus in the woods was founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love.

From the inception of his American enterprise, Penn showed himself a true philanthropist, not seeking his own aggrandizement, but the good of others. The oppressed and persecuted trusted him and were not disappointed. He promised them freedom, the love of which was a master passion with him, and the charter of their liberties dated at Philadelphia, and adopted by the first General Assembly, was even more generous than they expected. He conceded all the rights of legislation to the representatives of the people, reserving for himself only the right to veto any hasty and objectionable enactments of the council. His administration as executive met with much favor, and the tide of prosperity was for years unabated. Such was the condition of affairs in Pennsylvania when King James II. abdicated his throne. Penn, being a friend of the Stuarts, and having received his liberal charter from Charles II., sympathized with the fallen monarch, and, though loyal, had less confidence in William and Mary. For his sympathy and supposed adherence to the cause of the exiled king, he was persecuted, several times arrested and cast into prison. But investigations showed the suspicions of disloyalty unfounded; and his rights, so unjustly and to the great grief of his colonists, wrested from him, were fully restored. The new sovereign was a Catholic, and his fellow-communicants, like other dissenters from the Establishment, had suffered much. His anxiety to restore to them all the immunities of citizenship disposed him to listen to the logic and eloquence of the accomplished Quaker, who boldly contended for the toleration of all creeds, and the unlimited freedom of conscience. His influence during these years, in keeping up the tide of immigration to America, and especially to Pennsylvania, was something wonderful.

In 1699 he again visited his American colony, now grown into a state—the increase in population and all the resources of a prosperous community far exceeding his expectations.

In 1701, having carefully and satisfactorily arranged all his affairs in America, Penn bade a final adieu to his many friends, and returned to England. He left them, largely through the influence of his teaching and example and spirit, at peace among themselves and with all their neighbors.

About this time a measure was proposed in England that, if passed, would seriously affect the colonists in all parts of the country. The ministers formed the design of abolishing all the proprietary estates, with the view of establishing royal governments in their stead. The presence of Penn was greatly needed in England to prevent the success of this scheme, and not without much effort was the purpose defeated. It required a man of power and influence in the king's court to do it. From this time the government, though still in Penn's right, was administered by his deputies, some of whom disappointed him. John Evans, an ambitious man, and not true to the peace principles of the Friends, greatly troubled the province by purchasing military equipments, and attempting to organize a regiment of militia. The council and citizens protested so strongly against his proceedings as irreconcilable with the policy of Penn, that Evans was removed from the office, and another appointed. His charge to the deputies appointed had been, "You are come to a quiet land; rule for him under whom the princes of this world will one day esteem it an honor to govern in their places." Those who heeded the charge had peace and prosperity in their borders. As proprietor of his vast possessions in America, Penn was not faultless; but his mistakes bore an amiable character. Conscious of his own integrity and freedom from cupidity, he placed too much

confidence in the untried virtue of others, and exposed inferior men in the way of temptation to dishonesty that they were not able to resist. The rascality of his agent, Ford, whose false accounts involved the honest proprietor in debt to a large amount, well nigh accomplished his financial ruin. He was imprisoned, and after weary months of confinement was released by influential friends, who compounded with the creditors in whose power the crafty agent had placed him.

The simplicity of his Quaker habits and enthusiasm for religion seemed inconsistent with his great influence in the corrupt court of the king, and he was suspected of acting a double part—was thrice arrested, charged with treasonable intentions, and as often acquitted. But the strain was too great. His natural force abated, and the infirmities of age came on him rapidly. His acquittal, and the complete vindication of his character cast a bright light on the clouds, and its radiance gave a kind relief for the six years of feebleness and suffering that remained after life's mission seemed mostly accomplished. The attacks of enemies and contemporary rivals are more readily condoned. But the abortive attempt of Lord Macaulay to asperse the character of the deceased governor, whose enterprise in the New World eclipsed all others, reflects little honor on the name of the great historian. Certainly the great Quaker's record on this side of the Atlantic can never be tarnished, and his principles of liberty and equality are better understood and appreciated by American freemen.

The colonial possessions of Penn were bequeathed to his three sons, by whom, and their deputies, the government was administered until the American Revolution. Afterward, in 1779, the entire claim of the Penn family to the soil and jurisdiction of the state, was purchased by the legislature for a hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. The early history of the Keystone state is one of special interest and pleasure. The reader lingers over it because it recounts bloodless victories, and the triumph of kindness and right over violence and wrong.

When nations grow mercenary and grasping, the strong justifying their aggressions and conquests by the false plea that success, and the probable hereafter of the conquered races justify their assaults, the early annals of Penn's state will stand a perpetual protest against fraud and violence, however successful for a time. Might does not make right, even when the highest civilization confronts the lowest barbarism. Even savages had rights that the most cultured Englishmen were bound to respect.

The brotherhood of man includes those of lowest estate. So thought the founder of the great state that bears his name. With his charter in hand he fearlessly plunged into the vast wilderness, saying, "I will here found a free colony for all mankind." The words had the true ring, and the asylum was opened for men of every nation who loved liberty and hated the oppressor's wrongs. And it was a most fitting thing that the "bells of his capital should ring out the first glad notes of American independence."

GEORGIA.

Every philanthropist must take satisfaction in the founding of the colony in Georgia; for, perhaps beyond any other, it had its origin in the spirit of pure benevolence. The unfortunate debtor in England was by the laws liable to imprisonment; and thousands were, for this cause alone, languishing in prisons. The miserable condition of debtors and their desolate families, was at length thrust on the attention of Parliament. In 1728 a commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the poor, and report measures of relief. The work was accomplished, the jails thrown open, and the prisoners returned to their families. But, though liberated, they and their friends were in no condition to maintain themselves respectably in the land of their birth. There was a land beyond the sea where debt was not a crime, and poverty not necessarily a disgrace. To provide somewhere a refuge for the poor of England, and

the distressed Protestants of other countries, the commission appealed to George II. for the privilege of planting a colony of such persons in America. A charter was issued giving the desired territory to a corporation, for twenty-one years, *to be held in trust for the poor*. In honor of the king the new province was named Georgia. The high-souled philanthropist who initiated and went steadily forward in this enterprise was James Oglethorpe. Born a loyalist, educated at Oxford, a high churchman, a soldier, a member of Parliament, benevolent, generous, full of sympathy, and far-sighted in comprehending the results of his enterprise, he sacrificed much, giving the best position of a life so full of energy and promise to the noble charity of providing homes for the poor, under such conditions that the largest benefit could be received by them without any sense of degradation. Ridpath says: "The magnanimity of the enterprise was heightened by the fact that he did not believe in the equality of men, but only in the duty of the strong to protect the weak, and sympathize with the lowly. Oglethorpe was the principal member of the corporation, and to him the personal leadership of the first colony planted on the banks of the Savannah was naturally intrusted. His associations were with cultured people, and his refined tastes would be subjected to some crucial tests by the rude scenes in the wilderness, and his association with unlettered men. But he was not a man to shirk responsibility, and promptly determined to share the privations, hardships, and dangers of his colony.

With one hundred and twenty emigrants, in January, 1735, he safely reached the coast, proceeded up the river, and selected, for the site of his first settlement, the high bluff on which Savannah was built. There, amidst the pines, was soon seen a village of tents and rude dwellings, the nucleus of the fine city, intended for the capital of a new commonwealth, in which there would be freedom of conscience and no imprisonment for debt."

[End of Required Reading for April.]

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

By E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

I met an old man in my way;
For many years the light of day
Had been to him but memory;
Poor, blind, half-deaf, and lame was he:
My heart was bent to sympathize,
I looked toward the dead closed eyes,
Hopeful, by some apt words, a light
To bring to mingle with his night.

A falling tide was on the sand.
Slowly, that he might understand,
I said,

"The ebbing tide, and then the flood;
The darkest hour, then the dawn;
Death, then —"
Some inner sun's streaks in his face
Shone on this image of his case,
And twice, with Faith and Hope's sunshine,
He brightly filled my shortened line—
Death, then the morn—Death, then the morn!

For though you might not be able to break or bend the power of genius—the deeper the sea, the more precipitous the coast—yet in the most important initiatory decade of life, in the first, at the opening dawn of all feelings, you might surround and overlay the slumbering lion-energies with all the tender habits of a gentle heart, and all the bands of love.—*Richter.*

THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

By the Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

Among the monuments and illustrations of the spirit of philanthropy—the noblest distinction between ancient and modern civilization—the Cooper Institute has stood for a quarter of a century, an object of interest proportionate to the intellectual and moral elevation of those who behold it.

The early struggles, great success and marked mental progress of its founder, no less than a liberality as beautiful as it was then rare, invest his life with a peculiar charm. Nor did he retain his possessions until death loosened his grasp, employing in beneficence only that which he could no longer retain. Thus he became the ancestor of many who are their own executors. "May their tribe increase!" To these qualities was added a simplicity which made it impossible not to feel that Peter Cooper was a kind of universal "Uncle." It pleased Almighty God in a providence, which was no strain upon faith, as it seemed preëminently in harmony with the sense of fitness, to allow him to live until he had seen the desire of his heart, and could not doubt either the perpetuity, the wisdom or the success of his plans for promoting the welfare of the people. To comparatively few philanthropists on so large a scale, has this privilege been vouchsafed; for most of them are old before their accumulations justify large responsibilities.

The death of Peter Cooper gave to New York the opportunity, which was itself a blessing, of showing by spontaneous tributes whose reflex influence strengthens every spring of virtue, counteracting the barbarizing tendencies of the struggle for bread or riches or honors, and the weakening effects of mere idleness and the prevailing distrust of human goodness, its estimate of disinterestedness. The opportunity was improved, for never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant has the death of a private citizen evoked more tender exhibitions of respect and affection than that of the patriarchal Peter Cooper.

It is my purpose to describe this institution; to tell all about it, so that those who read and have not seen may know what those who have seen are pleased to recall.

On the 29th of April, 1859, Peter Cooper executed a deed in fee simple of the property known as the Cooper Institute without any reservation, to six trustees, upon the conditions specified in the act of the legislature authorizing the gift to be made, "that the above mentioned and desirable premises, together with the appurtenances and the rents, issues, income, and profits thereof shall be forever devoted to the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art."

The location of the property and its dimensions are thus described by the founder in his letter to the trustees accompanying the trust deed:

"GENTLEMEN:—It is to me a source of inexpressible pleasure, after so many years of continued effort, to place in your hands the title of all that piece and parcel of land bounded on the west by Fourth Avenue, and on the north by Astor Place, on the east by Third Avenue, and on the south by Seventh Street, with all the furniture, rents and income of every name and nature, to be forever devoted to the advancement of science and art in their application to the varied and useful purposes of life."

That the spirit of Peter Cooper and the purposes which he had in this munificent gift may be the more fully understood, and the reader may judge how near the trustees have come to fulfilling the same, I shall quote some salient passages from that unique letter. "The great object I desire to accomplish by the establishment of an institution devoted to the advancement of science and art is to open the volume of nature by the light of truth—so unveiling the laws and methods of Deity that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Being 'from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.' My heart's desire is, that the

rising generation may become so thoroughly acquainted with the laws of nature *and the great mystery of their own being that they may see, feel, understand and know that there are immutable laws designed in infinite wisdom, constantly operating for our good—so governing the destiny of worlds and men that it is our highest wisdom to live in strict conformity to these laws.*"

The italics are his. Mr. Cooper felt a special interest in the advancement of women; nor did this interest take a mere sentimental, much less an unpractical, form. It did not effervesce in honeyed compliments or futile denunciation of the existing state. It was thus expressed: "To manifest the deep interest and sympathy I feel in all that can advance the happiness and better the condition of the female portion of the community, and especially of those who are dependent upon honest labor for support, I desire the trustees to appropriate two hundred and fifty dollars yearly to assist such pupils of the Female School of Design as shall, in their careful judgment, by their efforts and sacrifices in the performance of duty to parents, or to those that Providence has made dependent on them for support, merit and require such aid. My reason for this requirement is, not so much to reward, as to encourage the exercise of heroic virtues that often shine in the midst of the greatest suffering and obscurity, without so much as being noticed by the passing throng."

In prescribing rules for the practice of debate, and the facilities for the hearing of lectures, he says: "To aid the speakers, and those that hear, to profit by these lectures and debates, I hereby direct to have placed in the lecture room, in a suitable position, full-length likenesses of Washington, Franklin and Lafayette, with an expression of my sincere and anxious desire that all that behold them may remember that notwithstanding they are dead they yet speak the language of truth and soberness."

Here follows a provision far in advance of his time, but now becoming common, if not popular: "Desiring as I do that the students of this institution may become preëminent examples in the practice of all the virtues, I have determined to give them an opportunity to distinguish themselves for their good judgment by annually recommending to the trustees for their adoption such rules and regulations as they, on mature reflection, shall believe to be necessary and proper to preserve good morals and good order throughout their connection with this institution."

The letter contains an account of the religious opinions which had taken an "irresistible possession" of his mind. These—which may be inferred from the extracts made—and the offer of ten thousand dollars additional, to the board of trustees, for which they were to draw at their pleasure, as fast as the same could "be wisely used to advance the interests of the institution," conclude this remarkable letter.

Mr. Cooper continued to assist the Institute in every possible way until his death. In his will he bequeathed to it \$100,000. Soon after his death his children notified the trustees that "in accordance with what they understood to be Mr. Cooper's final wishes, they would in a few months contribute the sum of \$100,000 in addition to the bequest of \$100,000 contained in his will."

The trustees—of whom not one has died in the long period of their service, the only death being that of the President, Peter Cooper—give the following succinct statement of the principles upon which they proceeded in the execution of so weighty a trust. They say that they laid down as the fundamental basis of their operations the following principles:

First, that the details of the institution in all the departments should be arranged with especial reference to the intellectual wants and improvement of the working classes. And, second, that as far as might be consistent with the first principle, all interference with the plans or objects of other existing institutions in the city should be avoided. Guided by these principles the trustees arrived at the following broad scheme, as

best calculated to instruct, elevate, and improve the working classes of the city:

1. Instruction in the branches of knowledge which are practically applied in their daily occupations, by which they support themselves and their families.

2. Instruction in the laws by which health is preserved and the sanitary condition of families improved; in other words, in personal hygiene.

3. Instruction in social and political science, by virtue of which communities maintain themselves, and nations progress in virtue, wealth and power.

4. Instruction addressed to the eye, the ear, and the imagination, with a view to furnish a reasonable and healthy recreation to the working classes after the labors of the day.

In pursuance of these objects and in harmony with the above comprehensive principles the following departments are maintained at the present time in most effective operation:

1. Free Reading Room and Library. Here between 430 and 440 periodicals are kept on file, and upward of 17,000 volumes are upon the shelves. In 1883 the number of books used was 194,963, the number of patent office reports examined 8,324, and the number of visitors to the patent office room 1,487. In all 559,707 persons visited the Free Reading Room and Library during 1883.

2. Free Art School for Women. There were no less than 1,450 applications for admission during the year, a number far in excess of the accommodations; 275 were admitted to the morning classes, of whom 202 remained at the close of the term, and 160 received certificates. There are also a "pay class" for pottery painting in this department, and a pay class for drawing in the afternoon; 43 were in the pottery class, and 221 in the drawing class.

3. Free School for Women in Wood Engraving. Thirty-two students were received during the year 1882, of whom 23 continued to the close of the term.

4. Free School of Telegraphy for Women. The number of applicants was 160, of whom 55 were admitted.

5. Free Night School of Science. In this important department are classes in algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, descriptive geometry, differential and integral calculus, elementary mechanics, natural philosophy, engineering, astronomy, elementary chemistry, analytical chemistry, geology, mechanical drawing, oratory and debate. One thousand one hundred and sixty-nine were admitted into the School of Science, 705 remained till the close of the year, and 405 obtained certificates.

6. The Free Night School of Art. Here is taught perspective drawing, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, drawing from cast, form drawing, industrial drawing, ornamental free hand, rudimental free hand, modeling in clay. In this school were 1,797 pupils.

In addition to these departments a course of ten free lectures is given in the great hall on successive Saturday evenings for ten weeks. The lecturers are men of considerable eminence and generally specialists. Probably the most interesting ever delivered was the course by the famous naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, of London, England. This course crowded the hall, and was concluded January 19th of the present year by a lecture, with illustrations, on "The Ant."

The term begins in the free Night Schools for Science and Art on the 1st of October, and closes term work in April. Applications for admission must be made during the month of September on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and on Thursday evenings afterward. Each applicant must be at least fifteen years old, and bring a letter of recommendation from his employer. Ladies are admitted to any of the classes in the School of Science for which they are fitted, but not to the School of Art. The regular course of study requires five terms, and to those who successfully complete it the Cooper medal and diploma are awarded.

The annual term in the Woman's Art School begins October 1st and ends May 30th. Ladies desiring admission must apply in person or writing, and give a written responsible reference as to character, fitness, and inability to pay for instruction. The ages are from sixteen to thirty-five years. Pupils who do not exhibit proficiency after two months' trial will be dropped. The morning classes are reserved for those who do not pay. But to meet the wants of those who wish to study as an accomplishment, "paying classes" are organized for the afternoon. Lessons are given in elementary drawing from objects, cast drawing, life drawing, oil painting, engraving. Lessons of two hours in length are given three times a week. Terms, \$15 for thirty lessons.

The rules of admission to the Free School in Telegraphy for Women are that the candidates shall present themselves for examination on the first Tuesday in October. They will be examined in reading poor manuscript, writing from dictation, penmanship and spelling. They must be at least sixteen years old, and *positively* not over *twenty-four*.

In the report for 1882, published in May, 1883, Mrs. Carter the Principal of the Woman's Art School, says: "One hundred and twenty-six present pupils are earning. Of these fifty-four are in the photograph classes, and eighteen in the engraving class. Twenty-six now in the school are teaching drawing, and three of these are in nineteen public schools in this city. One young woman who left the art school in the winter teaches twenty-five hours a week in eight public schools here at two dollars an hour."

The form of application to the Cooper Union includes name of applicant, residence, age, occupation, name of employer, place of business. Parents or guardians, in the case of minors, fill out the blanks, but applications must be made in person. It only remains to say that the applications are in advance of the capacity of the Institute, but that the democratic principle of "first come first served" is rigorously applied. Applications do not hold over from one year to another, but must be renewed. It is possible for persons from any part of the country to avail themselves of the facilities here afforded. Board for gentlemen can be obtained at very reasonable rates, not far from the Union. Two rooming together and lunching at restaurants can live well at a low rate. Ladies also can procure board in Brooklyn, or in the suburban towns, or even in the city itself, at a rate far below what is generally supposed possible.

Passing the Cooper Institute, as the writer does nearly every day, he looks with undiminished interest upon the young men and young women who go in and out of the building; while to attend one of the lectures is a pleasure far greater than that of merely listening. If it were possible to assemble in one place all who have been helped upward and onward here, among them would be found men and women now in the most influential positions, and the intelligence visible in the countenances of those who, though still earning their bread by the sweat of the brow, are filled with elevating thoughts, and are consciously members of the aristocracy of intellect, would be an ample reward to founder, trustees and teachers, for all their work and labor of love. Nor is this all; these pupils will transmit influences through their posterity to the end of time. Peter Cooper, like Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin, still speaks "words of truth and soberness." He shakes hands with every aspiring young man, saying: "My son, I will help you;" with every young woman who cherishes a high ambition: "My daughter, I have a deep sympathy with you." It is useless to say, "Long may his memory endure!" It can not die.

In concluding this paper the writer must be permitted to express his satisfaction that the sketch is to appear in a magazine called into being by an institution which on another principle, equally efficient and much more widely diffused in the sphere of its influence, promotes the advancement of Science and Art by bringing them within the reach of all aspirants, without distinction of race, sex, age, or previous condition of servitude.

GREEN SUN AND STRANGE SUNSETS.

During the first half of September, the sun in Ceylon and India, and also in the West Indies, presented at rising and setting the appearance of a green or greenish-blue disc. Even when at his highest the sun appeared pale blue in Ceylon (from the other places no account of the sun's aspect at high noon has reached me). On September 2, at Trinidad, the sun looked like a blue globe after five in the evening, "and after dark," says the report, "we thought there was a fire in the town, from the bright redness of the heavens." At Ongole, as the sun approached the horizon, his disc passed from a bluish tinge to green, which became tinged with yellow as he approached the horizon. "After he had set, light yellow and orange appeared in the west, a very deep red remaining for more than an hour after sunset; whereas, under ordinary conditions, all traces of color leave the sky in this latitude," says the narrator, "within half an hour after the sun disappears." These accounts, from both the eastern and western hemispheres, seem clearly to associate the green sun which attracted so much attention in the tropics early in September, with the remarkable sunsets seen in Arabia, in Africa (North and South), and throughout Europe during October and November. For we see that whatever may have been the explanation of the green sun, the phenomenon must have been produced by some cause capable of producing after sunset a brilliant red and orange glow, for a time much exceeding the usual duration of the twilight afterglow. The occurrence of the afterglow, with the same remarkable tints and similar exceptional duration elsewhere—though some weeks later—shows that a similar cause was at work.

Two points are clear. First, the cause alike of the greenness of the sun and the ruddy afterglow was in the air, not outside; and, secondly, the matter, whatever it was, which made the sun look green when he was seen through it, and which under his rays looked red, was high above the surface of the earth. It can readily be shown, so far as this last point is concerned, that matter at a lower level than sixteen miles could not have caught the sun's rays so long after sunset as the glow was seen. On the other point it suffices, of course, to note that if some cause in the sun himself had been at work, the whole earth would have seen the green sun, while the afterglow would have found no explanation at all.

As to the actual cause to which both phenomena are to be ascribed, we must, I think, exculpate Krakatoa from all part or share in producing these strange effects. The appearance of a blue sun at Trinidad, followed two or three days later by a green sun in the East Indies, can not possibly be associated with the occurrence of an earthquake on the Javan shore a few days earlier. Beside, it must be remembered that we should have to explain two incongruous circumstances; first, how the exceedingly fine matter ejected from Krakatoa could have so quickly reached the enormous height at which the matter actually producing the afterglow certainly was; and, secondly, how having been able to traverse still air so readily one way, that matter failed to return as readily earthward under the attraction of gravity. Again the explanation, which at first seems a most probable one, that unusually high strata of moist air, with accompanying multitudes of ice particles, caused the phenomena alike of absorption and of reflection, seems negatived—first, by the entire absence of any other evidence of extraordinary meteorological conditions in September, October and November last; and, secondly, by the entire absence of any of the optical phenomena which necessarily accompany the transmission of sunlight through strata of air strewn with many ice particles.

We seem obliged then to adopt a theory, first advanced, I believe, by Mr. A. C. Ranyard, that the phenomena were

caused by a cloud of meteoric dust encountered by the earth, and received into the upper regions of the air, thence to penetrate slowly (mayhap not till many months have passed) to the surface of the earth. Mr. Ranyard calls attention to the circumstance that probably the early snows of the winter 1883-'84 would bring down the advanced guard of such meteoric dust; and even as I write I learn that Mr. W. Mathieu Williams has followed the suggestion. He carefully collected the snow which fell in his garden, eighty yards from his chimneys and half a mile from any to windward. Slicing off a top film of the snow with a piece of glass he thawed it, and found a sediment of fine brownish-black powder. Ferrocyanide of potassium added to the snow-water produced no change of color, showing the absence of iron in solution, nor was there any visible reaction on the black dust till he added some hydrochloric acid. Then the blue compound indicating iron was abundantly formed all round the granules, and presently, as their solution was effected, a bluish-green deposit was formed, and the whole liquid deeply tinged with the same color. "It was not," says Mr. Williams, "the true Prussian-blue reaction of iron alone, but just the color that would be produced by mixing small quantities of the cyanide of nickel (yellowish green) and the cyanide of cobalt (brownish white) with a preponderating amount of Prussian blue."

If this explanation of the green sun and the extraordinary sunsets should be confirmed, it appears to me that a most interesting result will have been achieved. Of course, it is no new thing that as the earth rushes onward through space she encounters yearly many millions of meteoric bodies, large and small; nor ought it to be regarded as strange that beside these separate bodies, millions of millions in the form of fine cosmical dust should be encountered; but the actual evidence, derived from the behavior of sunlight (the red and yellow rays reflected and relative superabundance of green and blue rays therefore transmitted), would be an interesting and important addition to our knowledge of matters meteoric.—*The Contemporary Review*.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By W. W. GIST.

A peep into a literary workshop is always interesting. There is always some curiosity to know how a man of letters does his work. This fascinating autobiography gives us a clear insight into Anthony Trollope's manner of study, and states many other facts that are intensely interesting.

Anthony Trollope's parents were both of a literary turn of mind. His father had no business capacity, and everything he attempted went wrong. His mother and brother came to America and opened a bazar at Cincinnati, hoping to amass a fortune. This proved a failure, and upon returning to England, Mrs. Trollope wrote a book on America, which brought a fair compensation. For years she supported the family by her pen. There is indeed something heroic in her watching by the bedside of her dying husband and son, and writing her books during the intervals that the sick did not demand her attention. Her first book was written when she was fifty years of age. She wrote in all one hundred and fourteen volumes.

Anthony Trollope's school advantages were poor, and the trials of his childhood were greater than those of the average youth. In 1834, at the age of nineteen, he entered the postal service and continued in it for thirty-three years, effecting many valuable reforms and proving himself an efficient government officer.

His literary work was done in such a manner as not to interfere in the least with his duties as inspector of postoffices. Few men have the power of will to hold themselves to the rigid, exacting plan of study that he imposed upon himself.

He hired a man to call him at 5:30 each morning, and his literary work was done between that hour and 8:30, before he dressed for breakfast. He did not, however, spend the whole of the three hours in writing. During the first half hour he read aloud what he had written the day before, so that his ear could detect any lack of harmony in expression, and that he might catch the spirit of his last day's work. Can anything be more systematic than his method of writing a book, as told in his own language:

"When I commenced a new book I always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. * * * I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain two hundred and fifty words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers, I have—not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time—and I have always done so. There has ever been the record before me, and a week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart."

He was not satisfied to hold himself rigidly to specified hours. Much of the time he wrote with his watch open before him, and his task was to complete a page every fifteen minutes. "I have found that the two hundred and fifty words have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went." He seems to feel that the one only who has acquired a facile style can expect to produce a given quantity in a given time. "His language must come from him as music comes from the rapid touch of the great performer's fingers; as words come from the mouth of the indignant orator; as letters fly from the fingers of the trained compositor; as the syllables tinkled out by little bells form themselves to the ear of the telegrapher."

In comparing himself with the authors who follow no systematic method of work, he says: "They have failed to write their best because they have seldom written at ease. I have done double their work—though burdened with another profession—and have done it almost without an effort. I have not once, through all my literary career, felt myself even in danger of being late with my task. I have known no anxiety as to copy."

In another connection he speaks of having three unpublished novels in his desk, and adds: "One of these has been six years finished, and has never seen the light since it was first tied up in the wrapper which now contains it. I look forward with some grim pleasantry to its publication after another period of six years, and to the declaration of the critics that it has been the work of a period of life at which the power of writing novels had passed from me."

His method in writing enabled him to produce books quite rapidly, and this accounts in part for the unpublished works on hand. Only once did he permit a story to appear as a serial. In all other cases the story was completed before the printer saw any part of it.

He defends his habit of work as follows: "I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius.

I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been so I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels. Nothing, surely, is so potent as a law that may not be disobeyed. It has the force of the water-drop that hollows the stone. A small daily task, if it be really daily, will beat the labors of a spasmodic Hercules."

His duties as a government officer required him to travel a great deal, and he soon learned to do much of his literary work while on his journeys. He wrote on a tablet while riding in the cars; one story was written while traveling on three different continents; "Lady Anna" was written while making a voyage from Liverpool to Australia.

Anthony Trollope had very positive views on the subject of criticism. Early in his literary career he reached this conclusion: "I made up my mind then that, should I continue this trade of authorship, I would have no dealings with any critic on my own behalf. I would neither ask for nor deplore criticism, nor would I ever thank a critic for praise, or quarrel with him, even in my heart, for censure." A critic of the *Times* once commended his books very highly. The critic afterward ventured to inform Mr. Trollope that he was the author of the criticism. The blunt reply was to the effect that he was under no obligations for the complimentary notice.

He once censured a professional critic for accepting a handsome present from an author whose works the critic had commended. His idea was that the man who has received a present for praising a book will not feel free to criticise adversely the next book by the same author. He states his views at length on this point: "I think it may be laid down as a golden rule in literature that there should be no intercourse at all between an author and his critic. The critic, as critic, should not know his author, nor the author, as author, his critic. * * * Praise let the author try to obtain by wholesome effort; censure let him avoid, if possible, by care and industry. But when they come, let him take them as coming from some source which he cannot influence, and with which he should not meddle."

He once made an earnest plea that the critic's name should be appended to his article, believing that this would make the writer more careful both of his censure and praise, and that the reader could determine the value of the criticism. On the subject of critical dishonesty he says: "If the writer will tell us what he thinks, though his thoughts be absolutely vague and useless, we can forgive him; but when he tells us what he does not think, actuated either by friendship or animosity, then there should be no pardon for him. This is the sin in modern English criticism of which there is most reason to complain."

Anthony Trollope thinks that it is wrong that a literary name should carry so much favor with it. He says: "I, indeed, had never reached a height to which praise was awarded as a matter of course; but there were others who sat on higher seats, to whom the critics brought unmeasured incense and adulation, even when they wrote, as they sometimes did write, trash which from a beginner would not have been thought worthy of the slightest notice. I hope no one will think that in saying this I am actuated by jealousy of others. Though I never reached that height, still I had so far progressed that that which I wrote was received with too much favor. The injustice which struck me did not consist in that which was withheld from me, but in that which was given to me. I felt that aspirants coming up below me might do work as good as mine, and probably much better work, and yet fail to have it appreciated."

Mr. Trollope is undoubtedly right in his general statement. While as a rule literary productions stand on their merits, the name of Tennyson or some other writer of equal fame will insure the sale of an article which, if written by an unknown writer, would be promptly rejected. Young writers need not complain of this. Distinguished names render articles marketable, and give them a commercial value that publishers can not ignore. To test the correctness of his theory, Mr. Trollope wrote

two novels anonymously, which were not received with favor. Mr. Trollope's success in a pecuniary point of view was very slow. During the first ten years of his literary career he did not receive compensation enough to buy the pens, ink and paper he used. Twelve years passed before he received any appreciable increase of salary from his books. From that time his compensation was good. His books brought him in all something like \$350,000.

The chapter that he devotes to the English novelists of his day is very interesting. He places Thackeray first, George Eliot second, and Dickens third. Most readers would perhaps reverse this order. Of Thackeray's great work he says: "I myself regard 'Esmond' as the greatest novel in the English language, basing that judgment upon the excellence of its language, on the clear individuality of the characters, on the truth of its delineations in regard to the time selected, and on its great pathos." He pays a high tribute to Charlotte Bronte, and then adds: "'Jane Eyre' and 'Esmond,' and 'Adam Bede,' will be in the hands of our grandchildren, when 'Pickwick' and 'Pelham' and 'Harry Lorrequer' are forgotten; because the men and women depicted are human in their aspirations, human in their sympathies, and human in their actions." He commends Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade quite highly, but thinks the latter has no clear conception of literary honesty.

Mr. Trollope relates an amusing incident concerning one of his favorite characters. He was seated in a club room, when two clergymen entered and commenced to criticise his works. "The gravamen of their complaint lay in the fact that I introduced the same characters so often. 'Here,' said one, 'is the archdeacon whom we have had in every novel he has ever written.' 'And here,' said the other, 'is the old duke whom he has talked about till everybody is tired of him. If I could not invent new characters, I would not write novels at all.' Then one of them fell foul of Mrs. Proudie. It was impossible for me not to hear their words, and almost impossible to hear them and be quiet. I got up, and standing between them, I acknowledged myself to be the culprit. 'As to Mrs. Proudie,' I said, 'I will go home and kill her before the week is over.' And so I did. The two gentlemen were utterly confounded, and one of them begged me to forget his frivolous observations. I have sometimes regretted the deed, so great was my delight in writing about Mrs. Proudie, * * * and I still live much in company with her ghost."

Mr. Trollope made a number of visits to the United States, and was in Washington at the time of the Mason and Slidell controversy. Mr. Sumner was opposed to giving up the men. Mr. Seward's counsel prevailed with President Lincoln, and the men were released. He says that this "was the severest danger that the Northern cause encountered during the war." He describes a visit to Brigham Young as follows:

"I called upon him, sending to him my card, apologizing for doing so without an introduction, and excusing myself by saying that I did not like to pass through the territory without seeing a man of whom I had heard so much. He received me in his doorway, not asking me to enter, and inquired whether I were not a miner. When I told him that I was not a miner, he asked me whether I earned my bread. I told him I did. 'I guess you're a miner,' said he. I again assured him that I was not. 'Then how do you earn your bread?' I told him that I did so by writing books. 'I'm sure you're a miner,' said he. Then he turned upon his heel, went back into the house, and closed the door. I was properly punished, as I was vain enough to conceive that he would have heard my name."

This autobiography is a delightful book. The candor with which the writer speaks of his own books, pointing out their defects and calling attention to their merits, the freedom with which he speaks of his early struggles, his method of work, and his success, the spirit of fairness with which he criticises his contemporaries—all these reveal a mind healthy in tone, and call forth our hearty admiration.

SABBATH CHIMES.

By PHEBE A. HOLDER.

O'er the city's restless surges,
Heaving like the ocean tide,
Steals the night with hush of silence,
And the waves of toil subside.
Noiseless drops the soft, dark curtain,
While the mighty throbbings cease,
Starry eyes watch o'er the city
Sleeping in the depths of peace.

Comes the morning fair and radiant,
Bathed in sunshine—breathing balm,
Heaven's blue dome a benediction,
With its pure, unspotted calm,
Like Jerusalem, the golden,
Coming down to earth from heaven,
Clad in robes of bridal beauty
Seems this morn the Lord has given.

As I tread the streets, still peaceful,
Turning to the house of God,
Drinking in this wondrous beauty,
And this glory of the Lord,
Through the crystal air of morning
Ring the bells with mellow chime,
In a strain of sweetest music,
Hallowed as the Sabbath time.

Like the songs I heard in childhood,
Or a sainted mother's psalm,
Fell those chimes upon my spirit
With a holy, restful calm.
Like the tones of angel voices,
Sounding from seraphic choir,
Seemed this call our God to worship
In this holy house of prayer.

Still entranced I paused to listen
To the chiming, silvery, clear—
When the thrilling strain had ended
Yet I waited—fixed to hear;
While upon my listening spirit
Came a sense unfelt before,
Of our Lord's most precious blessing
In the Sabbath's holy power.

Coming like a guest from heaven
To our earthly, toil-worn lives,
A sweet influence, pure, uplifting,
To our struggling souls it gives.
Pointing with prophetic finger
To the perfect Sabbath rest
In the fair, Celestial City
Of the sainted and the blest,—

As with angel voice it calls us,
Now to seek that home of light
Where the gates of pearl shall open
To the pure with garments white.
Day beloved! thy blessed service
In the temple of our God,
Draws us nearer—ever nearer,
To our glorious, risen Lord.

Still that soft and mellow cadence
Lingers like a sacred charm,
Resting on my waiting spirit
With a touch of heavenly calm.
Like a sweet-toned voice still calling
From our home that is to be,
While from out its unseen glory
Floats celestial harmony.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1602. James the Sixth, of Scotland, became James the First of the United Kingdoms. According to ancient prophecy the Scottish kings were to follow the Stone of Scone, which, it will be remembered, was removed to London by Edward the First. The prophecy was three hundred years in being fulfilled. The same strange Nemesis of fate, which, in the last generation, placed the grandson of Josephine upon the throne of France, handed the scepter of the haughty Elizabeth to the son of her unfortunate rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. But the good fortune of James only emphasizes the general misfortune of the Stuart family. His ancestral record was not a cheerful retrospect. James the First of Scotland was murdered. James the Second was killed by the bursting of a cannon. James the Third was privately slain. James the Fourth fell on the disastrous field of Flodden. James the Fifth died of a broken heart. Mary was beheaded. His father Darnley was murdered.

Could he have foreseen the history of the next three generations—the execution of his son, Charles the First; the debauched reign of his grandson, Charles the Third, after his return from exile; and the banishment of James the Second, he would have found the outlook even more sad than the retrospect. The lines of the Stuart family did not fall in pleasant places. Some writer has observed that they suffered for the crimes of the Tudors. It may be that England had piled up a century of wrong which demanded atonement, but, without prejudice, the proverb was emphatically true, "Sufficient unto each reign was the evil thereof." It must also be remembered that all Europe was in a ferment. The celebrated Thirty Years' War was raging in Germany. Religious enthusiasm was asserting its power in Britain. The English and Scotch people were jealous of their political rights. The reign of a Scottish-born king, after so many centuries of bitter hate, could not be entirely acceptable to the English race. Both sides accused the king of partiality. Needy lords and nobles poured down from the north, and London resembled our own National Capital at the inauguration of a new president. The king was supplicated in Court, in the street, on horseback, at every doorway; ay, the very plate that contained his food was adorned with urgent request from some impatient relative of fifteenth or twentieth cousinship. As the Court had removed from Edinburgh and Scotland it seemed that Edinburgh and Scotland had removed to the Court. The ancient prejudice between Scot and English broke out in street, palace and inn. These are the historic events which preface the "Fortunes of Nigel," and the fray between the Scottish servant and the 'prentice boys of London, at the opening of the volume, strikes the keynote of universal discord.

It was a constitutional defect of James the First to be without money. As Nigel, the Scottish lord, happened to need the loan which his father had made to the king, he presented himself with the old fashioned assurance of a man justly demanding his rights, although at the hands of a monarch. The king was incensed, but the young lord fortunately falls in with George Heriot, the wealthy Scotch jeweler "to His Majesty," whose princely bequests still adorn the city of Edinburgh; but, unmindful of good counsel, he gradually lapses from duty, becomes a murderer in what he considers a matter of honor, is compelled to find refuge in Alsatia or Whitefriars, a sort of privileged den of iniquity. The portrayal of his experience in this nest of outlaws is true to the London of 1620.

It is this blending of Scott's dramatic and descriptive power which gives even to his minor works an enduring value. We have, as it were, a photograph of the great city as it appeared two hundred and sixty years ago. We see the Strand, a quiet

street, unlike the noisy thoroughfare of to-day, lined on the river-side with palaces and pleasure grounds reaching to the Thames. We see Whitehall, with its rich gates designed by Holbein, and stately court planned by Inigo Jones. We walk in the park with the courtly Duke of Buckingham, talk face to face with the king in the palace, on the chase, in the parlor of the wealthy Londoner; and at the close of the volume we feel that Scott has justly summed up his character in this striking paragraph of the fifth chapter: "He was deeply learned; without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and himself, to the most unworthy favorites; a big and bold asserter of his rights and words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labor, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labor was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppressions of others."

"Rokeby," a poem, comes next in historic order. The scene is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, and the date is immediately subsequent to the great battle of Marston Moor, July 3, 1644. It was here that the bold cavaliers learned a lesson never to be forgotten, at the hand of Puritan and Roundhead. The poem abounds with notable and vigorous passages. It throws light on the stormy years of the great Civil War; but so many of Scott's novels are related to this period that we must dismiss the poem with a single quotation—a tribute to the genius of Chaucer:

"O for that pencil, erst profuse
Of Chivalry's emblazoned hues,
That traced of old in Woodstock bower
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And bodied forth the tourney high,
Held for the hand of Emily!
Then might I paint the tumult broad,
That to the crowned abbey flowed;
Paint the dejected cavalier,
Doubtful, disarmed and sad of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claimed conquest now and mastery;
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel."

"The Legend of Montrose" takes us once more into the Highlands of Scotland, where the same deadly feuds divide the clans which we witnessed in reading the "Fair Maid of Perth." The Northern Highlanders, under the leadership of Montrose, espouse the side of King Charles. The Western Highlanders, under Argyle, rally on the side of Parliament. The picture of these two leaders is admirably drawn, as well as the character of their bold followers, who seemed unconscious of hardship; who were not only willing "to make their couch in the snow, but considered it effeminate luxury to use a snow-ball for a pillow."

The principal character of the book is Captain Dalgetty. A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* complained that there was perhaps too much of Dalgetty; that he engrossed too great a proportion of the work. But in the very next line he says that "the author has nowhere shown more affinity to that matchless spirit, who could bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols, in act after act, and play after play, and exercise them every time with

scenes of unbounded loquacity, without exhausting their humor, or varying a note from its characteristic tone, than in his large and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of the redoubted Dalgetty." Like many of the Scottish soldiers the captain had served under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and never lost his enthusiasm for the Lion of the North, the bulwark of the Protestant faith. Dalgetty is a rare specimen of Scotch "canniness," willing to hire out to the side that paid the most, but true to his contract when made. To him war was a sort of drama, and he merely engaged himself as one of the "star actors." We dismiss the captain with reluctance, and we imagine the reader will likewise when he closes the volume.

In one of the last chapters Scott treats us to a specimen of the lofty eloquence and undying hate of an old highland chief in his last words to his grandson: "In the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter—son of the mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain; let the deer of the mountains be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxon and of such Gael as are Saxon in their souls. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. Farewell, beloved! and mayst thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age shall break thy spirit."

Robert Aytoun in his poem on the "Execution of Montrose," which occurred a few years subsequent to our story, caught the true spirit of the Gael, in the Highlander's address to Evan Cameron:

"'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsey's pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.
A traitor sold him to his foes;—
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain side,
Or yet within the glen:
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caiff down!"

Between the "Legend of Montrose" and "Woodstock" stands a scaffold: a window is opened in the Palace of Whitehall; a brave but fickle king, who never lost his dignity, and rarely kept a promise, walks forth attended by two executioners: he speaks but one word to his attendant, places his head upon the block, and by the bravery of his death half atones for the crimes and mistakes of his life. As to his private character historians, for the most part, regard Charles the First as a brave, virtuous and religious man; but he entertained "extravagant ideas of the royal power, unsuitable to the time in

which he lived." His attempt to establish a National Church, to force upon the Presbyterians of Scotland the Common Prayer, and introduce a Liturgy similar to that used in England produced its logical result. The Star Chamber with its arbitrary arrests and punishments, and his idea of kingly prerogative, were not suited to the temper of his people; and finally he alienated his best friends by disregarding his word and most solemn contracts. The House of Commons, led by bold and determined men, asserted the supreme doctrine of liberty, so grandly emphasized one hundred years later in our Declaration of Independence, that "The power of the king, like any other power in the Constitution, was limited by the laws; and was liable to be legally resisted when it trespassed beyond them."

It must also be remembered, before we read the story of "Woodstock," that the party which controlled the Parliament of England and finally brought the king to the scaffold, was divided into two factions: Presbyterians and Independents. Among the Independents were Sir Harry Vane, John Milton and Oliver Cromwell. So much for the introduction to "Woodstock," which opens with a picture showing the cavaliers crushed under the iron heel of Cromwell. The time of the tale is 1652; and the story begins with a rather discordant service in the church or chapel of St. John. The defaced walls and broken windows reveal the fanaticism or spite which too often attends the spirit of liberty. We are presented with a rude scuffle between a Presbyterian and Independent preacher in a pulpit formerly belonging to the Established Church, in which the Independent preacher wins the victory; and the chapter is symbolic of the great struggle, not only in the religious, but also in the political condition of Britain. The incident is a fitting preface to the book, in which Independent, Presbyterian and Royalist are shaken together as in a kaleidoscope.

The story humorously gives us the old-time belief that Woodstock was a haunted spot; and Scott refers in his preface to a book, printed in London in the year 1660, bearing the sombre title of "The Just Devil of Woodstock; or a true narrative of the several apparitions, the fights and punishments inflicted upon the rumpish commissioners sent thither to survey the manors and houses belonging to his Magestie." The sad story of the fair Rosamond, murdered here by Queen Eleanor, was well calculated to make the ghostly apparitions more real; at least, the place was tragic enough to impress the superstitious of that generation. But the great value of this novel, apart from the picture of the times, consists in the portrayal of a living, breathing Cromwell; such a Cromwell as no history gives, but *the* Cromwell who appears as the resultant of them all; a man of deep emotion, wary in council and unwavering in execution, a man without a single grace of oratory, who, by the force of character, assumed and kept the leadership of the House of Commons; in whose presence the bravest men stood lost in fear and wonder. Or, as Scott beautifully puts it: "So true it is, that as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and overruling minds, bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others; as, when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream."

There is one other sketch which claims our attention—that of the disguised wanderer, Charles the Second, revered by Royalist, and pursued by the ruling party as an outcast. "No person on earth," Scott says, "could better understand the society in which he moved; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties—his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic—he had that species of Epicurean philosophy which, even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can in an interval of ease, however brief, avail itself of the enjoyments of the moment—he was, in short, in youth and misfortune, as afterward in his regal condition, a good-humored but hard-hearted voluptuary, wise, save where his passions intervened,

beneficent, save where prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish to confer benefits—his faults such as might have often drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity, that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs."

During his wandering he was entertained for a time at the home of the old knight, Sir Henry Lee, proprietor of Woodstock. The attachment formed for the old knight and his family affords Scott material for one of those dramatic descriptions in which he always so much delighted.

It was the 29th of May. All England sang. "The king enjoys his own again." "He made his progress from Rochester to London, with a reception on the part of his subjects so unanimously cordial, as made him say gaily, it must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country where his arrival gave so much joy. On horseback, betwixt his two brothers, the dukes of York and Gloucester, the restored monarch trode slowly over roads strewn with flowers—by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches, and through streets hung with tapestry. There were citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet, with gold chains, some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen, who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, had now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace. On his passage through Blackheath he passed that army, which, so long formidable to England herself, as well as to Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy which their own hands had destroyed. As the king passed the last files of this formidable host he came to an open part of the heath, where many persons of quality, with others of inferior rank, had stationed themselves to gratulate him as he passed toward the capital.

"There was one group, however, which attracted particular attention from those around, on account of the respect shown to the party by the soldiers who kept the ground, and who, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, seemed to contest emulously which should contribute most to their accommodation; for both the elder and younger of the party had been distinguished in the Civil War:

"It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated in a chair, having a complacent smile on his face, and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, 'God save King Charles!' His cheek was ashy pale, and his long beard bleached like the thistle down; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that his vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grandchildren or asked a question of his daughter, who sat beside him, matured in matronly beauty. A gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, with eyes dim, and head slouched down, exhibiting only the ruin of his former appearance, formed a remarkable figure in the group.

"And now the distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet—onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun; and, at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. The monarch gazed an instant on the party, sprung from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations of the people, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently placing him on his seat—"Bless," he said, "father—bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger."

"Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords," said the king as he mounted his horse. "Indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough

to little purpose. Move on, sirs." The array moved on accordingly; the sound of trumpet and drum again rose amid the acclamations; but the knight had relapsed into earthly paleness; his eyes were closed and opened not again. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up and expired, in one exhilarating flash."

GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS FOR APRIL.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN.

The sun's light "exceeds in intensity any that can be produced by artificial means, the electric light between charcoal points being the only one that does not look absolutely black against the unclouded sun." "The heat thrown out from every square yard of the sun's surface is greater than that which would be produced by burning six tons of coal on it each hour. Now, we may take the surface of the sun roughly at 2,284,000,000,000 square miles, and there are 3,097,600 square yards in each square mile." A little calculation will show how many tons of coal must be burnt in an hour to represent the sun's heat.

There comes also from the sun chemical force, which separates carbon from oxygen, and turns the gas, which, were it to accumulate, would kill all men and animals, into the life of plants, thus preserving the animal and building up the vegetable world. Whether it can keep up this amount of light and heat throughout the "endless ages," we have no means of knowing. We have, however, no evidence even during centuries of any loss of either, so that we may safely say that there will be an abundance of both for all the time in which we are interested.

On the 25th of this month there will be a partial eclipse, beginning at 1:00 p. m., Washington mean time, in longitude 82° 3.5' west, latitude 59° 12.3' south. The greatest obscuration (about .75) will occur at 2:46.4 p. m. in longitude 4° 26.7' east, latitude 70° 48.2' south; will end at 4:32.4 p. m. in longitude 12° 20.6' east, latitude 33° 6.7' south. As it will be visible only in the extreme southern part of the western continent and in the south Atlantic Ocean, no importance is attached to its occurrence.

The most careless must have observed the increase in the amount of daylight in the northern hemisphere since the 21st of last December. On the first of the present month the sun rises at 5:43 a. m. and sets at 6:25 p. m.; on the 30th it rises at 4:59 a. m. and sets at 6:55 p. m., so that the increase in "day's length," as we are accustomed to call it, will be one hour and seven minutes. To set our time pieces, we must, when the sun is on the meridian, on the 1st, make them indicate 12:3.7 p. m.; on the 15th, 11:59.8 a. m.; on the 30th, 11:57 a. m. On the 1st day breaks at 4:04; on the 30th at 3:09. In latitude 41° 30' north the sun will, on the 30th, reach an altitude of 63° 33' above the horizon, the highest for the month.

THE MOON'S

Phases for the month occur in the following order and time (Washington mean time): First quarter on the 2d at 4:09 p. m.; full moon on the 10th at 6:36 a. m.; last quarter on the 18th at 10:46 a. m.; new moon on the 25th at 9:49 a. m. It is also on the meridian on the 1st, 15th and 30th, at 5:18 p. m., 3:38 a. m., 5:03 p. m. respectively. On the 2d it sets at 12:41 a. m.; on the 15th rises at 11:23 p. m.; and on the 29th sets at 11:28 p. m. It is farthest from the earth on the 13th at 1:30 p. m.; and nearest to the earth on the 26th at 3:42 a. m. In latitude 41° 30' north, its least elevation above the horizon is on the 15th, and its greatest on the 28th; on the former date being 29° 48½', and on the latter 67° 12¼'. There will also be a total eclipse,

beginning on the 10th at 4:44 a. m., and ending at 8:33 a. m. The beginning of the part called "total" continues from 5:52 to 7:25 a. m., or one hour and thirty-three minutes. Magnitude nearly 1.5. As the moon sets in the neighborhood of Washington at about 5:30 a. m., only the first part and none of the "totality" will be there visible. Our neighbor, the moon, has one peculiar trait, which we could wish belonged to all our friends. It never "turns its back on you." Cold it may be, and is often so called, but in darkest hours, and under all circumstances, it presents its face to the earth. It may be only politeness or etiquette, that causes it thus to act; but the fact remains. It may move a trifle, so that we can sometimes see more of it than at others, but four-sevenths is the limit of its surface as seen by man. What may be on the other side has never been revealed. For aught we know, there may be

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight."

But the probabilities are strongly on the other side. So far as we can discover, no atmosphere is there to catch and hold the rays from the burning sun, and hence it seems that all must be cold and bleak and barren. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and it were perhaps better that we should thus enjoy its mild light and gentle influence, than cultivate a closer acquaintance.

MERCURY.

The planet enjoying the distinction of being the nearest to the center of our system is too near the "dazzling brightness" to permit our finding out much about its physical constitution. We suppose, but do not know, that it revolves on its axis. We guess that it has satellites, but no one is certain that he ever saw one of them. We used to think it must be a very warm planet; but now we think it might perhaps be a moderately comfortable place for a mortal to reside. The fact is, what we do not know about it is much more than what we do know; and what we know about it for this month is nearly as follows: On the 1st, 15th, 25th and 30th it will rise after the sun, and will not be visible to the unaided eye; but on the same dates it will set at 6:32, 7:03, 8:37 and 8:35 p. m., respectively, and can therefore be easily seen after sunset from the 20th to the end of the month by anybody who will take the pains to look for it—that is, within the latitude in which most of our readers live. It reaches its most easterly limit ($20^{\circ} 32'$) at 9:00 p. m. on the evening of the 25th, and approaches so much nearer to us during the month as to cause its diameter to appear nearly twice as large—that is, to increase from $5''$ to $9''$. On the 21st at 2:00 a. m. it will be $4^{\circ} 20'$ north of Neptune, and on the 26th at 5:55 p. m., $5^{\circ} 47'$ north of the moon.

VENUS,

The most friendly of our planets, who comes so close at times as to seem to be within "hailing distance" (only twenty-five millions of miles), is still our delight. She grows brighter and more beautiful as time moves on. Her motion for the month is direct and amounts to $34^{\circ} 16' 3''$. Her diameter shows an increase of $5.4''$. From our present acquaintance we learn that she sometimes shines so brightly as to be visible in daylight to the naked eye, and at night, in the absence of the moon, to cast a shadow. When viewed through a telescope, she presents phases like the moon; and in some respects she is very much like our earth. For example, her size is not more than 4 per cent. less, and her density and force of gravity must be nearly the same. Her days are supposed to be a little shorter than ours, and her years are known to be equal to $224\frac{2}{3}$ of our days. On the 1st, 15th and 30th she will rise at 7:32, 7:25 and 7:26 a. m., and set at 10:04, 10:31 and 10:48 p. m., respectively. On the 2d, at 11:00 p. m., she will be nearest the sun; on the 25th, at 11:00 p. m., $4^{\circ} 13'$ north of Saturn; on the 28th, at 2:41 p. m., $7^{\circ} 53'$ north of the moon.

MARS.

Of this planet we have little to report. He continues his direct motion, which amounts to $9^{\circ} 30' 34''$. As he and the earth are getting farther apart, his diameter (apparently) diminishes from $10''$ to $8''$. He rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th at 12:27 p. m., 11:54 a. m., and 11:24 a. m., and sets on the 2d, 16th, and May 1st at 3:09, 2:22, and 1:38 a. m., respectively. On the 4th, at 10:26 a. m., his position is $8^{\circ} 10'$ north of the moon, and on the 1st a little northeast of the nebula *Præsepe* in *Cancer*.

JUPITER

Continues to be evening star, coming to the meridian on the 1st, 15th and 30th, at 7:04, 6:13 and 5:20 p. m., and setting on the 2d, 16th, and May 1st, at 2:24, 1:32 and 12:38 a. m. His motion, which is direct, amounts during the month to $4^{\circ} 27' 33''$. His diameter diminishes from $37.8''$ to $34.6''$, an indication that our distance from him is increasing. On the 3d, at 1:52 p. m., he is 6° north of the moon; and on the 14th, at 7:00 p. m., 90° west of the sun.

SATURN

Continues his position not far from the bright star *Aldebaran*, in the constellation Taurus, on the 1st being about $2^{\circ} 53'$ west and $3^{\circ} 32'$ north, while on the 30th he will be about $30'$ east and $4^{\circ} 7\frac{1}{2}'$ north of this star. His motion is direct and amounts to $3^{\circ} 24'$. Diameter diminishes from $16.2''$ on the 1st to $15.8''$ on the 30th. Setting at 10:47, 9:59 and 9:09 p. m. on the 1st, 15th and 30th he will be evening star throughout the month. On the 12th, at 11:00 p. m., is $4^{\circ} 13'$ south of Venus, and on the 27th, at 1:56 p. m., $2^{\circ} 19'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

Formerly and still sometimes called Herschel, from the name of its discoverer, Dr. Herschel, has made but about one and one-fifth revolutions about the sun, since its discovery in 1781, more than a century ago. It is now near the star *Beta Virginis*, and making a retrograde motion of about $56^{\circ} 30''$ in 30 days. Its diameter is $3.8''$. It rises at 4:53 p. m., 3:55 p. m. and 2:54 p. m. on the 1st, 15th and 30th, and sets at 5:09 a. m., 4:13 a. m. and 3:13 a. m. on the 2d, 16th, and May 1st. On the 6th, at 6:27 a. m., it is $3^{\circ} 27'$ north of the moon. Is evening star during the month.

NEPTUNE

Is evening star, setting at 9:24, 8:32 and 7:28 p. m. on the 1st, 15th and 30th, respectively. Its motion, $1^{\circ} 2' 37''$, is direct. Diameter, $2.6''$. On the 21st, at 2:00 a. m., $4^{\circ} 20'$ south of Mercury, and on the same day will set about fifteen minutes later than said planet. On the 26th, at 8:27 a. m., $44'$ north of moon.

EARNESTNESS.—Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life; yet even among the people whom we call men of culture, but little earnestness is often to be found; in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreations, they plant themselves, if I may say so, in an attitude of self-defense; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to be done with them. They remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who told, with a contented air, one evening in some company, that "to-day he had despatched six churches and two galleries." They wish to know and learn a multitude of things, and not seldom exactly those things with which they have the least concern; and they never see that hunger is not appeased by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man my first inquiry is: With what does he occupy himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance? The answer regulates the interest I take in that man for life. * * * I reverence the individual who understands distinctly what he wishes; who unweariedly advances, who knows the means conducive to his object, and can seize and use them. How far his object may be great or little, may merit praise or censure, is a secondary consideration with me.—Goethe.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE LITERARY ISHMAEL.

By C. E. BISHOP.

Less is known while more is written and disputed about Edgar Allan Poe, than about any other character in American literature. In the narrative of his life there are gaps of months and years in which nothing can be told of his whereabouts or acts; and as if to atone for this lack he is at other times credited with feats of ubiquity. There are also stories of a quixotic mission to fight for Greek independence, *a la* Byron; of his escapades in St. Petersburg; of enlistment in and desertion from the United States army; of phenomenally protracted debauches, during which he threw off the most wonderful productions of his pen—most of which stories, so far as can be shown now, were evolved from the inner consciousness of those writers who, upon his death, “woke to ecstasy, the living liars,” to blacken his name.

A general reason for this paucity of particulars may be found, perhaps, in Poe's enforced seclusion from the public by the exigencies of poverty during much of his life, and the low rank of authors in the general estimation of the times; a special reason may be that Poe's literary executor and biographer, Dr. Griswold, to whom in his lifetime he had entrusted all the material he ever furnished any one, suppressed the facts and substituted inventions, in order to assassinate the character of the dead poet. For twenty-six years Poe's body rested in an unmarked grave, and his character was buried under a living heap of obloquy. When at last, in 1875, a few devoted women of Baltimore sought to redeem both tombs, nearly all the contemporary witnesses to his acts were dead. It was not until twenty-six years after the event that Dr. Moran, who had attended Poe's last illness, broke silence and put to rest the story that he died in the midst of a drunken debauch in the streets of Baltimore. “There was no smell of liquor upon his person or breath, and no delirium or tremor,” says this tardy vindicator. It was 1878 (twenty-nine years late) when Mrs. Weiss, of Richmond, told the story of his last visit to that city, and contradicted Griswold's story of his engagement with Mrs. Stalton, and his prolonged inebriety there. It was later still, when the posthumous letter of Mrs. Whitman, of Providence, was published, silencing the long-accepted tale of Poe's engagement to her, and his disreputable conduct and intemperance the evening before they were to have been married. Many chivalrous pens now—alas! too late—essayed his defense; but his true history has not yet been written, and it probably never will be. Dr. Johnson's summary of Butler's life almost literally applies to Poe's: “The date of his birth is doubtful, the mode and place of his education unknown, the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor.”

“The persistent and palpably malignant efforts to damn him with some drops of faint praise and some oceans of strong abuse,”* have, indeed, produced a reactionary tendency toward panegyric, since the angels rolled the stone away from his tomb. The best any one can now do is to pity the man and admire his works, and weigh probabilities. A careful view as well of his time as of his character and environment is necessary. Premising that I am not so presumptuous as to expect to add much to the general fund of misinterpretation of his acts and misunderstanding of his character, a brief summary of the less controverted features of this history is submitted.

In “that stray child of Poetry and Passion” concentrated hot Celtic and Southern blood, stimulated upon his father's side by drink, upon his mother's by the artificial surroundings of an actress's life, and in both intensified by a runaway marriage, followed by a joint “barn-storming” life. Himself an inter-act, his

nursery was the green room, his necessary nourishment narcotics. It is a sad thing to say, but probably one of the few fortunate circumstances of his life was that his parents died in his infancy—one of his many misfortunes was to have been adopted and raised by a wealthy family (Mr. Allan's of Baltimore). He was born in 1809, or 1811, in either Boston, Baltimore or Richmond, through all of which he, living, “begged his bread,” *a la* Homer. The Allans assiduously spoiled the child with unlimited money, indulgence and praise. It was easy, for he was rarely beautiful, affectionate, and precocious; he recited with marvelous childish effect, spun webs of imaginative stories, and composed rhymes. “He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,” and when he was nine or ten years old his proud foster-father seriously contemplated issuing a volume of his baby-verse, but was dissuaded by the boy's tutor, who said he had conceit enough already, and such additional celebrity would probably ruin his prospects.

Edgar was schooled in England, at the University of Virginia, and at West Point, but he must have picked up independently of schools and school masters the varied culture which shows in his versatile writings—especially his acquaintance with science, psychology and literature. At these schools he was distinguished alike for fast learning and fast living—his easy absorption of the branches he liked, his utter revulsion against those he did not like (mathematics, notably), for his literary and critical tastes, athletic exercises, and the lavishness with which he scattered his guardian's money. These characteristics won him the jealousy of his plodding classmates, distinction at the university, expulsion from West Point, and quarrels with his foster-father. Over-indulgence by parents produced the usual result of disrespect and ingratitude in the youth; and the marriage of Mr. Allan to a second wife, and the birth of heirs to his estates brought about a final separation and a disinheritance of the adopted son, and so Edgar, at about his majority age, was thrown on his own resources. He chose literature as his profession, and doomed himself to poverty, anguish, professional jealousy (especially strong among authors), triumphs, defeats, ruin and insanity.

Poe's real debut in letters was in 1833, when (ætat 24) he won a prize of a hundred dollars offered by the proprietor of *The Saturday Visitor*, Baltimore, for the best story. Better than the money, the contest brought him the friendship of the judges, and about a year later the editorship of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Richmond, at ten dollars a week. The intervening year is one of the blanks.

The Richmond editorship marks a turning point in Poe's career. He made the fortune of the *Messenger*; married ('35) his cousin, Virginia Clem; and first began that line of work which is, in my opinion, its distinctive feature, as it certainly proved to be decisive of his destiny—to-wit: criticism. He published in some issues as much as thirty or forty pages of book reviews. They created a tempest; for, rare as is his imagery and wonderful as is his imagination, Poe's distinguishing mental characteristic is analysis. He is more logician than poet, more metaphysician than romancer.

Poe subsequently ('37-'38) edited the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, and then *Graham's Magazine*, both in Philadelphia, and in '44 we find him in New York, employed on the *Mirror*, the journal of the poets N. P. Willis and George P. Morris. In Philadelphia he did the best work of his life in romance and criticism. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of his evil genius, Dr. Griswold. Poe believed that Griswold supplanted him from the editorship of *Graham's*; G.'s subsequent enmity, while professing friendship, was of the unforgiving nature that often comes of the consciousness of having inflicted a secret wrong on another. The only other causes of disagreement between them alleged are that Poe criticised Griswold's book in a lecture, and that Griswold attempted to buy a favorable criticism from Poe's pen. But they were outwardly friendly, after a reconciliation, till Poe's voice and pen were beyond the power

* Davidson.

of response. The work of detraction had preceded Poe to New York, for Mr. Willis writes of this engagement:

"With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it alone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. To our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented—far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. Through all this considerable period we had seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability."

In 1845 appeared the work on which Poe's poetic fame most depends, that poem in which he wedded Despair to Harmony, "The Raven." It marks the acme of his life, also; his star declined rapidly thereafter. His wife, who bore the hereditary taint of consumption, was in a decline; care and anxiety on that account, and his own ill health, took away his ability to write and he was without means of support. He was driven to ask loans from one or two friends, and by a fatality such as he sometimes made to drive his fictitious characters upon their worst expedients, he chose Dr. Griswold as one of them. "Can you not send me five dollars?" he pleaded with G.; "I am ill and Virginia is almost gone." This and one or two other such letters Griswold published, in connection with his slanders on Poe's character, to give his attack the cover of friendly sincerity. Something was published in New York papers regarding the distress of the Poes, and a lady friend (Mrs. Shew) visited them at Fordham. The worst was confirmed.

"There was no clothing on the bed—which was only straw—but a snow-white spread and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

Mrs. Poe died January 30, 1847. Captain Mayne Reid, the novelist, who visited often at her house, thus describes her:

"No one who remembers that dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter of the South; her face so exquisitely lovely; her gentle, graceful demeanor; no one who has ever spent an hour in her society but will endorse what I have said of this lady, who was the most delicate realization of the poet's ideal."

Another said: "She had large, black eyes, and a pearly whiteness of complexion which was a perfect pallor. Her pale face, her brilliant eyes, and her raven hair gave her an unearthly look. One felt that she was almost a disrobed spirit."

After this Poe's decline was rapid. He was ill for a long time, and never quite recovered his mental balance. In the autumn of this year he visited Mrs. Shew, his benefactress. She says that at this time, under the combined influence of her gentle urgency, a cup of tea and the sound of neighboring church bells, he wrote the first draft of "The Bells." She adds:

"My brother took Poe to his own room, where he slept twelve hours and could hardly recall the evening's work. This showed his mind was injured—nearly gone out for want of food and from disappointment. He had not been drinking and had only been a few hours from home. Evidently his vitality was low, and he was nearly insane. I called in Dr. Francis (the old man was odd but very skilful), who was one of our neighbors. His words were, 'He has heart disease and will die early in life.' We did not waken him, but let him sleep."

Since I began writing this paper I have heard recited in a company of literary people an account of Poe's staggering into a stranger's house at midnight, calling for a pen and dashing

off "The Bells;" then falling into a drunken stupor on the library table. It was evidently believed by the narrator, despite Mrs. Shew's circumstantial and more rational account.

During these dark days, as indeed during all Poe's adult life, Mrs. Clem was his guardian angel. The poet Willis touchingly draws this picture of devotion:

"It was a hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject to sell—sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing—and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that would convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel, living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure, and when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feeling unrequited to, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, begging for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with human passion, hallows its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit—say for him who inspired it."

By this test, Poe's was always a pure nature, for he inspired respect, pity and regard in every woman he came in contact with. It was a reflex sentiment, for Poe revered woman, and there is not in all his writings an impure suggestion or an indelicate word.

The rest of the history is one of occasional indulgence in intoxicants and rarely intermitting mental aberration. It is to him during these last months of his unhappy career that the least charity has been extended. He conducted a courtship of three ladies at once, making to each like frantic protestations of love, the same despairing appeals to each to become his savior from some dreadful impending fate. In June, '49, he departed for Richmond, for what purpose is unknown. In Philadelphia he appeared the subject of a hallucination that he was pursued by conspirators, and had his mustache taken off for the sake of disguise. In Richmond he remained until the latter part of September, writing some and renewing old acquaintances. During these three or four months he was twice known to be overcome and in danger of his life from drink; he was credited with having been almost continuously "in a state of beastly intoxication" during the whole time. Mrs. Weiss thinks that this was one of the brightest and happiest seasons of his life; if so, it was light at its eventide. The return voyage is shrouded—that is the fit word—shrouded in mystery and controversy.

This seems to be true—that he was taken up unconscious in Baltimore at daybreak, taken to a hospital, and died there at midnight of the same day (October 7, 1849). It is also known that he left Richmond by boat on the evening of the 4th, he then being sober and cheerful. In proper course he must have arrived in Baltimore the night of the 5th or morning of the 6th; he was himself then, for he removed his trunk to a hotel. There was thus left less than twenty-four hours in which for him to travel to Havre de Grace and back, miss the New York connection, vote eleven times in the Baltimore city election, go through the "prolonged debauch," fall into the delirium, and lapse into the comatose state in which he was found—as described in most of his biographies; and he immediately thereafter is found to have no smell of liquor about him, no tremor, and is conversing rationally when roused to consciousness.

The event was announced by Griswold in the *Tribune* with this brutal bluntness:

"Edgar Allan Poe is dead. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. He had few or no friends." But the *Southern Literary Messenger* said: "Now that he is gone, the vast multitude of blockheads may breathe again." Griswold simply elected himself mouthpiece of that host.

On Poe's supersensitive organization stimulants told with fearful effect. Mrs. Clem said "A single cup of coffee would intoxicate him." N. P. Willis explained the vagaries and sins of Poe by supposing him to be possessed of two antagonistic spirits, a devil and an angel, each having complete mastery of him by turns. But, says Willis, "With a single glass of wine his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost and, though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his will was palpably insane. He easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused accordingly of insulting arrogance and bad heartedness. It was a sad infirmity of physical constitution which puts it upon very nearly the ground of temporary and almost irresponsible insanity."

That these lapses were infrequent, instead of almost continuous, we have plenty of testimony from those who were much with him as business associates and inmates of the same house. "I have never seen him otherwise than gentle, generous, well-bred and particularly refined," is a certificate of one who was intimate in the family, which was confirmed by many witnesses of different periods and places. The poet Swinburne was probably right in declaring that Poe's inebriety was "the effect of a terrible evil, rather than its cause." That evil lay not alone, perhaps not chiefly, in his inherited and educated predisposition to indulgence and his morbidness of mentality; but in the character and consequences of his chiefest literary work.

It is a hard enough lot, under the best circumstances and in the best times, to live by the pen. The characteristics as well of Poe's genius as of his times made that lot a doom for him. The rewards of authorship were on an eleemosynary scale (Poe received only \$10 for "The Raven," and \$10 a week as editor-in-chief of a magazine: the *North American Review* then paid only \$2 a page for matter); literary taste was unformed and, worst of all, the market was drugged and cheapened and the best public appreciation perverted by a silly school of writer who had arisen—similar to the "Della Crusca School" which a few years before had infested literature in England. Their lucubrations were both barren of ideas and bad in style. It was the lollipop stage of our literature. Now Poe possessed in high degree two parts which, when addressed to criticism, would most offend these callow writers, to-wit: The musical sense of language, and marvelous analytical powers. The most obvious quality of his poetic style is its rhythm. The musical ear led him to adopt refrains and euphonious syllables, like "Never more," "Lenore," "bells," and to dwell on their cadence; it made a bad composition distract him as a discord does a sensitive musician. For him divine harmonies lay in the relation of words to each other, as if they had been notes.

Coupled with this, to him, uncomfortable sensitiveness to verbal sounds, was his almost superhuman power of dissecting thought—extremely uncomfortable to others, even to the best of writers. Thus gifted with a mental touch equally for the substance of language and the substance of thought which language struggles to give birth to; possessed of the power of an eager and a nipping sarcasm and an infernal courage, fortified with extensive reading and a retentive memory, Poe became a scourge to mediocrity, imitation, sham and pretense. There could not have been a more critical time for such a man to attempt a livelihood at letters; there could not have been a man better fitted to work havoc among the essayists and poetasters of the day, to compel literary reform and to bring misfortunes on himself. "He elected himself chief justice of the court of criticism and head hangman of dunces," says Stoddard.

"He hated a bad book as a misdemeanor." Burton, proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, remonstrated with Poe against the severity of some of his book reviews. "You say," said he to Poe, "that the people love havoc; I think they love justice." One adds, "Poe thought literary justice meant havoc with such mediocrity as then flourished." To the cause of pure literature he thus devoted his life with example, with precept and with destructive force. He was the Wendell Phillips of American literature. He did a work that was necessary to be done in behalf of American literature. He pulled down upon his own head and theirs, the sham temple which the little scribbling Philistines had erected.

So it is not to be wondered at that "he contrived to attach to himself animosities of the most enduring kind," as the *Messenger* declared. It became Poe against the whole literary world of America in a very short time—for he had unstinted praise for no one. It is doubtless due to the influence of this army of foes that he lost in succession all his editorial situations and was impoverished. There were other enemies as unscrupulous as Griswold. One of these put in successful circulation the theory that Poe, by cruelty, deliberately caused the death of his wife in order to get the inspiration for "The Raven," and the story may still be met on its rounds, notwithstanding the fact that the poem was written two years before she died. (Amiable human nature delights in contemplation of human monsters.) She declared on her death-bed that her life had been shortened by anonymous letters slandering and threatening her husband. Perhaps it was to meet this story that he wrote that curious analysis ("The Philosophy of Composition") of the mechanical and prosaic methods by which he constructed "The Raven."

The critical instinct, coupled with an impulsive temperament, high ideals of perfect performance and a powerful pen, is a fatal gift to any man. The path of such a one will be strewn with the tombs of friendships which he has stabbed, many and many a time unconsciously; his life will be haunted with vain regrets for words gone past recall, carrying with them consequences he did not reckon upon, hurting those he loves, missing those he aimed at. His way leads steadily through bitter animosities, bitterer remorse and, bitterest of all, isolation from his fellows, who shall clothe him with a character foreign, antagonistic and repulsive to his better nature. If he be not possessed of an o'ermastering will, a thick skin and a healthy, cheerful temper it leads to morbidness, gloom and despair.

Poe was not of that will and temper. He was affectionate, sociable and supersensitive to coolness of manner in others. A rebuff was a stab to him, hatred a calamity. It is said his early life was clouded by the stigma put on him by his parents' theatrical associations and his own dependence on charity; and that when a lad he wept many wild nights at the grave of a lady who had spoken kindly to him and become the confidante of his boyish sorrows and hopes. So with this nature and with his devastating pen in hand he traced that descent into the living tomb. If from its gloom he sometimes sought "respite and nepenthe" in drink it is not to be wondered at; he was often tempted to suicide. He once solemnly protested: "I have no pleasure in stimulants. It [indulgence in drink] has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories—memories of wrong, and injustice and imputed dishonor—from a sense of insupportable loneliness and a dread of some strange impending gloom."

I fancy he tried to typify this unhappy mission that had come to blast his life in that poem in which he "wedded despair to harmony." "The Raven" was a "grim, ghastly, ominous messenger from the night's Plutonian shore" that settled on the bust of Pallas, goddess of wisdom, even as that critical impulse had settled upon his genius. His soul never was lifted from the shadow. He was himself, of that fell work, the

—"Unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster."

And why did he not stop the war on the literati and pseudo-authors? Who can tell? He "wasn't practical." He lacked some of Falstaff's "instinct." He was not good and sweet. He wasn't well-balanced; he was an Eccentric. Pity the Eccentric—the man who knows himself called and chosen to a cause, whether by the necessities of his own nature or by divine impulse—if, indeed, this and that be not the same. Whether that cause be warring upon high injustice, exposing hypocrisy in high places, reforming an art, lifting up the lowly—anything that sets a man apart to a purpose other than self-seeking, brings him ingratitude, misinterpretation, isolation and many sorrows. Hamlet called to set right the out-of-joint times would rather, if he had dared, have taken his quietus with a bare bodkin than face this life of heart-ache, oppressors' wrongs, law's delays to correct the wrongs, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. The greatest of Eccentrics became a stranger unto his brethren, was despised and rejected of man, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; even His chosen disciples when He tried to purify the holy places from the profanation of greed misunderstood him; "the zeal of his house hath eaten him up," sneered they.

Edgar A. Poe's personal appearance matched his genius. Let those who saw him tell it: "He was the best realization of a poet in features, air and manner that I have ever seen, and the unusual paleness of his face added to its aspect of melancholy interest." "Slight but erect of figure, of middle height, his head finely modeled, with a forehead and temples large and not unlike those of Bonaparte; his hands as fair as a woman's; even in the garb of poverty 'with gentleman written all over him.' The handsome, intellectual face, the dark and clustering hair, the clear and sad gray-violet eyes—large, lustrous, glowing with expression." "A man who never smiles." "Those awful eyes," exclaimed one woman. "The face tells of battling, of conquering external enemies, of many a defeat when the man was at war with his meaner self." He was both much sinned against and much sinning. But he was not a monster, nor an ogre. He was only a poet and an Eccentric.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH.

By R. A. PROCTOR.

There are many points in which English and American speakers and writers of culture differ from each other as to the use of certain words and as to certain modes of expression.

In America the word "clever" is commonly understood to mean pleasant and of good disposition, not (as in England) ingenious and skilful. Thus, though an American may speak of a person as a clever workman, using the word as we do, yet when he speaks of another as a clever man, he means, in nine cases out of ten, that the man is good company and well-natured. Sometimes, I am told, the word is used to signify generous or liberal. I can not recall any passages from early English literature in which the word is thus used, but I should not be surprised to learn that the usage is an old one. In like manner, the words "cunning" and "cute" are often used in America for "pretty" (German *niedlich*). As I write, an American lady, who has just played a very sweet passage from one of Mozart's symphonies, turns from the piano to ask "whether that passage is not cute," meaning pretty.

The word "mad" in America seems nearly always to mean "angry;" at least, I have seldom heard it used in our English sense. For "mad," as we use the word, the Americans say "crazy." Herein they have manifestly impaired the language. The words "mad" and "crazy" are quite distinct in their significance as used in England, and both meanings require to be expressed in ordinary parlance. It is obviously a

mistake to make one word do duty for both, and to use the word "mad" to imply what is already expressed by other and more appropriate words.

I have just used the word "ordinary" in the English sense. In America the word is commonly used to imply inferiority. An "ordinary actor," for instance, is a bad actor; a "very ordinary man" is a man very much below par. There is no authority for this usage in any English writer of repute, and the usage is manifestly inconsistent with the derivation of the word. On the other hand, the use of the word "homely" to imply ugliness, as is usual in America, is familiar at this day in parts of England, and could be justified by passages in some of the older English writers. That the word in Shakspeare's time implied inferiority is shown by the line—

Home keeping youths have ever homely wits.

In like manner, some authority may be found for the American use of the word "ugly" to signify bad-tempered.

Words are used in America which have ceased to be commonly used in England, and are, indeed, no longer regarded as admissible. Thus, the word "unbeknown" which no educated Englishman ever uses, either in speaking or in writing is still used in America in common speech and by writers of repute.

Occasionally, writers from whom one would expect at least correct grammar make mistakes which in England would be regarded as very bad—mistakes which are not, indeed, passed over in America, but still attract less notice there than in England. Thus, Mr. Wilkie, who is so severe on English English in "Sketches beyond the Seas," describes himself as saying (in reply to the question whether Chicago policemen have to use their pistols much), "I don't know *as* they have to as a matter of law or necessity, but I know they do as a matter of fact;" and I have repeatedly heard this incorrect use of "as" for "that" in American conversation. I have also noted in works by educated Americans the use of the word "that" as an adverb, "that excitable," "that head-strong," and so forth. So the use of "lay" for "lie" seems to me to be much commoner in America than in England, though it is too frequently heard here also. In a well-written novelette called "The Man who was not a Colonel," the words—"You was" and "Was you?" are repeatedly used, apparently without any idea that they are ungrammatical. They are much more frequently heard in America than in England (I refer, of course, to the conversation of the middle and better classes, not of the uneducated). In this respect it is noteworthy that the writers of the last century resemble Americans of to-day; for we often meet in their works the incorrect usage in question.

And here it may be well to consider the American expression "I guess," which is often made the subject of ridicule by Englishmen, unaware of the fact that the expression is good old English. It is found in a few works written during the last century, and in many written during the seventeenth century. So careful a writer as Locke used the expression more than once in his treatise "On the Human Understanding." In fact the disuse of the expression in later times seems to have been due to a change in the meaning of the word "guess." An Englishman who should say "I guess" now, would not mean what Locke did when he used the expression in former times or what an American means when he uses it in our own day. We say, "I guess that riddle," or "I guess what you mean," signifying that we think the answer to the riddle, or the meaning of what we have heard, may be such and such. But when an American says, "I guess so," he does not mean "I think it may be so," but more nearly "I know it to be so." The expression is closely akin to the old English saying, "I wis." Indeed, the words "guess" and "wis" are simply different forms of the same word. Just as we have "guard" and "ward," "guardian" and "warden," "Guillaume" and "William," "guichet" and "wicket," etc., so we have the verbs to "guess" and to "wis." (In the Bible—

we have not "I wis," but we have "he wist.") "I wis" means nearly the same as "I know," and that this is the root-meaning of the word is shown by such words as "wit," "witness," "wisdom," the legal phrase "to-wit," and so forth. "Guess" was originally used in the same sense; and Americans retain that meaning, whereas in our modern English the word has changed in significance.

It may be added, that in many parts of America we find the expression "I guess" replaced by "I reckon," and "I calculate" (the "I cal'late" of the *Biglow Papers*). In the South, "I reckon" is generally used, and in parts of New England "I calculate," though (I am told) less commonly than of yore. It is obvious from the use of such words as "reckon" and "calculate" as equivalents for "guess," that the expression "I guess" is not, as many seem to imagine, equivalent to the English "I suppose" and "I fancy." An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess?'" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are always so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that whereas the American says frequently, "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman as freely lards his discourse with the expression, "You know," which is, perhaps, more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted, that the "down east" American often uses the expression "I want to know," in the same sense as our English expression of attentive interest, "Indeed?"

Among other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following:—

An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say, "Is that so?" or simply "So!" The expression "Possible!" is sometimes, but not often, heard. Dickens misunderstood this exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, that does not concern me;" whereas, in reality, it is equivalent to the expression, "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the exclamation "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here" and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply, "here" or "there." Americans say "right away," where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well," for "very well," is not commonly used in America.

Americans say "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir;"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intoned as with us in England. But if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir"—the reply is "yes, *sir*," or "no, *sir*." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters often do.

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing, one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means to "stay," should both have come to be used as signifying to "leave off.") Thus, Americans say "quit fooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange—viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or the like, for "I have

some idea of buying," etc. I have indeed heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.

So also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following:—"I have written that note good," for "well;" "it will make you feel good," for "it will do you good;" and in other ways, all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as adverbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," etc.; but there can be no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real angry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The word "sure" is often used for "surely" in a somewhat singular way, as in the following sentence from "Sketches beyond the Sea," in which Mr. Wilkie is supposed to be quoting a remark made by an English policeman: "If policemen went to shooting in this country, there would be some hanging, sure; and not wholly among the classes that would be shot at, either." (In passing, note that the word "either" is never pronounced *eyether* in America, but always *eether*, whereas in England we seem to use either pronunciation indifferently.)

An American seldom uses the word "stout" to signify "fat," saying generally "fleshy." Again, for our English word "hearty," signifying "in very good health," an American will sometimes employ the singularly inappropriate word "rugged." (It corresponds pretty nearly with our word "rude"—equally inappropriate—in the expression "rude health.")

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It *is*," an elegant morning," or perhaps oftener by using simply the word "elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.

There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible—in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant word "got" in such expressions as "I have got," etc., etc. Where the word would not be redundant, it is generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional, but at least equally absurd, Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating," if not even more coarsely Yankee, like Reade's Joshua Fullalove; while the Englishman of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "Henglish haccent." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort, he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half a dozen sentences have been uttered, he uses some expression which is purely American. Thus, no Englishman ever uses, and an American may be recognized at once by using, such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true;" by saying "Why, certainly," for "Certainly;" and so forth. There are many of these slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.—"Knowledge" Library.

STILL YOUNG.

By ELLEN O. PECK.

The fleeting years, the changing scenes,
The light and shade that intervenes
'Twixt now and youth's rejoicing teens
Have come and gone so silently.
Tho' much from out my life is drawn
Of love and trust I leaned upon
I never thought my youth was gone,
But laughed at time defiantly,—

Until I met with those I knew
When life's first romance burst to view,
Whom long ago I bade adieu,
And scanned their faces eagerly ;
Alas ! I read the fatal truth
That time indeed with little ruth
Had claimed the beauty of their youth,
And dealt with them most meagerly.

Amid the brown locks shone the gray,
And lines of care on foreheads lay,
And so, I read my fate to-day,
From their faces cheerlessly—
What I'd not read upon my own,
That youth, with time, had surely flown,
And I with them had older grown ;
The truth—I take it fearlessly.

And with a sigh o'er vanished years,
(I have no time to give to tears)
I near life's noontide without fears,
Bearing its burdens silently ;
No happy song I leave unsung,
A deeper life within has sprung,
And so my heart forever young,
Still laughs at time defiantly.

THE GOSPELS CONSIDERED AS A
DRAMA.*

Let me begin by saying that my subject is not theological, and it will save us trouble if we remember it. Let me say in the second place that my subject is not the stage, but a book. I shall not discuss the drama as it is related to the stage, but the drama as a form of literature. The theologian may find some comfort in the reflection that if God makes a book it must be the best book. By the drama we mean simply the best telling of a story. The gospels as God's book may therefore be regarded as necessarily the best told story in the world. But a few things may be profitably said with regard to the relations of the drama with the stage. First, this general one, that the stage was a contrivance for ages and times when men could not read ; and that ever since men learned to read, the stage has been passing into shadow. An illustration of that may be found in the fact that in the sixteenth century, the age of Shakspeare, there were probably one thousand men who went to the theater to one man who could read a book ; whereas, in our time, there are a hundred thousand men who read books to one man who frequents the theater. The stage, in other words, is an effete institution. It is therefore an institution whose death does not carry with it the death of the drama ; for, along with the death of the stage, there has come an enlargement of the scope of the drama. No important story was ever put upon the stage, or could be. The stage is too narrow for a great theme ; therefore all the themes of all the plays are necessarily narrow themes—a few incidents grouped about a char-

acter, or grouped about a single characteristic of human nature. We have need in the world to tell stories that are large, that require an ampler stage for their development ; that deal not only with single principles, and single men, but with many principles and vast masses of men—that concern not for a moment, or an hour, and a single epoch of human life, but concern vast reaches of time and vaster interests of humanity. And so it has come to pass that in our modern times, our poetry—our epic poetry and our dramatic poetry—the two highest forms of literary art, have undergone a great transformation. The poem has become a novel. The epic has passed into this form ; and the drama has become history. Carlyle says that it is the business of the poet to write history.

We make distinction between prose and poetry, but we ought to remember that with regard to epic poetry, and dramatic poetry, both are to be expressed either in verse or prose, and that versification is an accident. There may be epic poems in prose ; and, as the freest form, prose has become the prevailing form, and poetry is, more and more, as the world grows older, confined to the lyric jingle. Poetry, in the old sense, soon will pass, and the drama has passed into unversified poetry. Milton made a great change by adopting blank verse, and Shakspeare had started us on the same road. In our age the great works of poetic language may be expected to be produced in what is technically prose. The epic poem may also be dramatically constructed, so that we may have the prose epic under form of the drama.

Let me call attention to the fact that we are fortunate in speaking a tongue, the imperial language, in which Shakspeare practically killed the old Aristotelian unities. He wanted a dramatic form in which to tell the story of the fall of Julius Cæsar and the story of English history. He had to discard the old unities of time and place. The only Aristotelian unity that remains in our English literature is that of subject. The subject of a dramatic action, or an epic story, must have unity. There must be one action having a beginning, a middle, and an end ; and there must be a constant, regular, orderly, striking, impressive advance from the beginning to the end.

Now we come to consider whether the gospels ought to be regarded as a drama. In the first place, we are familiar with the custom of commenting on and praising the literary merit of the gospel. We say how sweet and fluent and intelligible is the language in which it is written. We understand that portions of it reach the heights of sublimity, particularly the seventeenth chapter of John. We are familiar with the fact that its English is so beautiful that there are men among us to rise and complain if we interfere with a word in it. We are familiar with the idea that the gospels have literary merits of a very high order. But we have been accustomed, as a rule, to regard these things in detail rather than as a whole. Now when I say that they may be regarded as dramatic, I mean the highest literary merit crowns them as a whole. Their story is told in a dramatic form. No story ever told under the sun was so well told as is this story of the life, death, resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ. I must treat this topic illustratingly, for my sole purpose is to get an idea before you. Look, then, at the idea of dramatizing history. It is said that Lord Marlborough read only Shakspeare for English history. He found that the dramatist had put his conceptions of the actions and characteristics of leading men in English history in such an effective way, that, whether he was right or wrong, he had fixed the national estimate of these characters—had typed them forever. What Shakspeare says a man was, the English people will go on thinking him to have been. These characters give us, on a small scale, the purpose and effect of the dramatization of history. When Shakspeare did his work little historical study had been done. English critical history dates from after his time. But without the help of critics he conceived and typed groups of characters, and he had such power of placing himself in the center of things and working out the

*Lecture by David H. Wheeler, LL.D., President of Allegheny College, delivered in the Amphitheater, Chautauqua, N. Y., August 23d, at 2 p. m.

characteristics, that he really constructed English history by the dramatic method. He had pitifully few materials, but historians who have come after him have found his types very faithful, and have been content to work out the details, accepting the pictures Shakspeare had hung up before the eyes of the nation. Shakspearean English characters can not be much changed by ever so much study. This is only an illustration of the triumph which the dramatic form may win. Another most important distinction is the one between the theatrical and the dramatic. We can best understand it by looking at the common significance of the words. By "theatrical" we mean something false, fictitious, showy, with no reality behind it.

When a human action is theatrical it is insincere and false to the facts. On the other hand, when you use the word "dramatic," you mean something entirely different. You mean to praise the thing and not condemn it. When the two Senators from New York suddenly resigned their position in 1881—you remember it—the friends of these men spoke of their action as dramatic, and their enemies characterized their action as theatrical; one to praise, the other to blame. An incident like that draws the line better than a definition. The word "drama" has won a place outside of the stage—and it more and more separates itself from the stage, and becomes a word descriptive of the best told story. In such a story there must be reality. It must be a story so put together that the meaning leaps out as the story goes on, and the mind takes hold of the meaning easily and fully—so that the whole meaning flashes on the understanding. You all know the power of a good story teller. You all know that every neighborhood has some man who can grasp an incident and tell it so that it comes strikingly before the mind. This power of narrative is at once epic and dramatic. This village story teller is a miniature Milton and Shakspeare. The arrangement of a drama is systematic; and moves to a climax with full force. In order to a dramatic arrangement it is not necessary that the characters should be combined, as in the form of a play; it is only necessary that the story should be told in the most effective way, so that its meaning will flash clear and strong on the understanding. The gospels are told in this way; and it is the only possible way in which their story could reach the understanding. If we consider the gospels from this point of view, there are several things to attract our attention. One of them is the universality of the human nature which is brought out in the gospel. If you take up a picture book, or a fashion book of a hundred years ago, you are interested in a certain way in studying the characters, and discovering that the people dressed in a way very different from the present mode. You study the strange dresses with interest, but at the same time with a kind of feeling that these people were not just like yourself. Your point of observation in the fashion-plate presents you with nothing but unlikeness to yourself and your contemporaries. It is a strange world to you.

Now, what the fashion-plate is, a great part of literature is. It is something which gets old, out of fashion, outworn, when it is a hundred years old. People live largely upon a contemporaneous literary diet. The most of the literature for each generation is produced by itself, and therefore the human nature of it, like the dresses of the fashion-plate, is in a little while out of date, and seems old. I am not as old as I look to be, but I have seen several kinds of literary fashions come and go. I have known men to be famous, producing a book nearly every month, whose name would now be strange, and there are few here who have thought of them for a long time. Other books have taken their places. They were novels, stories, histories, and even poems, but they have gone out of date, because the human nature they dealt with was a temporary and passing human nature—that of a fashion-plate. And the same effect must attend most of the novels being written in our day, because there is a passion upon us for this sort of living detail, this sort of temporary book.

There is so little of permanent universal human nature in an

ordinary novel of the period, that when you are done with it you have learned but very little about man. The great defect with this class of books is that they do not deal with universal human nature, and it is the power of Shakspeare that he deals largely with universal human nature. And here we discover the likeness that reigns there. We recognize ourselves and our neighbors. We have struck one of the old lines of humanity, and are acquainted with the people we meet. They wear togas, we wear trousers; but we know each other for brothers. The defect of Shakspearean human nature very soon appears when you lay it down along side of the gospels. You have a little universal human nature in Shakspeare, in the gospels you have almost nothing else but universal human nature. If you ask yourselves why we are interested in certain incidents that occurred nearly two thousand years ago, in a foreign land, that occurred in connection with a people for whom we have nothing but antipathy, what will be the answer? Why are we interested in this old history lying back there in a world that had almost nothing like our world except men, and the eternal rocks, and the ever flowing streams? Why, belting the green earth, should we find men everywhere singing about this passage in human history? What is the charm of it that reaches human nature so widely? Undoubtedly there is much charm in the delightful truth which it contains; more in the delightful power behind it, but much also in the fact that when we open these gospels we find ourselves in the presence of men and women like ourselves, in the presence of human nature, undying, eternally the same. In any of these passages you find yourself suddenly reminded of yourself. You feel in every throb of a human heart in the gospels something which allies the old heart with yourself.

Another proof of the dramatic quality of the gospels lies in the fact that the details all work out into one picture, and each trait resembles the whole. What I mean here I shall try to make clear. The Righi is a mountain made up of pudding stones. It is a great egg-shaped mass that leaps up out of the plain, rising thousands of feet in the air, and is composed altogether of these pudding stones. At different points up its rugged sides, masses have been broken off by the action of the ice, and if you examine them you will find that the fragments resemble the whole. Break up one of them into the finest pieces, and each bit will still resemble the whole. In any fragment of the vast mass you have a picture of the whole mountain. Now this is true of the highest dramatic production, that every piece and every incident is a picture of the whole. This highest dramatic perfection is found only in the gospels. You find hints of it elsewhere. Many of you have read the story of "Middlemarch," the most perfect piece of art produced in the way of a modern novel. The art lies first in the dramatic conception, for it has a theme, and the theme runs clear through, and the climax leaps out of the theme. This theme is worked out through a principal character. In her history the general lesson is impressively taught. But the art does not end there, each one of the characters is a picture of the heroine in little. The same story is repeated over and over again, in the different characters. It is a story of human failure, of the way in which a great human purpose, and high aspirations, growing in a youthful mind, may be dispersed and destroyed as human life goes on to its conclusion. It is a lesson of failure, and the failure of the principal character is repeated in the subordinate characters.

Take another illustration from Shakspeare: "Julius Cæsar" is his best drama, not the best play, for it does not act well on the stage, as it lacks singleness and simplicity; nevertheless it is, I think, Shakspeare's most complete play, his most dramatic piece, and the reason is this: His subject is large and is developed on the principle I am laying down. The play is narrow, both in "Macbeth" and "Othello." In "Julius Cæsar" it is large. The subject may be named the weaknesses of great men. The play is constructed so as to develop the weaknesses

of Julius Cæsar, and of all the rest of the characters grouped about him. The story told in the death of Julius Cæsar is told also in the death of all the parties in the terrible failure of them all. But you must mark that in this case we have an extremely narrow purpose as compared with the gospels. In the gospels you can begin anywhere, and preach the whole gospel from any incident. Take the case of the Prodigal Son, and you have the whole story of the gospel in that short compass. Take up the case of the man described as the "father of the child," crying, "I believe," and you have it over again. It is over and over again, from the beginning to the end, the pieces all conspiring to the grand result. It is achieved not by ordinary art. The story teller has seen or heard or conceived something, and he goes through a mass of details. The gospels have nothing of that sort. They tell you in a few words what they have to say of the woman of Samaria, or the maniac of Gadara, or of her who loved much and was forgiven much. Names are dispensed with, details, places of residence, all the tricks by which the ordinary story teller succeeds. This story succeeds by pure force of an infinite truth behind it.

Another characteristic of drama is a kind of consistency between the beginning and the end, a kind of logical order in which it moves, and this is illustrated in the gospels by the fact which must always be borne in mind, that the task is one of supreme difficulty. The author of the gospels has to tell the story of the Incarnation of God's son. A story in which there are human and divine actors, in which there is both nature and the supernatural. It requires vast dramatic power. I have suggested, yet I may more definitely repeat it, that the human earth on which you tread is not that of old Palestine, or Galilee, or Jerusalem. It is a real universal, a human earth. There is not a bit of purer realism than the gospels. Take up this story, walk with these men. Down by the lake you find the Gadarene crying among the tombs. You see the stranger landing and healing him. You stand down by the boat and hear the poor man begging Jesus to allow him to go with him. You see these human figures. Look into it a little, and there the man stands where he has stood almost two thousand years, listening to the words of the Master compelling him to go away. The meaning of it you understand, for the case is before you. On this solid human earth, this real human nature, this realistic character which makes you feel the heart beat, and smell the real earth, all is combined with something else, with the supernatural. There have been writers who have carried us into wonderland. We were glad to be there, and we traveled along delighted with the scenery and with the companions created by the imagination. The gospels do not do this. This solid earth beneath your feet is not more real than the heavens that bend over it. Human reality is combined with heavenly, and you are continually going to and fro between the earth and the sky. The natural and the supernatural are so run together that you feel no shock in passing from one to the other. You have men and angels, divine power and human power, associated together. The warp of earth is woven into the woof of heaven until it is one piece of cloth of gold. The gold of the skies is braided into the earthly so perfectly I defy any man to take them apart with consistency or success. This is the beauty and perfection of dramatic success. The divine and the human are blended in Christ so that you are puzzled to tell whether it is a man or a God who speaks and works. The blending of the human about him, in him, through him, all this is an effect utterly beyond human art. The story goes straight home to the human heart. The time will never come when it will not be a dear and sweet old story to the souls that hear it. Edward Eggleston once told me that when he was lecturing in some strange corner of the earth, where culture in the pulpit was comparatively rare, after the lecture one of the men said, "I wish you would come here and preach for us. Our minister preaches the funeral of Jesus Christ twice a Sun-

day, fifty-two Sundays in the year." The case seemed to me to be an exceedingly sad one until I began to ask myself, of what man that ever lived could it be said they preached his funeral sermon twice a Sabbath for fifty-two Sundays in the year, and the story still had such freshness that the people would come out and hear it? What other thing was ever so well done that a fool might talk about it, and still a certain amount of interest attach to it despite the poor telling? Here lies one of the uses of the dramatic power of the gospel. When a man of humble attainments has it to tell, he has only to follow the book to make it an interesting story. The moment he strikes a real point of interest, the attentive soul feels that that is what it came for, and, what is better, that it is said to him. In short, the enduring power of this story lies in great part in this fact. The consistency between the beginning and the end and the logical order of things, comes out in a thousand powerful ways. For instance, the peculiar truth that reappears in the words which are sculptured on Shakspeare's tomb.

Take the same thought as it reappears—the same thought slightly turned over—as it is repeated in "Middlemarch," or in that best human version of all, that of Watts:

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

You will find the thought, in good and bad versions, everywhere. Do you wish to take this thought fresh from the fountain? Come to the temple, where the disciples, accustomed to nothing great in art, fresh from Galilee, stand gazing in admiration at the glory of the great edifice and one of them cries out: "Master, behold these stones; and what manner of a building is this?" And listen to the Master as he says: "There shall not remain one stone upon another," and you have the fountain head of all these streams running down into our poetry.

Mark the wonderful consistency, and the wonderful movement of this story—consider it as a drama. You may regard the gospels as beginning at that moment when suddenly there was with the angel a great company of the heavenly hosts, appearing to the shepherds as they watched their flocks by night. It practically ends when the disciples, after the ascension, returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple singing the song which began in angel mouths and ends in human mouths. The purpose of the story was to sing that angelic music into the human heart.

In conclusion: What inferences may be drawn from the statements I have made? Certainly not that the gospels have attained their success because they are a drama. They had to have the truth to succeed. They have the truth, and that has given them success. It behooved that Christ should suffer and rise from the dead the third day. And this behooving lies in something very deep in our nature. We believe that these gospels are inspired; that the authors were moved by the Holy Ghost; and it seems to me to be a necessary inference that the story should be well told; and well told means dramatically told. If it be true that the gospels sweep a larger circle and involve a greater work than was ever attempted by a human brain, if it be true that you can put a million of Shaksperes into their compass and still have an abyss of art unfilled, then you have an inference, an argument, in the line of the evidences of Christianity that has never been attempted. And that is that the best told, most dramatically told story, the story of the visit of God's son to the earth, of his life, death, resurrection and ascension, must have been told by God himself. No human pen can be eloquent enough, no heart wide enough, no intellect could penetrate into the human heart deeply enough, to produce these gospels. In the literary perfection of the gospel there lies an evidence of the truth, of the divine authorship of the gospels, which in time to come, when all men read and think, will weigh perhaps more than any other kind of argument that has been drawn upon to this hour.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

By the HON. NEAL DOW.

The policy of license to the liquor traffic had been the uniform practice of the civilized world since the reign of Edward VI., of England, when it was first established. Since that time, in England, there have been more than four hundred and fifty separate acts relating to the traffic, each of them being a vain attempt to improve upon all that had gone before, in the hope, if not in the expectation, of diminishing in some degree the tremendous evils coming from it. For the last twenty years there has been no session of Parliament, I think, at which there have not been several separate bills introduced, relating to that matter; at some of them, these bills have been in number, from eight to ten, sometimes even twelve. When our fathers first came over the waters to this western world, they brought with them the policy of license, because at that time no other had been attempted or thought of.

In 1820 Maine was separated from Massachusetts and set up housekeeping for herself, bringing with her, as a part of her outfit, the policy of license, which had been brought over in the "Mayflower" by the Pilgrim Fathers, and established in Plymouth colony in the first years of its existence. By the peculiar industries of Maine the people were led into the habit of the excessive use of strong drink. All our people living a little way back from the sea coast were engaged in the lumbering business. We had vast forests of invaluable pine, whence Maine was and is called the "Pine Tree State." The people through all the winter season were living in camps in the woods, engaged in felling the trees and transporting them to the water courses, by which they would be taken to the innumerable saw mills which crowded the falls on almost all our streams. In the camps, away from home influences and home restraints, the "lumbermen" indulged freely in strong drink, which was a large and indispensable part of their rations.

On the breaking up of the streams in the spring, these men were engaged in "driving river," as it was called, i. e., following the "drives" of logs, many, many miles down all the water courses to the "booms," whence they were impounded and secured ready for the saw mills which were kept in operation through the year, often running night and day. On these drives many of the men were often in the icy water more or less all day, dislodging the logs from rocks or shallows, by which they were stopped in their course down stream. In all this laborious and trying work, the men used rum freely and largely, as the universal custom was in those days. In those old times I have seen our great rivers covered for miles, from shore to shore, with innumerable logs, so closely packed as almost to hide the water from view. Many "river drivers" were following along on either shore to prevent the logs from "lodging," and to "start" all that had been "grounded." At night I have seen these men in great numbers around their camp fires, wild and boisterous, under the influence of liquor, like so many Comanches savages just home from the war path, with many scalps hanging at their belts. On many of these drives the men would be engaged for weeks, with rum as the most important part of their ration. On the return of these men to civilized life a large part of them would spend in a week, in a drunken carouse, all the wages paid them for their winter's work, without regard to wife and children at home.

The saw mills in Maine were on a very large scale, and were in great numbers. There were great masses of men engaged in them, all using rum freely and in immense quantities. I have heard it said that two quarts a day to each man was the regular allowance. While all these men—in whatever department working—earned large wages, they were not at all benefited by that, because they spent all in rum, except a miserable pittance doled out to the wretched wife and children.

The transportation of this "lumber" to the West Indies—

the principal market for it—was a very great industry; it was called the "West India Trade." Great numbers of vessels were engaged in it, running from all our principal ports which had direct communication with the vast system of saw mills on all our streams. The returns for this lumber were mostly West India rum and molasses, to be converted into New England rum, at our numerous distilleries. All along our sea coast great numbers of our people were engaged in the mackerel and cod fisheries; there were a great many vessels employed in that industry, the products of which were mostly sent to the West Indies in the lumber ships, the returns for which were also "rum and molasses!" I have heard men say who were owners of timber lands and of saw mills—"operators" on a large scale, and owners of West India traders—that Maine was never a dollar the richer for all these great industries. The returns were mostly in rum, and in molasses converted into rum, so that our boundless forests of invaluable timber were literally poured down the throats of our people in the form of rum. The result of all this was that Maine was the poorest state in the Union, consuming the entire value of all its property of every kind in rum, in every period of less than twenty years.

I have run hastily over this account of the condition of Maine in the old rum time to show that our people, according to the general opinion on this subject, were most unlikely to adopt a policy of prohibition to the liquor traffic, which was spread everywhere all over the state, and was intimately interwoven into all the habits and customs of the time. All over the state there was a general appearance of neglect and dilapidation in houses, barns, school houses, farms, churches. By their habits of drinking a great many of our people were disinclined to work, and many of them were unfitted for it. It used to be said that three-fourths of the farms were mortgaged to the town, village and country traders, all of whom kept in stock liquors of all sorts as the most important and most profitable part of their supplies.

A few men in Maine resolved to change all that by changing the law by which the liquor traffic was licensed, and by substituting for it the policy of prohibition. This was supposed to be a great undertaking, as in fact it was. An indispensable preparatory step was to change public opinion, on which all law is supposed to be founded. To do this meetings were held all over the state—not only in the larger towns, but in villages and in all the rural districts. There was hardly a little country church or town house or roadside school house where we did not lay out before the people the fact that the liquor traffic was inconsistent with the general good; that it was in deadly hostility to every interest of nation, state and people. In our missionary work about the state, traveling in our own carriages in summer, and in our own sleighs in winter, we took with us large supplies of tracts relating to the liquor traffic and its results. These were prepared for the purpose, and were distributed freely at all our meetings, and we threw them out to the people as we passed their houses, and as we met them on our way; and to the children as we passed the country school houses. In this way, by persistent work, we changed the public opinion upon the matter and fired the hearts of the people with a burning indignation against the liquor traffic, by which they were made poor and kept poor.

This work was continued for several years without intermission; we had a definite object in view, and that was to overthrow the liquor traffic, to outlaw it, to put it under the ban, and to drive it out as a pestilent thing, the whole influence of which was to spread poverty, pauperism, suffering, wretchedness and crime broadcast among the people, at the same time that no possible good came from it. In due time we made earnest application to the legislature for a law of prohibition, but our prayers were not heeded. We were regarded as having no rights which politicians were bound to respect, and we were treated with small courtesy. We soon took in the situa-

tion, and addressed ourselves at once to the only instrumentality through which we could possibly succeed—that is, the ballot box. We sent in great numbers of petitions to the legislature, but we were beaten by more than two to one. At the next election we swept the State House clear of almost every man who had voted against us; we did this irrespective of all party ties and affiliations.

To the legislature thus elected we sent no petitions; we went there in person, with a bill all prepared, and offered it as one that would be acceptable to temperance men. It was on Friday, the 30th of May, 1851, that we did this. We had a public hearing in the Representative Hall on the afternoon of that day. Saturday, the 31st of May, was to be the last day of the session. The committee voted unanimously to accept the bill as it was, with no change whatever. It was printed on Friday night and laid upon the desks of the members the next morning. Immediately after the morning hour it was taken up for consideration.

Now this was the situation on that Saturday morning. The liquor traffic was a lawful trade in Maine, as it was throughout the civilized world. There were liquor shops, wholesale and retail, all over the state, with large stocks of liquor for sale, as there are now in all our states, where the traffic is yet prosecuted by authority of law, and under its protection. The bill lying upon the members' desks proposed to change all that; it forbade the trade absolutely; it declared that there was no property in intoxicating liquors kept for unlawful sale; that such liquors so kept, or supposed to be so kept, should be seized on complaint and warrant, or on sight, without warrant, and should be confiscated and destroyed, unless the claimant could show to the satisfaction of the court that they were not intended for sale. They might be seized wherever seen; on railway cars, on steamboats, or in transitu by any other mode of transportation; they might be hunted like wild and dangerous beasts, and like them, if resistance was offered, they might be destroyed upon the spot. If it be decided that the liquors are kept for unlawful sale, the party is sentenced, in addition to the loss of the liquor, to a fine of one hundred dollars and costs, and on the second conviction, to the same fine and to imprisonment at hard labor for six months. And it was expressly provided that no action should be had or maintained in any court in the state for the recovery of intoxicating liquors nor for the value thereof. The liquor traffic was put by that bill outside the law, beyond its protection, and was denounced as an enemy to the state and people—utterly inconsistent with the public welfare.

On that Saturday this extraordinary measure, such as had never been heard of in the world before, with no change whatever, was passed through all its stages to be enacted, and on Monday, at nine o'clock in the morning, it was approved by the Governor, and from that moment it was the law, because the act provided that it should take effect when signed by the executive. All the stocks of liquors in the state were then liable to be seized and destroyed, but the local authorities allowed the parties having them in possession a reasonable time in which to "send them away to other states and countries where they could be lawfully sold;" and this was done. There was a hasty departure of these liquors from all parts of the state. It was not an appeal to the legislature by petitions that accomplished this wonderful overturn in the status of the liquor traffic in Maine, it was simply and only because the people put their will in relation to it into the ballot box. There is no other way in which it can be done in any other states, or in the nation. This movement against the liquor traffic is now, as it was then, a far more important political question than any other, more important than all others combined, to every interest of the nation, state, and people. What has been the result of this legislation?

"In some places liquor is sold secretly in violation of law, as many other offences are committed against the statutes, but in

large districts of the state, the liquor traffic is nearly or quite unknown, where formerly it was carried on like any other trade.

SIDNEY PERHAM,
"Governor of Maine."

"I can and do, from my own personal observation, unhesitatingly affirm that the consumption of intoxicating liquors in Maine is not to-day one-fourth so great as it was twenty years ago; in the country portions of the state the sale and use have almost entirely ceased. In my opinion our remarkable temperance reform of to-day is the legitimate child of the law.

"WM. P. FRYE,
"M. C. of Maine, and ex-Att'y Gen'l of the State."

"I have the honor unhesitatingly to concur in the opinions expressed in the foregoing by my colleague, Hon. Wm. Frye.

"LOT M. MORRILL,
"U. S. Senate."

"I concur in the foregoing statements; and on the point of the relative amount of liquors sold at present in Maine and in those states where a system of license prevails, I am very sure from personal knowledge and observation that the sales are immeasurably less in Maine.

J. G. BLAINE,
"Speaker U. S. House of Representatives."

"I concur in the statements made by Mr. Frye. Of the great good produced by the Prohibitory Liquor Law of Maine, no man can doubt who has seen its result. It has been of immense value.

H. HAMLIN,
"U. S. Senate."

"We are satisfied that there is much less intemperance in Maine than formerly, and that the result is largely produced by what is termed prohibitory legislation.

"JOHN A. PETERS, M. C. of Maine.
"EUGENE HALE, M. C. of Maine."

"I fully concur in the statement of my colleague, Mr. Frye, in regard to the effect of the enforcement of the liquor law in the state of Maine.

JOHN LYNCH, M. C. of Maine."

These certificates are from both Senators and all the Representatives of Maine in Congress.

These statements are indorsed by many mayors and ex-mayors of cities, and many other officials in every part of the state; by General Chamberlaine, ex-Governor and President of Bowdoin College, and by many clergymen in every county in the state.

The convention of Good Templars resolved, "That by the operation of the Maine law in this state, the traffic in intoxicating liquors has been greatly diminished, and that the happy effects of this change are everywhere apparent, and that the quantity of liquors now sold in this state can not be one-tenth as much as it was formerly."

The State Conventions of the Republican party of Maine have always adopted resolves relating to this matter. I have some of them before me now.

Republican State Convention of 1878: "Temperance among the people may be greatly promoted by wise prohibitory legislation, as well as by all those moral agencies which have secured us beneficent results; and it is a source of congratulation that the principle of prohibition, which has always been upheld by Republicans, is now concurred in by so large a majority of the people that it is no longer a party question, the Democrats having for several years declined to contest and dispute it." 1879: "We recognize temperance as a cause which has conferred the greatest benefits on the state, and we sustain the principle of prohibition which in its operation has so largely suppressed liquor selling, and added incalculably to the sum of virtue and prosperity among the people." 1880: "Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of the policy of prohibition as an auxiliary of temperance, and as contributing to the material wealth, happiness and prosperity of the state; and we refer with confidence and pride to an undeviating support of the same as one of the cardinal principles of the Republican party of Maine."

There was no election in 1881, and no convention, but the resolve of 1882 is:

"We refer with confidence and pride to the general result of the Republican party in support of the policy of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and material interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the state; and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from that traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of a prohibitory Constitutional amendment."

Such is the latest authoritative and comprehensive testimony to the actual results of prohibition in Maine. Similar testimonies could easily be obtained from the most influential sources in every part of the state. Every brewery and distillery has been suppressed. Molasses, which is yet imported into the state in large quantities, is no longer converted into rum, but is used exclusively for domestic purposes, while a large part of it is converted into sugar by improved processes. The share of Maine of the national drink bill would be about \$13,000,000, but I am far within the truth in saying that one million will cover the cost of all liquors smuggled into the state in violation of law. From the poorest state in the Union, Maine has become one of the most prosperous, and it has gained immeasurably in many other ways from the policy of prohibition.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.

By E. E. HALE.

I.

It was the morning after the funeral. Aunt Fanny had tried to make the breakfast seem cheerful to the children, or at least tolerable. She had herself gone into the kitchen to send up some trifle a little out of the way for the family meal. She talked to the children of the West, of the ways in which her life in Wisconsin differed from their lives in Boston. And Aunt Fanny succeeded so far that George passed his plate for oatmeal a second time, and little Sibyl did not ask leave to go before her aunt had poured out her second cup of coffee.

Aunt Fanny made the breakfast as long as she could. Then she folded her napkin slowly, and led the children into the other room for morning prayer. They read the last chapter of Proverbs, and then all knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer. Then Aunt Fanny took Nahum's hand and took little Sibyl on her lap, and she said to all four of the children, "It is very hard for us all, dear children, but I must tell you all about what the plans are. I have a letter from Uncle Cephas, and you know I had a long talk with Mr. Alfred after he came here yesterday. We will not break up here yet."

"Oh, I am so glad of that," said poor, sturdy Belle, who generally said so little.

"No, we will not break up here yet. In the spring we will all go to Wisconsin, and you shall learn to like my home at Harris as much as you like Roxbury." So spoke Aunt Fanny, as cheerfully as she could. And not daring to wait a reply, she hurried on: "See here, Uncle George writes that I may stay till late in March, or early in April, if I think best, but that then we must all be ready to go on."

You must know that the four children were orphans. Their father had died in April, and now, in the middle of December, their mother had died. Aunt Fanny had been with them for the last month. But she knew, and they knew, that their pleasant home was to be broken up forever.

"And now," she said, "we must all see what we have to do this winter, to be ready for Wisconsin. Belle and Sibyl, you may come up stairs with me, and we will look through your clothes and the boys'. I must not be lazy this winter, and I

will have it for my morning work to put everything in order."

And when they came up stairs, and this business like, energetic Belle took their frocks and underclothes from the drawers, Aunt Fanny was indeed surprised. The girl was grave beyond her years; so long had her poor mother been ill, and so much of the care of the family had fallen on her. "I should think you were an old housekeeper," said Aunt Fanny, in admiration, as Belle explained how she had mended this, and, on the whole, determined to retain that. And when Belle took her into the little room which she called the "sewing room," and showed her drawers, and even shirts for the boys, which she had under way, Aunt Fanny squarely told her that she was quite her own equal in such management.

"How did ever come to be such a thorough seamstress?" said she. "Dear Mary has been sick so long that I had somehow imagined that such things as these must slip by."

"Oh! of course mamma told us everything. But you know we learn this at school."

"I do not know any such thing," confessed Aunt Fanny, promptly.

"Oh, yes," said Belle, "we learn more or we learn less. But so soon as I found I could help mamma about it I went into the advanced class. There we learned to cut shirts and to make them. I can make a shirt now as well as anybody," said the girl, laughing. "But of course I do not in practice."

"Why of course?" persisted Aunt Fanny.

Belle opened her eyes as much as to say, "How little these people in Wisconsin know." But she did not say so in words, she only said: "Oh, I can buy my collars and wristbands and fronts ready made a great deal cheaper than I can make them, if my time is worth anything. And you must not laugh, Aunt Fanny, but papa said my time is worth a good deal."

Aunt Fanny did not laugh. She smiled very kindly, and drew Belle to her and kissed her.

"You see, the boys run the machine for me, and Sybil can do perfectly well any plain sewing we need. We do not think a set of shirts such a very heavy job," said the little matron, quite unconscious of the amusement she was giving Aunt Fanny.

"Do you mean that every girl in Boston learns to do this?"

"Why yes, if she goes to a public school. She learns it, or she may. I think perhaps she might shirk a good deal. But if the teacher sees you are interested, and you do as well as you can, she helps you on. I know a great many girls who have made dresses for their friends. And I know there are girls who went directly to dress-makers from schools, and earned good wages at once. Some girls, you know, have a gift for cutting and fitting."

II.

It must be confessed that Aunt Fanny went down stairs a little relieved in mind after this talk with Belle. Here was one, at least, of her little charges, who would be worth her weight in the new home to which they were to be transferred. As the boys came in from school, she had another such lesson. She asked Nahum who would be a good man to whom to send her trunk, which needed some repair. The boy gave her his views, and then asked what she wanted to have done. Aunt Fanny explained that in coming on she had, wisely or not, left the dress tray of her trunk at home. In going back she was sure she would need a tray, and she must have a new one made.

"Is that all?" said Nahum. "I should never send to Sage's for that."

"What would you do?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"I should make the tray myself," said Nahum, quite unconsciously. "When Belle made her famous visit to Swampscott, she found that that trunk she has now would not take in some dandy-jack hat she wanted to carry. And I made a new tray for her." So he brought his aunt to the "trunk closet," dragged

out Belle's trunk, and showed her a neat tray, made of white-wood, and very perfectly fitted. "Is that good enough?" asked the boy.

Of course it was good enough, and Aunt Fanny explained that she had not known that Nahum was fond of tools.

"Oh, I might have been as fond of tools as of candy," said Nahum. "But that would not have come out for much. I learned to handle tools at school."

"School!" said Aunt Fanny.

"Yes, they wanted to try it at the Dwight, where I was. So they got some benches put into the Ward Room, which is in their building, and is only used by the voters twice a year. They had a first rate teacher, Mr. Batchelder. We had one lesson a week. They would not let us go on unless we kept up in the regular school lessons. So it made the fellows spur up, I tell you, because we all liked the shop, though that was extra."

"How many lessons have you had?" said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, I was in the first class, and so I had only one year's course. It was eighteen lessons. The first day we tried to strike square blows with the hammer. Some of us did not strike very square, I tell you. All the beginning with nails came the first day. The last lesson was 'planing and squaring, marking, making tenon, making mortise, and fastening mortise and tenon.' I wrote a letter to another fellow, and I copied it from the school regulations."

So Nahum went out to his own work shop in the shed, which, as it happened, Aunt Fanny had never seen before, because Nahum kept it under his own key. In the afternoon the tray was made.

"This will make you no end of comfort in Wisconsin, Nahum."

"But if I am to do carpenter work, really," said the boy, "I ought to go to the Technology."

He meant to the Institute of Technology.

"Would you like to go there?"

"Of course I would. Why, if I went there I could make the frame of my own house, and raise it, if the neighbors would help."

Nor was the boy wrong. And his Aunt Fanny and Uncle Asaph determined he should go, and go he did. He spent three months of that winter there, four days of every week; and worked steadily eight hours a day. Still it was different from what it would have been had he gone to a carpenter as an apprentice. For then he would have had to do whatever the carpenter was doing; and he would have had to take his chance for instruction. But at the Technology he had regular teachers and regular practical lessons. Of course he needed practice, and in the long run, it is only practice which makes a first rate workman. But at the end, he had seen every important part of a good carpenter's work done, he knew why it was done, and had had a hand in the doing of it.

The Institute of Technology is not a public school as the Dwight School is, where Nahum had picked up his elementary instruction; and for his lessons here they had to pay thirty dollars. But when, the next summer, all the barns on his uncle's farm in Harris were carried fourteen miles by a tornado, and Nahum found himself directing the framing of a new barn, and doing half the work, he and his aunt thought that those thirty dollars had been well invested.

She took very good care that George should go into the carpenter's class at the Dwight School while they staid in Boston. He would not have been obliged to go. No scholar took this course, excepting as an extra, but he took it because he wanted to. And, as Nahum had said, they were obliged to keep in good standing in their other studies.

As for little Sibyl, Aunt Fanny judged, after full consultation with her confidential adviser, Belle, that Sibyl had better stay where she was—at the Grammar School. Aunt Fanny went down and made a state call on Miss Throckmorton, the teacher of the school, and also saw Miss Bell, the sewing teacher.

She explained to them that while she did not want to break any school rules, she should be well pleased to have as much attention as possible given to Sibyl's sewing. Miss Bell was really pleased with the attention. She said a good many parents did not seem to care anything about it. But if Sibyl would really give her mind to it, she would see that she was able, before she left them in the spring, to cut and fit a frock for Aunt Fanny or for her sister. And before they went to Wisconsin, it proved that Miss Bell was as good as her word to her little friend, and Sibyl made a very pretty dress for Aunt Fanny, before she left school.

III.

As Aunt Fanny herself made her inquiries into these practical matters, she resolved to try an experiment, which she would have laughed at when she left Wisconsin. She was asked to a lunch party of ladies one day, and was a little amused and a little amazed at first, when she observed how much they said about what they had to eat. Aunt Fanny had been trained to a little of the western ridicule of Boston, and had supposed that a bubble rechauffée or a fried rainbow was the most material article that anybody would discuss. And here these ladies were volubly telling of the merits of oysters in batter and oysters in crumbs—of one and another way to serve celery—in a detail which Aunt Fanny found quite puzzling, and, indeed, quite out of place in the manners to which she had been bred, which had taught her never to criticise what was on the table.

Perhaps her silence showed her surprise. This is certain, that all of a sudden a very pretty and gay Mrs. Fréchette turned round and said, "Here is Mrs. Turnbull, horrified because we talk so much of what we eat. Dear Mrs. Turnbull, it is not what we eat, it is the cooking we care for. You must know we have all been to the Cooking Schools—all who are not managers."

Aunt Fanny confessed that she had been puzzled a little, and Mrs. Fréchette and Mrs. Champernom, her hostess, explained. In point of fact this very lunch had been cooked, "From egg to apple," as the Romans would say, by Mrs. Champernom and her two daughters. It may be worth while, therefore, to give the bill of fare:

Raw Oysters on the shell.		
Bouillon in cups.		
Scalloped Lobster in its own shell.		
Quails on Toast, with White Sauce.		
Sweet Breads, with Green Peas.		
Capons, with Salad.		
Ice Creams.	Frozen Pudding.	Jelly.
Fruit.		Coffee.

How good cooks the mother and daughters had been before, they did not explain. But these particular results were due to their training at the Cooking School. They had made the rolls as well.

"I came out of it so well," said Mrs. Champernom, laughing, "and Mary Flannegan approved the results so well, that when I told her and Ellen Flynn, my waiter girl, that if they liked to go to the cooks' class, which is a class for special instruction to servant girls, I would pay half, they both consented to go; Mary Flannegan to keep Ellen Flynn company, and to see that she was not taught wrong. The cooks' class is twelve lessons, and costs three dollars each. I shall pay a dollar and a half for each of them, and as Ellen Flynn is a bright girl, I shall have four good cooks in the house instead of three. For really," she said, "there is nothing that Hester and Maria can not do. They went down to the beach with their father and the boys, and for a week they cooked everything that was eaten. They made the boys wash the dishes."

This started Aunt Fanny herself. She found there were four classes she could attend:

1. The Cooks' Class, for people who had some experience. Twelve lessons would have cost three dollars.

2. The Beginners' Class of twenty lessons, for which she must pay eight dollars. Here she would be trained to make bread, and to prepare the ordinary dishes for family use at breakfast and dinner and supper.

3. The Second Class, also of twenty lessons, but more advanced. Here she must pay twelve dollars. But here more elegant dishes, what Mrs. Fréchette called "company dishes," were part of the program.

4. What Mrs. Fréchette called "The Swell Course." Here every lady paid fifteen dollars for her twenty lessons. *Per contra*, they had what they cooked, and very jolly parties they seemed to make, when they dared ask their friends to their entertainments.

Aunt Fanny was a good housekeeper, but she thought she should like to astonish her friends at Harris with some of the best seaboard elegancies, so she and Belle entered the "second class." And pleasant and profitable they found it.

IV.

"Sibyl, my dear," said Aunt Fanny one morning, "I have only just found out that you and Belle make my bed. You need not do it again; I always make it at home, and I should have done it here, but you have been too quick for me."

"We shall not give you a chance, Aunt Fanny; we shall not let you."

"But when do you do it, you little witches; you are always at breakfast and at prayers; and when I go up into my room, it is all in order. I supposed Delia did it while we were at breakfast."

Then, with much joking, it was made clear that every day, while Aunt Fanny saw George and Nahum off, and spoke to the butcher in the kitchen, Sibyl and Belle slipped up stairs, and "did" her room.

"That is a piece of your dear mother's training," said Aunt Fanny, as she patted Sibyl's head.

"As it happens, it is, Aunt Fanny," said Belle. "But dear mamma said even she got points from Miss Homans, and I am sure Sibyl and I both learned the reasons of some things at the Kindergarten that we did not know before."

"Reasons for making a bed," said Aunt Fanny. "Why, you do not tell me that you learn to make beds at school."

"We did not, because mamma had taught us. But the kitchen Kindergarten was such fun that we liked to go; and if you like to see it, we will take you." So Aunt Fanny was taken to see that very pretty sight. And she understood at once, how even very little children can be taught housework thoroughly, and taught to like it too. Each child had a doll's bed to make, and to unmake; and each child, in unison with thirty or forty others, made it and unmade it, singing little songs and going through other such exercise as made the thing amusing, while it was methodical. In the same way each child set a baby house table with the most perfect precision, and swept a floor, and dusted a room. It was play to them, but they learned what they never forgot, as Aunt Fanny had occasion to see every day in the neat order of her dear brother's orphaned household.

Thus was it that it happened that when Aunt Fanny took home in April her little flock of orphans, she did not bring to their wholly new life four mere cumberers of the ground.

NOTE.—In preparing this little sketch of "Industrial Education in Boston," at Dr. Flood's request, I have selected what seem to me, on the whole, the most important branches of such education for illustration. It has not seemed advisable to introduce too much detail.

1. The instruction in sewing is given in all public schools to all girls.

2. The instruction in carpenter work has been attempted only in two public schools. A central school is now to be established, where classes

of volunteers from the different grammar schools will be received. The full course described, of eight hours a day, for four days a week, of thirteen weeks, is one of the Technology courses, and there is a fee for instruction.

3. The Cooking Schools are under the direction of a society for that purpose. It also maintains Normal Classes for teachers of cooking. Different churches and charitable societies maintain free cooking classes, and free carpenter classes.

4. Drawing is taught in all public schools.

5. Schools of design and of carving are maintained by different societies.

I have confined myself to instruction which is to a certain extent training in handiwork, and in this I have not included musical or other artistic performance.

ECHOES FROM A CHAUTAUQUA WINTER.

By REV. H. H. MOORE.

Now that winter is gone and the time for the singing of birds is near, the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, especially those who have spent a summer at this place, will inquire: "How does Chautauqua appear in autumn, with flowers withered, trees naked, and not a robin or thrush to be seen or heard? What a contrast must be the sudden change from a summer world to the wild desolations of a semi-Arctic winter!" and perhaps it seems to them that the place was dead and buried beneath a monument of snow and ice. A feeling of chilliness comes over them, and possibly they half resolve never to visit these groves again. Pity, and possibly a prayer are indulged for the poor unfortunates resident here. Lonesome things, shut up in the woods, how can they stand it? With all respect and due thanks for good intentions, we will excuse the pity, that it may be bestowed where it is more needed, and will be better appreciated. If contentment, good cheer, and the elements of good society can be found anywhere, it is at Chautauqua.

Let man's environments, duties and responsibilities be what they may, if his mind and heart are in harmony and sympathy with them, he is satisfied, and at rest.

If Chautauqua is stirring and rosy and beautiful in summer to all people, to a nature that can appreciate it it is gorgeous, savage, grand and thoughtful in winter. At the one season we float carelessly along in the midst of scenes of sunshine, loveliness and gaiety; at the other we are more alone with God, we commune with the stars, and become familiar with the sterner aspects of life. The change from one season to another is simply turning over a leaf in the book of nature, and receiving additional instruction, but of equal value. To our astronomers, the heavens, whenever they could be seen, have presented an aspect of surpassing beauty. Just after sunset in the west, Venus, from beyond the sun has been seen climbing toward the zenith, and is now rapidly approaching the earth, dropping down between it and the sun; we have swept by fiery Mars, which has been nearly over our heads during the winter; further to the east, Jupiter and Saturn have held high court; over the southern heavens has swept Sirius, the brightest star to be seen; to the north and northwest, Vega, the largest of the stars yet measured, has been steadily looking down upon us, and to crown all, Orion, the most magnificent of the constellations has illumined the southern sky.

January was a month of storms, and often did we contrast its desolations with the excitement of a summer Assembly, but such was our satisfaction with the present that we were in no haste for a change. The wild, weird elements of the season interested us; the opportunity afforded for reading, rest and recuperation was what was needed, and we felt that these things could not be too long continued. What, have the beautiful lake ice-locked for months, and used as a public highway? Listen day and night to the moaning and howling of

the winds as they swept through the branches of the naked trees, often threatening to tear them up by the roots? Live weeks together without sight of the sun by day, or of a star by night? Yes, for all these things accorded with each other, and with the general aspect of nature. The music was of a *class*, and each note was in harmony with the general movement of the grand anthem. When nature had savagely arrayed itself in frost and snow and cloud and tempest, hiding the earth and filling the heavens, had the sun put in an appearance what a ghastly display would it have made! But in the midst of this desolation the snow-birds appeared, and they were beautiful, for they were the flowers of the season. We realized that the power of harmony could be heard in a tempest as well as in a seraph's song. It is the extreme of folly to waste a winter watching for the coming of spring. The soul that is free from shams and is a pure part of nature itself, is attuned to the real and the true, and accepts the nature that is as the best, and would resolutely resist a change.

Our snow storm continued about twenty-eight days, and its coming was heralded by the play of lightning and the music of thunder. It never ceased to be a pleasure to watch the falling of the snow; to see the curiously wrought crystals drift out of the sky down among the branches of the trees, filling the air till it seemed mantled in white—a new creation. As an aid to the expression of our feelings we read the poem of Emerson. We quote a few lines:

"Come see the north wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof.
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop, or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths.
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn,
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work,
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work
The frolic architecture of the snow."

Had the storm completed its work in a day, the snow at Chautauqua would have been from six to ten feet deep; but as it extended over the most of a month, changing occasionally into rain, it became so packed that at no time was it more than three feet deep. On some of the buildings, where two roofs met at right-angles it was six or eight feet deep at the angle. But we suffered no inconvenience from the long storm. Our stalwart young men, with heavy teams and strong-built snow-plows, kept the streets open to all parts of the grounds. For a short time, as our greatest trouble, in common with other places, we were a little vexed because of the irregularities of the mail.

But in our safe retreat we could but think of the time when this immense mass of snow would melt away, perhaps attended by falling rain, and of the suffering which the floods would cause in the valleys below. Our gravest apprehensions have since been more than realized. As the snows disappeared the waters of the lake began to rise, and the low lands about Ashville, the Narrows, Griffiths, and other places were flooded, and the area of the lake was sensibly enlarged. The upper dock at Chautauqua stood out at least two rods in the lake, and in the baggage room, by actual measurement, the water stood fourteen inches deep. As the stage of water was unprecedented, we intend to sink a stone at high water mark as a monument of the phenomenal flood of the year 1884.

Up to the 15th of January the game laws permit our fishermen to take with spear pickerel from the lake, through the ice, and the time was well improved, but with poor success. An almost air-tight house, about four feet square, is placed on the ice where the water is from twelve to fifteen feet deep. Brush and snow are packed about the base of the house, and not a ray of light is allowed to enter; then the fisherman, closely shut inside, can see into the clear water, but the fish cannot catch a glimpse of anything in the house. Having thus taken all the advantages to himself, he keeps a decoy chub moving about in the water, and as the pickerel comes in sight to seize its prey, it is saluted with the deadly spear. One year ago tons of pickerel were taken from the lake, and many of them were shipped to distant cities as rare luxuries; but this has been a very unfavorable season, for which all Chautauquans should be thankful. During the legal fishing season, the wind was in the north, and at such times, the fishermen say, the fish keep in deep water, and will not "run." However, some were taken, and those left we may troll for during the August Assembly.

When the ice in the lake was at its best, the Assembly ice house and many individual houses were filled, and in that respect we are prepared for a long, hot summer, and for supplying the wants of the thousands of people who may visit the place in July and August.

Late last autumn, quite a company of old Chautauquans repaired to Florida to spend the winter; but fifty-nine families remained, and some that left us have returned, so that the place is blest with the elements of good society. The Sabbath services are largely attended; a choir of excellent singers adds much to the interest of the occasion. The average attendance at the Sunday-school was about ninety-six during the winter. It is thoroughly manned and well supplied with lesson helps. The assistant superintendent, A. P. Wilder, deserves much credit for the prosperity of the school. The social and devotional exercises of the church are spiritual, and special attention is given by competent teachers to the religious education of the children. Thus an intelligent and Christian class of people are keeping watch and ward of Chautauqua interests in the absence of the Assembly authorities.

The local C. L. S. C. is under the direction of Mrs. Sarah Stephens, a lady graduate, who brings to her duties, ability, culture, and the ardor of woman's heart. She follows closely the prescribed course of study, and by the general circulation of written questions, endeavors to reach and interest the entire community. The meetings are held Tuesday evenings, in the chapel, and are largely attended by enthusiastic students. Most of the people here live at their leisure, and much of their time is given to reading and study. I have noticed that subjects discussed at the C. L. S. C. meetings often come up for further examination in shops, stores, on the street, and in the family, and these discussions I judge go far to fix in the mind the subjects discussed. At any rate they are a splendid substitute for the empty or slanderous gossip which is bred in minds that have nothing else to do.

The Good Templars hold their meetings on Friday night and occasionally favor the public with a lecture. Sometime in the winter, under the auspices of the order, an oyster festival was given which brought together a large crowd. The evening was devoted to feasting, music, gossip and addresses. It was really an enjoyable occasion, without any discount. The addresses were so well received as to elicit, in miniature, the "Chautauqua salute."

To accommodate the little folks who were not able to go outside the gates to the public school, Miss Carrie Leslie has kept a private school, and given entire satisfaction.

Not much has been done during the winter in the way of building and improvements. Late in autumn, A. Norton, Esq., commenced the erection of a fine cottage, at the corner of Vincent and Terrace Avenues, which is now nearing completion. He is building a private cottage for a permanent

home, and will expend upon house and lot from \$2,500 to \$3,000. The Rev. Frank Russell, D. D., of Mansfield, Ohio, has under way a unique cottage, a little back of the Amphitheater, which, when completed, will present a fine appearance. The prospect from his upper verandas will be the widest and best on the grounds, away from the lake.

The Sixby store, embracing dry goods, groceries, drugs, and hardware, under the management of the gentlemanly and accommodating Mr. Herrick, has been open during the winter, and has done a good business.

We have had some sickness and one death since the Assembly. Mr. Crossgrove, a very good man, came here some two years ago, the victim of consumption, and passed away in September last, leaving a widow and other friends to mourn their loss.

The first notes of preparation for the next Assembly have been heard. The appointment of Mr. W. A. Duncan as superintendent of grounds gives entire satisfaction. A modification of policy in some respects is anticipated, which will reduce expenses and work general improvement.

We feel that we are nearing the time when a large group of boys will be on the ground, receiving an education according to the enlarged Chautauqua Idea.

I am here interrupted by the tolling of our bell, reminding us of Longfellow, and one of our Memorial Days.

Chautauquans everywhere should know that the Chautauqua Vesper Service is read every Sunday eve, and that all these Chautauqua interests and peculiarities are cared for from one Assembly to another. Chautauqua is not a six weeks summer affair, but in spirit, and to some extent in form, it lives through all the months of the year, and twelve months are none too many for the full development of all its interests. Again am I interrupted, this time to attend a wedding at the parsonage, and here shall close this survey of Chautauqua in the winter season.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

Will local circles please report to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., as well as to THE CHAUTAUQUAN? Please attend to this.

Persons desiring graduates' badges in the C. L. S. C. should address Mrs. Rosie M. Baketel, Methuen, Mass., as she has now entire charge of Mrs. Burroughs' business.

The *Saturday Union*, published in Lynn, Mass., contains a C. L. S. C. column. The number for February 2 has an original Chautauqua song, and a column and a half of questions and answers in Political Economy. The questions are by Rev. R. H. Howard, A.M. This is an advance movement, and will undoubtedly help our cause.

Will all members take notice not to send letters, postals or papers to me at Hartford, Connecticut? My personal postoffice address is Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Kimball's address is Plainfield, N. J. Letters addressed to me at Plainfield are forwarded.

The *Alma Mater*, the new bi-monthly to be sent to all recorded members of the C. L. S. C. at Plainfield, N. J., will contain original answers by Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Dr. John Hall, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City; John Wanamaker, Esq., of Philadelphia; Dr. R. M. Hatfield, of Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, of Boston, and Prof. J. W. Dickinson, of Boston, written expressly for this number of the *Alma Mater*, to the following question: "What advice do you give to a person who has had but little school opportunity since he or she was fifteen years of age—a person busy in mechanical, commercial or domestic duties much of the time, who com-

plains of a very poor memory, and desires to improve it—how may such person improve the memory?"

The Rev. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, principal of Airedale College, Bradford, England, who was announced to give a course of lectures on the "History of Philosophy" at Chautauqua last summer, but who was detained at home by business connected with the college, writes to Dr. Vincent under date of January 29, 1884, as follows: "I intend, all well, to be with you in August; the latter part of the month will be most convenient for me. The subjects the same as before stated. Sincerely yours, A. M. Fairbairn."

Persons desiring copies of the Chautauqua Songs or of the Sunday Vesper Service may procure them of Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., at the rate of \$2.00 per 100 copies each, postage paid.

There are some members of the class of 1887 who have not yet returned the blank form of application. Such blank should be filled at once and forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

The badge of the C. L. S. C. furnished by Mr. Henry Hart is not in any sense an official badge, nor does the C. L. S. C. receive any percentage from the sale of the same. This has been offered, but not accepted. The badges furnished by Mr. Hart are very beautiful. This is all that the officers of the C. L. S. C. can say.

Alma Mater is the name of our new bi-monthly communication to be sent from the C. L. S. C. office at Plainfield to all members of the Circle whose annual fees are paid. The first number will contain some valuable hints on "Memory," "The Laws of Memory," etc., by prominent educators. The second number of *Alma Mater* will contain a very ingenious study in English—a series entitled "Where the every-day words come from." Communications to the members of the Circle which have heretofore been printed separately, as well as the memoranda, will be published in the *Alma Mater*. All members whose names are recorded at Plainfield, and whose annual fees are paid, will receive *Alma Mater*.

To all recorded members whose annual fees are paid will be forwarded in March an envelope containing a *petite* calendar for '84, a most humorous, brilliant and effective tract on evolution entitled "Saw-mill Science," a copy of the "Sunday Vesper Service," specimens of the new and brilliant C. L. S. C. envelopes, and a copy of the little tract entitled "Memorial Days."

Our Alma Mater.—The contributions to this magazine are copyrighted, and are not designed for publication anywhere else than through this medium.

A correspondent kindly criticises a statement in the "Outlines of Roman History," on page 68, in which it speaks of Polycarp as being in Rome in 240. Assuming that this is 240 A. D., he says: "Now what Polycarp do you mean? Not the disciple of John, who was afterward Bishop of Smyrna, for, according to Prof. R. W. Hitchcock, the church historian, and other excellent authorities, Polycarp suffered martyrdom between the years 166 and 167 A. D." We referred the question of our critic to an expert in such matters, and this is the reply: "In all the authorities I find mention of but one Polycarp, the Disciple of John and Bishop of Smyrna, and his death is given as either 168 or 169, but they add that it is uncertain. As to the Polycarp mentioned by your critic, I feel sure that there is a mistake, and Polycarp of Smyrna is meant, who did visit Rome during the controversy about the celebration of Easter, probably about 140 A. D. With dates it is easy to make a slip of a century, and probably this was the trouble in this case; certainly there is no mention of a Polycarp in Rome as late as 240."

The Chautauqua University is gradually developing its courses of study. The preparatory and college courses in German, French, Latin, Greek and English are already announced. A practical department has also been recognized, and a corresponding class in connection with a technical school for draftsmen and mechanics is now in full working order. The lesson papers prepared by Profs. Gribbon and Houghton are divided into eight series of about twelve lessons each, treating upon the following topics: First series, free-hand drawing; second, mechanical drafting; third, fourth and fifth, geometry applied to carriage construction; sixth, miscellaneous problems in carriage construction; seventh, review tables useful in carriage construction; eighth, miscellaneous lessons. Young men, apprentices, journeymen, and others desiring to take this course, should correspond at once with George W. Houghton, Esq.

There are many persons who are taking up the Chautauqua Spare-minute Course, which is a course of readings, short, practical, simple, attractive, in biography, history, literature, science, and art. This course is printed in twenty-one Home College Series and in two numbers of the Chautauqua Text-Book Series. They cost in one package \$1.00, sent by mail. The reading in this course can be carried along steadily, and, after a while, one who has prosecuted the course will find himself well along in the C. L. S. C.

The following pleasant little domestic picture comes from New Hampshire: "I can not thank you enough for what the C. L. S. C. has done for us all. You should see us some evening now. We sit around the table, every one interested in some C. L. S. C. books. Even my little boy of seven years will tease me to read aloud to him, and nearly every evening this month gets his dumb-bells, and wants to go through gymnastics with me."

Members must not return memoranda to the Plainfield office until all the reading for the year has been completed.

A White Seal will be given all graduates of '84 who read the following: "The Hall in the Grove," "Hints for Home Reading," and the following numbers of the "Home College Series" (price 5 cents each): No. 1, Thomas Carlyle; 2, Wm. Wordsworth; 4, Longfellow; 8, Washington Irving; 13, George Herbert; 17, Joseph Addison; 18, Edmund Spenser; 21, Prescott; 23, Wm. Shakspeare; 26, John Milton. Address Phillips & Hunt.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

APRIL, 1884.

The Required Readings for April include the second half of Prof. W. C. Wilkinson's "Preparatory Latin Course in English," Chautauqua Text-Book No. 16—Roman History and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending April 8).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course" from "Fifth Book," page 167 to the first paragraph on page 202.

2. Readings in French History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 6 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending April 15).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course" from the first paragraph on page 202 to the "Georgics" on page 236.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 13 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending April 22).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course" from the "Georgics," page 236 to the middle of page 272.

2. Readings in Commercial Law and American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 20 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending April 30).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course," from the middle of page 272 to the end of the volume.

2. Readings in United States History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 27 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Now that Longfellow's Day is gone, we have no Memorial Day until April 23rd. So many and so delightful are the ways of celebrating Shakspeare's, that it is to be hoped that every circle will do something extra. To read from Shakspeare, to have an essay on his life, another on his characteristic as a writer, and a scene from a play, all followed by an elaborate supper, is the usual order. Do something new this time. Try Shakspearean tableaux—an evening of them, with music, is delightful. If the expense of the "properties" needed for successful tableaux is too heavy, dispense with the supper, and let the cost of butter, sugar, eggs, the meats and fruits, be contributed for buying an apparatus which, once owned, will always be ready for use. Get Mr. George W. Bartlett's little book on parlor plays, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, and with little expense you will be able to prepare an excellent arrangement for the tableaux which in Shakspeare are "as thickly strewn as leaves in Vallambrosa." Or, if you wish to be strictly literary, take one character as Hermione, or Portia, or Cornelius, and read everything that has been said on it. Study one character thoroughly. Try a Shakspearean carnival. Do something fresh. Do not fall into the danger of wearing out the pleasure of Memorial Days by monotony of program. There are an infinite variety of means for brightening and freshening, not only special occasions, but the ordinary ones as well. One of the most entertaining devices we have had comes in a breezy letter from Titusville, Pa., a place about fifty miles from Chautauqua, where there is an excellent circle of fourteen members. Our friend writes: "We make it a point to commit our text-books to memory and recite from them; but aim to bring in all the outside information possible, and to present and draw out ideas suggested by our books, rather than simply to recite over what we have been reading in them. In Greek history we found Adams' Historical chart very useful. By close study of various authorities we extemporized a model of Athens, on a round table with green spread. My writing desk served as the Acropolis, and paper bunched up under the cloth, as Mars' Hill, the Pnyx, etc. Out of the children's blocks we erected the various buildings, while Noah's wife, clad in gilt paper, and mounted on a spool, rose in calm majesty from behind the Propylea. A slate frame, with pasteboard porch on one side, decorated with paintings, represented the Agora and Stoa Poecilé, and in the street of the Tripods a cologne bottle received great admiration as the choric monument of Lysicrates. Wavy strips of paper suggested the rippling Ilyssus and Céphisus, while a wall of brown paper encircled the whole. Outside the city limits, under the shadow of Lycabettus (brown paper with clay coating on the summit,) on one side, and about a mile out on the other, flower pots with drooping vines brought to mind the classic groves of Aristotle and Plato; while the street leading through the Ceramicus to the Academic shades of the latter, was lined on either side with chalk pencil monuments to the illustrious dead! This attempt met with so much favor that I was prevailed upon to repeat it, substituting for the blocks cardboard models quite characteristic of the Parthenon, Erechtheum, etc., while the Theater of Dionysius, the Odeum of Jupiter, Cave of Pan, steps to the Propylea, and the Bema of the Pnyx, were done in clay. The hard names, in this way, soon became familiar, and each object served as a sort of peg upon which to hang a good amount of Grecian history and mythology. After reading, as a sort of finish, Mark Twain's account of his midnight visit to Athens, we were quite possessed with the fancy that we, too, had been actual sight-seers in that wonderful city." Everybody that reads this will undoubtedly feel as we do, that we would like to go back and read Greek history over again, for the sake of building up Athens; but why can we not utilize the idea when we read the voyage of Æneas this month in the "Preparatory Latin Course"? And when we come to English history why not build a Lon-

don? Plans like the above for interesting circles must be supplemented by plans for keeping the members at work, a matter especially difficult in large circles. In a late issue we called attention to the program plan used at Union City, Ind. The secretary has kindly sent us an outline of their method, which we are sure will be useful: "We prepare and have printed a neat program for four months, giving the places and times of holding meetings, specifying the different exercises, with those who are to carry them out. These programs cost each of us about fifteen cents each, and enable us to have about five apiece. Each person knowing his duty, prepares for it from the beginning and no excuse for non-performance of duty is left except unavoidable absence, etc. Our experience for this year renders it certain that the circle can no longer get on well without our printed programs."

Along with the plans and suggestions come cheery reports of how the circles everywhere are growing and spreading. Mrs. Fields, the secretary of the Pacific coast C. L. S. C., writes us: "It has been quite negligent in the secretary of this branch not to have reported long ere this the growing interest and increased numbers of Chautauquans on this coast, and especially in California. Perhaps one reason of this remissness has been the very fact that every mail has brought to the aforesaid secretary letters of inquiry concerning C. L. S. C., which must be answered sometimes quite at length; or applications for membership, which must be acknowledged, registered and forwarded to headquarters; or letters from faithful old members with words of cheer and renewal of fees, all of which certainly should be replied to in the secretary's most cordial style. We have five hundred and forty new members this year and two hundred old members have renewed their allegiance. If, as is generally the case, the old members continue to renew to the very end of the year, we may hope for a list of nearly a thousand names before next July, as the record of this year's students."

The circle at Knoxville, Tenn., Monteagle Assembly, in which we all became so interested by their rousing letter in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of November last, has written us a characteristic bit of experience, which we quote: "The dark, rainy nights of January are rather discouraging, but we keep at work. One rainy night, on our arrival at the parlors we found no light, and out of a membership of thirty-three but three were present. We had one visitor, whose words I quote: 'I had no idea they would hold a meeting, but they were not at all disconcerted. The whole program, prayer, minutes, lesson and music, was carried out as though the number present was fifty instead of three.' The result? The visitor became a member, saying, 'that's the kind of society I wish to join.' I wish to state, however, that so small an attendance is quite exceptional."

Another circle whose history offers us some wise suggestions is that of Syracuse, N. Y., the home of the new secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly, Mr. W. A. Duncan. Indeed, Mr. Duncan has the honor of having founded this circle, which dates back to the inauguration of the C. L. S. C. The city has fine public schools and its university is well known for its able professors and superior apparatus; the circle has been wise enough to use the material within its reach. It secured Prof. Rollins, of the high school, as its first leader; for three years he conducted a circle of fifty. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Mundy, brought to them a large knowledge of art, gained by travel and study. When they came to science, again they chose a leader particularly fitted by taste and profession to lead them through geology and astronomy. This plan of selecting leaders who are skilled in certain studies is very advantageous. The enthusiasm and knowledge of a specialist in a branch must always remain superior to that of the one who has only given a little attention to the subject. In spite of excellent leaders and earnest members, their numbers did fall off a little last year. A class graduated and they did not secure new

members to supply the deficiency. The plan they followed for a re-awakening was excellent. Returning from Chautauqua last summer they held a public meeting and explained the plan of the C. L. S. C. and its benefits. That night brought them several new names. Then they secured Dr. Vincent for the next week to give them a sketch of the aims and methods of the organization. At the next regular meeting the secretary received the names of forty-two members of the class of '87. The circle is certainly to be congratulated for its proximity to so much local talent and still more for its enterprise in utilizing it so diligently. The neighboring circle of Troy, N. Y., continues to maintain its enviable standing under the leadership of Rev. H. C. Farrar. His indomitable energy and perseverance are felt along all the lines. The plan of presenting subjects in three minute essays is being tried with interest and profit at their monthly meetings.

All of the old circles show a steady growth. At Claremont, N. H., "Minerva Circle," organized a year ago with a membership of ten, has grown to twenty; the "Atlantis," of Lynn, Mass., commenced its second year in October last with a membership of eighteen, an increase of ten; the year-old circle of Pittsfield, Mass., has gained thirty members since its organization in February of 1883.

Since 1881 a little "Pentagon" of ladies has been meeting in Greenwich, Ct. A member writes of their circle: "Although composed of particularly busy people, we have the conviction that we have been patient over our hindrances, punctual in attendance and persevering in the work. We have run the scale of questions and answers, topics, essays and memorial readings, but prefer, on the whole, the conversational plan as being best adapted to bring out individual thought."

Cambridgeboro, Pa., has an interested circle of twelve members, and Blairsville, of the same state, reports twenty, with a prospect of an increase.

New London, Ohio, claims that their circle, organized one year ago last September, and now numbering twenty, might with propriety be called the incomparable.

At Hennepin, Ill., there is a circle of fourteen ladies now reading the second year of the course.

A lady writes from Marion, Ind.: "We have great reason to congratulate ourselves upon the deep and constantly growing interest felt in our circle, and which is plainly manifested not only by our own members, but by those who do not belong, away off here in the very center of Hoosierdom." This "deep and growing interest" is the unfailing result of earnest work in the C. L. S. C., and how can it be otherwise when the idea continually develops new phases? The experience of the circle at Little Prairie Ronde, Mich., that "each year the C. L. S. C. unfolds new beauties, awakens new incentives for more earnest action, calls to the foremost the very best of kindness and cheer, and incites to diligence, research and thought," is universal.

The "Centenary Circle," of Minneapolis, Minn., has long been a leading one. It is by no means lagging—a late letter reports them as fifty strong—their graduates reading the seal courses, the Memorial Days all celebrated, and a big delegation contemplating a visit this summer to Chautauqua. That has a genuine ring, particularly the reading for seals by graduates. Hold on to your reading habits.

The first and only circle to report an observance of Colleg Day was the "Alden," of Marshalltown, Ia., where it was recognized by a large gathering of Chautauquans and their friends. Marshalltown has been faithful in reporting all their meetings. They have the western enterprise, but we believe Sioux Falls, Dak., ranks first in that quality. The following explains why: "We have an interesting circle here. We hold meetings weekly, and they are interesting and profitable. We purpose to double or treble our circle next year. We have sent you reports of our circle for THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but you have failed to notice us. We have decided to Flood you with letters

till you notice the C. L. S. C. in the largest and most beautiful city in southeastern Dakota." We shall only be too glad to receive such stirring letters.

A few circles have reported lectures. From Seward, Neb., where there is a circle of sixteen, the secretary writes that they have had a lecture on Emerson, a reading by Prof. Cumnock, Chautauqua's favorite of last year, and that they are expecting others. Salt Lake City, Utah, had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Warren last fall in his lecture on "The Forces of the Sunbeam." The circle in this city numbers thirty-seven, and is composed of ministers, teachers, business men and housekeepers; that they have caught the spirit of our work is very evident, for they write us that many of their number have in joyful anticipation the time when the long distance that separates them from home and friends shall be paved over, and they shall be permitted to join the number of those who pass beneath the Arches of Chautauqua.

We have received this month (February) reports of thirty new local circles. Salem Depot, N. H., has organized a circle of fifteen members; West Medway, Mass., one with a membership of a dozen; Somerville, Mass., has a class of thirty-five reading the course, fifteen of them have joined the C. L. S. C. as members of the class of '87; two villages of Massachusetts, Amesbury and Salisbury, have united their members in one organization. Their membership at present is twenty-one, consisting mostly of beginners of 1887, a few of 1885 and 1886, and of local members. At Madison, Conn., there is a circle which traces its organization to the interest of a lady who had taken up the reading alone. She writes: "January last I began the work of the C. L. S. C. and finished the year alone, but decided that another year should find a circle in our village, if my powers of persuasion were worth anything. I had no difficulty in forming a small circle, some members of which have since basely upbraided me for not telling them of it before." They have named their circle after the pleasant and capable office secretary of the C. L. S. C., the "K. F. K. Circle," and true to their allegiance, suggest that the local circles ought to see to it that she and her aids have a building which could have C. L. S. C. suitably inscribed on any part of its front, instead of meekly abiding in a hired house." Some day we may expect this.

New Haven, Conn., the home of Dr. Vincent, organized, in October last, "The Woolsey Circle," so called in honor of their eminent fellow townsman, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College.

A new circle called "Washington Heights" is reported from New York City.

At Bethel, N. Y., they started off last October with thirty members, while from Buffalo, same state, a friend writes: "We have a wide awake circle here, the membership of which has increased from six to twenty since October 1st, when the circle was organized." This circle has found "review evenings" of great service to them. After finishing a subject they devote one evening to a review, securing a leader competent to answer all their questions and settle their disputes; thus for the review of Biology they secured Dr. Kellogg, of the Buffalo Normal School, who kindly answered all questions, and with the aid of his microscopes, explained much that before had been obscure.

From Lisle, N. Y., we have word of a circle of nine.

North East, Pa., has a newly organized circle, among whom are several yearly visitors at Chautauqua; Newville, of the same state, reports a flourishing circle of nine members; from the class of '87 in Allegheny, Pa., we have received the program of the services held by them on February 10, special Sunday. It is particularly good. This circle is following one plan which deserves more attention from all circles. They are giving a good deal of attention to singing the Chautauqua songs, devoting a portion of each evening to practice.

Plainfield, N. J., the place which enjoys the honor of being "the headquarters of the C. L. S. C.," was without a local circle

for several years, though many individual readers have pursued the course. Last fall the Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut invited those who wished to form a local circle to meet at his residence. The result was a houseful of people, and a circle which has met fortnightly since, and now numbers forty-five members. A friend writes us from there: "We allow no 'associate members' (persons not connected with the general C. L. S. C.) and none who will not attend regularly and take active part. For every meeting Dr. Hurlbut prepares a program of fifteen topics selected from the fortnight's reading, and assigned to the various members. The program is printed by the 'heliographic process,' and distributed to all the members at the meeting in advance of its date. We take a recess in the middle of the evening's exercises for social enjoyment and conversation, and afterward generally listen to a vocal or instrumental solo, and a reading from one of the members. At the close of the evening the critic dispenses his delicate attentions, his motto being 'with malice toward all, and charity toward none.' On Sunday evening, February 10, we held the Chautauqua Vesper Service in one of the largest churches, filled with an audience which participated in the responses. We regard our relation to the C. L. S. C. as among the most pleasant, and our circle as one of the best in the land."

Camden, N. J., has also recently formed the "Bradway Circle" of thirty-two members. This circle has a novel way of managing its session, which may furnish a suggestion to some one wanting a new idea. After their general exercises and transaction of business they separate into two classes for the study of some subject selected at the previous meeting by the members of the class. After devoting about half an hour to the separate classes, they again unite into one general class for the discussion of some topic.

We are very glad to welcome into our midst two new circles from the South, one at Salem, N. C., of thirty-eight members, and another at Atlanta, Ga. At the January meeting of the Salem circle the exercises were on "Germany," and as most of the members understand the language of that country, part of the exercises were in German. A very pleasant feature of their program was an account of the customs, traits and people of the country as they appeared to one of the members who had lately traveled through that land.

Our space forbids our giving long accounts of the new circles in the West. In Illinois there is a new class of thirteen at Janesville, and another at Jacksonville, a place famous among its neighbors as "the Athens of the West." It contains no less than five excellent institutions of learning, and yet they find a place for the C. L. S. C. At Litchfield, Mich., is another new circle, and from the college town of Appleton, Wis., the president writes: "It was considered impracticable at first, in view of college and other literary societies in the town, to start a C. L. S. C. These objections soon vanished. We have a most enthusiastic circle of thirty-eight members, including two college professors and wives, a physician, a clergyman and wife, and several graduates of this and other colleges." Iowa reports three new circles. From Fairchild the secretary writes: "We have a most enthusiastic circle of twenty-five members. At our opening in October we thought one meeting a month sufficient, but as we warmed up we multiplied them by two, and last week we doubled them again, so that now we meet each week. You see this interest compounds more rapidly than that on most other investments." If one still imagines that the C. L. S. C. is in any sense denominational in its tendency, let him read the experience of one of the members of the new class at Grundy Center, Ia.: "I had a little prejudice once against the course, as I thought that it would naturally run into Methodist channels; but I have outgrown that. As a matter of fact, of our fifteen enrolled members eight are Presbyterians and four Congregationalists; but as members of the C. L. S. C. we are entirely unconscious that we belong to any denomination." At Belle Plaine, Ia., there is a circle of fifteen ladies; at Clarksville, Mo.,

one numbering fourteen. Kansas reports two new circles, one at Wyandotte, where in a month they increased from four members to twenty-one; and another of twenty members at Sabetha, including the professor of the high school, and the teachers in the community. York, Neb., has lately organized a circle of fifteen members.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH—FROM PAGE 167 TO END OF BOOK.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. Of what is the Fifth Book of "Cæsar's Commentaries" mainly one unbroken record? A. Of disasters to Cæsar's armies, barely retrieved from being irreparable.
2. Q. With what episode does this book begin? A. The last expedition, on Cæsar's part, to Great Britain.
3. Q. After Cæsar's return to Gaul, what did the poor harvests compel him to do with his legions for the winter? A. To distribute them to different points.
4. Q. What chance did this seem to offer to the natives? A. To fall on the Roman camps simultaneously and overpower them one by one.
5. Q. By whom was one legion commanded that was destroyed by the Gauls under Ambiorix? A. By Titurius Sabinus.
6. Q. What lieutenant of Cæsar again encounters the Nervii, and is with difficulty rescued by Cæsar? A. Cicero, a brother of the great orator.
7. Q. With what account is the Sixth Book largely occupied? A. With an account of the ineffectual efforts of Cæsar to capture Ambiorix.
8. Q. In the narrative of the Seventh Book, who becomes the head of the last and greatest confederate revolt of Gaul against Rome? A. Vercingetorix.
9. Q. After the final defeat and surrender of Vercingetorix, what was his fate? A. He was taken to Rome and there beheaded.
10. Q. By whom was the Eighth Book of the "Commentaries" written? A. By Aulus Hirtius, one of Cæsar's lieutenants.
11. Q. What does this book relate? A. The incidents of the last Gallic campaign.
12. Q. How did Cæsar raise his legions and wage war? A. On his own responsibility. His wars were mostly personal wars, and had no sanction of government.
13. Q. What do Cicero's writings form? A. What has been finely called a library of reason and eloquence.
14. Q. What is the amount of reading in "Cicero's Orations" required for entrance at most colleges? A. The four orations against Catiline, and two or three others variously chosen.
15. Q. From what oration of Cicero does our author first give an extract? A. His oration for Marcus Marcellus.
16. Q. What was the occasion of this oration? A. The pardon by Cæsar of Marcellus, who had fought for Pompey against Cæsar in the civil war, and was now living in exile.
17. Q. What gave rise to Cicero's orations against Catiline? A. The Catiline conspiracy, which contemplated the firing of Rome and the death of the Senate, as well as the personal and political enemies of the conspirators.
18. Q. How many are there of these orations against Catiline? A. Four.
19. Q. Where were the first and last delivered? A. In the Senate.
20. Q. Where were the second and third delivered? A. In the Forum, to the popular assembly of citizens.
21. Q. What English clergyman and author has written a tragedy entitled "Catiline"? A. George Croly.
22. Q. What is the subject of the fourth speech delivered in the Senate? A. The disposal of the conspirators then in custody.

23. Q. By what name are fourteen of Cicero's other orations known? A. The "Philippics."
24. Q. Against whom were the "Philippics" directed? A. Mark Antony.
25. Q. What was the fate of Cicero? A. He was assassinated by the command of Antony.
26. Q. Next to the "Iliad" of Homer, and hardly second to that, what is the most famous of poems? A. The "Æneid" of Virgil.
27. Q. When and where was Virgil born? A. In 70 B. C., at Andes, near Mantau, northern Italy.
28. Q. What is the first of the three classes of poems of which Virgil's works consist? A. Bucolics or Eclogues—pastoral poems.
29. Q. What is the most celebrated of these minor poems? A. Pollio, supposed to have been the poet's friend in need.
30. Q. What famous imitation of the Pollio did Pope write in English? A. "Messiah," a sacred Eclogue.
31. Q. What is the second class of Virgil's poems? A. Georgics, or poems on farming.
32. Q. Whom does our author consider in many important respects the best of all of Virgil's English metrical translators? A. The late Professor John Conington, of Oxford, England.
33. Q. Name two other English translators of the "Æneid"? A. John Dryden and William Morris.
34. Q. Name two American translators of the "Æneid"? A. C. P. Cranch and John D. Long.
35. Q. Of what set deliberate purpose is the "Æneid"? A. A Roman national epic in the strictest sense.
36. Q. Who was Æneas? A. The son of Venus by the Trojan shepherd Anchises.
37. Q. Seven years after the fall of Troy for what purpose did Æneas and his companions embark from Sicily? A. To found a new Troy in the west.
38. Q. In the first book of the "Æneid," where was the fleet conveying Æneas and his companions driven? A. To the coast of Carthage.
39. Q. By whom were the Trojans received with generous hospitality? A. Dido, the Carthaginian queen.
40. Q. With what are the third and fourth books of the "Æneid" principally occupied? A. With the relation by Æneas to Queen Dido of his previous adventures and wanderings, including an account of the siege and fall of Troy.
41. Q. To what is the fourth book devoted? A. To the sad tale of Dido and her fatal passion for her guest.
42. Q. What is the course of Æneas in this affair? A. He ruins Dido, and under the cover of night deserts Carthage with his ships.
43. Q. What is the fate of Dido? A. She commits suicide, ending her sorrow on the funeral pyre.
44. Q. With what is the fifth book largely occupied? A. With an elaborate account of games celebrated by the Trojans on the hospitable shores of Sicily, in honor of the anniversary of the death of Anchises, the father of Æneas.
45. Q. What is the principal matter of the sixth book? A. An account of Æneas's descent into Hades.
46. Q. By whom is Æneas accompanied as guide on his visit to the lower world? A. By the Sibyl at Cumæ.
47. Q. What does Anchises, the father of Æneas, relate to his son in Elysium? A. The name and quality of the illustrious descendants who should prolong and decorate the Trojan line.
48. Q. How many books of the Æneid are usually read by students in preparation for college? A. Six.
49. Q. Of what is an account given in the remaining six books? A. The journey of Æneas from Cumæ to Latium, and his adventures there.
50. Q. With what episode does the poem close? A. The death of Turnus, a rival chief, in single combat with Æneas.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON VII.—BIBLE SECTION.

The History of The Bible.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

I. General Periods.—Bible history, according to the common chronology, which we accept, but do not indorse as correct, embraces the events of 4100 years. This may be divided into six general periods, as follows:

1. *The Period of the Human Race*, from the creation of man B. C. 4004 to the call of Abraham, B. C. 1921. During this period the whole race comes under consideration.

2. *The Period of the Chosen Family*, from the call of Abraham B. C. 1921 to the exodus from Egypt, B. C. 1491. During this period the family of Abraham forms the only subject of the history; hence it might be called the period of the Patriarchs.

3. *The Period of the Israelite People*, from the exodus 1491 to the coronation of Saul, B. C. 1095; the period of the Theocracy.

4. *The Period of the Israelite Kingdom*, from the coronation of Saul, B. C. 1095, to the captivity at Babylon, B. C. 587; the period of the Monarchy.

5. *The Period of the Jewish Province*, from the captivity at Babylon, B. C. 587, to the birth of Christ, B. C. 4; a period of foreign rule during most of the time.

6. *The Period of the Christian Church*, from the birth of Christ, B. C. 4, to the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70.

II. Subdivisions.—The general periods may be subdivided as follows:

1. The Human Race into—(1) the early race 4004 B. C. to the dispersion B. C. 2234; (2) the dispersed race, 2234 to 1921.

2. The Chosen Family into—(1) The journeyings of the Patriarchs 1921, to the descent into Egypt, 1706; (2) the sojourn in Egypt, 1706-1491.

3. The Israelite people into—(1) The wandering in the wilderness, from the exodus, 1491, to the crossing of the Jordan, 1451; (2) the settlement in Canaan, from 1451 to the death of Joshua, 1426; (3) the rule of the Judges, from 1426 to 1095.

4. The Israelite kingdom into—(1) The age of unity, from 1095 to the division, 975; (2) the age of division, from 975 to the fall of Samaria, 721; (3) the age of decay, from 721 to the captivity, 587.

5. The Jewish Province into—(1) Chaldean rule, from 587 to the return from captivity, 536; (2) Persian rule, from 536 to Alexander's conquest, 330; (3) Greek rule, 330 to the revolt of Mattathias, 168 B. C.; (4) Maccabean rule, the period of Jewish independence, from 168 to 37 B. C.; (5) Roman rule, 37 B. C. to 4 B. C.

6. The Christian Church into—(1) The preparation, from the birth of Christ, B. C. 4, to the baptism of Christ, A. D. 26; (2) The ministry of Jesus, from A. D. 26 to the ascension A. D. 30; (3) Jewish Christianity, from the ascension to the conversion of Paul, A. D. 37; (4) Transition, from Jewish to Gentile, from A. D. 37 to the council at Jerusalem, A. D. 50; (5) Gentile Christianity, from A. D. 50 to the destruction of Jerusalem A. D. 70.

III. We notice next a few of the great events in the periods, beside those already named at their beginning and ending:

1. In the period of the human race—(1) The Fall; (2) The Translation of Enoch; (3) The Deluge.

2. In the period of the chosen family—(1) The Covenant with Abraham; (2) The Selling of Joseph; (3) The Enslavement of the Israelites.

3. In the period of the Israelite people—(1) The Giving of the Law; (2) The Conquest of Canaan; (3) Gideon's Victory.

4. In the period of the Israelite kingdom—(1) The Building of the Temple; (2) Elijah's Victory on Carmel; (3) The Destruction of the Assyrian Host at Jerusalem.

5. In the period of the Jewish Province—(1) The Fiery Furnace; (2) Esther's Deliverance; (3) Ezra's Reformation.

6. In the period of the Christian Church—(1) The Preaching of John the Baptist; (2) The Transfiguration; (3) The Crucifixion; (4) The Death of Stephen; (5) The Journeys of Paul.

IV. We connect with each period, the names of its most important persons:

1. With the first period, Adam, Enoch, Noah.

2. With the second period, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph.

3. With the third period, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel.

4. With the fourth period, David, Elijah, Hezekiah.

5. With the fifth period, Daniel, Ezra, Simon the Just, Judas Maccabeus, Herod the Great.

6. With the sixth, John the Baptist, JESUS CHRIST, Peter, Paul.

LESSON VIII.—THE GOLDEN AGE OF BIBLE HISTORY.

This lesson deals with Israel at the time of the Empire. Lack of space forbids more than a general outline. Israel's history is familiar to every reader of the Bible. Egypt, the Desert, and Canaan; Slavery, Training and War; these words give their geography and history till Joshua's death. The Theocracy follows; then the kingdom under Saul and David, and then the Empire, or the Golden Age under Solomon the peaceful. We call it the Golden Age because:

I. It was the time of their widest dominion.—(a) For centuries the Israel of possession was not the Israel of promise. Read Deuteronomy 11th chapter, verse 24, for the promise, and the first chapter of Judges for the possession. (b) The people were bound by no national feeling. "Every man went to his own inheritance." The last verse of Judges is a vivid picture of disunion. Under such a condition there could be no such thing as wide and powerful dominion. (c) Under David and Solomon the promised boundaries were reached. See 1st Kings, 4:21. Let the student find the extreme northern and southern limits of the Empire of Solomon. (d) Immediately after Solomon came disruption, and the loss of portions of the Empire, which were never regained. Read the history of Jeroboam and Rehoboam and their successors.

II. It was the time of their greatest national wealth, and individual welfare.—(a) Read 1st Kings, 10:14-23. (b) Read 1st Kings, 4: 20 and 25. Brief as is the record in each of these references, there can be no doubt as to the fact recorded. There is no such picture suggested elsewhere, either before or after this period.

III. It was the time of the production of the finest portion of their literature.—The second book of Samuel, which we have, Ruth, and a large portion of the Psalms, and all the wonderful writings of Solomon belong to this period. This last and greatest king of all Israel seems to have made very large additions to the literature of the people. See 1st Kings, 5:32-33.

Let us note some of the causes of this power and prosperity:

I. The growth of the people.—The people are said, in Solomon's reign, to have numbered five millions, or five hundred to every square mile. Compare with our present population. The army was of vast numbers. See Joab's report, 2d Samuel, 24:9.

II. The character of the king.—He was (a) a statesman; he ignored tribal lines; he recognized the value of extended commercial relations; he opened intercourse with foreign nations, 1st Kings, 4:34; he made a powerful foreign alliance, 1st Kings, 9:16; he built a navy, 1st Kings, 9:26; he attended personally to the affairs of his kingdom, 2d Chron., 8:17; he fortified his outposts, 1st Kings, 9:17-19; he centralized the religious worship by building the magnificent temple at Jerusalem; he built permanent buildings for the seat of the nation's capital. (b) *A lover of Liberal Arts.*—He was a poet himself, 1st Kings 4:32. Literature affords nothing more gorgeous in imagery than the Song of Songs; he was famed for his conversational powers; he engaged in conversational controversies with

the most noted of his time—see his riddles as preserved in Proverbs 6:6, and 30:15-16-18; he was a lover of architecture—witness his building; he was a lover of music, inherited from his father, and the musical service of the temple was one of its most attractive features.

III. The character of his court.—All his counselors were men of note. Let the student see what he can find from the Bible as to the worth of his high priest, Zadok; his nearest friend, Zabud; his chief priest, Azariah, son of Zadok; his captain of the guard, Azariah, son of Nathan; his general in chief, Benaiah; his historian, Jehoshaphat; and his grand vizier, Ahishar.

IV. David's work.—This was (a) a widely extended kingdom; (b) a centralized government; (c) peace with all the world. His son's name, *Solomon, Shelomoh, Peace.*

V. The country's external relations.—(a) By Ezion-Geber a water route was opened to the far east. Traces of this commerce with India can be found in their language. See Stanley, "Jewish Church," Vol. I.

(b) By Damascus, a land route to the far interior highlands.

(c) By the Mediterranean traffic with Spain—in ships of Tarsish.

(d) By Tyre, commerce with Phœnicia.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON VII.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—ADAPTATION.

There are certain heresies of common speech. One is, that a man can be only what he is born to be. Apply it to the teacher's art and it is a heresy. The majority of men and women can become teachers if only they will be at pains to become familiar with the secrets of the science, study with care the best models in books, and as often as may be come into contact with the best living teachers. There is such a thing as *the teaching process*. We outline some needful steps in that process. *The first is adaptation.* By it we do not mean the adaptation of the lesson to the pupil; that belongs to the teacher's preparation. We mean *adaptation of the teacher to the pupil*; such a coming together of teacher and pupil as shall cause them to agree, be in harmony, *fit to*—that is, be adapted to each other. This adaptation must be,

1. *In the matter of knowledge.* The teacher knows much more than the pupil. His knowledge is his treasury. From it he draws in his work as a teacher. That which he draws must be fitted to his pupil's want, else it is valueless. He must therefore learn what the pupil knows, and work along the line of that knowledge. In such a process they become companions, and the teacher can lead the pupil almost at will. With adaptation of knowledge—progress: without it—nothing.

2. *In the matter of personality.* The teacher and pupil who meet but once each week, must meet on the plane of a common personality, or their meeting will be vain. This is something finer than adaptation of knowledge to knowledge. It is adaptation of heart to heart. It makes teacher and pupil for the time of their intercourse in class absolutely one. Teacher and pupil forget that either one or the other, no matter which, is either rich or poor, well or ill dressed, old or young, graceful or awkward, wise or ignorant, clever or stupid, and remember only that each is the other's hearty friend. This is one of the highest possible acquisitions of the teacher's art, and the one who possesses it has the gift of soul-winning.

3. *In the matter of thought.* As the former is the secret of soul-winning, this is the secret of soul-feeding. The average scholar is a poor thinker. He thinks that he thinks, but his is not his teacher's thinking. It is the ploughing of the ancients. It only scratches the surface of the soil: and the human heart is too hard and barren to be made productive of divine fruit by any such process. This essential goes deeper than the other two. Its burden is to answer how shall the pupil be brought to think on Bible themes as the teacher thinks. This is the teacher's most difficult problem. Its solution is possible through

community of thought, or an adaptation of the teacher's way of thinking to the pupil's way of thinking.

The three essentials enumerated are possible,

1. Through a close and intimate acquaintance with the pupil. (a) *Socially*; (b) *religiously*; (c) *literarily*; (d) *in business relations*; (e) *Biblically*. Let the student give a reason why knowledge in these particulars would bring teacher and pupil together.

2. Through personal sympathy with the pupil in (a) cares; (b) hopes; (c) fears; (d) temptations; (e) joys; (f) pursuits. Let the student give an illustration showing how adaptation of person to person could be produced by such sympathies.

3. Through occasional study with the pupil of the appointed Bible lesson—to show how (a) to select the most available part for study; (b) to arrange it harmoniously; (c) to outline it; (d) to show its relations to other scriptures; (e) to trace its historic connections; (f) to understand its obscure allusions or phrases. Let the student show that adaptation of thought to thought or mutuality of thought would result from such study.

LESSON VIII.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—APPROACH.

A second needful step in the teaching process is *approach*: not the approach of teacher to pupil simply, *but of the teacher to the lesson* in the act of teaching. This can therefore be no part of the teacher's preparation. For this step there is no uniform law. Each teacher's approach must be his own. What is successful with one will not be with another. An exact copying of methods will be of no avail unless circumstances are exactly alike.

Approach may occupy a large or small portion of the time allotted for teaching. A teacher may be twenty-nine minutes of his half hour making his approach, and in the remaining one minute flash the lesson straight into the center of the pupil's soul. A teacher may reach his lesson in one minute and spend the whole remaining time in pressing it home to his pupil's hearts.

Imagine a Sunday-school hour. Picture: A new teacher for the first time with a class. Boys—six; age, fourteen years; unconverted; one dull, one stubborn, one restless, the rest mischievous. Opening exercises finished; lesson read; superintendent announces "Thirty minutes for the lesson." The teacher alone with the class; four things press on that teacher with a mighty force:

1. *Self I.* Untaught in teaching, and the center for a circumference of eyes.

2. *Need.* The power of the word *must* was never felt before so fully. Here is a lesson to be taught, and the thoughts in the teacher's mind can only shape themselves into these two words: "*I must.*"

3. *Immediateness.* Now. Minutes become small eternities, while the cordon of eyes draws closer. "*I must now, at once, teach this lesson,*" but

4. *How?* After all it becomes a mere question of knowledge. There are three elements which enter in to make the answer—

1. How to prepare for the lesson work, making necessary a study of the (a) necessity, (b) nature, and (c) methods of preparation.

2. How to plan the conduct of the lesson, a step which costs (a) earnest thought, (b) fixed purpose, (c) persistent effort, and (d) patient prayer.

3. How to perform. This makes necessary a fertile brain and a ready tact. The actual step-taking on the line of a well-prepared plan consists in (a) using good illustrations; (b) in attracting attention to noticeable things in the text; (c) in exciting curiosity to find things not on the surface; (d) in asking right questions; (e) in using elliptical readings; (f) in working out topical outlines; (g) in concert responses, and (h) in map drawing.

All these are steps toward the real lesson which the teacher would bring to his class.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

We have received the following document, which will, we have no doubt, meet a hearty response among members of the C. L. S. C. everywhere: "The Counselors of the C. L. S. C., acting in this instance without the knowledge of the Superintendent of Instruction, but in consultation with President Miller and Secretary Martin, propose that, in honor of JOHN H. VINCENT, the 23rd of February, the anniversary of his birth, be designated 'Founder's Day,' and as such be entered on the calendar of the organization for future observance by the members, as one of their Memorial Days. Signed by Counselors J. M. Gibson, William C. Wilkinson, Lyman Abbott, Henry W. Warren, and approved by President Lewis Miller and Secretary A. M. Martin." With this came a letter stating that at the banquet of the New England graduates of the C. L. S. C., held in Boston on Saturday, February 23, it was announced that the Counselors had decided unanimously to adopt the resolution. We believe we are not wrong in saying that members of the C. L. S. C. everywhere will be heartily pleased with this honor conferred on Dr. Vincent. Indeed, we predict that there will be a universal lament because the Counselors did not adopt the measure long enough before February 23rd to have made it possible for the circles to have celebrated this year instead of being obliged to wait until February 1885.

There are many reasons why this measure is peculiarly acceptable to the members of the C. L. S. C. The majority of our readers feel that in this course of reading they are personally indebted to Dr. Vincent for a plan which has been of infinite service to them. They know, too, that he is their friend, thoughtful of their interests, mindful of their trials and hindrances. They will heartily rejoice in the new Memorial Day as that of a personal friend and benefactor, and will celebrate it with the peculiar delight and enthusiasm with which we love to honor our friends. There are more powerful reasons for observing the day than this feeling of love and gratitude. The days we do celebrate are in memory of men whose written thoughts are leavening the world. We delight to honor them for their thoughts. We honor Dr. Vincent for the strong thoughts which he has wrought into acts. There are many minds capable of brilliant ideas, of philanthropic plans; but there are few capable of carrying them out, of making them active agencies in society. It is this ability to make a plan a reality, to prove it, which is a distinguishing characteristic of Dr. Vincent's mind. He has that rare gift, first-class organizing ability. A course of reading planned for those who wanted to read, but did not know what to undertake, had been often tried, on a small scale, before the C. L. S. C. was organized, but to extend such a course to the world at large was a new idea, and to most minds one entirely impracticable. The magnitude of such an undertaking would have staggered any man but one of the broadest sympathies and largest organizing powers. As Dr. Vincent had both of these qualities, he did not hesitate to undertake the organization, especially since he had the prestige of Chautauqua, with its wonderful history, behind him, and Lewis Miller, Esq., his friend and co-laborer, to lend a helping hand in the great work. A purely unselfish enterprise is always treated skeptically by the world at large. The flaws in the C. L. S. C. have been persistently pointed out. Steady sustained enthusiasm in the face of such difficulties is the quality of a hero, and it has been with this unflinching faith and interest that Dr. Vincent has met every doubt or complaint. Very much of the success of the C. L. S. C. is due to this one characteristic in its founder. His warm sympathies and broad humanity, joined to his mental ability and enthusiasm, make him a typical nineteenth century hero; a man whom the world delights to honor, and whom the readers of the C. L. S. C. will be glad to remember by celebrating Founder's Day.

POLITICAL METHODS.

With quite sufficient reason, the public mind has long been disturbed by our political tendencies. This dissatisfaction does not arise from the fact that in matters of principle and public policy, intelligent people think we are on dangerous roads. In what are called questions, such as those of banks, tariffs, coinage of silver, payment of the national debt, etc., etc., it may be that the majority would prefer changes of policy; but there is a conviction abroad that we are as a people free to change in these matters if we really and earnestly desire new policies which we are able to define. Our feeling of apprehension springs from the knowledge that our political methods are bad, undemocratic and dangerous, and from a fear that the fountains of public life are being defiled by the wicked spirit of "practical politics." It is not easy to corrupt the moral sense of such a people as ours. The level of intelligence is high, and patriotic impulses are strong in us. And yet we have gone down some steps. At the end of the war, men physically wrecked refused to take pensions; they would not take pay for a religious self-sacrifice. Now, men who came out of the army without a scratch and are still sound in health swear falsely to obtain pensions. These greedy seekers of pensions did not dream fifteen years ago that they could sink so low. Any one of them would then have said: "What, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Their fall is directly traceable to the corruption of the civil service, to the fact that in the theory of our public life, bounties should be given to men who handle political organizations successfully. Salaries for civil service are bounties to be had by scrambling for them, or by earning them in the service of Party.

The theory of "practical politics" converts the salaries paid for public service into a pool which parties are organized to secure for distribution among the sergeants, corporals, lieutenants, captains, colonels and generals of the order. "What are we here for," cried a delegate in the Republican National Convention of 1880, "if we are not after the offices?" That indignant question expressed the very heart of the practical politicians. A party, in his view, is an organization to get offices. And as much of its work is, in the same view, secret, dirty and wicked work, he believes that the party should be under the strict control of "bosses." Each town should have its leader, all the town leaders should be under the control of the county leader, and county leaders should obey the state "boss"—and the edifice should be crowned with a national committee of "bosses." This committee the politicians struggled to create by the famous theory of "the courtesy of the Senate." That theory made the President the clerk of the party's Senators in each state. It gave Senator Conkling the vast Federal "patronage" of New York to distribute at his will. The edifice was not crowned; the Senatorial "boss" system went down in the terrible struggle of the spring of 1881. Our readers know that history. We do not recall it to reproach anybody. Senator Conkling was the victim of a theory that he ought, under the rule of "the courtesy of the Senate," to be President within the state of New York. The theory is silent now; it will rise again if the people do not disestablish political machines in towns, cities, counties and states.

Turning to a more gloomy side of the subject, we observe that there has been a vast increase in the amount of money spent in politics. Thousands of persons are, while we pen these lines, living on the patrons who hire them and send them forth to "mould public opinion"—or in the choicer phrase of the men themselves, "to set things up." It is the business of this perambulating political machine to invent and distribute lies, to purchase useful sub-agents, to promise funds for the election day bribery. The floating vote increases each year, and four-fifths of this vote is a corrupt vote—the voters stand

about the market place waiting until some man shall hire them. We tolerate and smile at all this business—except the concealed bribery—and this tolerance of ours is the sign that the malarious atmosphere of “practical politics” is beginning to weaken our moral sense. If we are still in full vigor, this year will probably afford us a large number of opportunities to wreck the local political machine—without distinction of party. Reform will have to begin by disestablishing local machines and bruising with conscience votes the men who corrupt the popular verdict with money.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We are glad, though at a late hour, to pay, with many others, our tribute to the ability and worth of Wendell Phillips, and to review his life and work. Glad to do this, for his life was clean and clear, the kind men love to honor; his work was that of the philanthropist and patriot. He had entered his seventy-third year, having been born November 29, 1811, in a house which is still standing on the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut streets, Boston. He came from one of Boston's aristocratic families; for several generations the Phillipses were well known, rich and influential. His father, John Phillips, was chosen first mayor of Boston in 1822, in a triangular contest, with Harrison Gray Otis and Josiah Quincy as rival candidates. Young Phillips had the best of educational advantages. He prepared for college at the famous Boston Latin School; entered Harvard in his sixteenth, and graduated in his twentieth year. One of his classmates was the historian Motley, a man, like Phillips, of handsome person, of courtly manners, and high social position. From college Phillips passed to the Cambridge Law School, from which he graduated in 1833, and the following year he was admitted to the bar. But he was not long to follow the law.

The public career of this man whose name is known in every land, dates from a certain illustrious meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1837. It was an era of great excitement. In Congress, John Quincy Adams, the undaunted, was presenting petitions for the abolition of slavery, in the midst of the howls and execrations of the friends of the institution. Elijah I. Lovejoy had been murdered by a pro-slavery mob at Alton, Illinois, while defending his printing press. Two years before, Boston had witnessed the mobbing of Garrison. Phillips himself was a witness of the spectacle, and the following year he joined the American Anti-Slavery Society. A meeting was called in Faneuil Hall by Dr. Channing and other friends of freedom to express indignation over Lovejoy's murder. That meeting will long live in history. Jonathan Phillips, a second cousin of Wendell, presided. Dr. Channing and others spoke. At length, the Attorney-General of the State, James T. Austin, took the platform and delivered a speech in direct opposition to the sentiments which had been expressed. It was not without effect. The people cheered as the speaker declared that Lovejoy died as the fool dieth, and placed his murderers by the side of the men who destroyed the tea in Boston Harbor. The meeting, designed to be one of indignation for the murder of Lovejoy, bid fair to turn into a meeting of approbation. But Wendell Phillips was the next speaker, and he had not spoken long before the tide was again reversed. This, his first public plea for free speech, human freedom and equal rights, was wonderfully effective. It carried the audience and established at once the speaker's fame as the foremost orator of the anti-slavery cause.

From this time on, until in those years of blood the shackles were struck from the slaves of America, Phillips was a man of one work. He lived for the cause of abolition. His motto might have been: “One thing I do.” By the side of Garrison he stood, in full sympathy with his ideas. His name has long been the synonym of extreme radicalism. He held, with Garrison, that the constitution was “a league with hell,” and would not vote, or take an oath to support the iniquitous document.

In the years before the war of the rebellion, he freely advocated a dissolution of the Union; but when the war came, he was found a staunch defender of the Union cause. In that band of once execrated, but now honored abolitionists, who “prepared the way of the Lord,” there may have been others who did as effective work as Wendell Phillips; but he was the incomparable orator, gifted with eloquent speech to a degree unapproachable. Stories of his power over an audience will long be told. Delightedly the people have listened to his silver tongue and chaste diction when he spoke upon purely literary themes; the lyceum in our land had no more popular lecturer. But he will live in our history as the matchless abolitionist orator. Since the death of slavery he has been a prominent worker in different reform movements, and the advocate—as it seems to us—of certain vagaries, but his fame is inseparably connected with the colored race, of whose rights he was the devoted, unselfish, and fearless champion. His private life was singularly simple, sweet and beautiful. His wife, an invalid of many years, his devotion to whom was beautiful indeed, survives him; and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Smalley, wife of the well known newspaper correspondent, is also left to mourn his loss.

FLOODS.

In this country and in England the ravages of high waters have become a matter of much seriousness and alarm. Nor have we failed to observe that in recent years the floods have been far greater and more numerous than they were a generation ago. This is due, we are told, to the clearing away of the forests, allowing the water to rush, unhindered by the undergrowth and fallen leafage, into the rivers, thus causing their sudden swell and overflow.

The serious and practical question is how to avert, in some degree at least, the frequent wholesale destruction of life and property, as has been experienced in the exposed districts during the last few years. It is mere nonsense to talk as some have done of condemning the flooded districts as dangerous and unfit for human habitation. Any one acquainted with the human family knows how little it is restrained by the motives of fear or danger in choosing its dwelling-place. Men will build their houses where the ashes of muttering volcanoes fall on their roofs, and with the knowledge that underneath their foundations lie their predecessors buried by former eruptions. How absurd, then, to talk of abandoning as places of human dwelling those great valleys, the most fertile, and in many other ways the most highly favored on the continent. For fertility of soil and beauty of situation, the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi may safely challenge the world.

Neither will it do to say that by heeding the warnings given by the Signal Service Department much of these calamities can be averted. The Service published its warnings to the people of the Ohio valley a week in advance of the recent floods, but no attention was paid to them. And though the time is coming when the statements of meteorological science will command general confidence, still it will not suffice to avert the great loss of life and property. Men are not easily warned, and besides there is the impossibility in many cases, of providing against danger and loss, even though warning has been received.

Since it is now too late in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys for the method at present being discussed, with reference to the waters of the Hudson, viz.: To spare the Adirondacks, there is nothing left but to refer this important subject to the State and National Committees on “Levees and other Improvements against Destructive Floods.” Nor do we have to look long for encouraging examples of this mode of prevention. A large part of Louisiana is habitable and cultivable only through the protection afforded by hundreds of miles of levees. For six centuries Holland has shown to the world what can be done by this method of protection. Her whole North sea coast and a hundred miles of the Zuyder Zee is provided with dikes, her constant safeguard from inundation. Before the dikes were

built in the thirteenth century, a single flood destroyed 80,000 lives. At an annual expense of \$2,000,000, those rich lands yielding their luxuriant pastures and crops of hemp and flax, are defended from the waters.

We are persuaded that this is the only solution of the flood problem in this country. Whether partial or entire, it should be attempted without delay. In the light of recent experience government can not begin its work too soon. The vast amount of property swept away during the last decade would have

gone no little way in defraying the expense of dikes as solid and sufficient as those of Holland. Add the amount given by Congress for the relief of the suffering districts, together with the amount given in benevolence and sympathy for the same purpose, and the sum is much increased. By procrastination we may expend in the above painful manner treasure equal to the whole cost of the needed protection before the work is begun. Let us hope that the year will not pass without decisive action by the government.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

A party is reported in Ohio claiming to organize C. L. S. C. local circles, taking collections, etc. Now be it known that no agents for such purposes are appointed by the Chautauqua authorities. Such self-appointed agents are likely to be swindlers. Our workers render their services voluntarily. We appoint no agents.

General Gordon's proclamation of freedom for slave-holding and slave-dealing in the Soudan has created a great surprise. It is even suggested that his religious enthusiasm has toppled over into insanity. Perhaps we can not hope to understand the case. But we need not misunderstand the facts. Slavery was never practically abolished in that country. Even in Egypt it continues to exist. General Gordon has not reestablished slavery. Starting from that fact, we may easily reach the inference that the heroic and simple-minded Gordon has merely done away with one of the pretexts by means of which corrupt Egyptian officials plundered the natives. Slavery can not be abolished by slave-traders, and their ways of enforcing any law which naturally renders it odious and despicable.

John Ruskin is not always exactly level with common sense, but perhaps he is nearly right in saying "Never buy a copy of a picture. It is never a true copy." It would probably be much wiser in people who pay considerable sums for copies of old paintings if they spent their money upon inferior original works by living artists. We have come to a place where the tide should turn in favor of our own young artists; and we believe the turn in the tide is not far ahead.

The weather prophets have let us alone this winter. But on the Pacific coast a sidewalk philosopher has tried to explain the cold weather of the sunset slope. He says that an earthquake off the coast of Japan has filled up the Straits of Sunda, and so diverted the warm current that should flow to the coast of Oregon. This is an improvement upon the last prophet, who regulated the weather astrologically—by studying the positions of the stars. The new man comes back to the earth and is chiefly at fault in his facts. We welcome him in the room of the astrologer of last year.

"Ruined by speculation." They have to keep that "head" standing in the newspaper offices. The last case which has fallen under eye is that of a bank in Philadelphia, whose manager speculated in tin. When a bank fails, or a trustee betrays a trust, we always ask: "What did he speculate in?" The story is trite. We know of nothing better to write than the laconic advice of General Clinton B. Fisk: "DON'T!"

Sir James Caird was part of a commission to study the causes of the great famine in India in 1876-7, and has written a book on the subject. The trouble of course is that the farmers are poor, their methods bad, and that population keeps ahead of the food supply. One mode of relief is emigration. This reminds us that Charles Kingsley, who studied the Hindoo la-

borers in the West Indies, wrote very enthusiastically of their qualities. Will the Hindoos come into our own South, and what will come of it? In the West Indies, Kingsley says that negro and Hindoo lived and worked together peacefully. We may not like it, but that side of the world is top-heavy with humanity, and steam will go on distributing the people among the less crowded nations.

What is money worth in this country? The discussions at Washington, and the prices of government bonds, seem to show that it is worth between two and three per cent., and there is not much doubt that a hundred-year government bond bearing only two per cent. would sell at par. An incident in New York City confirms this opinion. A recent call for bids on city bonds bearing three per cent. interest, and payable in five years or thirty, at the will of the city, was answered by bids for six times the amount required at from par up to 103⅓. If short New York threes are at a premium, a long government two would be worth par. Why, then, it will be asked, do we pay from six to ten per cent. in different parts of the country? The answer is that *risk* and superintendence of *short loans* makes the difference. The real value of money is found by taking for a measure long loans, in which there is absolutely no risk. The *Times* of New York expresses the opinion that thirty-year threes of that city would sell at 115.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* furnishes some interesting incidents in the life of Joel Barlow, the father of American epic poetry. Redding, Conn., was the early home of Barlow, and the visitor is shown the house in which the poet constructed his commencement poem in 1778. It is said that Barlow's one romance was a common one among college students. He fell in love with a sweet girl whom he privately married soon after graduation. He served as a chaplain in the Continental army, but at Redding he is best remembered as the promoter of several industrial enterprises designed to promote the welfare of the town. Barlow was not a great father of our epic, but his sons have, perhaps, not greatly surpassed him.

The enthusiasm of science, in alliance with the passion of boys for killing birds, is making trouble in Massachusetts. The taxidermists want birds to stuff, and average boys want to slay birds. The law is loose, and any boy can get a license to kill birds in the service of science. The dead birds are oftener eaten than stuffed. The song birds and insectivorous birds are rapidly diminishing. Of course the boys rob the nests of the birds and kill the young in the nests. There is a period in a boy's life when he loves such work. Maine has abolished the system of licensing taxidermists, in consequence of the wholesale slaughter of birds that went on under that system.

There is no doubt that the tobacco habit, or any other bad habit, can be more easily overcome with the aid of prayer than

without it. But there are two objections to a common way of stating the case. The first is that many tobacco users have ceased using it without the aid of prayer. The second objection is that there is danger of teaching that men cannot reform bad habits without *special* divine help. The word we spell c-a-n-t has two meanings, and both are present in the plea of helplessness. It is understood, of course, that God helps men who help themselves; that is the reason why a wicked farmer can raise good crops by being a good agriculturist, though he is a bad sinner.

Congress is struggling with a foreign copyright bill. The bill is a bungling one and really opens the American market to free trade in books. This *may* be desirable, but it is well to keep distinct measures in different baskets. The free book question belongs in the tariff bill. International copyright means putting a foreign author on a level with the home author. We ought to do it without delay, but we need not confer any favors on foreign publishers in a copyright bill. We have international patent-right, but we did not think it necessary when we protected the foreign inventor to put the foreign maker of the inventor's machines under shelter of the "Free List."

John Bright is still the most vigorous handler of a rhetorical club in all England. In the course of the great debate, last month, in the House of Commons, the Tories of high birth were badly represented by two or three orators of their rank. Mr. Bright crushed them fine by saying that "the brothers and sons of dukes use language more virulent, more coarse, more offensive and more ungentlemanly than is heard from a lower rank of speakers." We suspect that the sentence is the reporter's, not Bright's; but the rebuke which he administered made a sensation which reminded Englishmen of the days when he described the political "Cave of Adullam" and its inhabitants.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies recently debated the question of dueling, especially in the universities. A critical member began it by complaining of the idleness, drinking, gaming and dueling of the students. The curiosity which the debate brought to light is the fact that though dueling is forbidden by law, it has powerful friends in the Chamber and the government. Germany has forbidden the barbaric custom; but young Germans grow up in the belief that dueling is manly, and their seniors remember that they had the same disease in the universities. The German people are very sensitive to foreign criticism on this point; and probably the other civilized nations will by and by ridicule German dueling out of existence.

Curiosities of speech are always interesting, and it is a delightful business for grammatical people to scold their neighbors. The New York *Tribune* has had a bout with a few score correspondents on the duties of the neuter verb between subject and predicate; which must it agree with? The *Tribune* says with the real subject; the other folks say there are two subjects, and that the verb must agree with the last. All the malcontents quote "The wages of sin is death." The *Tribune* has three or four answers; its best is that *death* is the true subject; its second best is that wages used to be singular. In "The Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly*, another class of errors is discussed, such as the dropping of *h* in *which* and *when*, a common thing in and around New York, and the suppression of *r* in many words. The English say *lud*, we say *lawd*. While just touching this interesting topic we call attention to a Meadville eccentricity. It is the rising inflection at the end of questions, such as, "Is he sick?" Can any reader tell us whether this locution (or rather inflection) is a localism only?

There is a lamentably large number of illiterates in the United States. Let us reduce the number as fast as possible. But let us stop assuming that the spelling book will rub the Decalogue into the conscience. Our immediate troubles and dangers come from literates who are as bright as lightning, and almost as destructive. We shall not get moral education by way of the spelling book. The statistical proof that we do is defective. We may count up the illiterate rogues in prison with much satisfaction, if we forget that the literate rogues are too smart to be caught and caged. Moral character does not result from intellectual training. Thirty years ago we had this straight, and taught that an educated bad man was a much more dangerous beast than an uneducated bad man.

A few kind-hearted people have for several years conducted a crusade against horse-shoes. They claim that the horse-shoe is a piece of unprofitable cruelty. They furnish examples and drive their own horses unshod. Among their examples is this: "In Africa, a horse working in a post-cart does, barefoot, over hard ground, twenty-four miles in two hours." One view is that our horse-shoeing bill would pay off the national debt in a few generations. It is rather remarkable that these reformers do not receive more attention. We hope they will soon get the general ear; hence this note.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, makes a suggestion which is likely to arrest attention. The clergy are likely to have a monopoly of classical education, perhaps of liberal education, if present tendencies are not overcome. One of these tendencies is to give candidates for the ministry a monopoly of Greek study in colleges. President Eliot thinks that increased and more thorough study of English may help in resisting the tendency toward purely mechanical education. English study of a thorough sort requires and promotes classical study. We add our thought that real liberal education is a fruit of study *after* the school-boy discipline, and that a classical revival and an English literature revival are both clear possibilities of the Chautauquan organization and methods. The most thorough study, with the best helps, is within the plan of our university.

Salmi Morse was last year at this time struggling to exhibit his "Passion Play" in New York. The religious feeling of the country won a conspicuous victory in defeating the purpose of Mr. Morse. Near the end of last month the dramatist drowned himself in the East river, and an actress whose relations to him were questionable, is trying to gain notoriety by a theory that a rejected suitor of hers murdered Mr. Morse. There are a dozen good morals in the story.

Frederick Douglas having at 70 married a white wife, the public has had to listen to a great many homilies on the general subject of inter-marriage among races. We are not about to add another to the long list of sociological essays. We suggest two things: First, it is best to leave the whole matter to individuals. Therefore, the laws which forbid marriage between whites and blacks should be repealed. Second, the real evil—if there be one—is scarcely touched by the prohibitive laws. As Mr. Douglas puts it: It is permitted to white men to beget children by dark-skinned mothers, provided they do not marry these mothers of their copper-colored children. The nobler of two ignoble white men—the one who marries the black mother of his children—should be left in peace until we can invent some means of punishing the ignoble wretch who does not marry her. The former is a very rare man; the growing lights in the African face show us that the other men are numerous.

Everybody has heard of the "Great Eastern" steamship, an eighth of a mile long and thirty feet under water. The great ship was a failure, and after an unsuccessful pursuit of genteel occupations for many years, she has gone to Gibraltar to be used as a coal hulk. If any sailor ever loved this leviathan, he

will feel "the pity of it" in this unromantic end; and most of us feel a touch of sadness in reading the story.

The honors paid to the dead Arctic explorers in New York, on Washington's birthday, lost none of their significance by the association. The flags were at the peak in honor of the father of his country, in the morning; in the afternoon they dropped to half-mast in memorial mourning for the heroes of the ill-fated "Jeannette." To young eyes seeing both memorial honors, the spectacle must have been inspiring—as showing that the paths to glory are still open to heroic souls. The booming guns, the wistful and reverent throngs, the military tramping along the streets, all had the same cheering lesson. We do not measure men or honor them by success; for utter failure heroically faced we have the funeral pageant and the historic record. We are not at all interested in the North Pole. We soberly think the Arctic exploration business a foolhardy

one. But we forget our indifference, and our sober judgment, when we meet the cold corpses of those who have vainly fought the cruel North—and say, "Well done; like heroes you died; like heroes you shall be buried."

In the graduating list published in the February CHAUTAUQUAN, the name "J. Van Alstyne," from New Jersey, should be Wm. L. Van Alstyne, Jr.; also the name Emily Hancock, which appears under New York, should be under Indiana, and "Mrs. John Romeo," of New York, should read Mrs. John Romer.

A correspondent kindly calls our attention to two errors in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February. We "stand corrected." Whittier's birthday comes on December seventeenth, instead of the sixteenth, as stated on page 302, and there are thirty-eight states in the Union, not thirty-nine.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR APRIL.

PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE.

P. 174.—"Havelock." (1795-1857.) A British soldier who in 1823 was sent to India. He served in the Burmese war, in the Ava campaign, in two invasions of Afghanistan, and in 1856 in a war with Persia. On his return to Bombay he was sent to Calcutta to aid the British in the Sepoy rebellion. After raising the siege of Cawnpore, he started toward Lucknow, where the garrison was closely beset. Havelock was two months in fighting his way to the city, and when there, the relievers and garrison had to stand a siege until the arrival of Campbell with forces. Havelock, however, lived only a few days after succor came, being worn out by sickness and hardships. The arrival of Campbell has been celebrated in a touching and popular poem—"The Relief of Lucknow."

P. 177.—"Ardennes." See "Notes" on page 185 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December.

P. 180.—"Hector." The chief hero of the Trojans in the war with the Greeks, the eldest son of Priam, king of Troy. Having slain Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, the latter was aroused to revenge, and came out to fight. Hector remained bravely without the walls until he saw his enemy, when he took to flight, but he was finally pierced with Achilles' spear, and his body dragged into the camp of the Greeks. Hector was the stay of the Trojans. He is represented by Homer as a man of all virtues, and is claimed to be the noblest conception of the "Iliad."

P. 184.—"Boll of grain." The Scotch formerly used a measure called the boll, or *bole*. Its capacity varied with the article measured. A boll of wheat or beans held four bushels; of oats or potatoes, six bushels. "Cevennes," *sà-ven'*. A mountain range of France, separating the valleys of the Garonne and the Loire from those of the Saone and the Rhone.

P. 187.—"Santa Scala," or the holy staircase, called also Pilate's staircase, is a flight of twenty-eight marble steps in a little chapel of Rome. They are said to be the steps which Christ passed up and down in going before Pilate, and that, like the Holy House at Loreto, they were transported by angels to their present position. Multitudes of pilgrims crawl up this staircase, kissing each step as they go. It is related of Luther that wishing to obtain the indulgence promised by the pope for this devout act, he was slowly ascending the steps when he suddenly heard a voice exclaiming, "The just shall live by faith alone." He was so terrified by his superstitious folly that he at once fled from the place.

P. 190.—"Aulus," *au'lus hir'ti-us*.

P. 194.—"Protagonist," *pro-tág'o-níst*. The first or leading actor in a drama.

P. 196.—"Obsolescence," *ób-so-lés'cence*. The going out of style, becoming old, obsolete.

P. 202.—"Lucius Catilina," *lu'ci-ús cat'i-li'na*.

P. 205.—"Spurius Mælius," *spu'ri-us mæ'li-us*. A rich plebeian who in the famine at Rome in B. C. 440 bought up corn to distribute to the poor. His liberality won him the favor of the plebeians, but the hatred of the patricians. In the following year he was accused of a conspiracy against the government. Having refused to appear before the tribunal when summoned, Ahala, the master of the horse, rushed out with an armed band and slew him.

"Opimius." A patrician, the leader of his party in the proceedings against Caius Gracchus in 120 B. C. Through his violence some three hundred people were slain after the death of Gracchus.

"Saturnius." A demagogue who in B. C. 102 was elected tribune of the plebs. He allied himself with Marius and his party and won much favor by his popular measures. He was twice reelected, but the third time it was feared that his colleague, Glaucia, who had held office during each of his tribunates, would be defeated. The friends hired the rival candidate murdered. This act caused a reaction against Saturnius, and the senate ordered that he and his associates should be slain. Marius endeavored to save his friend, but the mob pulled the tiles from the senate house, where the parties were concealed, and pelted them to death.

P. 220.—"Minucius Colonnade." A portico built about 100 B. C. by the consul Minucius, in memory of the triumph which he received after waging a successful war against the Thracians.

"Pan." In Grecian mythology, a god who watched over flocks and herds; was the patron of hunters, bee-keepers and fishermen, and the inventor of a shepherd's flute. He is represented with horns, goat's beard, feet and tail, and often as playing on the flute. The Romans worshiped him under the name of Faunus.

P. 221.—"Lupercalia," *lu'per-ca'li a*. Lupercus was a name applied to Pan, and a feast given in honor of the god by the Romans was called *Lupercalia*.

"Tarquinius," *tar-quin'i us*. Surnamed *Superbus*, was the last of the Roman kings. Though he was cruel and tyrannical, he is said to have greatly increased the power of the city. Brutus, his nephew, was aroused against the royal family because of an outrage committed upon his wife by Tarquin's son. He stirred up popular feeling against the king, and succeeded in driving him from Rome. Consular government was then substituted for the monarchy.

"Spurius Cassius," *spu'ri-us cas'si-us*. A famous Roman of the fifth century. He was three times consul. In his last consulship he passed a law which provided that the patricians should receive only a portion of the public lands, and that the rest should be divided among the plebeians. The next year he was accused of aiming at regal power and was put to death.

"Manlius." Consul in 392 B. C. In 395 he defended the plebeians against the higher classes, but was accused of aiming at kingly

power, and was thrown into prison. The plebs showed such indignation at this that Manlius was liberated. He only became bolder in his support of the people, and in the following year was accused of treason, condemned, and thrown from the Tarpeian rock.

P. 228.—“Dante,” dān'te. (1265-1321.)

“Inferno,” in-fēr'no; “Purgatorio,” pur-gā-to're-o; “Divina Commedia,” dec-veé'nā com-me'dee ā.

P. 230.—“Mincius,” min'ci-us. A river of northern Italy emptying into the Po, a little below Mantua, which is situated on an island in the middle of a lagoon formed by the river.

P. 232.—“Bucolic,” bu-cól'ic; “Eclogues,” ēk'logs.

“Dactylic hexameter,” dac tyl'ic hex-ām'e-ter. A verse of poetry consisting of six feet, parts, or measures (hexameter means of six measures), the first four of which may be dactyls, that is feet of three syllables, one long and two short; or spondees, feet of two syllables, one long and one short: the fifth must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee.

“Theocritus,” the-ōk'rī-tus. Was born in Syracuse about 250 B. C. He is known as the creator of pastoral poetry. About thirty poems by him are still extant, and several epigrams.

P. 234.—“Sibyl,” sib'yl. A name given by the Greeks and Romans to several women who were supposed to have been able to foretell, to avert trouble, and to appease the gods. Some writers mention four Sibyls, others ten. The most famous of all was this Cumæan Sibyl, and to her the Romans traced the origin of the “oracles.” It is fabled that she offered to sell to one of the Tarquins nine books, but the king refused. Going away she burnt three, and then offered the six at the same price. Being refused again she destroyed a second three, and at her first price the king finally took those remaining. These were carefully preserved, but burnt in B. C. 83. A new compilation was made by consulting the various oracles of the world. The “Sibylline oracles” mentioned here are in eight books, and were collected after the second century; they consist of a mixture of heathen, Christian and Jewish poems.

P. 235.—“Lucina,” lu-ci'na. The goddess who was supposed to preside over the birth of children.

“Tiphys,” ti'phys. The pilot of the “Argo.” He died before the ship reached Colchis. For the story of the “Argo” see Grecian history.

P. 236.—“Fates,” or Parcæ, were mythological beings who cared for human life.

“Linus.” The personification of the dirge.

“Calliope.” The muse of epic poetry. She usually appears with a stylus and a wax tablet.

P. 237.—“Hesiod,” he'si-od. Greek epic poet; 800 B. C.

“Iambic pentameter.” A verse of five feet (pentameter), or ten syllables. Each foot is an iambus; that is, is composed of one short and one long syllable.

“Alexandrine,” āl'ex-ān'drine. A verse composed of twelve syllables, named from a French poem on Alexander.

P. 238.—“Ceres.” The Demeter of the Romans, the goddess who presided over grain and the harvest.

“Fauns.” The rural divinities of the Romans. They were supposed to have introduced the worship of the gods and agriculture. They are represented as possessed of horns, and having the figure of a goat below the waist.

“Coursers' birth.” The reference is to the creation of the horse by Neptune. It is said that Neptune and Minerva (Athene) contested for the honor of naming Attica. The gods decided that it should be the one who should give the most useful gift to man. Neptune struck the ground with his trident and the horse appeared. Athene created the olive tree; the latter received the honor.

“Pallas.” A name frequently given to Athene.

“Cypress.” The cypress was sacred to Pluto, the god of the lower world.

P. 239.—“Thule.” The land which in the time of Alexander the Great was believed to be the northernmost part of Europe.

“Fasces,” fās'sez. An emblem of authority among the Romans. It was an ax tied up in a bundle of rods.

“Balance.” The constellation Libra, or the Scales. It lies in the Zodiac between the Virgin and the Scorpion.

“Elysium,” e-liz'i-um. A dwelling place for the good after death.

“Proserpine,” pro-ser'pine. The daughter of Ceres, who was carried off by Pluto, to Hades. Her mother, discovering that Jupiter had given consent to the abduction, withdrew from Olympus, and did not allow the earth to bring forth fruit. Jupiter tried to dissuade her, but failing, sent for Proserpine. She returned, but as she had eaten in the lower world could not remain all the time on earth, but was obliged to spend one-third of the year with Pluto.

P. 254.—“Æolus,” æ'o-lus. The god of the winds.

“Sarpedon,” sar-pe'don. A son of Jupiter and a prince of Lycia. He was an ally of the Trojans in the Trojan war, but was slain by Patroclus, the friend of Achilles.

“Simois.” One of the prominent rivers in the country of Troy.

P. 255.—“Orontes,” o-ron'tes. A Lycian leader and ally of the Trojans; “Aletes,” a-le'tes; “Abas,” a'bas; “Achates,” a-cha'tes.

P. 258.—Harpalyce,” har-pal'y-ce. A Thracian princess whose mother died in her infancy. She was trained to outdoor exercise and sports, and on the death of her father she turned robber. She lived in the woods and was so fleet that not even horses could overtake her.

P. 262.—“Amaracus,” a-mar'a-cus. The sweet marjoram or feverfew.

P. 263.—“Acidalian.” Venus was sometimes called *Acidalia*, from a well, Acidalius, in Greece, where she used to bathe with the Graces.

P. 264.—“Demodocus.” In Ulysses's wanderings, after the fall of Troy, he was thrown on the island of Scheria, where the king of the people, the Phæacians, honored him with feasts, at which Demodocus, a minstrel, sang of the fall of Troy.

P. 266.—“Danaan,” dan'a an. Danaus, the name from which this word is derived, was a former king of Argos.

P. 270.—“Thessander,” thes-san'der.

“Sthenelus,” sthen'e-lus. The friend of Diomedes, under whom he commanded the Argives in the Trojan war.

“Acamas,” a'ca-mas. A son of Theseus.

“Pelides,” pe-li'des. A name given to Achilles, whose father's name was Peleus. The “youthful heir” here spoken of was Neoptolemus, son of Achilles.

“Machaon,” ma-cha'on. The surgeon of the Greeks in the Trojan war. He was the son of Æsculapius, the god of the medical art. Machaon was a warrior as well as a doctor, and with his brother led thirty ships to Troy.

“Menelaus,” men-e-la'us. The king of Lacedæmon, and husband of Helen.

“Epeus,” e-pe'us.

P. 288.—“Dis.” A contraction of Dives, a name given sometimes to Pluto, and hence to the lower world.

P. 289.—“Phlegethon,” phleg'e-thon. A river of liquid fire flowing through Hades.

“Orcus.” Another name for Hades, or for Pluto.

“Tartarus,” tar'ta-rus. Like Orcus and Dis, Tartarus is sometimes used synonymously with Hades.

“Acheron,” a'cher on. The name of a river of the lower world, flowing, according to Virgil, into the Co-cy'tus.

P. 290.—“Charon,” cha'ron.

“Treen.” An obsolete plural of tree.

P. 291.—“Palinurus,” pa-li-nu'rus. He had been the pilot of Æneas's ship, but fell into the sea and was murdered on the coast of Lucania, by the natives.

“Cerberus,” cer-be-rus. The dog that guarded the entrance to Hades.

P. 293.—“Marpesian,” mar-pe'si-an. Derived from Marpessa, a mountain in Paros, from which the Parian marble was taken.

P. 294.—“Hecate,” he'ca-te. An ancient divinity, the only Titan which Jupiter allowed to retain power. She was thought to rule in heaven, earth and hell; this three-fold power led to her being sometimes represented with three heads.

“Gnosian,” gno'si-an. From Gnosus, or Cnosus, an ancient city of Crete. The adjective is used here as equivalent to Cretan.

“Rhadamanthus,” rha-da-man'thus. The brother of King Minos, of Crete. His justice through life led to his being made a judge in the lower world.

“Tisiphone,” ti-siph'o-ne. One of the Fates.

P. 295.—“Hydra,” *hy'dra*. A monster which formerly lived in a marsh in the Peloponnesus. It had many heads, one of which being cut off was immediately succeeded by two new ones. It was slain by Hercules.

“Aloeus,” *a-lo'e-us*. The son of Neptune; the sons here referred to were of enormous size and strength. When but nine years of age they threatened the Olympian gods with war. Apollo destroyed them before they reached manhood. “Salmoneus,” *sal-mo'ne-us*.

“Levin,” *lêv'in*. An obsolete word for lightning.

P. 296.—“Lapith.” A race living in Thessaly.

“Pirithous,” *pi-rith'o-us*. The King of the Lapithæ. He descended to the nether world in order to carry off Persephone, but was seized by Pluto and fastened to a rock with Theseus, who had accompanied him. Theseus was afterward released by Hercules, but Pirithous remained.

“Ixion,” *ix-i'on*. The father of the above. Having committed a murder on earth for which he was never purified, Jupiter took pity on him, purified him, and took him to heaven, where he tried to win the love of Juno. For his ingratitude he was sent to Hades, and fastened to a perpetually rolling wheel.

P. 297.—“Teucer,” *teu'cer*. The first king of Troy.

“Ilus.” The grandfather of Priam, and the founder of Ilion or Troy.

“Assaracus,” *as-sar'a-cus*. The great-grandfather of Æneas.

“Dardany,” or Dardania, was a region adjacent to Ilium, lying along the Hellespont. It was named from Dardanus, the son-in-law of Teucer.

P. 298.—“Eridanus,” *e-rid'a-nus*. A river god.

“Musæus,” *mu-sæ'us*. A mythological character, the author of various poetical compositions and of certain famous *oracles*.

P. 300.—“Procas.” One of the fabulous kings of Alba Longa.

“Numitor,” *nu'mi-tor*. The grandfather of Romulus and Remus.

“Capys.” “Silvius.” Mythical kings of Alba Longa.

“Gabii,” *ga'bi-i*. In early times a powerful Latin city near Rome.

“Nomentum,” *no-men'tum*. A Latin town, about fourteen miles from Rome.

“Collatia,” *col-la'ti-a*. A Sabine town. “Cora.” An ancient town in Latium. “Bola.” A town of the Æqui. “Inuus.” Usually written Inui Castrum. A town on the coast of Latium.

P. 301.—“Ind.” The country of the Indus.

“Garamant,” *gar'a-mant*. The most southernly of the known people of Africa.

“Alcides,” *al-ci'des*. A name given to Hercules.

“Erymanthus,” *e-ry-man'thus*. A lofty mountain of Arcadia, the haunt of the boar which Hercules killed.

“Lerna.” A marsh and river not far from Argos, where Hercules killed the Hydra.

P. 302.—“Decii,” *de'ci-i*. “Drusus,” *dru'sus*. “Torquatus,” *tor-quat'us*. Famous Roman leaders in the early days of the Republic.

“Æacides,” *æ-ac'i-des*. A name given to the descendants of Æacus, among whom were Peleus, Achilles and Pyrrhus.

P. 303.—“Feretrian,” *fer-re'tri-an*. A name given sometimes to Jove. It is probably derived from the verb to strike, as persons taking an oath called on Jove to strike them if they swore falsely.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

FRENCH HISTORY.

P. 377, c. 1.—“Voltaire,” *vol-têr'*. (1694-1778.) French author.

“Rousseau,” Jean Jacques, *roo'sô'*. (1712-1778.) French philosopher and writer.

“Montesquieu,” *môn'tês-kô'*. (1689-1755.) French jurist and philosopher.

“D'Alembert,” *dâ'lôn'bêr'*. (1717-1783.) French mathematician.

P. 377, c. 2.—“Maria Theresa,” *ma-ri'a te-ree'sâ*. (1717-1780.) Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia.

“Turgot,” *tür'go'*. (1727-1781.) At the time of his appointment to the control of finance, Turgot had won a fine reputation by his papers on political economy, tolerance in governing, and like subjects. He at once undertook to carry out his views, abolishing all taxes save those on land, doing away with compulsory labor for the state, the privileges of trading corporations and the like; this made him very unpopular among the favored classes, and Louis was forced to dismiss him.

“Necker,” *nek'er*. (1732-1804.) Necker's policy was to restore order and confidence. He restrained the prodigality of the court, cut down the expenses of the government, regulated taxes, and laid the foundation of the Bank of France. After his final withdrawal from France, Necker lived in Geneva, where he wrote several essays. It is said that on the accession of Bonaparte to power he attempted to obtain the position of minister of finance, but was rejected.

“Ushant,” *ush'ant*. The largest of the Ouessant Isles, off the coast of the department of Finisterre in France.

“D'Estaings,” *dês'tân'*. (1729-1794.) He was brought up to military service, was twice taken prisoner by the English but released, and in 1763 was appointed lieutenant-general of the navy. D'Estaings was sent to the United States in 1778, where he planned attacks on New York and Newport, but was unsuccessful in both. After the campaign in the West Indies he coöperated with the Americans in an attack upon Savannah, but was wounded.

“Granada,” “St. Lucia,” “St. Vincent.” Three islands of the Windward group of the West Indies.

“Langara,” *lâ'gâ-râ*. (1730-1800.)

“De Guichen,” *deh-gê'shon'*. (1712-1790.) A French naval officer, made lieutenant-general in 1779. The next year after the victory here given he was defeated by the English.

“De Grasse,” *deh gräs*. (1723-1788.) Count de Grasse served in the American war, and in 1781 aided Washington and Lafayette in the capture of Cornwallis.

“Hood.” (1724-1816.) He entered the navy at sixteen. In 1780 he was made second in command in the West Indies. The year after his defeat he defeated De Grasse and was made a baron. In 1793 he commanded the English in the Mediterranean against the French, and in 1796 was made a viscount.

“Tobago,” *to-ba'go*. An island of the Windward group of the West Indies.

P. 378, c. 1.—“Ville de Paris.” The city of Paris.

“Crillon,” *kre'yôn'*. (1718-1796.) A lieutenant-general in the Seven Years' War, and afterward captain-general of Spain.

“Senegal,” *sen'e-gawl'*. A river of western Africa.

“Calonne,” *kâ'lôn'*. (1734-1802.) Calonne had been a law student and a courtier, when appointed to succeed Necker. After his dismissal he went to London, where he wrote many able political and financial tracts.

“Brienne,” *bre'ên'*. (1727-1794.) Brienne was an archbishop and a member of the academy when he succeeded Calonne.

P. 378, c. 2.—“En Masse.” In a body.

“Desmoulins,” *dâ'moo'lân'*. (1762-1794.) A schoolmate of Robespierre, and a partisan of the Revolution. He was called the “Attorney-General of the lamp post,” for his share in street mobs.

“Launay,” *lô'na*. He was massacred immediately after the capture of the place.

“Condé,” *kôn'da'* (1736-1818); “Palignac,” *po'len'yâk'*; “Noailles,” *no'âl'*; “Seignioral,” *seen'yur-al*. Lordly, kingly; belonging to a seignior.

P. 379, c. 1.—“Sièyes,” *se-yas'*. (1748-1836.) At the beginning of the Revolution Sièyes wrote a pamphlet which placed him at the head of the publicists. He was a member of the Assembly, of the Convention, and in 1799 of the Directory. When the new régime began he was one of the three consuls, but soon after lost his influence, which he never regained.

“Robespierre,” *ro'bes-peer*. (1758-1794.) He was educated for the law, and practicing, when in 1789 he was sent to the States-General. His radical democratic views gained him a prominent place. He after-

ward was a member of the Assembly, and in 1792 was elected to the Convention. He became the leader of one party there, and was instrumental in bringing on the Reign of Terror, of which he was the acknowledged head. His cruelty at last turned the people against him, and he was guillotined in 1794.

"Mirabeau," mir'a-bō. (1749-1791.) He was descended from a family of high rank, but was passionate and uncontrolled. Until 1788 his life was spent in all sorts of employments and intrigues. At that time he made up his mind to enter French politics, and succeeded in getting himself elected to the States-General of 1789. In 1791 he was elected president of the National Assembly, but died soon after, a victim to excess.

"Œil-de-Bœuf," eel-deh-būf.

P. 379, c. 2.—"Chalons," shā'lon'; "Menehould," mā'na'ho.

"Bouille," boo'yā. (1739-1800.)

"Varennes," vā'ren'.

"Rochambeau," ro'shōn'bō. (1725-1807.) A French marshal. In early life he fought in several minor campaigns. In 1780 he was sent to the United States with 6,000 men, and the next year fought at Yorktown.

"Dumouriez," dü'moo're-ā. (1739-1823.) After the battle of Jemappes, the convention being jealous of Dumouriez's loyalty to the Bourbons, summoned him to their bar. He refused to go, and was obliged to spend the rest of his life in exile.

"Verdun," vēr'dun; "Longwy," lōng've'.

"Custine," küs'ten'. (1740-1793.)

"Jemappes," zhem-map.

P. 380, c. 1.—"Fédérés," fā'da'ra'; "Abbaye," ā-ba'; "Conciergerie," kon'cer'ja're'; "Carmes," kärm; "Bicêtre," be'cātr'. The names of famous French prisoners.

"Lamballe," lōn'bāl'. (1749-1792.)

"Sombreuil," sōn'brul'. The sister of an officer prominent in support of the Royalists.

"Cazotte," kā'zot'. Jacques Cazotte, her father, was a French poet.

P. 380, c. 2.—"Egalite," a-gā'le-tā.

"Vergniaud," ver'yne-ō'. (1759-1793.)

P. 381, c. 1.—"Marat," mā'rā. (1744-1793.) Before the Revolution Marat had practiced medicine. In 1789 he gained great popularity among the Revolutionists by his journal, *The Friend of the People*. After his election in 1792 to the Convention and the formation of the triumvirate with Danton and Robespierre, he wielded great power by his decisive opinions.

"Danton," dān'ton'. (1759-1794.) He was a lawyer by profession. At the beginning of the Revolution he became a popular leader and orator. When the supreme power fell into the hands of the triumvirate Danton was elected minister of justice, thus having chief control of the city. Afterward he was elected to the Convention, where he became a prominent leader, but excited the jealousy of Robespierre. The latter triumphed in the contest for the first rank, and Danton was guillotined. Lamartine says of him: "Nothing was wanting to make Danton a great man, except virtue."

P. 381, c. 2.—"Corday," kor'da'. (1768-1793.)

P. 382, c. 1.—"Aboukir," ā-boo-keer'.

"Tuileries," tü-eel-re. A royal palace of Paris.

"D'Enghien," dōn'gān'. (1772-1804.) "Eylau," i'lou; "Friedland," fred'land.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

P. 384, c. 1.—"Misfeasance," mis-fe'zans. A wrong act.

P. 384, c. 2.—"In transitu." On the passage.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 384, c. 2.—"Cimabue," che-mā-boo'a. (1240?-1302?) Called "the father of modern painting."

P. 385, c. 1.—"Navicella," nāv-i-cel'la. The name of the mosaic, meaning the little ship.

"Assisi," as-see'see. A picturesque town of central Italy, chiefly noted as the birthplace of St. Francis, who founded the Franciscan order of monks.

"Podesta," po-des-tā'. In 1207 the chief executive power of Flor-

ence was put into the hands of a single officer called the *podesta*; hence the reference is to the chief magistrate's palace.

"Chiaro-scuro," chi-ā-ro-ōs-cu'ro. The effective distribution of lights and shades in a picture.

"Guido di Pietro," gwēe'do de pe-a'trō.

"Fiesole," fyes'o-la. A town of Italy, near Florence.

"Vicchio," vek'kee-o; "Mugello," mu-gel'lō.

P. 385, c. 2.—"Orvieto," or-ve-a'to. A town of central Italy, not far from Perugia.

"Luca Signorelli," lu'ca sen-yo-rel'lee. (1439-1521.) An Italian painter, a nephew of Vasari. His frescoes are his most noteworthy pieces.

"Scudi," skōo'dee. The plural of scudo, an Italian coin used in Italy and Sicily, and worth about 96 cents.

"Santa Maria delle Grazie," sän'tā mā-ree'a-del'la grāt'se-a.

"Marco d'Oggione," mar'co dōd-go'na. (1470-1530.) A pupil of Leonardo. He made two copies of "The Last Supper"—his most important works.

P. 386, c. 1.—"Cloux," clou; "Amboise," almost ōnb'wiz'. A town on the Loire, in western central France.

"Vasari," vā-sā'ree. (1512-1574.) A pupil of Michaelangelo, and a successful painter. His fame rests on his "Lives of the most excellent Painters, Architects and Sculptors," one of the most valuable books ever written on the subject.

"Trattato," etc. Treatise on painting.

"Castel Caprese," kās-tel/kā-pres'a; "Arezzo," ā-ret'so.

"Ghirlandaio," gēr-lān-dā'yo. (1451-1495.) A painter famous for his invention. His chief works, "The Massacre of the Infants" and "The Death of St. Francis" are still preserved in the Sistine chapel.

"Fuseli," fū'seh-le. (1742-1825.) A celebrated historical painter.

"Monochrome," mōn'o-chrōme. A painting with a single color.

P. 386, c. 2.—"Sandro Botticelli," bot-te-chel'lee. (1440-1515.) An eminent Italian painter. His frescoes in the chapel of the Vatican are his most powerful works.

"Cosimo Rosselli," ro-sel'lee. (1439-1506.)

"Perugino," pā-roo-jee'nō. (1446-1524.) The master of Raphael. He received his name, "The Perugian," from the work which he did at Perugia, where there still exist some of his best frescoes.

"Raffaello Sanzio," rā-fā-ē'lō sän'ze-o; "Pinturicchio," pēn-too-pek'ke-o. (1454-1513.)

P. 387, c. 1.—"Francia," frān'chā. (1450-1533?) A celebrated Italian painter.

"Fra Bartholommeo," bār'to-lo-mā'ō.

For help in pronouncing the Italian names which are so numerous in this paper, we give a set of simple rules for Italian vowels and consonants.

A like *a* in father.

E like *e* in met, more prolonged and open at the close of a syllable.

I like *ee* in feet.

O. Pronounce *roll* and stop on the middle of the word, and it is precisely the Italian *o*.

U like *oo* in root.

C or *g* followed by *a*, *o* or *u*, as in English, but followed by *e* or *i*, *c* has the sound of *ch* as in cherry, and *g* is like *g* in gem.

Gn is like *ni* in poinard.

Gl as in English, except before *i*, when it has the sound of *ll* in brilliant.

S at the beginning of a word has the hissing sound, as between two vowels, or followed by *b*, *d*, *r* or *v*, is pronounced like *z*.

Sc, followed by *e* or *i*, like *sh*.

Z like *dz* in words which have *z* in the English word; like *zs* when preceded by *l* or *r*, or followed by two vowels, and in nouns ending in *zzo*.

Single consonants are generally soft; double consonants are pronounced in one sound, but stronger and more marked than when single.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 393, c. 2.—"En bloc." In a lump.

"Genre." A style; a peculiar kind or species.

"Du Maurier," dü mō're-a. An English caricaturist who for over twenty years has been connected with *Punch*.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Most indefinite ideas exist among even very well informed people concerning the Soudan and its tribes. What is the Soudan? Who people it? What does England want of it? Such questions are worrying many heads, and there has been a general search for information. A very timely book to those interested, is "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan."* The author, so late as December, 1881, started on a trip of exploration and sport through the Basé country—a small part, it is true, of the Soudan, but the people, customs and country serve as reliable examples. The experiences of this company of sportsmen with the people, their adventures and dangers, furnish us with much useful information about a people in whom we are all just now interested. The book is furnished with excellent maps.

The erudition embraced in Dr. Winchell's digest† of Cosmical Science exhausts the contributions of the French, German and English languages, and is simply enormous. As the author *con amore* has made this subject the study of an average lifetime, his personal contributions of original thought constitute a large part of the book. It is written in a calm, judicial spirit and incisive style, and increases in strength and interest to the close. The universe of matter is the field of observation, and starting with the principles which are worked out before our eyes on this planet, the mechanism of the solar system is subjected to analysis in regard to the order of its structure and final destiny. He then passes into the stellar universe, and finds evidence that the same kinds of substances are there, subject to the same laws, and tending to the same results. The speculative reasoning of the volume of course covers much space, but the trustworthy information obtained is all that could be expected; in fact, all that is known to science. We know of no other book which gives to the mind so clear a view of the incomparable vastness of the universe, and the *rationale* of its existing as does this. The conclusion reached is, that the surface of our moon is made up mostly of the craters, cinders, and lava-beds of spent volcanoes. All the other planets, the sun included, are tending in the same direction and destiny. In the stellar world other systems of sun and planets have reached this goal of desolation; others are on the way, and new systems, originating in nebulae, are taking on form and order. When a cycle is once completed by a system its career is ended forever and ever. On the whole, this is one of the most instructive and fascinating volumes we have read for a long time.

"Oregon"‡ is one of a series of volumes entitled "American Commonwealths," edited by H. E. Scudder. The monograph was furnished by W. Barrows, D.D., and is both well written and carefully edited. The subject the narrative and the sources from which the materials were drawn may have somewhat affected the style of the writing, which is exuberant and picturesque. Suppository details are suggested with a freedom that shows a desire to make the account impressive without lessening its historical value. The most valuable part is given to the question of national right, and the long struggle of England and America for possession. Americans who found fault with the Ashburton-Webster treaty as conceding too much, while Oregon was left out, should read this book.

"Arius The Libyan"|| is a historical romance, and one of the very best of the class. It deals vigorously with early ecclesiastical matters, and draws, with consummate skill, some well known prominent characters of the third and fourth centuries. Its literary merits are of a high order, and whether we do or do not accept the doctrines as true, and the estimates of the characters introduced as just, all will confess the story is well planned, and told with great power. Constantine is sketched as a very able, far-seeing, but intensely selfish and unscrupulous politician, a man evilly ambitious, and the lust of power his ruling passion. He and the bishops he influenced completely secularized the Church, left the common primitive Christianity, and established a politico-ecclesiastical

institution intended to conserve the interests of the empire. The book is thoroughly self-consistent, and all the characters, good and bad, are well sustained.

There are few women in the country who do not know something of Mary A. Livermore, who directly or indirectly have not been influenced by her earnest pleas for strong, self-reliant, womanly living among women. When she began her lectures several years ago, she was ahead of her time, but public sentiment has made rapid strides, and is fast gaining pace with her. The need of physical culture, of higher education, of practical training for women is acknowledged on every side, and has never been more clearly shown than by Mrs. Livermore in her lectures. The hope that these lectures might have a wider influence by publication has led to their being put into book form, under the title of "What Shall we Do With our Daughters?"*

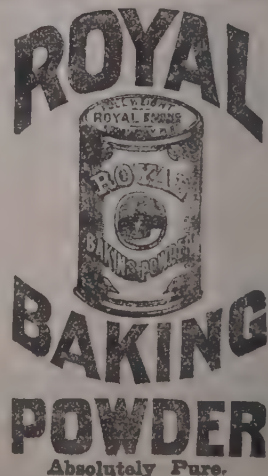
"Mexico and the Mexicans"† is a very readable book; not specially fascinating in style, but of substantial value. It is modest in pretensions, as real worth usually is. Promising only a narrative of personal observations and experiences, the writer has managed to collect from reliable sources much information concerning the country, its people and institutions, that will be of interest to American freemen and philanthropists. We like it as a clever, matter-of-fact book, whose author, fitted for the work assumed, does not attempt fine writing, or the role of delineator. Not much attention is given to the religious phase of society. In a single paragraph of ten lines, respectful mention is made of the fact that the American Board has a station at Monterey, and that the Baptists have some zealous missionaries in the same region. In the capital, Roman Catholic institutions alone seemed worthy of notice. A longer stay and closer observation would have discovered Protestantism established there also.

"Great Events of History"‡ is a well written, readable book from the pen of W. F. Collier, LL.D. It presents important facts succinctly, yet with sufficient fullness, and so clearly that the memory can easily retain them. It presents the great events from the commencement of the Christian era to the present century in *eight periods*, without confusion, and so clearly as to give assured possession of the facts, while much is done to lessen the labor of the learner, and sweeten the toil that to many is irksome. The geographical appendix will prove very useful, as the kindred studies of history and geography are pursued with best advantage when taken in connection.

* What Shall we Do with our Daughters? Superfluous Women, and other lectures. By Mary A. Livermore. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883.

† Mexico and the Mexicans; or Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1883. By Howard Conkling. With illustrations. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrell & Co. 1883.

‡ Great Events of History. By W. W. Collier, LL.D. New York: Nelson & Sons.



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* The Wild Tribes of the Soudan. An account of Travel and Sport, chiefly in the Basé country. By F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† World-Life, or Comparative Geology. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., of the University of Michigan. S. C. Gregg & Co., Chicago. 1883.

‡ Oregon, the Struggle for Possession. By William Barrows. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

|| Arius, The Libyan. An Idyl of the Primitive Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
MAY.

READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

It has not been the compiler's purpose in these extracts to produce a continuous sketch of the history of Rome. That, in the space assigned, would be impossible. It has not been his purpose to present to readers incidents or events in Roman story judged to be the most important or the most striking of all that were open to his choice. That, too, would require more room than could here be commanded. His purpose has been simply, from the long historic panorama of Rome, to cut out a few pictures, at the same time interesting enough, compact enough, and complete enough within themselves, to deserve and to admit being shown to readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, in the comparatively small space that could be allotted to them in these columns.

We begin with a tale taken from the legendary part of Roman history. Livy tells it for us, Mr. George Baker being his English interpreter, a practical one and excellent. A war is in progress between the Romans and the Albans.

THE LEGEND OF THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

[No date assignable.]

It happened that, in each of the armies, there were three twin brothers, between whom there was no disparity, in point of age, or of strength. That their names were Horatius and Curiatius, we have sufficient certainty, for no occurrence of antiquity has ever been more universally noticed; yet, notwithstanding that the fact is so well ascertained, there still remains a doubt respecting the names, to which nation the Horatii belonged, and to which the Curiatii; authors are divided on the point; finding, however, that the greater number concur in calling the Horatii Romans, I am inclined to follow them. To these three brothers, on each side, the kings proposed that they should support, by their arms, the honor of their respective countries, informing them that the sovereignty was to be enjoyed by that nation whose champions should prove victorious in the combat. No reluctance was shown on their parts, and time and place were appointed. Previous to the fight a league was made between the Romans and Albans, on these conditions: That, whichever of the two nations should, by its cham-

pions, obtain victory in the combat, that nation should, without further dispute, possess sovereign dominion over the other.

* * * * *

The league being concluded, the three brothers, on each side, pursuant to the agreement, took arms, the friends of each putting them in mind that "the gods of their country, the country itself, the whole of their countrymen, whether at home or in the army, rested on their prowess the decision of their fate." Naturally bold and courageous, and highly animated, beside, by such exhortations, they advanced into the midst, between the two armies. The two armies sat down before their respective camps, free from all apprehensions of immediate danger to themselves, but not from deep anxiety, no less than sovereign power being at stake, and depending on the bravery and success of so small a number. With all the eagerness, therefore, of anxious suspense, they fixed their attention on an exhibition which was far, indeed, from being a matter of mere amusement. The signal being given, the three youths, who had been drawn upon each side, as in battle array, their breasts animated with the magnanimous spirits of whole armies, rushed forward to the fight, intent on mutual slaughter, utterly thoughtless of their own personal peril, and reflecting that, on the event of the contest, depended the future fate and fortune of their respective countries. On the first onset, as soon as the clash of their arms and the glittering of their swords were perceived, the spectators shuddered with excess of horror, and their hopes being, as yet, equally balanced, their voices were suppressed, and even their breath was suspended. Afterward, in the progress of the combat, during which not only the activity of the young men's limbs, and the rapid motions of their arms, offensive and defensive, but wounds also, and blood, were exhibited to view, the three Albans were wounded, and two of the Romans fell lifeless, one over the other. On their fall the Alban army set up a shout of joy, while the Roman legions were in a state of the most painful anxiety, almost bereft of hope, and reduced to a state of despair by the situation of their champion, who was now surrounded by the three Curiatii. It happened that he was unhurt, so that, though singly he was by no means a match for them altogether, yet was he confident of success against each of them, separately. In order, therefore, to avoid their joint attack, he betook himself to flight, judging that they would pursue with such different degrees of speed as their wounds would allow. He had now fled to some distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking back, he perceived that there were large intervals between the pursuers, and that one was at no great distance from him; against him he turned back, with great fury, and while the Alban army called out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius having in the meantime slain his antagonist, proceeded, victorious, to attack the second. The Romans then cheered their champion with shouts of applause, such as naturally burst forth on occasions of unexpected joy; on his part, he delayed not to put an end to the combat; for, before the third, who was at no great distance, could come up to the relief of his brother, he dispatched the second Curiatius. And now they were brought

to an equality, in point of number, only one on each side surviving, but were far from an equality either in hopes or in strength; the one, unhurt, and flushed with two victories, advanced with confidence to the third contest; the other, enfeebled by a wound, fatigued with running, and dispirited, beside, by the fate of his brethren already slain, met the victorious enemy. What followed could not be called a fight; the Roman, exulting, cried out: "Two of you have I offered to the shades of my brothers, the third I will offer to the cause in which we are engaged, that the Roman may rule over the Alban;" and, whilst the other could scarcely support the weight of his armor, he plunged his sword downward into his throat; then as he lay prostrate, he despoiled him of his arms. The Romans received Horatius with triumphant congratulations, and a degree of joy proportioned to the greatness of the danger that had threatened their cause. Both parties then applied themselves to the burying of their dead, with very different dispositions of mind; the one being elated with the acquisition of empire, the other depressed under a foreign jurisdiction. The sepulchers still remain, in the several spots where the combatants fell: those of the two Romans in one place, nearer to Alba, those of the three Albans on the side next to Rome; but in different places, as they fought.

Do our readers wonder that Byron speaks of Livy's "pictured page"? We advance immediately to the beginning of authentic Roman history—the date of the war between Pyrrhus and Rome. Our historian shall be the German, Wilhelm Ihne (pronounced Eé-nuh), who, however, writes himself directly in English. He is still later than Mommsen, and far more judicial than he.

THE EMBASSY OF KINEAS TO ROME.

[About 280 B. C.]

The embassy of Kineas to Rome was celebrated in antiquity and was a favorite topic for rhetorical declamation. It is said that he took with him beautiful presents for men and women, but offered them in vain.* Rome, which in a later time the Numidian king Jugurtha declared to be ready to sell itself if only a purchaser could be found, was still, as is related, pure and virtuous. It was the time of Manius Curius, the conqueror of the Samnites, who, sitting by his own hearth and eating his simple peasant's food, had proudly rejected the tempting presents of the Samnites; it was the time when C. Cornelius Rufinus was cast out of the senate by the censors because he had silver plate to the weight of ten pounds in his use. And was not Fabricius, the first soldier and statesman of his time, a pattern of simplicity and contentment, and superior to all temptation? What a contrast to the mercenary Greeks, whose greatest patriots and statesmen were publicly accused of bribery, and were compelled to defend themselves against such charges before the public tribunals! But Kineas was a shrewd, experienced negotiator. Where one scheme failed, he tried another. He discovered the point where the stout Romans were vulnerable. He flattered their pride. On the second day after his arrival he knew the names of all the senators and knights, and had something obliging to say to each. He visited the influential men in their houses, to get them secretly to favor his propositions. At length, when he appeared in the senate and made known his commission, when he brought offers of peace and friendship from the powerful king of Epirus, the redoubted warrior, the victor of Heraclea, the senate wavered in its decision; the deliberations lasted many days, and it appeared that the advice of those would prevail whose courage was damped and whose confidence was small. At that critical moment, the blind Appius Claudius, bowed down with age and infirmity, appeared, supported by his sons, in the solemn assembly. He had for some years retired from public life, but his haughty temper could not brook

the idea that Rome should accept laws from a foreign conqueror. The Claudian pride which animated him was the genuine Roman pride, the first national virtue. He summoned all his strength once more to raise his voice in that council which he had so often swayed by his wisdom, and had subdued by his indomitable will. As if from the grave, and as if inspired by the genius of a better time, his words, echoing in the ears of the breathless assembly, scared away all pusillanimous considerations and infused the spirit of resistance which animated the men of Rome when, from the height of the capitol, they beheld the Gaulish conquerors rioting in the ruins of their town. The speech of Appius Claudius was a monument of a glorious time, the contemplation of which warmed and inspired succeeding generations. It is the first speech of the contents of which there has been preserved a substantially correct report. Later generations believed they possessed even the exact words, and Cicero speaks of it as of a literary composition of acknowledged authenticity. This view is hardly tenable; but it may be believed that the general purport and some of the arguments of the speech were faithfully preserved in the Claudian family books, and we can not deny ourselves the pleasure of listening to the faint echo which introduces us for the first time into the immediate presence of the most august assembly of the old world.

According to the tradition, Appius spoke something as follows: "Hitherto, assembled fathers, I used to mourn that I was deprived of the light of the eye; now, however, I should consider myself happy if, in addition to that, I had lost the sense of hearing, that I might not hear the disgraceful counsels which are here publicly proposed, to the shame of the Roman name. How are you changed from your former estate! Whither have your pride and your courage flown? You that boasted you would have opposed the great Alexander himself if, in the period of your youth, he had dared to invade Italy that he would have lost in battle against you the fame of the invincible, and would have found defeat or death in Italy, to the glory of the Roman name—you now show that all this was nothing but vain boasting; for you fear now the Chaonians and Molossians, who have always been the spoil of the Macedonians, and you tremble before Pyrrhus, who passed his life in the service of one of Alexander's satellites. Thus one single misfortune has made you forget what you once were. And you are going to make him who is the author of your shame your friend, together with those who brought him over to Italy. What your fathers won by the sword, you will deliver up to the Lucanians and the Bruttians. What is this but making yourselves servants of the Macedonians? And some of you are not ashamed to call that peace which is really slavery!"

When Appius had spoken, the negotiations with Kineas were broken off. He was warned immediately to leave the town, and to inform his king that there could be no idea of peace and friendship between him and the Roman people until he had left the shores of Italy. That was the answer of a people conquered, but not broken in spirit; a people prepared to stand up for their honor and their greatness, even to the last man. The impression which the Romans made on Kineas is described as very powerful. It is said that he compared the town of Rome to a temple, and the senators to kings. Indeed, the dignity, the calmness, and firmness of the Roman people could not have failed to convince him that the Romans were barbarians of a peculiar type; although in refinement and polish, in art and the higher enjoyments of life below the Greeks, still as citizens and soldiers very superior to them. The day of Heraclea was far from damping their courage. A new army was formed in Rome, probably under Kineas's own eyes, from volunteers, who, full of enthusiasm, poured thither from all parts to fill up the gaps.

Let Dr. Thomas Arnold be compared with Ihne, at this point of the history, and a curious instinctive contradiction appears. Both histo-

*Plutarch, Pyrrh., 18. According to Zonaras, however (viii:3), the attempts at corruption were not fruitless.

rians refer, for their authority, to precisely the same passages in two different works by Cicero; but whereas Thue, as our readers have seen, makes Cicero in them vouch for the authenticity of Appius Claudius's speech, Arnold, on the other hand, makes him regard it as utterly unworthy of trust! But Arnold adds a comment that our readers will like to see.

No Englishman can have read thus far without remembering the scene, in all points so similar, which took place within our fathers' memory in our own House of Parliament. We recollect how the greatest of English statesmen, bowed down by years and infirmity, like Appius, but roused, like him, by the dread of approaching dishonor to the English name, was led by his son and son-in-law into the House of Lords, and all the peers with one impulse arose to receive him. We know the expiring words of that mighty voice, when he protested against the dismemberment of this ancient monarchy, and prayed that if England must fall, she might fall with honor. The real speech of Lord Chatham against yielding to the coalition of France and America, will give a far more lively image of what was said by the blind Appius in the Roman senate, than any fictitious oration which I could either copy from other writers or endeavor myself to invent; and those who would wish to know how Appius spoke, should read the dying words of the great orator of England.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

By EDWARD C. REYNOLDS, Esq.

IV.—REAL ESTATE.

How known? Unfortunately, this is not always easily determined, as much expensive litigation is continually demonstrating. There are two general divisions of property, which we designate as real and personal.

Land is real property, or real estate. Stocks, lumber, evidences of debt, and all that property which is classed as movable is personal estate. Personal estate may become real estate. How? Take lumber, bricks, etc., which are personal property, and therewith construct a house, and locate it, with stone or brick foundation, on your land. The personal property, so used, merges its lesser title in that of the greater, that of the land on which it is placed, and becomes with the land real estate, subject to real estate law as regards taxation, transfer, and in fact every essential feature. Whence comes the original ownership? First by right of discovery; next by royal grant, and by purchase, and then by descent and purchase. It is our purpose to consider this transfer by purchase. This being accomplished through the medium of a deed, we pass on to mention a few of its characteristics. This document is the evidence of a sale and conveyance of certain real estate, which should therein be accurately described. There is a recognized form of deed in general use, which although containing a few seeming superfluous words, according to the ideas of an occasional iconoclast, is yet safe; and this blank, which may be purchased of publishers, is the one to use. Lack of space will not permit an analysis of a deed, but we will endeavor to explain its execution. The deed must be signed by the party or parties making the sale; must be sealed, acknowledged, witnessed (this is not required in all the states, but is generally done), delivered and recorded. The deed should be written in ink. The writing should be plain, since it is written to be read, a fact sometimes seemingly overlooked. The description and all the clerical work should be completed and accurately completed before signing, since no change is legitimate, if made after signature has been attached. The witnesses should see the grantor sign his name, and then sign themselves. A corporation making a transfer does it by its president or treasurer, who signs in this way:

Cimbrian Manufacturing Company,
By James Felt,
President.

A seal (a small piece of paper attached as a wafer or sealing wax is ordinarily used) is placed opposite the signature of the grantor, or, if more than one name, a seal for each. After signing, sealing and witnessing, the deed must be "acknowledged." For this purpose the grantor goes before a Justice of the Peace, or Notary Public, or, if the grantor is not resident in the state where the real estate is situated, then before a State Commissioner of Deeds, or if in a foreign country, then before a consul. These are persons qualified by appointment to the office which they hold, to take acknowledgments. The deed is shown the officer, to whom grantor makes the acknowledgment that the document by him signed is his free act and deed; and by whom a certificate to that effect by him signed, is attached to the deed. The deed being duly executed is now delivered by the grantor to the grantee (this matter of delivery is essential), and is by him placed upon record.

By record is meant this: Each county of the state has an office wherein are kept the records of all the real estate conveyances of that county, or of land situated in that county. This office opens its records to the inspection of the public, and by the records there each real estate owner's title may be investigated. Between the parties to a transfer, the deed would be sufficient evidence of such passing of title without record, but wherever the rights of other parties might clash with such a change of ownership, record would be absolutely necessary for the protection of the grantee. Make it a rule, then, when right or title in or to real estate becomes vested in you by deed, to allow no great length of time to elapse before having records made. Since all titles are to be established in the Registry of Deeds, it is the privilege of any one purchasing, either to investigate the title to his proposed purchase himself, or have some one do it for him. Whenever one wishes an agent to make a transfer he must first authorize his agent, by giving him a power of attorney to attend to the execution of the deed, and this power of attorney must contain specific authority and plenary, and be executed with the formality of a deed, and be regularly recorded.

On writing deeds remember:

That the price paid is ordinarily stated in the deed. The exact amount need not be mentioned. It may read "In consideration of one dollar." The amount named is not conclusive evidence of amount paid;

That the description should be accurate. It is quite common to find very imperfect descriptions, but this is wrong, and is the cause of much trouble. In addition to description, refer to previous deeds, by giving book and page; wherein recorded in the Registry of Deeds;

That a deed should describe the incumbrances, if any there be. If any such exist, and the deed is silent regarding them, the grantor is selling that which does not belong to him, a species of business activity which the law does not encourage;

That, if the grantor be a married man, his wife should sign the deed, relinquishing her interest in the property, commonly called dower;

That either a warranty or quit-claim deed transfers the owner's entire interest in the real estate; but while by the former the grantor warrants the title and engages to defend the same "against the lawful claims and demands of all persons," by the latter he avoids all such personal liability. Therefore if property be free from incumbrances a quit-claim is as good as a warranty deed; notwithstanding this, a purchaser had better insist on having the latter in every case;

That deeds should be recorded in the Registry of the county in which the real estate is located.

MORTGAGES—Real Estate.

A mortgage is a transfer made with intent of giving mortgagee security for money loaned or a debt in some way incurred. The mortgage is a deed conveying to the mortgagee the owner's title to the estate granted in just the same way and with same formalities as a regular deed of transfer, subject to one

condition, which is, that the mortgage deed shall be void if the amount therein specified is paid at the stated time.

After the delivery of the mortgage deed the relative standing of the parties is this:

The mortgagee:

Unless the right is specially waived in the deed, he may enter and take possession. He is therefore the owner subject to a condition, and has in him the right of possession;

He may sell and assign to a third party his interest in the mortgaged property, investing such person with all his rights therein;

When the stated time for payment, whether of principal or interest, has elapsed, and the conditions have not been complied with, foreclosure of mortgage may be commenced, and at the expiration of three years from such commencement, he may take absolute possession of the estate, unless mortgagor redeems it within that time;

He may insure mortgaged premises for his own protection.

The mortgagor:

He is not in possession of mortgaged premises by right, unless by special permission;

He must pay all amounts designated in the mortgage deed, at the time therein specified;

He may redeem the property at any time within three years after commencement of foreclosure, by paying amount due; with interest and legal costs.

He may sell his remaining interest (called equity of redemption), after mortgage transfer, or procure other mortgages on same property.

Personal Property.

Mortgages of personal property are much more informal in their execution than similar transfers of real estate. The transfer is a complete change of ownership title, with similar conditional clause, relative to payment, to that of a mortgage deed.

The several states make provisions for record of these conveyances, which are to be observed in order to insure the proper security of mortgagee's title, since record has same significance with personal as with real estate mortgage transfers.

A farther analogy may be found in the fact of a right of foreclosure and equity of redemption.

Wills.

If at any time we were to say that "Every man his own lawyer" would be giving to some very poor assistance, we think the suggestion would be eminently proper here. This is not the word of discouragement, but of caution, else the practicability of these articles, which is the theory leading to their publication, might with propriety be questioned. There is no department of legal work where more skill and care may be demanded than in this. But though care is ever to be exercised, not always is superior skill necessary, for one may desire a very simple and direct disposition of his property, and this may be done if only the formalities are observed, by one not conversant with the niceties of law points, and done in such a proper and regular manner that all complications will be avoided. But where different interests are to be carved out of an estate, then the execution of it requires skill and experience.

Who may make a will? Any person who has attained proper age and is of sound mind. By the old common law a married woman was not competent, but this restriction has been removed by statutory enactment in most of the states, and a married woman in those states is no longer forbidden the disposition of her property in accordance with her own wishes.

Quite generally eighteen years for males and sixteen for females are designated as proper ages. Children not mentioned in a will, unless provided for in testator's lifetime, are presumed to have been accidentally omitted, and take same share of the estate as they would if there had been no will. It will therefore be readily seen that if omission was intentional, testator's design would be defeated.

Whenever such omission of gift to a child is designed it should be particularly mentioned in the will.

A codicil is simply an addition to or change in the will, and should be attached to the original, and executed with same formalities.

In making a will be careful to observe:

That the person is of proper age and sound mind;

That all statements and declarations be made in clear, unambiguous language, so that a misconception of it will be impossible;

That, in propriety, the word "bequeath" should be used as applied to personal estate, and "devise" as belonging to real;

That, unless a life estate simply is intended, words of inheritance (heirs) should be coupled with devisee's name;

That, in most of the states, three witnesses are required. They should be wholly disinterested, so far as having no personal interest in the will; they should see the testator sign, and should each attach his signature in testator's presence, and in presence of the others;

That it is well for the testator to name an executor, although this is not required, since in the absence of such directions the Court will appoint an administrator.

OUTLINE OF FORM.

I — of — being of sound mind, hereby make and declare this to be my last will and testament. I give, devise and bequeath my estate and property, real and personal as follows:

[Then follow disposition of property and appointment of executor.]

In witness whereof I have signed, sealed, published and declared this instrument to be my last will and testament, at — this — day of —.

— [SEAL]

The witnesses then add:

The said — on said — day of — signed, published and declared the above as his last will and testament; and we, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

—
—
—

The destruction of a will revokes it. The making of a new will revokes all former ones.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[April 6.]

Draw yet nearer, O, my soul! with thy *most fervent love*. Here is matter for it to work upon, something worth thy loving. O see what beauty presents itself! Is not all the beauty in the world united here? Is not all other beauty but deformity? Dost thou now need to be persuaded to love? Here is a feast for thine eyes and all the powers of thy soul; dost thou need entreaties to feed upon it? Canst thou love a little shining earth, a walking piece of clay? And canst thou not love that God, that Christ, that glory, which are so truly and unmeasurably lovely? Thou canst love thy friend because he loves thee; and is the love of a friend like the love of Christ? Their weeping or bleeding for thee does not ease thee, not stay the course of thy tears or blood; but the tears and blood that fell from thy Lord have a sovereign, healing virtue. O my soul! If love deserves and should beget love, what incomprehensible love is here before thee! Pour out all the store of thy affections here, and all is too little—O that it were more! O that it were many thousand times more! Let him be first served that served the first. Let him have the first born and strength of thy soul, who parted with strength, and life and love for thee. O my soul! dost thou love for *excellency*? Yonder is the

region of light; this is the land of darkness. Yonder twinkling stars, that shining moon and radiant sun, are all but lanterns hung out of thy Father's house, to light thee while thou walkest in this dark world. But how little dost thou know the glory and blessedness that are within.

Dost thou love for *suitableness*? What person more suitable than Christ—his god-head and humanity, his fullness and freedom, his willingness and constancy, all proclaim him thy most suitable friend. What state more suitable to thy misery than mercy, or to thy sin and pollution than honor and perfection? What place more suitable to thee than heaven? Does this world agree with thy desires? Hast thou not had a sufficient trial of it, or dost thou love for interest and near relation? Where hast thou better interest than in heaven, or nearer relation than there?

Dost thou love for *acquaintance and familiarity*? Though thine eyes have never seen thy Lord, yet thou hast heard his voice, received his benefits, and lived in his bosom. He taught thee to know thyself and him; he opened thee that first window, through which thou sawest into heaven. Hast thou forgotten since thy heart was careless and he awakened it; hard, and he softened it; stubborn, and he made it yield; at peace, and he troubled it; whole, and he broke it; and broken, till he healed it again? Hast thou forgotten the times when he found thee in tears; when he heard thy secret sighs and groans, and left all to come and comfort thee? * * *

Methinks I hear him still saying to me, "Poor sinner, though thou hast dealt unkindly with me, and cast me off, yet I will not do so by thee; though thou hast set light by me and all my mercies, yet they and myself are thine. What wouldst thou have that I can give thee? And what dost thou want that I can not give thee? If anything I have will give thee pleasure, thou shalt have it. Wouldst thou have pardon? I freely forgive thee all the debt. Wouldst thou have grace and peace? Thou shalt have both. Wouldst thou have myself? Behold I am thine, thy friend, thy Lord, thy brother, husband and head. Wouldst thou have the Father? I will bring thee to him, and thou shalt have him, in and by me." These were my Lord's reviving words.

* * * * *

If *bounty and compassion* be an attractive of love, how immeasurably, then, am I bound to love him! All the mercies that have filled up my life, all the places that ever I abode in, all the societies and persons I have been conversant with, all my employments and relations, every condition I have been in, and every change I have passed through, all tell me that the fountain is overflowing goodness. Lord, what a sum of love am I indebted to thee! And how does my debt continually increase! How should I love again for so much love? But shall I dare to think of requiting thee, or of recompensing all thy love with mine? Will my mite requite thee for thy golden mines, my faint wishes for thy constant bounty; mine, which is nothing, or not mine, for thine, which is infinite and thine own? Shall I dare to contend in love with thee, or set my borrowed languid spark against the sun of love?

* * * * *

No, Lord, I yield; I am overcome. O blessed conquest. Go on victoriously and still prevail, and triumph in thy love. The captive of love shall proclaim thy victory; when thou leadest me in triumph from earth to heaven, from death to life, from the tribunal to the throne! myself, and all that see it, shall acknowledge thou hast prevailed, and all shall say, "Behold how he loved him."—From *Baxter's "Saint's Rest,"* abridged by Fawcett.

[April 13.]

For we, being accustomed to a careless and perfunctory performing of these duties, can not but find it a hard and difficult matter to keep our hearts so close unto them as to perform them as we ought to do, and so as that we may be really said

to do them. For we must not think that sitting in the church while the word of God is preached, is hearing the word of God, or being present there while prayers are read is real praying; no, no, there is a deal more required than this to our praying to the great God aright; insomuch that, for my own part, I really think that prayer, as it is the highest, so it is the hardest duty that we can be engaged in; all the faculties of our souls as well as members of our bodies being obliged to put forth themselves in their several capacities, to the due performance of it.

And as for these several graces and virtues with which our souls must be adorned withal, before they ever can come to heaven, though it be easy to talk of them, it is not so to act them. I shall instance only in some few, as to love God above all other things, and other things only for God's sake; to hope on nothing but God's promises, and to fear nothing but his displeasure; to love other men's persons so as to hate their vices, and so to hate their vices as still to love their persons; not to covet riches when we have them not, nor trust on them when we have them; to deny ourselves that we may please God, and to take up our cross that we may follow Christ; to live above the world whilst we are in it, and to despise it whilst we use it; to be always upon our watchguard, strictly observing not only the outward actions of our life, but the inward motions of our hearts; to hate those very things which we used to love, and to love those very duties which we used to hate; to choose the greatest affliction before the least sin, and to neglect the getting of the greatest gains rather than the performing of the smallest duty; to believe truths which we can not comprehend, merely upon the testimony of one whom we never saw; to submit our own wills to God's and to delight ourselves in obeying him; to be patient under sufferings, and thankful for all the troubles we meet with here below; to be ready and willing to do and suffer anything we can for him who hath done and suffered so much for us; to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the indigent, and rescue the oppressed to the utmost of our power; in a word, to be every way as pious toward God, as obedient to Christ, as loyal to our prince, as faithful to our friends, as loving to our enemies, as charitable to the poor, as just in our dealings, as eminent in all true graces and virtues, as if we were to be saved by it; and yet by no confidence in it, but still look upon ourselves as unprofitable servants, and depend upon Christ, and Christ alone for pardon and salvation.—From "*Private Thoughts upon Religion and a Christian Life*," by Bishop Beveridge.

[April 20th.]

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them. Therefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went toward the gate.

Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is "the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect." You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never fading fruits thereof; and, when you come there, you shall have white robes given you,

and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region, upon the earth, to-wit: sorrow, sickness, affliction and death; "for the former things are passed away." You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered: You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One; for there you shall see him as he is. There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you, and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. * * * * Also when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet and be ever with him.—*From Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

[April 27th.]

If we can make this with ourselves: I was in times past dead in trespasses and sins, I walked after the prince that ruleth in the air, and after the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience; but God, who is rich in mercy, through his great love, wherewith he loved me, even when I was dead, hath quickened me in Christ. I was fierce, heady, proud, high minded, but God hath made me like a child that is newly weaned. I loved pleasures more than God; I followed greedily the joys of this present world; I esteemed him that erected a stage or theater more than Solomon which built a temple to the Lord; the harp, viol, timbrel, and pipe, men singers and women singers were at my feast; it was my felicity to see my children dance before me; I said of every kind of vanity, O how sweet art thou unto my soul! All which things are now crucified to me, and I to them; now I hate the pride of life, and the pomp of this world; now I take as great delight in the way of thy testimonies, O Lord, as in all riches; now I find more joy of heart in my Lord and Savior, than the worldly minded man when "his possessions do much abound;" now I taste nothing sweet but the bread which came down from heaven, to give life unto the world; now my eyes see nothing but Jesus rising from the dead; now my ears refuse all kinds of melody, to hear the song of them that have gotten the victory of the beast and of his image, and of his mark, and of the number of his name, that stand on the sea of glass, "having the harps of God, and singing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, O King of saints." Surely, if the Spirit have been thus effectual in the sacred work of our regeneration with newness of life, if we endeavor thus to form ourselves anew, then we may say boldly with the blessed apostle, in the tenth to the Hebrews: We are not of them that withdraw ourselves to perdition, but which follow faith to the salvation of the soul." * *

The Lord of his infinite mercy give us hearts plentifully fraught with the treasure of this blessed assurance of faith unto the end.—*From Hooker.*

ALL men have a rational soul and moral perfectibility; it is these qualities which make the poorest peasant sacred and valued by me. Moral perfectibility is our destiny, and here are opened up to the historian a boundless field and a rich harvest.

—*Forster.*

READINGS IN ART.

II.—THE PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS OF NORTHERN EUROPE.*

Art in Germany and the Netherlands may be considered as beginning about the middle of the fourteenth century. There is, however, no name of importance in the German school of artists until the time of Albrecht Dürer. Before him painters had shown little or no originality in their work. They had followed the Byzantine models largely, and had been influenced by the servile and narrow influences of the middle ages. With the new intellectual and spiritual life which sprang up in the fifteenth century, artistic life awoke in Germany. Dürer was the first and greatest master of the school. He was born in Nuremberg on the 21st of May, 1471.

His father was a Hungarian, who settled in Nuremberg as a goldsmith. Albrecht Dürer was taught his father's trade, but fortunately his talent for art was observed, and he was sent, in 1484, a boy of thirteen years, to Schongauer. In 1486 he was apprenticed to Michael Wolgemut for three years. From the studio of his master, Albrecht Dürer passed, in the year 1490, to a new world—he traveled; and in those "wander-years," which lasted till 1494, he was doubtless laying in stores of learning for the after-time; but unfortunately we know nothing of those years, except that he had a glimpse of Venice, the first sight of the Italian paradise which, in his case, though seen again, never made him unfaithful to the art of his fatherland. In 1494, Albrecht Dürer returned to Nuremberg, and married Agnes Frey, the daughter of a singer. He received two hundred florins with his wife for her dowry, and it has been said that with her he found more than two thousand unhappy days. In 1506, Dürer again traveled to Italy, and found a warm welcome from the painters at Venice, a city which he now beheld for the second time. Doubtless he learned much from the works which he saw, and the criticism which he heard, but, fortunately for his country, he could go to Italy without becoming a copyist. Giovanni Bellini paid him especial honor, and Dürer tells us that he considered Bellini "the best painter of them all."

Between the years 1507 and 1520, Dürer produced many of his most famous works. In 1509, he bought a house for himself in the Zisselgasse, at Nuremberg. In 1515 Raphael sent a sketch from his own pencil to his great brother, who has been well styled the "Raphael of Germany." The sketch is in red chalk, and is preserved in the collection of the Archduke Charles, at Vienna. In 1520 we find Dürer appointed court-painter to the emperor, Charles V., a position which he had already held under Maximilian. His own countrymen seem to have been niggardly in their reward of genius, for the court-painter had only a salary of one hundred florins a year, and painted portraits for a florin (about twenty English pence). In the same year Dürer, accompanied by his wife, visited the Netherlands, and at Antwerp, then the most important town of the Low Countries, both he and his wife were entertained at a grand supper; the master has recorded in his journal his pleasure at the honor bestowed upon him. At Ghent and Bruges all were delighted to show their respect for his genius. At Brussels, Dürer was summoned to the court of Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, to whom he presented several engravings. Either through jealous intrigues, or from some other cause, his court favor was of short duration. In Brussels he painted several portraits which were never paid for, and for a time he was in straitened circumstances. Just at this time, however, Christian II., king of Denmark, became acquainted with him, and having shown every mark of honor to the painter, sat to him for his portrait. Soon afterward he returned to Germany.

* This paper is abridged from "German, Flemish and Dutch Paintings," by H. J. Wilgot Buxten, M.A., and Edward J. Poynter, R.A.

Once more at home in his beloved Nuremberg, Dürer wrote to remind the Town Council that whilst the people of Venice and Antwerp had offered him liberal sums to dwell among them, his own city had not given him five hundred florins for thirty years of work. But we must pass to the end. Whether the health of Albrecht Dürer had been injured by home cares and the tongue of Agnes Frey, we know not, though many passages in his letters and journal seem to point to this fact. He died on the 6th of April, 1528, and was buried in the cemetery of St. John, at Nuremberg.

Most of Dürer's works are to be found in Germany. In the Louvre there are only three or four drawings. The Museum of Madrid possesses several of his paintings—a "Crucifixion" (1513), showing the maturity of his genius, two "Allegories" of the same type as the "Dance of Death," so favorite a subject at this period, and a "Portrait of Himself," bearing the date 1496. At Munich we may trace, in a series of seventeen pictures, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening of Albrecht Dürer's art. The "Portrait of his Father," 1497, is one of his earliest works. His father was then seventy years old. The color is warm and harmonious. The masterpiece of Dürer's art is the painting of the four apostles—"St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Mark." This wonderful work is clearly the production of his later years; it bears no date, but the absence of the hardness, which Michael Wolgemut's workshop had imparted to his early style, is gone, and the whole work shows the influence of his travels and unflagging study. It is usually assigned to the year 1526. The picture has been supposed to represent the "Four Temperaments," but there is no satisfactory proof that Dürer intended this.

Vienna possesses some of the finest specimens of his art. In the legend of "The Ten Thousand Martyrs," who were slain by the Persian king Shahpour II., Dürer has described on a panel of about a foot square every conceivable kind of torture. These horrors are witnessed by two figures which represent the painter himself, and his friend Pirckheimer.

The "Adoration of the Trinity" is one of the most famous of Dürer's works. It is a vast allegorical picture, representing the Christian Religion.

Of his wood-cuts the best known are the "Apocalypse," 1498; the "Life of the Virgin," 1511; and the "History of Christ's Passion." Of his copper-plate engravings, "St. Hubert," "St. Jerome," and "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," bearing the date 1513, in which we see what Kugler calls "the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German art has ever produced." The weird, the terrible, and the grotesque look forth from this picture like the forms of some horrible nightmare. Another famous engraving, called "Melancholy," is full of mystic poetry; it bears the date 1514. To these may be added a series of sixteen drawings in pen and ink on gray paper, heightened with white, representing "Christ's Passion," which he never engraved. They are in his best style, and among the finest of his works.

HANS HOLBEIN.

Contemporary with Dürer lived another great artist, Hans Holbein. He was born at Augsburg, in 1497. Comparing him with Albrecht Dürer, Kugler says that "as respects grandeur and depth of feeling, and richness of his invention and conception in the field of ecclesiastical art, he stands below the great Nuremberg painter. Though not unaffected by the fantastic element which prevailed in the Middle Ages, Holbein shows it in his own way." What we know of Holbein's life must be told briefly. He was painting independently, and for profit, when only fifteen. He was only twenty when he left Augsburg and went to Bâle. There he painted his earliest known works, which still remain there. In 1519, after a visit to Lucerne, we find him a member of the Guild of Painters at Bâle, and years later he was painting frescoes for the walls of the Rathaus—frescoes which have yielded to damp and decay, and of which fragments only remain. These are in the Mu-

seum of Bâle, as well as eight scenes from "The Passion," which belong to the same date. Doubtless Holbein had gone to Bâle poor, and in search of any remunerative work. It is said that he and his brother Ambrose visited that city with the hope of finding employment in illustrating books, an art for which Bâle was famous. Hans Holbein was destined, however, to find a new home and new patrons. In 1526, Holbein went to England. The house of Sir Thomas More, in Chelsea, received him, and there he worked as an honored guest—painting portraits of the ill-fated Chancellor and his family. Of other portraits painted at this time that of "Sir Bryan Tuke," treasurer of the king's chamber, now in the collection of the Duke of Westminster, and that of "Archbishop Warham," in the Louvre, are famous specimens. Having returned to Bâle for a season, hard times forced Holbein to seek work once more in England. This was in 1532, when he was taken into the service of Henry VIII., a position not without its dangers. He was appointed court-painter at a salary of thirty-four pounds a year, with rooms in the palace. The amount of this not very magnificent stipend is proved from an entry in a book at the Chamberlain's office, which, under the date of 1538, contains these words: "Payd to Hans Holbein, Paynter, a quarter due at Lady Day last, £8 10s. 9d."

Holbein was employed to celebrate the marriage of Anne Boleyn by painting two pictures in tempera in the Banqueting Hall of the Easterlings, at the Steelyard. He chose the favorite subjects for such works, "The Triumph of Riches," and "The Triumph of Poverty." The pictures probably perished in the Great Fire of London. In 1538, Holbein was engaged on a very delicate mission, considering the matrimonial peculiarities of his royal master. He was sent to Brussels to paint the "Portrait of Christina," widow of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, whom Henry would have made his queen, had she been willing. Soon after, having refused an earnest invitation from Bâle to return there, Holbein painted an aspirant to the royal hand, Anne of Cleves. Perhaps the painter flattered the lady; at all events the original was so distasteful to the king that he burst into a fit of rage which cost Thomas Cromwell his head. Holbein continued his work as a portrait painter, and has left us many memorials of the Tudor Court. He died in 1543, of the plague, but nothing is known of his burial place. Some time before his death we hear of him as a resident in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, in the city.

The fame of this great master rests almost entirely upon his power as a portrait painter. In the collection of drawings at Windsor, mostly executed in red chalk and Indian ink, we are introduced to the chief personages who lived in and around the splendid court in the troublous times of the second Tudor.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH OVERBECK.

After the death of Dürer and Holbein the German school did not long hold its supremacy. Its decline was rapid, and not until the present century was there a re-awakening. Johann Friedrich Overbeck, the chief of the revivalists of German art, was born at Lübeck, in 1789. When about eighteen years of age he went to Vienna, to study painting in the academy of that city. The ideas on art which he had carried with him were so entirely new and so little agreeable to the professors of the academy, that they met with but small approval. On the other hand, there were several among his fellow-pupils who gladly followed his lead; and in 1810, Overbeck, accompanied by a small band of youthful artists, went to Rome, where he established the school which was afterward to become so famous.

Overbeck, who was professor of painting in the Academy of St. Luke, a foreign member of the French Institute, and a member of all the German academies, died at Rome in 1869, at the advanced age of eighty years. He painted both in fresco and in oil. Of his productions in fresco, the most noteworthy are a "Vision of St. Francis" in Santa Maria degli Angeli, at Assisi, and five scenes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"

in the villa of the Marchese Massimo, in Rome. Of his oil paintings, the best are the "Triumph of Religion in the Arts," in the Städel Institute at Frankfurt; "Christ on the Mount of Olives," at Hamburg; the "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," painted in 1816 for the Marien Kirche, at Lübeck; and a "Descent from the Cross," at Lübeck. Overbeck also executed a number of small drawings. Of these we may mention forty designs of the "Life of Christ," and many other Biblical subjects.

THE SCHOOL OF THE NETHERLANDS.

In the Netherlands, we find before the seventeenth century, two schools of art; that of Bruges, whose most famous painters were the brothers Van Eyck, and that of Antwerp, whose founder, Matsys, did some fine work. It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, that art in the Netherlands attained its full strength and life. The artist to whom the revival was due was Peter Paul Rubens. He was born on the day of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul—the 29th of June, 1577, at Siegen, in Westphalia. His father was a physician, who being suspected of Protestant proclivities, had been forced to flee from his native town of Antwerp, and was subsequently imprisoned, not without cause, by William of Orange, whose side he had joined. When Peter Paul was a year old, his parents removed to Cologne, where they remained for nine years, and then on the death of her husband, the mother of Rubens returned with her child to Antwerp. Young Rubens was sent to a Jesuit school, doubtless in proof of his mother's soundness in the faith of Rome, and studied art. Fortunately for the world, Rubens possessed too original a genius to be much influenced by his masters. He visited Italy in 1600, where the coloring of the Venetians exercised a great influence upon the young painter, and we may consider Paolo Veronese as the source of inspiration from which Rubens derived the richness of his tints. In 1601 we find Rubens in the service of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga of Mantua, an enthusiastic patron of art, and two years later he was sent to Philip III. of Spain, on an "artistic commission," some secret mission, perhaps, but certainly as the bearer of costly presents. On his return from Spain he passed some time in Mantua, Rome, and Genoa; the *dramatic power* of his pictures he derived probably from Michelangelo, as he had learned richness of coloring from Veronese, and we can trace the influence of Giulio Romano, whose works he must have studied at Mantua.

Rubens settled in Antwerp, and married in 1609 his first wife, Isabella Brandt. Always popular, and always successful, Rubens founded a school of painting in Antwerp, which was soon crowded with pupils. His life, however, was destined to be full of action and movement. In 1620 he went to Paris at the invitation of Marie de Medicis, then living in the Luxembourg Palace. The work which the widowed queen proposed to Rubens was to decorate two galleries, the one with scenes from her own history, the other with pictures from the life of Henri IV.

In 1626 Rubens visited Holland, saw the principal painters of that country, and lost his wife in the same year. The picture of the two sons of this marriage is in the Lichtenstein Gallery, in Vienna. In 1627 Rubens was employed in diplomatic service at the Hague, and in the next year he was ambassador to Philip IV. of Spain, from the Infanta Isabella, widow of the archduke Albert. In 1629 we find the painter still acting as a diplomatist, and this time to the Court of England. The courtly manner, handsome person, and versatile genius of Rubens made him a favorite at Whitehall.

On his return to Antwerp in 1630, he married his second wife, Helena Fourment, a girl of sixteen, belonging to one of the richest families in the city. She served him many times as a model for his pictures. The great master died in 1640, wealthy, honored, and famous, not only in his own city, but in many another. He was buried in the Church of St. Jacques at Antwerp.

In speaking briefly of the chief works of Rubens, we come

first to the "Descent from the Cross," in Antwerp Cathedral. We find in this wonderful work perfect unity, and a nobler conception and more finished execution than usual. Of the coloring it is needless to speak. But even here in this masterpiece we notice the absence of spirituality. The dead Christ is an unidealized study, magnificently painted and drawn, but unredeemed by any divinity of form, or pathos of expression in the head, so that we discover no foregleam of the Resurrection; it is a dead body, no more. Among the eighteen pictures by Rubens in the Antwerp Museum, is a "Last Communion of St. Francis," which has a great reputation, but suffers from the ignoble type of St. Francis's head. It was painted in 1619.

In the Gallery at Munich we find ninety-five paintings by this master, illustrating all his styles. The masterpiece is the "Last Judgment." Passing to Vienna, we find in the Lichtenstein Gallery the portraits of Rubens's "Two Sons," and a long series of pictures illustrating the "History of Decius." In the Belvedere is a magnificent portrait of his second wife, "Helena Fourment." In the Louvre we find forty-two paintings by Rubens. The greater number of these belong to the series illustrating "The Life of Marie de Medicis." At Madrid in the Museo del Rey is a "Glorified Virgin," a truly wonderful work. Turning to Russia, we find in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg some fine works by this master; especially deserving of notice is the "Feast in the House of Simon." Coming home to England we find this great master again largely represented. The "History of Ixion on the Cloud" is in the gallery of the Duke of Westminster; and "Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," painted for Charles I. in 1629. Blenheim contains many great works by Rubens.

ANTOON VAN DYCK,

The greatest of the pupils of Rubens, the son of a merchant of good standing, was born at Antwerp, in 1599. At ten years of age he was studying art under Van Balen, and was registered in the Guild as his pupil; from him he proceeded to the studio of Rubens. His wonderful precocity enabled Van Dyck to become a master in the Guild of Antwerp painters when only nineteen. In 1620 he was engaged as an assistant by Rubens, and in the following year he was in England employed by James I. This royal service soon ended, and in 1623 Van Dyck went to Italy; in Venice he copied many of Titian's works, and spent some time in Rome, and a much longer time at Genoa. Wherever he went he was busy with brush and canvas, and in Genoa he painted many of his best pictures. From 1626 to 1632 Van Dyck was in Antwerp, diligently working at some of his greatest pictures, historical subjects and portraits. In the Cassel Gallery there are fourteen of his portraits, among which that of the "Syndic Meerstraten" is one of the most characteristic of his art at this period. At the close of these six years of Antwerp work a new world opened to him. His first visit to England seems to have been unfruitful, but in 1632 he became one of the court painters of Charles I. Success and honor now crowned the new works of Van Dyck. He received a salary of £200 a year as principal painter to the Stuart court, and was knighted by the king. Nothing succeeds like success, and we find Van Dyck sought after by the nobility and gentry of England, and at once installed as a fashionable portrait painter.

Later, after his return to Flanders, in 1640, with his wife, a lady of the Scottish house of Ruthven, he went to Paris, hoping to obtain from Louis XIII. the commission to adorn with paintings the largest saloon in the Louvre, but here he was doomed to disappointment, as the work had been given to Poussin. Van Dyck returned to England, and found that he had fallen, like his patron, Charles I., "on evil tongues and evil days." The Civil War had commenced. There was no time now for pipe or tabor, for painting of pictures or curling of lovelocks, and whilst trumpets were sounding to boot and saddle, and dark days were coming for England, Van Dyck died in Blackfriars, on the 9th of December, in 1641, and was

buried hard by the tomb of John of Gaunt, in old St. Paul's.

Possessed of less power of invention than his great master, Van Dyck shows in his pictures that *feeling* which is wanting in the works of Rubens. It is infinitely more pleasant to gaze on a crucifixion, or some other sacred subject, from the pencil of Van Dyck, than to examine the more brilliant but soulless treatment of similar works by his master. As a portrait painter Van Dyck occupies with Titian and Velasquez the first place. In fertility and production he was equal to Rubens, if we remember that his artistic life was very brief, and that he died at the age of forty-two. He lacked the inexhaustible invention which distinguishes his teacher, and generally confined himself to painting a "Dead Christ" or a "Mater Dolorosa." Of Van Dyck's sacred subjects we may mention the "Taking of Jesus in Gethsemane" (Museum of Madrid), "Christ on the Cross" (Munich Gallery), the "Vision of the Blessed Hermann Joseph" (Vienna), the famous "Madonna with the Partridges" (St. Petersburg), and the "Dead Christ," mourned by the Virgin, and adored by angels, in the Louvre.

Portraits by Van Dyck are scattered widely throughout the galleries of Europe, and his best are probably in the private galleries of England. In all his portraits there is that air of refinement and taste which rightly earned for Van Dyck the name which the Italians gave him, *Pittore Cavalieresco*.

REMBRANDT.

Contemporaneous with the Flemish school of which Rubens and Van Dyck were the masters, was the Dutch school, of which the great name was Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn. Few persons have suffered more from their biographers than the painters of the Dutch school, and none of them more than Rembrandt. The writings of Van Mander, and the too active imagination of Houbraken, have misrepresented these artists in every possible way. Thus Rembrandt has been described as the son of a miller, one whose first ideas of light and shadow were gained among his father's flour sacks in the old mill at the Rhine. He has been described as a spendthrift reveler at taverns, and as marrying a peasant girl. All this is fiction. The facts are briefly these: Rembrandt was born on July 15, 1607, in the house of his father, Hermann Gerritszoon Van Rijn, a substantial burgess, the owner of several houses, and possessing a large share in a mill on the Weddesteege at Leyden. Educated at the Latin school at Leyden, and intended for the study of the law, Rembrandt's early skill as an artist determined his father to allow him to follow his own taste.

But it was not from these nor from any master that Rembrandt learnt to paint. Nature was his model, and he was his own teacher. In 1630 he produced one of his earliest oil paintings, the "Portrait of an Old Man," and at this time he settled as a painter in Amsterdam. He devoted himself to the teaching of his pupils more than to the cultivation of the wealthy, but instead of being the associate of drunken boors, as some have described him, he was the friend of the Burgomaster Six, of Jeremias de Decker the poet, and many other persons of good position. In 1632 Rembrandt produced his famous picture, "The Lesson in Anatomy;" about that time he was established in Sint Antonie Breedstraat; in the next year he married Saskia van Ulenburch, the daughter of the Burgomaster of Leeuwarden, whose face he loved to paint best after that of his old mother. We may see Saskia's portrait in the famous picture, "Rembrandt with his wife on his knee," in the Dresden Gallery; and a "Portrait of Saskia" alone is in the Cassel Gallery.

In the year 1640 Rembrandt painted a portrait, long known under the misnomer of "The Frame-maker." It is usually called "Le Doreur," and it is said that the artist painted the portrait in payment for some picture frames; but is in reality a portrait of Dorer, a friend of Rembrandt. The year 1642 saw Rembrandt's masterpiece, the so-called "Night-watch." Saskia died in the same year, and the four children of the marriage all died early, Titus, the younger son, who promised

to follow in his father's steps, not surviving him. Rembrandt was twice married after Saskia's death. The latter years of the great master's life were clouded by misfortune. Probably owing to the stagnation of trade in Amsterdam, Rembrandt grew poorer and poorer, and in 1656 was insolvent. His goods and many pictures were sold by auction in 1658, and realized less than 5,000 guilders. Still he worked bravely on. His last known pictures are dated 1668. On the 8th of October, 1669, Rembrandt died, and was buried in the Wester Kerk.

Rembrandt was the typical painter of the Dutch School; his treatment is distinctly Protestant and naturalistic. Yet he was an idealist in his way, and as "The King of Shadows," as he has been called, he brought forth from the dark recesses of nature, effects which become, under his pencil, poems upon canvas. Rembrandt loved to paint pictures warmed by a clear, though limited light, which dawns through masses of shadow, and this gives much of that air of mystery so noticeable in his works. In most of his pictures painted before 1633, there is more daylight and less shadow, and the work is more studied and delicate.

In the National Gallery we find two portraits of Rembrandt, one representing him at the age of thirty-two, another when an old man. In the same collection is the "Woman taken in Adultery" (1644), and the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (1646), both superb in arrangement and execution. Germany and Russia are almost as rich as Holland in the number of Rembrandt's pictures which they possess. The "Descent from the Cross," in the Munich Gallery, is a specimen of the sacred subjects of this master. He interprets the Bible from the Protestant and realistic standpoint, and though the coloring of the pictures is marvelous, the grotesque features and Walloon dress of the personages represented make it hard to recognize the actors in the gospel story. Many of his Scripture characters were doubtless painted from the models afforded him in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, where he resided. The magnificent panoramic landscape belonging to Lord Overstone, and the famous picture of "The Mill" against a sunset sky, are signal examples of his poetic power, and his etchings show us this peculiarity of his genius, even more than his oil paintings. Of these etchings, which range over every class of subject, religious, historical, landscape and portrait, there is a fine collection in the British Museum; and they should be studied in order to understand the immense range of his superb genius. The "Ecce Homo," to say nothing of the splendor, the light and shade, and richness of execution, has never been surpassed for dramatic expression; and we forgive the commonness of form and type in the expression of touching pathos in the figure of the Savior; nor would it be possible to express with greater intensity the terrible raging of the crowd, the ignobly servile and cruel supplications of the priests, or the anxious desire to please on the part of Pilate. The celebrated plate "Christ Healing the Sick," exhibits in the highest perfection his mastery of chiaroscuro, and the marvelous delicacies of gradation which he introduced into his more finished work.

The number of Rembrandt's pictures in Holland, although it includes his three greatest, is remarkably small—indeed, they may be counted on the fingers; and lately, by the sale of the Van Loon collection, the Dutch have lost two more of his finest works in the portraits of the "Burgomaster Six" and "His Wife." But his works abound in the other great galleries of Europe.

THERE is really in nature such a thing as high life. A life of health, of sound morality, of disinterested intellectual activity, of freedom from petty cares is higher than a life of disease and vice, and stupidity and sordid anxiety. I maintain that it is right and wise in a nation to set before itself the highest attainable ideal of human life as the existence of a complete gentleman.—*Hamerton*.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

"Among the writers who have done much to refine and elevate American literature, Thomas Bailey Aldrich should have the brightest place of one who has wrought equally well in prose and poetry. Among his early efforts 'Baby Bell' will longest hold its place in poetry."—*Henry James, Jr.*

It is the vision of a gentle, tender spirit, and many eyes unused to tears will grow moist over the delicate lines. We have not room for the whole.

"Baby Bell."

Have you not heard the poets tell,
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels.
They fell like dew upon the flowers;
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

* * * *

O, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes;
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light,
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born;
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Dear Christ! our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

* * * *

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;

Her heart was folded deep in ours;
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair;
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

Some of Aldrich's descriptions of oriental scenery are richer in color and more luxurious, but he is more at home and more captivating with familiar themes drawn from every day life. We are charmed with such simple pictures as

"Before the Rain."

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

North from Jerusalem.

We left Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate. Not far from the city wall there is a superb terebinth tree, now in the full glory of its shining green leaves. It appears to be bathed in a perpetual dew; the rounded masses of foliage sparkle and glitter in the light, and the great spreading boughs flood the turf below with a deluge of delicious shade. A number of persons were reclining on the grass under it, and one of them, a very handsome Christian boy, spoke to us in Italian and English. I scarcely remember a brighter and purer day than that of our departure. The sky was a sheet of spotless blue; every rift and scar of the distant hills was retouched with a firmer pencil, and all the outlines, blurred away by the haze of the previous few days, were restored with wonderful distinctness. The temperature was hot, but not sultry, and the air we breathed was an elixir of immortality.

Through a luxuriated olive grove we reached the Tombs of the Kings, situated in a small valley to the north of the city. Part of the valley, if not the whole of it, has been formed by quarrying away the crags of marble and conglomerate limestone for building the city. Near the edge of the low cliffs overhanging it, there are some illustrations of the ancient mode of cutting stone, which, as well as the custom of excavating tombs in the rocks, was evidently borrowed from Egypt. The upper surface of the rocks was first made smooth, after which the blocks were mapped out and cut apart by grooves chiseled between them. I visited four or five tombs, each of which had a sort of vestibule or open portico in front. The door was low, and the chambers which I entered, small and black, without sculptures of any kind. There were fragments of sarcophagi in some of them. On the southern side of the valley is a large quarry, evidently worked for marble, as the blocks have been cut out from below, leaving a large overhanging mass, part of which has broken off and fallen down.

The opening of the quarry made a striking picture, the soft pink hue of the weather-stained rock contrasting exquisitely with the vivid green of the vines festooning the entrance.

From the long hill beyond the tombs, we took our last view of Jerusalem, far beyond whose walls I saw the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. Notwithstanding its sanctity, I felt little regret at leaving Jerusalem, and cheerfully took the rough road northward over the stony hills. There were few habitations in sight, yet the hillsides were cultivated, wherever it was possible for anything to grow. After four hours' ride we reached El Bireh, a little village on a hill, with the ruins of a convent and a large Khan. The place takes its name from a fountain of excellent water, beside which we found our tents already pitched. The night was calm and cool, and the full moon poured a flood of light over the bare and silent hills.

We rose long before sunrise and rode off in the brilliant morning—the sky unstained by a speck of vapor. In the valley, beyond El Bireh, the husbandmen were already at their plows, and the village boys were on their way to the uncultured parts of the hills with their flocks of sheep and goats. The valley terminated in a deep gorge, with perpendicular walls of rock on either side. Our road mounted the hill on the eastern side, and followed the brink of the precipice through the pass, where an enchanting landscape opened upon us.

The village of Zebroud crowned a hill which rose opposite, and the mountain slopes leaning toward it on all sides were covered with orchards of fig trees, and either rustling with wheat or cleanly plowed for maize. The soil was a dark brown loam, and very rich. The stones have been laboriously built into terraces; and, even where heavy rocky boulders almost hid the soil, young fig and olive trees were planted in the crevices between them. I have never seen more thorough and patient cultivation. In the crystal of the morning air the very hills laughed with plenty, and the whole landscape beamed with the signs of gladness on its countenance.

The site of ancient Bethel was not far to the right of our road. Over hills laden with the olive, fig and vine, we passed to Aian el Haramiyeh, or the fountain of the robbers. Here there are tombs cut in the rock on both sides of the valley. Over another ridge, we descend to a large, bowl-shaped valley, entirely covered with wheat, and opening eastward toward the Jordan. Thence to Nablous (the Shechem of the Old and Sychar of the New Testament) is four hours through a winding dell of the richest harvest land. On the way, we first caught sight of the snowy top of Mount Hermon, distant at least eighty miles in a straight line. Before reaching Nablous, I stopped to drink at a fountain of clear sweet water, beside a square pile of masonry, upon which sat two Moslem dervishes. This, we were told, was the tomb of Joseph, whose body, after having accompanied the Israelites in all their wanderings, was at last deposited near Shechem.

There is less reason to doubt this spot than most of the sacred places of Palestine, for the reason that it rests not on Christian, but on Jewish tradition. The wonderful tenacity with which the Jews cling to every record or memento of their early history, and the fact that from the time of Joseph a portion of them have always lingered near the spot, render it highly probable that the locality of a spot so sacred should have been preserved from generation to generation to the present time.

Leaving the tomb of Joseph, the road turned to the west and entered the narrow pass between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. The former is a steep, barren peak, clothed with terraces of cactus, standing on the northern side of the pass. Mount Gerizim is cultivated nearly to the top, and is truly a mountain of blessing, compared with its neighbors. Through an orchard of grand old olive trees, we reached Nablous, which presented a charming picture, with its long mass of white, dome-topped stone houses, stretching along the foot of Gerizim through a sea of bowery orchards. The bottom of the valley resembles some old garden run to waste.

CELIA THAXTER.

Her home is by the sea, and she gives us some vivid glimpses of ocean scenes. Occasionally a joyous phase is delicately presented, but the prevailing tone of her verse, on whatever subject, is in the minor. Perhaps "Beethoven" shows most imagination and insight, as well as felicity of expression.

Beethoven.

If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us his creatures, surely here and now
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And "Come up higher, come!" the words it speaks,
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold, I lift you upon mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings—
Dream, folded on the breast of Patience sweet,
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"

Faith.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.
For darkness passes; storms shall not abide,
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
The singing flood returns in joy at last.
The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

The Sandpiper.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky,
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper and I?

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century the current of events in the American colonies became rapid and impetuous. Many obstacles were met, but the swollen stream rushed on, leaping over, or dashing aside the barriers that seemed to accelerate, rather than hinder the progress.

But a crisis was at hand, and the danger grew apparent.

England and France, rival nations, and often in conflict, both had extensive possessions in this country, and their rights were in dispute. The English occupied the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, and their colonies were well established. As yet all their important settlements were east of the Allegheny Mountains, though they claimed, as their right by discovery, all the land westward to the Pacific.

Meanwhile, the French had made important inland settlements, occupying principally the valley of the St. Lawrence and some of its tributaries. They had built Quebec and Montreal, more than 500 miles from the gulf, with other towns of importance; had fortified themselves at different points along the great chain of lakes, from Ontario to Superior; had penetrated the wilderness of western New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, fixing their stations and building forts on all the more important tributaries of the Mississippi, with the evident and avowed intention of connecting their St. Lawrence and Canadian possessions with the great western valley; and, through the large rivers that drain it, find their way to the sea. They would thus confine the English to the Atlantic States, and found their empire in the West. Comparatively little intercourse as there was between the East and West, these designs were well understood, and the resolute purpose to thwart them was at once avowed. The nations beyond the Atlantic were nominally at peace, but not friendly, and neither disposed to yield to the claims of the other. France, dominated by Roman Catholics, and England, the leading Protestant nation of Europe, had nurtured hatred and jealousies that might any day precipitate a conflict of arms, and the theater of the strife would be in their colonial possessions.

But before war was declared the colonists themselves became involved in actual hostilities. The English had adjusted their difficulties, and, confederate by articles of agreement and a strong national feeling, refused to be restrained by the mountain barriers. Two settlements were begun west of the Alleghenies, one on the Youghiogheny, and one in some part of western Virginia. Their relations with the Indians were friendly, and trade with them was profitable. The French, who had taken possession of the valley of the Ohio, and were doing their utmost to secure the influence of the Indians in all the region between the river and the lakes, protested against the encroachment of the English, and warned the Governor of Pennsylvania to restrain his subjects from entering territory claimed by the King of France. Of course no attention was paid to the warning other than appeared in preparations for the conflict that now seemed inevitable. The "Ohio Company," composed of Virginians, continued to explore and survey the country. The natives protested against the French occupying their country, and the tribes prepared for an armed resistance. The Virginia charter included the whole country north to Lake Erie, and Governor Dinwiddie thought best, before hostilities were begun, to draw up a remonstrance, setting forth in order, the nature and extent of the English claim to the valley of the Ohio, and warning the French against any further attempt to occupy it. It was necessary that this paper, whatever danger and hardship it might require, should be carried to the French General St. Pierre, who was stationed at Erie, as commander of their forces in the West. The journey, that could be performed only on foot, would be through a vast, unbroken wilderness, and would require more than ordi-

nary endurance, as well as undaunted courage. George Washington, then a young surveyor, was sent for from his home on the Potomac, and duly commissioned to carry the document. He set out on the last day of October, with four attendants and an interpreter. The route was through the mountains to the head waters of the Youghiogheny, thence down the stream to the site of Pittsburgh, which was noted as an important point, and the key to the situation in the valley of the Ohio. Thence the course was twenty miles down the river, and across to Venango (Franklin), and thence, by way of Meadville, to Fort Le Boeuf, on the head waters of French Creek, fourteen miles from Erie, where he met the General, who had come over in person to superintend the fortifications.

The officer received him with courtesy, but declined to discuss any questions of national rights. "His superior, the Governor of Canada, owned the country from the lakes to the Ohio; and being instructed to drive every Englishman from the territory, he would do it." A respectful but decided reply was sent to Dinwiddie, and Washington was dismissed, to find his way back to Virginia.

It was by this time midwinter, and the perils of the long journey were increased by swollen rivers that had to be crossed on the treacherous ice, or on rafts constructed of logs and poles cut for the purpose. Of the incidents of that first great public service by the "Father of his Country," but few authentic records are found, and we only know that it was performed with fidelity, and that the fuller information gathered respecting the strength of the French forces, and their preparations for descending the Allegheny with their large fleet of boats and canoes, in the spring, thoroughly aroused the Virginians to the importance of holding the point at the confluence of the great rivers forming the Ohio. In March, and before it was possible for the French to come down the Allegheny, a rude stockade was built; but there was not force enough to hold it. As the fleet came sweeping down the river, and resistance was found impossible, the little band at the head of the Ohio surrendered, and was allowed to withdraw from the stockade, which the enemy at once entered, and where they laid the foundations of Fort Du Quesne. Remonstrance and negotiations having failed, the alternative of war was promptly accepted, and Washington having been made Colonel, was commissioned to take the fort, "to kill or repel all who interfered with the English settlements in the disputed territory." His regiment of Virginia soldiers, in the month of April, encountered difficulties and hardships in their westward march that made progress slow.

The roads were well nigh impassable, the streams were bridgeless, and drenching rains fell on the tentless soldiers. Before reaching the Ohio, Washington learned that the enemy were on the march to attack him, and immediately built a stockade that he called Fort Necessity. He advanced cautiously, with some heavy skirmishing, in which a number of the enemy were killed, and some prisoners were taken. But the promised reinforcements not arriving, he fell back to his little fort, and was scarcely within the rude enclosure when he was surrounded. The enemy in force gained an eminence, from which they could fire into the fort, while they were partly concealed. For hours, the gallant little band, encouraged by the calm, resolute bearing of their colonel, vigorously returned the fire. Thirty of the company were killed, and others wounded, when they were allowed to withdraw, taking all their stores and equipage. The retreat was orderly, but the enterprise was abandoned.

The valley of the Ohio and the whole country to the lakes was left in the power of the French, who were also strengthening their works at Crown Point and Fort Niagara.

As yet there had been no declaration of war by England or France, and the ministers of the two countries kept assuring each other of peaceful intentions, though the hostility of their dependencies in America could not be ignored. Louis XV., to help keep the peace, sent an army of three thousand soldiers

to Canada, and the British government ordered General Braddock, with two regiments, to America, to protect their frontier settlements. Early in the spring of 1755 this force reached the Chesapeake, and in April Braddock held a council with all the Governors, at Alexandria. As there had been no formal declaration of war they would not invade Canada, but repel the French from the northern and western frontier. Vigorous and concerted measures, however, were to be employed. Governor Lawrence was to settle and guard the boundaries of Nova Scotia. Johnson, of New York, with his militia and a force of Mohawks, hired for the purpose, was to capture the French post at Crown Point, while Shirley, of Massachusetts, was to drive the enemy from their fortress at Niagara; and Braddock himself as commander-in-chief, with the main body of the regulars, was to subdue Fort Du Quesne. It was a magnificent program, but easier to plan than to execute; and those so full of confidence were to encounter some sad reverses.

Braddock's army numbered about 2,000, nearly all veterans who had served in the wars of Europe. There were few provincial troops; two companies led by Gates, of New York, and Washington, joining the army at Fort Cumberland, was placed on Braddock's staff as aid-de-camp. The movement was necessarily slow. Over a narrow and exceedingly rough road the slender column stretched out for some four miles. Braddock was a brave, resolute general, acquainted with his army, but ignorant of the country and the forces he would have to meet.

Franklin and others had suggested that it would be wise to move cautiously. But he scouted the idea that the assault of untutored savages that might be encountered before reaching the fort he proposed to capture, could make any impression on his regulars. When Washington, understanding the modes of Indian warfare, suggested the possibility of an ambushade, the General was furious, and indignantly refused to be advised by an inferior. They had advanced without any noteworthy casualty till within about seven miles of the fort, and no enemy yet appeared. Confident of speedy success, Braddock, at the head of twelve hundred chosen troops, pressed on more rapidly, Colonel Gage, leading a detachment of three hundred men, in the advance. The road was but twelve feet wide, the country uneven and thickly wooded; a hill on the one hand and a dry ravine on the other, the whole region covered with a thick undergrowth. A few scouts were thrown forward, but the situation gave no opportunity for the feeble flanking parties to act. Suddenly there was a sharp, rapid fire of musketry heard in the front. The scouts were killed or driven in. The advance forces were thrown back in confusion, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy, who were found to be an unexpectedly strong force of both French and Indians. The peril of the situation was at once apparent, and, suffering much from their concealed foe, Gage's men wavered and became confusedly mixed in thickest underbrush with a regiment that Braddock pushed forward to support them. The confusion grew almost to a panic, the men firing constantly, with but little effect, in the direction of the concealed enemy, while their well directed volleys, from under the cover of rocks and trees, told with terrible effect on the English crowded together in the narrow roadway. The rash, but brave General rushed to the front, and with impetuous courage rallied his men to charge on the foe. But it was impossible. They, panic-stricken, were huddled together like sheep, or fled in disorder to the rear. The army routed, his aids and officers mostly killed or wounded, and the forest strewn with dead or disabled soldiers, the General, after having five horses shot under him, fell mortally wounded. To Washington, who came to his aid, the fallen hero said: "What shall we do now, Colonel?" "Retreat, sir, retreat!" This was ordered, and the dying General carried from the scene of carnage. Washington, with the Virginians that remained alive, covered the hasty retreat of the ruined army. Nearly everything was lost. The artillery, baggage, provisions and private papers of the officers were left on the

field. Braddock died the fourth day, and was buried by the roadside, a mile west of Fort Necessity, where Dunbar had been left, an officer with neither capacity nor courage. When the fugitives, who had not been pursued far from the battleground, reached his camp, the panic was communicated; he destroyed the remaining artillery, baggage and army stores, to the value of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, and joined in a most precipitate retreat to Fort Cumberland, and thence, in a thoroughly demoralized condition, to Philadelphia. Thus, the main army, of which much was expected, was in a few days practically destroyed, and nothing more was attempted that year.

The work of subduing the French in Nova Scotia, assigned by Braddock and the Governors to Lawrence, assisted by the English fleet under Colonel Monckton, was done with dispatch and unparalleled cruelty.

The province had been ceded to the English in the treaty of 1713, and, remaining under the dominion of Great Britain, was ruled by English officers, though the inhabitants were largely French.

The French forts near the New Brunswick line being taken after but feeble resistance, the English were masters of the whole country east of the St. Croix; and, pretending to fear an insurrection on the part of the Nova Scotians, or Acadians, adopted measures with them that have always and everywhere met with the most unqualified condemnation. The French in the province outnumbered the English three to one, and had their pleasant homes in that oldest settlement of their people on the continent. They were ruthlessly torn from their homes and the graves of their kindred, driven at the point of the bayonet, forced on ship-board, and more than three thousand of them, half-starved and destitute, were scattered here and there among English colonists, from whom but little kindness and less of fellowship could be expected. The guilty agents in the infamous transaction, as cowardly as it was inhuman, made themselves the scorn of mankind.

In about the only quarter where the British army had that year any success, what followed the victory was so shocking to the feelings of humanity, and met with such universal condemnation, that even the guilty perpetrators of the deed would have blotted the record if they could.

The campaign planned for Shirley, who with his Indian allies was to take Fort Niagara, was about as utter a failure as that of Braddock. The fort had no great strength, and was not well garrisoned; but it was a month before he reached Oswego, where his provincials were to assemble. Four weeks were spent in getting his boats ready. A storm caused farther delay, and after the storm the wind was in the contrary direction. Then another storm caused delay. Sickness prevailed in camp, and by the first of October Shirley declared the lake too dangerous for navigation. The Indians deserted his standard. The fact was that while on the march, news of Braddock's defeat reached him, and, as they had expected to meet at Niagara, he feared to go there, thinking the same fate might await him. So he marched homeward, without striking a blow.

Johnson, who was to attack the enemy at Crown Point, had better success, though the objective point was not reached, and his was a dear-bought victory. His movements were all anticipated, and the portion of his army led by Williams, ambushed and cut to pieces. Several hundred Englishmen fell. The French still held Crown Point, and had seized and fortified Ticonderoga.

That was a year of disasters to the English, and so was the next. The Indians, doubtless influenced by the unsuccessful campaign of the English, and perhaps instigated by French emissaries, had killed more than 1,000 people.

In May, 1756, after two years of actual hostilities, war was declared. The English, chagrined with the reverses of the past year, and in danger of losing all the territory west of the Alleghenies, after much debate in Parliament, decided to place

all the military forces sent to America under one command. A large army was equipped, and Lord Loudon placed in command. He proved unfit for the position, and another year passed with great losses and little or nothing gained. The French, led by competent, determined men, were everywhere successful, and wasted the British forces with repeated assaults, capturing or destroying a large part of the armament, till the English had not a single fort or hamlet remaining in the valley of the St. Lawrence. And every cabin where English was spoken was swept out of the valley of the Ohio. At the end of the year France seemed to be in secure possession of twenty times as much territory in America as her British rival.

Her colonial possessions endangered, and the flag of the country in disgrace, the ministers were forced to resign, and the great commoner, William Pitt, became Prime Minister. The dilatory, imbecile Loudon, was deposed, and Abercrombie put in his place, with Lord Howe next in rank. The gallant Wolfe led a brigade. The campaign for the summer was well arranged and prosecuted with energy. In May Amhurst, at the head of ten thousand men, reached Halifax. A few days after the fleet was in Gabarus Bay, and Wolfe landed his division without serious loss, though under fire from the enemy's batteries. The French dismantled their guns and retreated. The siege of Louisburg was pressed with great vigor. Four French vessels, one a seventy-four-gun ship, were fired by the English boats, and burned in the harbor. The town and fortress became a ruin. Resistance was hopeless, and Louisburg capitulated. The garrison, with the marines, in all six thousand men, became prisoners of war, and were sent to England. Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island were surrendered to Great Britain.

In another quarter, however, there was not long after only partial success, followed by severe disaster. General Abercrombie, with 15,000 men, reached Lake George, and embarked for Ticonderoga. His equipment was in all respects thorough. Proceeding to the northern extremity of the lake, they landed safely on the western shore. But the difficulty of going farther compelled them to leave the heavy artillery behind, Lord Howe leading the advance in person. Before reaching the fort, in a sharp skirmish with the pickets, that brave officer was killed. The French were overwhelmed, but the soldiers of Howe, smitten with grief, began to retreat. Abercrombie was in the rear with the main army, but the soul of the expedition was gone. Two days after a determined effort was made to take the fort by assault. The defences proved much stronger than was expected, and the assailing parties were again and again repulsed with great loss. The unavailing efforts were continued for four hours, and then they withdrew, having lost in killed and wounded nearly two thousand men. Probably in no other battle on the continent did the English have so many men engaged, or suffer such terrible loss. Abandoning this enterprise as hopeless, the army was withdrawn to Fort George, at the other extremity of the lake. Thence Colonel Bradstreet was sent with three thousand men, mostly provincials, against Fort Frontenac, at the present site of Kingston, at the outlet of Ontario. He embarked his command at Oswego, and landed within a mile of the fort. This fortress, of great importance, was at the time but feebly garrisoned, and after two days' siege capitulated. Forty-six cannon, nine vessels of war, and a vast quantity of military stores were the fruit of this victory. It compensated the English for all their losses at Ticonderoga, except for the men who were there sacrificed. It was a crushing defeat for the French, who became disheartened. Their crops had failed, and with almost a famine in the land, it became so difficult to subsist the army that the people clamored for peace. "Peace, peace; no matter with what boundaries," was the message sent by the brave Montcalm to the French ministry.

The outlook in Canada and along the lakes was not encouraging, and Forbes, with nine thousand men from Philadelphia,

undertook the reduction of Fort Du Quesne, and the expulsion of the French from the valley of the Ohio.

Washington was again in command of the Virginians, Armstrong led the Pennsylvanians. An advance section, under Major Grant, more eager than wise, was attacked by the enemy in ambush, and lost heavily. The main column came on slowly, cutting roads and bridging streams, but in such force that, as they drew near, those in the fort became alarmed, burned their works, and with what they could carry, floated down the river. Those eager for the assault, and to avenge injuries received in former attempts, marched, unopposed, over the ruins, and unfurled their flag over that gateway of the West, calling it, in honor of the great British minister, whose energetic measures gave confidence to the army and hope to the colonists—Pittsburgh.

Marked progress was made during the summer and fall campaign, and Parliament voted twelve million pounds sterling for carrying on the war. The colonial magistrates exerted themselves to the utmost, and by the spring of 1759 the whole effective force of the English was near fifty thousand, while the entire French army was less than eight thousand.

The conquest of Canada was not at first contemplated, but it had become evident that the rival nations could not live in peace, with such slight natural barriers between them, and so Canada must be conquered and made a British province. With that object in view, the campaigns for the year were planned.

Prideaux proceeded against Niagara, for the relief of which the French collected all their available forces from Detroit, Erie, Le Boeuf and Venango. Prideaux was accidentally killed on the 15th, and Sir William Johnson, on whom the command devolved, so disposed his forces as to intercept the approaching French, and a bloody battle was fought in which they were completely routed; the fort soon after capitulated.

Amhurst was victorious on Lake Champlain, and proceeded through Lake George, to attack and take Ticonderoga, from which, after feeble resistance, the enemy withdrew to Crown Point, and the whole region, mapped out for his operations, was recovered, with but little loss on his part.

The French were now sadly crippled everywhere, except in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and it remained for General Wolfe to achieve the final victory. As soon as the river was navigable in the spring he proceeded with a force of eight thousand men, and a fleet of forty-four vessels. He arrived on the 27th of June at the Isle of Orleans, four miles below Quebec, and began his operations vigorously. His camp was located on the upper end of the island, and the fleet gave him immediate command of the river. On the night of the 29th General Monckton was sent to plant a battery on Point Levi, opposite the city, and was successful.

The lower town was soon reduced to ruins, and the upper much injured, but the fortress seemed unharmed. The French knowing that the city could not be stormed from the river side, had constructed three defences, reaching five miles from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles, and in these entrenchments the brave Montcalm, with ten or twelve thousand soldiers, awaited the movement of his assailants. Anxious for battle, though there were serious difficulties in the way of approaching the foe, it was decided to risk an engagement by fording the Montmorenci when the tide ran out. The attempt was made without success, and with the loss of nearly five hundred men. Disappointments, fatigue and exposure threw the English general into a fever that held him prisoner in the tent for some days; and when convalescent he proposed another assault on the lines of defence, but was in that overruled, and it was determined, if possible, to gain possession of the Plains of Abraham in the rear of the city, without passing the fortifications. After thorough examination a place, afterward called Wolfe's Cove, was found, where it was thought possible to make the ascent. On the night appointed, everything being

in readiness, the English entered their transports, quietly dropped down to the place, and with almost superhuman exertions ascended to the plain, and the morning revealed them to the greatly astonished defenders of the city, drawn up in battle array.

When Montcalm learned the fact so unexpected, he said: "They are now on the weak side of this unfortunate city, and we must crush them before noon." With great haste he withdrew his army from the trenches and threw them between the English and the city. The battle began with an hour's cannonade, and then the attempt to turn the English flank, but he was driven back. The weakened ranks of the French wavered. Wolfe led his charge in person, and was shot thrice, and survived but a short time. Learning from an attendant that the enemy fled, he gave directions for securing the fruits of the battle, and declared he was happy thus to die. Montcalm also fell early in the battle, mortally wounded, and when told by his surgeon that the end was near, said: "It is well—then I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered." The surrender took place a few days after, and the last resistance was offered by the French at Montreal, but it was hopeless and of short continuance. The remnants of their beaten armies collected there, to the number of ten thousand, were surrendered to General Amhurst, and all the French possessions in America were ceded to the English. Liberal terms were granted, the rights of conscience respected, and the ecclesiastical institutions and property of the Catholics respected and protected.

[End of Required Reading for May.]

THE DIVINE SCULPTOR.

By MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

I feel the chiseling touch,
And know that I shall stand,
Finished and shapely as the work,
Of the designer's hand.
Though cruel is the pain
From His unceasing blows,
I hold me, trustfully and still,
What time "the Angel grows."

Through slowly passing years,
With an unerring skill,
His hand, with patient, tireless care,
Is shaping to His will;
That when I stand unveiled
Before His glorious throne,
No traces in me shall be found
Of the unsightly stone.

He sees what I *shall be*,
Through all the rough disguise,
And knows, at every stroke he gives,
Some earthward clinging dies.
Some harsh discordant part,
Is rounded into grace;
Some likeness of the pattern true
Is fashioned in its place.

Work on, oh, Master hand,
I gladly yield to thee,
Until within thy loftiest thought
I stand complete and free;
Thy glorious design
I would not mar or break,
I shall be satisfied I know,
When perfected I wake.

REMINISCENCES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

For many generations the gift of oratory has been in the blood of the Phillips family. The founder of the family in America, the Rev. George Phillips, first minister of Watertown, Mass., is noted in New England annals for his eloquence. "The irrefragable doctor" he was called by his hearers, we learn from the pedantic Mather, so able was he in dispute, and such readiness had he on all occasions to stand to his guns and to maintain any statement he had once made. But there must have been another strain of blood in Wendell Phillips, added to that in the veins of his ancestor George, for Mather goes on to say that the earlier Puritan was "very averse unto disputation until delivered thereto by extreme necessity."

The son of George Phillips, of Watertown, was the Rev. Samuel Phillips, first minister of Rowley, so distinguished a preacher that it was said of his father: "He would have been beyond compare, if he had not been the father of Samuel." This is Mather's epitaph on the Rev. George Phillips.

The grandson of the first Phillips was another George, a minister like his father and grandfather, who lived at Brookhaven, Long Island. "A good man," was the second Rev. George, but "thought to be too much addicted to facetiousness and wit;" more dangerous qualities in those Puritan times than nowadays, and suggesting, again, the Phillips of our day.

The great-grandson of the first George Phillips, nephew to the second, was Samuel Phillips, for sixty years minister of Andover, and the father of John and Samuel Phillips, the founders of the Andover and Exeter academies. Strictly orthodox was the Rev. Samuel Phillips, as one may see from his sermons; and the religious tone that he gave to the village of Andover has lasted to this day. His many printed sermons are proof of the popularity of his public speech, and the election sermon, at least, shows that he was not afraid to deal with the living problems of the day.

His sons founded the two Phillips academies, John that at Exeter, and the two together the academy at Andover. Samuel was as well a liberal benefactor to the theological seminary at Andover. It would be fair to say, that with one single exception, where there was perhaps insanity, the family has been distinguished for public spirit, as well as for eloquence. Two of the grandsons of the Rev. Samuel, Samuel and William, were chosen lieutenant-governors of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Their second cousin, John Phillips, was the first mayor of Boston. Their grandfathers had been brothers, the one Samuel, the Andover minister, and the other John, a Boston merchant. The mother of this second John was Margaret Wendell. She was Wendell Phillips's grandmother, and from her he had his Christian name. His mother was of another Puritan family. Her maiden name was Walley.

John Phillips, father of Wendell, graduated at Harvard College in 1788, and became a lawyer. He was afterward one of the trustees of the college, and in 1809 was appointed a judge of common pleas. In 1822 Boston was made a city, and John Phillips was chosen the first mayor. He died in the next year of a trouble of the heart. His sudden death took place when Wendell and his brother George were both scholars in the Boston Latin School—the oldest school in America. At that time this school had recently been revived, and set in new order, with great local reputation, under Mr. Benjamin Apthorp Gould. It is said that the mayor, John Phillips, once came into the school to examine it, and, almost of course, had offered to him the seat of most dignity on the platform. This his little boys thought a mistake in etiquette, considering that no one could be of rank as high as the master. They did not hesitate then, more than in later days, to express their disap-

probation, and when their father met them at table, told him they had been mortified to see him in that chair. "Ah," he said, "you were not more ashamed of me than I was of you."

But this anecdote must only be taken to show that Wendell Phillips at eleven years was not afraid of his father, and was not averse to criticising what he thought mistaken. He took even distinguished rank at school, and another school anecdote shows how early boys can judge correctly of each other's ability, for it is remembered that when he first spoke before the assembled school, on Saturday, the first class—who sat by themselves, and thought well of their own opinion—were not displeased. Charles Chauncey Emerson, who was a crack scholar, one of the very highest in repute, turned to George Stillman Hillard and said, "That boy will make an orator." The name of Charles Emerson will not be familiar to all your readers, for he died young. But here he is still remembered by the men of his time as the young man of most promise, who, in those days, left Harvard College. They will not admit that his brother Waldo Emerson has won any renown in the world, or rendered any service which would not have come in the life of Charles, had it been spared to this earth.

From this school, with a distinguished reputation among his fellows, Wendell Phillips entered Harvard College in 1827. The college was not then what it is now. Neither law nor divinity school was large, and these were the only graduate schools at Cambridge. The college proper, or the "seminary," as President Quincy used to call it, numbered about two hundred students, of whom the greater part were from Massachusetts. A few southern lads, from distant plantation life, struggled up into what, in those days of no railroads and of no coast lines of steamers, was a foreign country. They were generally favorites; there was no such discussion of slavery as to make their position in the least uncomfortable, and, indeed, the general drift of sentiment among the people around them was not in sympathy with Abolitionists or abolitionism. Both these words, if spoken at all in those days in New England, were generally spoken with scorn. After a genial and affectionate administration, Dr. John Thornton Kirkland resigned the presidency of the college in the year 1828. Wendell Phillips was then a freshman. To succeed Dr. Kirkland, Josiah Quincy was appointed. He had won his reputation by steady work in Congress, first as a Federalist, and afterward as a watchful maintainer of northern rights. More lately he had approved himself an admirable administrative officer as Mayor of the city of Boston—the second chosen under its city charter. John Phillips, the father of Wendell Phillips, had been his immediate successor in that duty. The older Ware was professor of Divinity, Levi Hedge of Logic and Metaphysics, Dr. J. S. Popkin of Greek, Dr. Sidney Willard of Hebrew, John Farrar of Mathematics, Edward T. Channing of Rhetoric and Oratory, and George Ticknor of the Modern Languages. A few of these names will be remembered by general readers, though 'tis sixty years since" and more, and I record them because I wish all biographers would tell more than they are apt to do of the circumstances under which the mental powers of their heroes were trained.

Several of Phillips's classmates survive, and one of them, Mr. Francis Gold Appleton, a gentleman whose wide American sympathies and sterling public spirit have endeared him to the whole community in which he lives, has kindly given to me some personal reminiscences of the young fellow's life there. Thirteen of his school companions entered college with him. Other Boston boys came from the Round Hill school, and Exeter, so that in a class of sixty there were at least twenty Boston boys. In a sense, therefore, Phillips was not lonely there. But his classmates saw, or fancied they saw, that at one time he was moody, and suffering from what they called religious depression. They knew, even then—for boys know almost everything of the abilities of their companions—that Phillips had remarkable power in elocution. They chose him

into the Porcellian Club—which takes its name from the traditional roasting of a little pig (*Porcellus*)—and of this club he became president. In other days the Porcellians were thought to be specially Southern in their proclivities, and this club used to rally almost all the Southern students. It is therefore rather a queer incident in its history that Wendell Phillips stands as a popular president. His college reputation was that of an amiable and bright young man, with an especial gift for oratory. He took his first degree in 1831—studied at the Law School, then under Professor Greenleaf, and Judge Story—and took the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1833. He then went into a lawyer's office in Boston and entered at the bar in 1834. He opened his modest office and waited for clients. But in those days, perhaps in these days, even such a young man waits long. For myself I think that the old dons of money or of business would rather give such scraps of formal business as they have to some young stranger from the country, who has no relatives in Boston, and whom nobody knows there, than to confide private affairs to somebody they have known from childhood, whose father, or uncle, or brother-in-law they meet at the Saturday Club or the Wednesday Club. But Phillips did not flinch from doing what anybody wanted him to do. It has been remembered that in the illness of his brother he did the almost mechanical work of the clerk of the Municipal Court. This means that he was brought into personal relation with every criminal who was brought up there for trial and sentence.

But the skies were thickening, and there was not any danger that a young man of spirit would long lack a chance if he chose to take it. It was in October, 1835, that "a mob of gentlemen of property and standing" broke up a meeting of the Women's Anti-Slavery Society of Boston. Phillips was an eye witness of the indignities with which Mr. Garrison was then treated. He loyally threw in his fortunes with those of the Abolitionists; and, as it proved, his chance came at a public meeting called at Faneuil Hall.

At this meeting the small and unpopular set of Abolitionists was in a measure reinforced by persons who had not been identified with them; for it was a meeting in the interests of free speech. Lovejoy had been killed by a mob in Illinois, and the people of Boston were called to their historic Town Hall to remonstrate. The moderator selected was Jonathan Phillips, a relative of Wendell's, and a man deservedly of leading position in Boston. He was rich, enterprising and wise. He was a leader in philanthropic organization. He was a great friend of Dr. William Ellery Channing, who said of him once, "I have had much more from Mr. Phillips than he ever had from me;" this from a friend who was saying that Phillips had derived great profit from Dr. Channing's preaching. Benjamin F. Hallett, a distinguished anti-Masonic leader, moved the resolutions. Hillard, a young lawyer, sustained them, and the event of the day—on the program—was a speech from Dr. Channing, whose reputation as a man of letters and a leader in religious opinion was at its height, and who was senior pastor of the most fashionable and influential church in Boston. But the meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, which, by a clause in the city charter, must be given for the use of any fifty citizens who asked for it for a public purpose. Of course, at such a meeting any citizen might be present. On this occasion the enemies of the Abolitionists were on hand in force. When the fit moment came for them to reply, James T. Austin, one of the political leaders of the State, of Democratic antecedents, but now Attorney General of the State, under the rule of the newly named Whig party, took the floor against the resolutions proposed. It was clear enough that the hall was well filled with marketmen and truckmen, and other laboring men, who, in those days, all supposed that a "nigger" was the most despicable creature in the world, excepting that an "Abolitionist" was worse. Austin never spared invective, and he used it on this occasion to denounce Lovejoy and those who abetted him.

I doubt if Phillips knew he was going to speak when he went to the meeting. Indeed, it is quite sure, that Austin secured for him the attention of the unfriendly assembly. But he had not spoken long before he was sure of their audience.

"I thought this floor would yawn open before the gentleman and swallow him up. I thought the pictured forms behind me here would step from their frames in horror at his words." These are Phillips's phrases, which in one form or another those men repeat who heard him.

The meeting was pitilessly opposed to him and his. After a fashion a vote was obtained for all the resolutions of sympathy. But nobody cared whether they passed or not. Nobody heard Phillips that day who did not know that there was an orator in the town who could do much what he would with any audience.

He spared nobody and no thing in his attack. He never did till the last hour of his life. And it is right to say, that the people he opposed, denounced and satirized, replied with the sneer so often lavished on such men, "He has a devil and is mad, why do you hear him?" "Phillips's crazy talk" is the phrase you constantly find as you turn over private or published letters of those times. None the less did people go to hear him, and, as I said, he could do with an audience, friendly or unfriendly, much what he would. He seemed to be—I think he was—quite careless about preparation. If he was asked to speak for the cause, he spoke. He thus had, very soon, the best possible training for his business. If I am right, it is the only training worth much—namely, constant practice. I have never, in forty years, varied from the opinion I expressed the night I first heard him—that he was the best public speaker we had in New England, as he was the best I had heard anywhere. He had the double gift of language and of easy familiar gesture. He was absolutely at his ease. He talked with his audience, played with them, joked with them, reasoned with them, scolded them, ridiculed them, soothed them, flattered them and compelled them, just as he chose. He knew his audience through and through. He knew what speech to make to them. He was never guilty of that ghastly folly which insists on addressing to the audience of to-day the speech which pleased some other audience a week ago.

I have no intention of writing his biography or an abridged history of the time in which he was so active. I think he did not long remain at the bar. I think it was as early as 1838 that he refused to take the attorney's oath of allegiance to the United States, without which he could not practice in any United States Court. For the theory of the extreme Abolitionists was that they must break up the Constitution of the United States. But in practice very few of their adherents followed them fully here, and many a man who cordially supported their newspapers and their meetings, voted as he chose at the next election, or when the time came went loyally into battle for the old flag. Nay, of Phillips himself I remember this: I met him on the Sunday before Fort Sumter was fired upon, and we walked half a mile together. He had brought up town the last news from the bulletin about the preparations of the South Carolina batteries. I had been on the spot, on Sullivan's Island, and pointed out some inconsistency in the narrative, saying, what I thought then, that I believed the whole thing would turn out to be mere Carolina bluster. To which he replied with great cordiality, "I am sure I hope so;" and from that moment to the end of the war I think no one enjoyed the national successes more thoroughly than he.

Side by side with the Anti-Slavery excitement, which every one connects with his name, was the growth of what may fairly enough be called the "Lyceum Movement." In the beginning this was thought as pure a piece of philanthropy as the other. Almost every public spirited man considered it his duty to have one or more "Lectures" which he should deliver at the call of his neighbors when they had a "Lyceum." I have no doubt that Phillips's early lecturing was a bit of phil-

anthropic effort of this sort. But as things went on, enterprising committees began to raise the price of their tickets, to send for distant lecturers and to pay them enough to make it worth their while to come. Even college societies and the providers for Commencement entertainments found it wise to pay a handsome honorarium to their speakers, and I am afraid that the element of philanthropy has long since disappeared from what is called the "Lecture Platform." Phillips had an ingenious way of uniting the functions of a literary and of a political lecturer. No one was in more demand than he for the regular work of the winter Lyceums. But it would often happen that the timidity of a committee made them pause before they would listen to his radicalism in a lecture. For such agents he was quite ready. If people had scruples they must pay for them. His program was: "For a literary lecture without politics, \$100 and my expenses." "For a political lecture, nothing, and I pay my fares."

He used to tell a story of his arrival at a western city where the committee were divided, four to four, on the question whether they would hear his lecture on the "Lost Arts" or a political speech. Perhaps he would determine between them.

"Let us have both," said Phillips. To which they eagerly assented. So he delivered the "Lost Arts" first, innocent as a new rosebud of any political bias. Then a recess was given to the audience, and all who wished to go might go. But of course, after that beginning, no one went. And so Phillips had another hour, and an audience for as many heresies as he chose to utter.

It ought to be remembered that as soon as he had any leisure from his work as an Anti-Slavery agitator, he gave his time and power, in the same open-handed way, to the temperance cause. In all these late years the friends of temperance reform have had no public man more ready to take up their work for them than he.

The country has shown that it can duly honor such an agitator, whose own conscience was always clear, even though no man could agree with him in what he called opinions. The truth is, they were as often impulses as convictions. But in the matter of slavery, of temperance, and of charity, he had settled convictions, and lived on them without flinching. He was utterly without thought of self.

The public has never known nor said enough of Mr. Phillips's private charities, and I can not wonder at it. It is impossible for any one to speak fitly of them this side of the recording angel. Throughout the world Mr. Phillips had a reputation as helper of the oppressed, and with this reputation, the other, more dangerous to the comfort of its possessor, that he cared nothing for popularity, and that he acted from his own knowledge and will alone, and without regard to the recommendations of anybody. Thus it was natural that every wanderer, every outcast, of every color or nation, when he might find himself in need in Boston went first to Mr. Phillips's door, and that he should find the door always open to him. He gave lavishly whenever he thought he ought to give, not only of his time but of his money; exactly how much no one but himself ever knew. His house became a sort of bureau of charity, investigation and relief, so that whenever man, woman or child was not known at the overseers of the poor, at the "Provident," or at the "Associated Charities," it was the more certain that he was known at Mr. Phillips's. He gave his alms literally to all sorts and conditions of men.

That would be a very queer world—and it would be hard to say how it would fare—which should be made up of Wendell Phillipses. But this may be fairly said—that one such man in a community like that of New England, renders essential service. In his case, while there were thousands who hated him, other thousands loved him—and the thousands who loved, lived much nearer to him, and knew him a thousand times better than the thousands who hated.

HESITATION AND ERRORS IN SPEECH.

By J. MORTIMER-GRANVILLE.

Speech is, in a practical sense, more than the mere instrument of thought. It is so far an essential part of the faculty or function of "thinking," that little beyond a simple recognition of the impressions received through the sensations can be accomplished without the aid of language—at least in one of its elementary forms. Thought and speech are so connected, that it is impossible to separate them. It is not a necessity that speech should be articulate and audible. It may be set in any key, from the loudest voice-utterance to the mere self-conscious conception of certain sounds, as when a person *thinks* the pronunciation of a word, clearly marking its peculiarities in his own mind, but in a manner imperceptible to any one else. If the performance of this act—pronouncing a word in thought—be closely examined, it will be found that there is an impulse, as it were, to move the lips and tongue, but so restrained, that commonly no obvious muscular action takes place. There are exceptions to this limitation which not only prove the rule, but show how intimately thoughts and actions are connected.

In sleep, during dreams, and in the case of some persons, especially the aged and feeble-minded, when awake, the lips move with nearly every thought, though no audible sound is emitted. When the restraint, normally exercised, is less forcible, or the impulse stronger, the thinker involuntarily speaks his thoughts; and comical stories are told of persons who have betrayed their real sentiments inopportunistically by this process of thought-speaking. Faults in speech are, therefore, likely to be due to defects in thought, the two faculties being mutually dependent; or the reverse may be the case, and impediments and errors of speech react mischievously on the mind. Much interest and importance attach to the conclusion arrived at with respect to the real cause of the hesitation or error which marks the utterance of any particular sufferer.

First, make quite sure that it is not ordinary confusion of thought, consequent upon a slovenly habit of thinking or the miserable practice of allowing thoughts to drift, which has produced the faltering or mistake that occasions anxiety. Many persons permit their minds to become overrun with tangled scrub, so that nothing short of the most acute or agile powers of way-finding can carry a thought safely through the domain, and then they complain of the difficulty of thought-driving! Clear away the jungle that renders the mind impassable, and thought will no longer be found to wander by circuitous paths, and too often be irrecoverably lost. The only measure by which this self-improvement can be accomplished is one of culture; the degree of labor required will vary from that of a settler in the backwoods, who finds it necessary to clear and dig every square yard of the land he would convert to useful purposes, to the ordinary weeding and breaking the clods which may suffice to repair the results of a single season of neglect. In any event, however great or small the task may be, the cultivation must be accomplished, or this, the most troublesome and inconvenient cause of speech-blundering, a weedy, tangled, and lumpy state of mind can not be remedied. We are not now concerned with faults of the motor apparatus or mechanism of the voice; and, excluding these, it may be asserted that, of all causes of hesitation or error in speech which lie, so to say, deeper than the surface, the neglect of self-control in thought is the most common and, in many senses, the most mischievous.

If a person who has previously been an easy and fluent speaker begins to hesitate in his utterance, there is generally reason for anxiety. Supposing the general health to be good, and nothing specially notable to have happened in the life of the individual which might have produced what is commonly

called a "shock" to the mind or the nervous system, there is probably some physical or mental disorder in the background, to which attention should be directed. If the cause be physical, the attempt to speak will generally be accompanied by trembling or twitching in the muscles of the mouth, the lips, the nose, or the jaw. Should any such symptom be perceptible to friends, or self-detected, it will be wise to seek medical advice without delay, because it may be produced by conditions the most important, or comparatively trivial, and no one except a skilled practitioner can determine from which of several sources the agitation springs; whether it indicates mere weakness or serious disease.

Commonly, when there is none of this trembling or twitching, and sometimes even when these are present, the hesitation is mental. Either the mind is too busy with a crowd of thoughts to maintain proper command of the word-finding function, or that faculty is so enfeebled that it seems incapable of any reasonable activity in the service of the will. It is quick enough in the response to influences which have no right to usurp control, but when the master-spirit of thought, the judgment ruling by the will, issues a mandate, the faculty is powerless to obey. This comes of a riotous or vicious habit of thinking. The mind-weakness which results from the terrible error of mental dissipation, whatever the direction in which the thoughts are permitted to disport themselves, is one of the most perilous conditions of exhaustion into which the faculties of a still sound brain can be allowed to sink. It is a state of which the mind in danger is itself conscious long before any indication becomes recognizable by others. Hesitation in speech is one of the earliest external symptoms which indicate this malady, but when that occurs, the weakening power has generally been in secret operation for a length of time sufficient to accomplish serious mischief. It is not, as a matter of fact, too late to mend matters; but the individual who has permitted his mind to pass into this condition has incurred a great peril.

This is a point on which it is necessary to speak plainly. Habits of musing, brooding, or conjuring up mental pictures and scenes in which the thinker is himself an actor, and into which he gradually brings his faculties of imagination, and even his sensations, are the overlooked, the unconfessed, perhaps the unrecognized, causes of by far the larger number of attacks of "insanity." And, though it seems cruel to say so, the great majority of poor creatures, especially the younger and middle-aged persons, who with wrecked minds drag out weary years in lunatic asylums have themselves to thank for the experience. Any one of a score of existing causes may overbalance the mind or occasion the outbreak and determine the particular form the mind-malady ultimately assumes; but the predisposing cause which renders the disaster possible and entails all the evil consequences is the morbid habit of allowing the thoughts to wander uncontrolled, at first innocently, then in forbidden paths, and finally wherever the haunting demon of the inner life, a man's worse nature, his evil self, may lure or drive them!

The habit of preoccupation which sometimes shows itself by hesitation in speech is less dangerous than weakness, but it should not be neglected. Having "too much to think about" is not so bad as having exhausted the power of voluntary thought, but it is an evil. "Too much" does not always mean more than the mind *ought* to be able to receive and deal with. It is quite as often too much for the defective discipline of thought maintained, as really more than a due quantity for the mind engaged if the business of thinking were properly conducted. There is a marked tendency in modern education—and it increases each year—to neglect the training of minds. The subjects which were principally useful for purposes of mental development and exercise are being eliminated because they do not commend themselves to the commercial instinct of the day as producing marketable information. Greek,

Latin, mathematics, and the like, are not possessed of a high value in the mart of commerce or on 'Change, and they are therefore lightly estimated.

We are beginning to reap the fruit of this time-serving policy in education, and it takes the form of a general break-down of young minds when set to any duty which involves dealing with a crowd of thoughts at once. The untrained and disorderly thinker can not choose his words, he has "no time" to arrange them, and can seldom find them when wanted. He is "thinking of something else." It has come to be thought rather clever to be "abstracted," and "so engrossed," "with many things to think about!" These are the pitiful excuses offered by a generation of incompetent and confused thinkers when their speech betrays them. A clever talker will often bridge over the gap between two right words in place of interposing a wrong one. It is amusing and, in a certain sense, interesting to notice how admirably this is done by self-possessed though confused speakers; but the evil of disorderly thought lurks behind, and may be detected through the flimsy, though ingenious, artifice.

The remedy for a growing hesitancy in speech, when not the result of serious mind-weakness—and the person affected is generally secretly conscious of the cause—is a better method of thinking. The first effort must be to preserve greater calmness; the second, to be more orderly in thought. There is a process in thinking which is the counterpart of dotting the *i*'s and putting in the stops in writing, or of knotting the thread and "fastening off" securely in needlework. If this be neglected, as it commonly is by what are called rapid—another word for careless, reckless, or impetuous—thinkers, entanglement and confusion in thought, showing themselves in hesitation and errors of speech, are inevitable.

Verbal blunders are generally due to confusions of thought, but sometimes to disease. It is important to distinguish between the two varieties of this fault. The former is a matter for self-improvement, the latter will require medical aid. If the mistakes made seem to follow no particular line of error—if they are, so to say, general or capricious, the wrong words substituted for what it was wished to say being taken at random, perhaps from some other sentence at the moment darting across the mind—the "confusion" may be safely set down as one to be cured by mind-discipline. If, on the contrary, particular words, previously familiar and ready at hand, are forgotten, certain numbers dropped out of memory, and a sort of method seems to determine the occurrence of faults in speaking or writing, the matter may be more serious, and advice should be sought. It is a curious feature of the early forms of speech-disorder springing from physical sources—for example, incipient disease of the brain—that particular elements of knowledge seem to be effaced, and special processes of thought or reasoning can no longer be performed, although the great mass of mind-work goes on unimpaired.

A world of trouble would be saved if, in all mental derangements, apart from brain-disease, persons who feel things going amiss with them (and I am convinced this premonition of mind-disorder is a common experience), whether the sensation be one of "irritability" or of "confusion," would undertake of their own free motive, to cure the evil by subjecting the consciousness to a regular course of training. The best plan is to set the mind a daily task of reading, not too long, but sufficiently difficult to give the thoughts full employment while they are engaged. This should be performed at fixed hours. Perfect regularity is essential, because the object is to restore the rhythm of the mind and brace it up to higher tension. When, as in the class of cases we are considering, hesitation and errors in speech are the characteristic symptoms of a break-down or impaired vigor of mind, much good will often be done by reading aloud for an hour or more daily to the family.

It is not only useless but harmful to read aloud when alone; the mind conjures up an imaginary audience, and this habit of

"conjuring up" things is one of the short cuts to insanity which should be carefully avoided, more particularly by those who are most expert in the exercise—the highly imaginative. Another drawback consists in the fact that when a person reads aloud, without a real audience to engross that portion of the thoughts which will wander from the subject, the mind becomes engaged with the sound of the voice through the faculty of hearing; and this paves the way for other mischief. It is by gradually substituting in fancy, and then mistaking, their own voices for those of other beings that the weak and morbidly-minded become impressed with the notion that they are honored or plagued, as the mood may determine, with communications, super- or extra-natural—which are in truth the echoes of their own imaginary utterances.

By reading aloud any healthy and improving work which is so interesting as to engage the thoughts, the strained connections between thought and speech will be relieved. Properly employed, this is one of the most patent and effective of remedies for disorders of the faculty of speech; but it is essential to success in the experiment of self-cure that the book read should be of a nature to interest, and sufficiently difficult to hold the attention. In some cases the exercise is rendered more effectual by reading aloud in one language from a work written in another—for example, a French book to an English audience. This gives practice in the choice of words, and brings the memory into play, the two faculties it is desired to develop and strengthen. Hesitation and errors in speech are of great moment, view them as we may. In their less serious forms they demand a vigorous effort for self-improvement; in their more grave varieties they portend the existence of perils to brain and mind.

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR MAY.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN.

Although, as mentioned last month, the sun gives out such a vast amount of heat and light, we must remember that these are sent out in all directions, and that we receive comparatively a very small portion. The best estimates make our part one twenty-three-hundred-millionths of the whole. But this quantity is no trifling matter, and its effects are not to be overlooked. Speaking of the general effect of the sun's influence, Prof. Lockyer puts it in this way: "The enormous engines which do the heavy work of the world—the locomotives which take us so smoothly and rapidly across a whole continent—the mail packets which bear us so safely over the broad ocean—owe all their power to steam; and steam is produced by heating water by coal. We all know that coal is the product of an ancient vegetation; and vegetation is the direct effect of the sun's action. Hence without the sun's action in former times, we should have had no coal. The heavy work of the world is, therefore, indirectly done by the sun. Now for the light work. Let us take man. To work, a man must eat; does he eat beef? On what was the animal which supplied the beef fed? On grass. Does he eat bread? Of what is bread made? Of the flour of wheat and other grains. In these, and in all cases, we come back to vegetation, which is the direct effect of the sun's action. Here again, then, we must confess that to the sun is due man's power of work. In fact, all the world's work, with the trifling exception of tide-work, is done by the sun; and man himself, prince or peasant, is but a little engine, which merely directs the energy supplied by the sun." The use of the sun as a time-piece is perhaps more frequently thought of than any other, since its value is constantly presenting itself. Each day, as noon approaches, the question occurs, "How is the time?" and when possible, the time of crossing the meridian is compared with that exhibited by the clock. For this month, on the 1st, noon by the sun occurs at

11:57 a. m. clock time; on the 15th, at 11:56 a. m.; on the 31st, at 11:57½ a. m. Another method, though not very accurate, of determining time, is the noting of the rising and setting of the sun. One difficulty here would be the obtaining of a good horizon, such for example, as could be had at sea. The following times answer very well for most parts of the United States and Canada: On the 1st sun rises at 5:02 a. m. and sets at 6:52 p. m.; daybreak occurs at 4:08 a. m., and twilight ends at 8:46 p. m.; on the 15th, sun rises at 4:48 a. m., sets at 7:05 p. m.; daybreak at 2:44 a. m., and end of twilight at 9:09 p. m.; and on the 31st, sun rises at 4:37 a. m., and sets at 7:17 p. m.; daybreak occurs 2:24 a. m., and twilight ends 9:30 p. m. During the month the days increase in length some fifty minutes. On the 31st the sun reaches its highest elevation above the horizon, which in latitude 41° 30' north is 70° 33', nearly. As we are now moving away from the sun, its apparent diameter diminishes from 31' 48" to 31' 37".

THE MOON

Presents the following changes: First quarter at 59 minutes past twelve on the morning of the 2d; full moon on the 9th, at 10:59 p. m.; last quarter on the 17th, at 11:46 in the evening; new moon on the 24th, at 5:28 p. m.; and first quarter again on the 31st, at 11:48 a. m. On the 31st she sets at 12:12 a. m.; on the 15th, rises at 11:25 p. m.; on the 31st, sets at 12:06 a. m. On the meridian, 1st at 5:56¼ p. m.; on the 15th, at 3:58 a. m.; on 30th, at 5:30 p. m. Farthest from the earth, 10th at 7:24 p. m.; nearest the earth on 24th, at 1:36 p. m. Highest point above the horizon on 26th, which in latitude 41° 30' north, is 67° 17'; and lowest on the 24th, 29° 45'.

MERCURY

Will be visible for a few evenings during the first of the month, setting on the 1st at 8:33, one hour and forty minutes after the sun; on the 15th, sets at 7:20 p. m.; and on the 31st at 5:43 p. m. Its diameter increases from 9.2" on the 1st to 12" on the 15th, and then diminishes to 10.6" on the 30th. On the 5th, about midnight, and again on the 30th about 3:00 p. m., it is stationary. At 5:00 p. m. on the 17th it is at its inferior conjunction—that is, on a line or nearly so, with the earth and sun, and between these latter bodies. On the 24th, at 1:37 a. m., it will be only one minute of arc south of the moon, but as both it and the moon will at that hour be below our horizon, we can not see the conjunction. On the same date it reaches its greatest distance (aphelion) from the sun.

VENUS

During this month (on the 2d about 5 p. m.) reaches its greatest eastern elongation, and will then be 45° 33' from the sun. One might suppose that at this time the planet would appear to us the brightest; but this is not the case. The surface seen, though a greater portion of the disk than is visible thirty-two days later, is rendered less brilliant on account of its greater distance, and hence we find that the period of greatest brilliancy does not occur in this instance until the 3d of June. From the 1st to the 30th the diameter of Venus increases from 23.6" to 34.6", an increase of 11", or about 50 per cent. It will set as follows: On the 1st, at 10:49; on the 15th, at 10:49; and on the 30th, at 10:40 p. m. On the 27th, at 7:54 p. m., is 8° 7' north of the moon.

MARS,

The fourth planet in distance from the sun, and, next to Venus, the one that comes nearest to the earth, has also to the latter some points of resemblance. Not that it is like it in size; for in fact, it is not more than about one-eighth as large; nor yet in the length of its year, which is nearly twice as long as one of our years (about 687 of our days). But it has about its equatorial regions, light and dark portions, which are generally admitted to be continents and oceans, whose distribution appears very much like that of the land and water on the earth's surface. About the poles also appear during the planet's winter brilliant white portions, which disappear during its summer. This is probably occasioned by the fall of snow in winter, and

its melting in the spring and summer. Again, its time of revolution on its axis, which has been quite satisfactorily determined, and, indeed, much more accurately than that of any other planet, is shown to be 24 hours, 37 minutes, 23 seconds very nearly, making its days and nights very much like our own. Its seasons also resemble ours somewhat, though longer and subject to greater extremes of heat and cold. The inclination of the equator of Mars to the plane of its orbit is about 27°, or 3½° more than that of the earth; and its year being nearly twice as long and its orbit more eccentric, make the seasons in its northern hemisphere about as follows: Spring 191½ days, summer 181 days, autumn 149½, and winter 147 days (of the planet). When nearest to us, its apparent diameter is about seven times as great as when farthest away. These distances are in round numbers 35 and 247 millions of miles respectively. It appears brightest to us of course, when in opposition, that is, when we are between it and the sun, its distance from the earth at these periods varying from 35 to 62 millions of miles, making it seem four times as bright at the former as at the latter distance. On account of the inclination of the equator to the orbit, we can see 27° beyond the north pole at conjunction, and 27° beyond its south pole at opposition; hence astronomers are much better acquainted with its southern than with its northern regions. It is believed that Mars has not only land, water and snow, but also clouds and mists. The land is generally reddish when the planet's atmosphere is clear; this is owing to the absorption of the atmosphere, as is the color of the setting sun with us. The water appears of a greenish tinge. Of this planet we have to report for this month, that it is decreasing in interest. Its diameter diminishes from 7.8" to 6.6". On the 2d it sets at 1:34 a. m.; on the 16th, at 12:55 a. m.; and on the 31st, at 12:13 a. m. On the 2d, at 9:01 a. m., it is 7° 9' north of the moon; on the 5th, at midnight, 90° east of the sun; on the 30th, at 3:20 p. m., is again in conjunction with and 5° 50' north of moon; and on the 31st, at 11:00 a. m., is 58' north of *Alpha Leonis*.

JUPITER,

"The greatest of the planets," retains his position as an evening star, setting at the following times: On the 2d, at 12:34 a. m.; on the 15th, at 11:45 p. m.; on the 30th, at 10:54 p. m. His motion during the month is direct, and amounts to 4° 39' 34". His diameter diminishes 2.4", being 34.4" on the 1st, and 32" on the 31st. He is in conjunction twice with the moon; on the 1st, at 12:21 a. m., when he is 5° 58', and on the 28th, at 3:42 p. m., when he is 5° 49' to the north of our satellite.

SATURN

Makes this month a direct motion of four degrees and two seconds of arc, a greater advance than he has made for several months. He rises after daylight and sets on the 1st at 9:06 p. m., on the 15th at 8:19 p. m., and on the 30th at 7:29 p. m.

URANUS

Has a mean distance from the sun of 1770 millions of miles, and makes one revolution in 84.02 years. To find it readily it is necessary to know its right ascension and declination, which for the 1st, 15th and 30th are in order as follows: Right ascension 11h. 40m. 35.92s., declination, 2° 57' 8.4" north; right ascension, 11h. 39m. 36s., declination, 3° 3' 1.5" north; right ascension, 11h. 39m. 11.54s., declination, 3° 4' 58.3" north. Will be evening star throughout the month, setting as follows: On the 2d, at 3:09 a. m.; on the 16th, at 2:13 a. m.; and on the 31st, at 1:14 a. m. Its motion will be retrograde, amounting to 24' 7.2". Diameter on 1st, 3.8", and on the 31st, 3.6". On the 5th at 10:33 a. m., 3° 29' north of moon; and on 31st, at 9:00 a. m., stationary.

NEPTUNE,

The "Far-away," remains close to the sun, as can be seen by comparing their times of rising and setting. The rising of Neptune occurs on the 1st, at 5:37 a. m.; on the 15th, at 4:43 a. m.; and on the 30th, at 3:47 a. m.; and the setting on the same dates in the same order at 7:31, 6:39 and 5:43 p. m.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE LONDON POOR.

By WALTER BESANT.

Everybody knows, in general terms, how the English working classes amuse themselves. Let us, however, set down the exact facts, so far as we can get at them, and consider them. First, it must be remembered that the workman of the present day possesses an accomplishment, or a weapon, which was denied to his fathers—he *can read*. That possession ought to open a boundless field; but it has not yet done so, for the simple reason that we have entirely forgotten to give the working man anything to read. This, if any, is a case in which the supply should have preceded and created the demand. Books are dear; beside, if a man wants to buy books, there is no one to guide him or tell him what he should get. Suppose, for instance, a studious workingman anxious to teach himself natural history, how is he to know the best, latest, and most trustworthy books? And so for every branch of learning. Secondly, there are no free libraries to speak of; I find in London one for Camden Town, one for Bethnal Green, one for South London, one for Notting Hill, one for Westminster, and one for the City; and this seems to exhaust the list. It would be interesting to know the daily average of evening visitors at these libraries. There are three millions of the working classes in London; there is, therefore, one free library for every half million, or, leaving out a whole three-fourths in order to allow for the children and the old people and those who are wanted at home, there is one library for every 125,000 people. The accommodation does not seem liberal, but one has as yet heard no complaints of overcrowding. It may be said, however, that the workman reads his paper regularly. That is quite true. The paper which he most loves is red hot on politics; and its readers are assumed to be politicians of the type which considers the millennium only delayed by the existence of the Church, the House of Lords, and a few other institutions. Yet our English workingman is not a firebrand, and though he listens to an immense quantity of fiery oratory, and reads endless fiery articles, he has the good sense to perceive that none of the destructive measures recommended by his friends are likely to improve his own wages or reduce the price of food. It is unfortunate that the favorite and popular papers, which might instruct the people in so many important matters—such as the growth, extent, and nature of the trades by which they live, the meaning of the word Constitution, the history of the British Empire, the rise and development of our liberties, and so forth—teach little or nothing on these or any other points.

If the workman does not read, however, he talks. At present he talks for the most part on the pavement and in public houses, but there is every indication that we shall see before long a rapid growth of workmen's clubs—not the tea-and-coffee make-believes set up by the well meaning, but honest, independent clubs, in every respect such as those in Pall Mall, managed by the workmen themselves. Meantime, there is the public house for a club, and perhaps the workman spends, night after night, more than he should, upon beer. Let us remember, if he needs excuse, that his employers have found him no better place and no better amusement than to sit in a tavern, drink beer (generally in moderation), and talk and smoke tobacco.

Another magnificent gift he has obtained of late years—the excursion train and the cheap steamboat. For a small sum he can get far away from the close and smoky town, to the seaside perhaps, but certainly to the fields and country air; he can make of every fine Sunday in the summer a holiday indeed. Again, for those who can not afford the country excursion, there is now a park accessible from almost every quarter. And I seriously recommend to all those who are inclined to take a gloomy view concerning their fellow creatures, and the mis-

chievous and dangerous tendencies of the lower classes, to pay a visit to Battersea Park on any Sunday evening in the summer.

As regards the workingman's theatrical tastes, they lean, so far as they go, to the melodrama; but as a matter of fact there are great masses of working people who never go to the theater at all. Music halls there are, certainly, and these provide shows more or less dramatic, and, though they are not so numerous as might have been expected, they form a considerable part of the amusements of the people; it is therefore a thousand pities that among the "topical" songs, the breakdowns, and the comic songs, room has never been found for part-songs or for music of a quiet and somewhat better kind. The proprietors doubtless know their audience, but wherever the Kyrle Society has given concerts to working people they have succeeded in interesting them by music and songs of a kind to which they are not accustomed in their music halls.

The theater, the music hall, the public house, the Sunday excursion, the parks—these seem almost to exhaust the list of amusement. There are also, however, the suburban gardens, such as North Woolwich and Rosherville, where there are entertainments of all kinds, and dancing; there are the tea-gardens all round London; there are such places of resort as Kew and Hampton Court, Bushey, Burnham Beeches, Epping, Hainault and Rye House. There are also the harmonic meetings, the free-and-easy evenings, and the friendly leads at the public houses.

As regards the women, I declare that I have never been able to find out anything at all concerning their amusements. Certainly one can see a few of them any Sunday walking about in the lanes and in the fields of northern London, with their lovers; in the evening they may also be observed having tea in the tea-gardens. These, however, are the better sort of girls; they are well dressed, and generally quiet in their behavior. The domestic servants, for the most part, spend their "evening out" in taking tea with other servants, whose evening is in. On the same principle, an actor, when he has a holiday, goes to another theater; and no doubt it must be interesting for a cook to observe the *differentia*, the finer shades of difference, in the conduct of a kitchen. When women are married and the cares of maternity set in, one does not see how they can get any holiday or recreation at all; but I believe a good deal is done for their amusement by the mothers' meetings and other clerical agencies. There is, however, below the shopgirls, the dressmakers, the servants, and the working girls, whom the world, so to speak, knows, a very large class of women whom the world does not know, and is not anxious to know. They are the factory hands of London; you can see them, if you wish, trooping out of the factories and places where they work on any Saturday afternoon, and thus get them, so to speak, in the lump. Their amusement seems to consist of nothing but walking about the streets, two and three abreast, and they laugh and shout as they go so noisily that they must needs be extraordinarily happy. These girls are, I am told, for the most part so ignorant and helpless, that many of them do not know even how to use a needle; they can not read, or if they can, they never do; they carry the virtue of independence as far as they are able, and insist on living by themselves, two sharing a single room; nor will they brook the least interference with their freedom, even from those who try to help them. Who are their friends, what becomes of them in the end, why they all seem to be about eighteen years of age, at what period of life they begin to get tired of walking up and down the streets, who their sweethearts are, what are their thoughts, what are their hopes—these are questions which no man can answer, because no man could make them communicate their experiences and opinions. Perhaps only a Bible-woman or two knows the history, and could tell it, of the London factory girl. Their pay is said to be wretched, whatever work they do; their food, I am told, is insufficient for young and hearty girls, consisting gen-

erally of tea and bread or bread and butter for breakfast and supper, and for dinner a lump of fried fish and a piece of bread. What can be done? The proprietors of the factory will give no better wages, the girls can not combine, and there is no one to help them. One would not willingly add another to the "rights" of man or woman; but surely, if there is such a thing at all as a "right," it is that a day's labor shall earn enough to pay for sufficient food, for shelter, and for clothes. As for the amusements of these girls, it is a thing which may be considered when something has been done for their material condition. The possibility of amusement only begins when we have reached the level of the well-fed. Great Gaster will let no one enjoy play who is hungry. Would it be possible, one asks in curiosity, to stop the noisy and mirthless laughter of these girls with a hot supper of chops fresh from the grill? Would they, if they were first well fed, incline their hearts to rest, reflection, instruction, and a little music?

The cheap excursions, the school feasts, the concerts given for the people, the increased brightness of religious services, the bank holidays, the Saturday half holidays, all point to the gradual recognition of the great natural law that men and women, as well as boys and girls, must have play. At the present moment we have just arrived at the stage of acknowledging this law; the next step will be that of respecting it, and preparing to obey it; just now we are willing and anxious that all should play; and it grieves us to see that in their leisure hours the people do not play because they do not know how.

Compare, for instance, the young workman with the young gentleman—the public schoolman, one of the kind who makes his life as "all round" as he can, and learns and practices whatever his hand findeth to do. Or, if you please, compare him with one of the better sort of young city clerks; or, again, compare him with one of the lads who belong to the classes now held in the building of the old Polytechnic; or with the lads who are found every evening at the classes of the Birkbeck. First of all, the young workman can not play any game at all; neither cricket, football, tennis, racquets, fives, or any of the other games which the young fellows in the class above him love so passionately; there are, in fact, no places for him where these games can be played; for though the boys may play cricket in Victoria Park, I do not understand that the carpenters, shoemakers, or painters have got clubs and play there too. There is no gymnasium for them, and so they never know the use of their limbs; they can not row, though they have a splendid river to row upon; they can not box, fence, wrestle, play single-stick, or shoot with the rifle; they do not, as a rule, join the volunteer corps; they do not run, leap, or practice athletics of any kind; they can not swim; they can not sing in parts, unless, which is naturally rare, they belong to a church choir; they can not play any kind of instrument—to be sure the public school boy is generally groveling in the same shameful ignorance of music. They never read. Think what it must be to be shut out entirely from the world of history, philosophy, poetry, fiction, essays and travels! Yet our working classes are thus practically excluded. Partly they have done this for themselves, because they have never felt the desire to read books; partly, as I said above, we have done it for them, because we have never taken any steps to create the demand. Now as regards these arts and accomplishments, the public schoolman and the better class city clerk have the chance of learning some of them, at least, and of practicing them both before and after they have left school. What a poor creature would that young man seem who could do none of these things! Yet the workingman has no chance of learning any. There are no teachers for him; the schools for the small arts, the accomplishments, and the graces of life are not open to him. In other words, the public schoolman has gone through a mill of discipline out of school as well as in. Law reigns in his sports as in his studies. Whether he sits over his books or plays in the fields, he learns

to be obedient to law, order, and rule; he obeys, and expects to be obeyed; it is not himself whom he must study to please; it is the whole body of his fellows. And this discipline of self is much more useful than the discipline of books, the young workman knows not. Worse than this, and worst of all, not only is he unable to do any of these things, but he is even ignorant of their uses and their pleasures, and has no desire to learn any of them, and does not suspect at all that the possession of these accomplishments would multiply the joys of life. He is content to go on without them. Now contentment is the most mischievous of all the virtues; if anything is to be done, any improvement is to be effected, the wickedness of discontent must first be introduced.

Let us, if you please, brighten this gloomy picture by recognizing the existence of the artisan who pursues knowledge for its own sake. There are many of this kind. You may come across some of them botanizing, collecting insects, moths and butterflies in the fields on Sundays; others you will find reading works on astronomy, geometry, physics, or electricity; they have not gone through the early training, and so they often make blunders; but yet they are real students. One of them I knew once who had taught himself Hebrew; another, who read so much about coöperation, that he lifted himself clear out of the coöperative ranks, and is now a master; another, and yet another and another, who read perpetually, and meditate upon, books of political and social economy; and there are thousands whose lives are made dignified for them, and sacred, by the continual meditation on religious things. Let us make every kind of allowance for these students of the working class; and let us not forget, as well, the occasional appearance of those heaven-born artists who are fain to play music or die, and presently get into orchestras of one kind or another, and so leave the ranks of daily labor and join the great clan or caste of musicians, who are a race or family apart, and carry on their mystery from father to son.

But, as regards any place or institution where the people may learn or practice or be taught the beauty and desirability of any of the commoner amusements, arts, and accomplishments, there is not one, anywhere in London. The Bethnal Green Museum certainly proposed unto itself, at first, to "do something," in a vague and uncertain way, for the people. Nobody dared to say that it would be first of all necessary to make the people discontented, because this would have been considered as flying in the face of Providence; and there was, beside, a sort of nebulous hope, not strong enough for a theory, that by dint of long gazing upon vases and tapestry everybody would in time acquire a true feeling for art, and begin to crave for culture. Many very beautiful things have from time to time, been sent there—pictures, collections, priceless vases; and I am sure that those visitors who brought with them the sense of beauty and feeling for artistic work which comes of culture, have carried away memories and lessons which will last them for a lifetime. On the other hand, to those who visit the Museum chiefly in order to see the people, it has long been painfully evident that the folk who do not bring that sense with them go away carrying nothing of it home with them. Nothing at all. Those glass cases, those pictures, those big jugs, say no more to the crowd than a cuneiform or a Hittite inscription. They have now, or had quite recently on exhibition, a collection of turnips and carrots beautifully modeled in wax; it is perhaps hoped that the contemplation of these precious but homely things may carry the people a step farther in the direction of culture than pictures could effect. In fact, the Bethnal Green Museum does no more to educate the people than the British Museum. It is to them simply a collection of curious things which is sometimes changed. It is cold and dumb. It is merely an unintelligent branch of a department; and it will remain so, because whatever the collection may be, a museum can teach nothing, unless there is some one to expound the meaning of the things. Is it possible

that, by any persuasion, attraction, or teaching, the working-men of this country can be induced to aim at those organized, highly skilled, and disciplined forms of recreation which make up the better pleasure of life? Will they consent, without hope of gain, to give the labor, patience and practice required of every man who would become master of any art or accomplishment, or even any game? There are men, one is happy to find, who think that it is not only possible, but even easy, to effect this, and the thing is about to be transferred from the region of theory to that of practice, by the creation of the People's Palace.

Let me say a few words as to what this palace may and may not do. In the first place it can do nothing, absolutely nothing to relieve the great fringe of starvation and misery which lies all about London, but more especially at the East-end. People who are out of work and starving do not want amusement, not even of the highest kind; still less do they want university extension. Therefore, as regards the palace, let us forget for awhile the miserable condition of the very poor who live in East London; we are concerned only with the well fed, those who are in steady work, the respectable artisans and *petits commis*, the artists in the hundred little industries which are carried on in the East-end; those, in fact, who have already acquired some power of enjoyment because they are separated by a sensible distance from their hand-to-mouth brothers and sisters, and are pretty certain to-day that they will have enough to eat to-morrow. It is for these, and such as these, that the palace will be established: It is to contain: (1) class rooms, where all kinds of study can be carried on; (2) concert rooms; (3) conversation rooms; (4) a gymnasium; (5) a library; and lastly, a winter garden. In other words, it is to be an institution which will recognize the fact that for some of those who have to work all day at, perhaps, uncongenial and tedious labor, the best form of recreation may be study and intellectual effort; while for others, that is to say for the great majority—music, reading, tobacco, and rest will be desired. Let us be under no illusions as to the supposed thirst for knowledge. Those who desire to learn are even in youth always a minority. How many men do we know, among our own friends, who have ever set themselves to learn anything since they left school? It is a great mistake to suppose that the working man, any more than the merchant man, or the clerk man, or the tradesman, is ardently desirous of learning. But there will always be a few; and especially there are the young who would fain, if they could, make a ladder of learning, and so, as has ever been the goodly and godly custom in this realm of England, mount unto higher things. The palace of the people would be incomplete indeed if it gave no assistance to ambitious youths. Next to the classes in literature and science come those in music and painting. There is no reason whatever why the palace should not include an academy of music, an academy of arts, and an academy of acting; in a few months after its establishment it should have its own choir, its own orchestra, its own concerts, its own opera, with a company formed of its own *alumni*. And in a year or two it should have its own exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture. As regards the simpler amusements, there must be rooms where the men can smoke, and others where the girls and women can work, read, and talk; there must be a debating society for questions, social and political, but especially the former.

As for the teaching of the classes, we must look for voluntary work rather than to a great endowment. The history of the college in Great Ormond Street shows how much may be done by unpaid labor, and I do not think it too much to expect that the palace of the people may be started by unpaid teachers in every branch of science and art; moreover, as regards science, history and language, the University Extension Society will probably find the staff. There must be, however, volunteers, women as well as men, to teach singing, music, sewing, speak-

ing, drawing, painting, carving, modeling, and many other things. This kind of help should only be wanted at the outset, because before long, all the art departments ought to be conducted by ex-students who have become in their turn teachers; they should be paid, but not on the West-end scale, from fees—so that the schools may support themselves. Let us not *give* more than is necessary; for every class and every course there should be some kind of fee, though a 'liberal system of small scholarships should encourage the students, and there should be the power of remitting fees in certain cases. As for the difficulty of starting the classes, I think that the assistance of board schoolmasters, foremen of works, Sunday-schools, the political clubs and debating societies should be invited; and that beside small scholarships, substantial prizes of musical and mathematical instruments, books, artists' materials, and so forth, should be offered, with the glory of public exhibition and public performances. After the first year there should be nothing exhibited in the palace except work done in the classes, and no performances of music or of plays should be given but by the students themselves.

There has been going on in Philadelphia for the last two years an experiment, conducted by Mr. Charles Leland, whose sagacious and active mind is as pleased to be engaged upon things practical as upon the construction of humorous poems. He has founded, and now conducts personally, an academy for the teaching of the minor arts; he gets shop girls, work girls, factory girls, boys and young men of all classes together, and he teaches them how to make things, pretty things, artistic things. "Nothing," he writes to me, "can describe the joy which fills a poor girl's mind when she finds that she, too, possesses and can exercise a real accomplishment." He takes them as ignorant, perhaps—but I have no means of comparing—as the London factory girl, the girl of freedom, the girl with the fringe—and he shows them how to do crewel work, fret work, brass work; how to carve in wood; how to design; how to draw—he maintains that it is possible to teach nearly every one to draw; how to make and ornament leather work, boxes, rolls, and all kinds of pretty things in leather. What has been done in Philadelphia amounts, in fact, to this: That one man who loves his brother man is bringing purpose, brightness and hope into thousands of lives previously made dismal by hard and monotonous work; he has put new and higher thoughts into their heads; he has introduced the discipline of methodical training; he has awakened in them the sense of beauty. Such a man is nothing less than a benefactor to humanity. Let us follow his example in the palace of the people.

I must go on, though there is so much to be said. I see before us, in the immediate future, a vast university, whose home is in Mile End Road; but it has affiliated colleges in all the suburbs, so that even poor, dismal, uncared-for Hoxton shall no longer be neglected; the graduates of this university are the men and women whose lives, now unlovely and dismal, shall be made beautiful for them by their studies, and their heavy eyes uplifted to meet the sunlight; the subjects of examination shall be, first, the arts of every kind; so that unless a man have neither eyes to see nor hand to work with, he may here find something or other which he may learn to do; and next, the games, sports, and amusements with which we cheat the weariness of leisure and court the joy of exercising brain and wit and strength. From the crowded classrooms I hear already the busy hum of those who learn and those who teach. Outside, in the street, are those—a vast multitude, to be sure—who are too lazy and too sluggish of brain to learn anything; but these, too, will flock into the palace presently to sit, talk, and argue in the smoking rooms; to read in the library; to see the students' pictures upon the walls; to listen to the students' orchestra, discoursing such music as they have never dreamed of before; to look on while Her Majesty's Servants of the People's Palace perform a play, and to hear the bright-eyed girls sing madrigals.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

By MRS. PATTIE L. COLLINS.

The sarcasm that "Good Americans expect to go to Paris when they die," has lost its force. They have a City Beautiful of their own which more than justifies the enthusiasm of those who dwell within her gates. There are no tall houses that shut out the blue sky and the sunshine, no narrow, filthy streets swarming with the children of the vicious and starving, but everywhere clean, broad highways, decent abodes, and the priceless blessing of a pure atmosphere. The smoke of factories does not drop its dusky mantle over the smiling river and the church spires glancing heavenward. Not even does the sound of a great traffic intrude into the peaceful repose of this ideal city. Art schools, musical conservatories, libraries, and various institutions of learning offer every inducement for liberal culture at rates so cheap that it may almost be said to be "without money and without price." Into this community one can not come without feeling its broadening and elevating influence. Prejudices are obliterated, gentle toleration is followed by wide charity, sectionalism dies, and to thoroughly understand and appreciate these things makes a residence under the shadow of the dome a blessed realization. But I should go on endlessly if permitted to dwell upon this home of my heart; the historic Potomac touching the hem of her garments, and the wooded heights of Georgetown forming a Rembrandt-like background, are accessories of a picture to which no words, unless "touched with fire," could do justice. I have often thought that not even Genoa the Superb, with its palaces and rich cathedrals rising high and yet higher above its gulf of sapphire, and finally encircled by its olive-crowned hills, was more beautiful.

If, as has often been said, America has no distinctive style of architecture, at least the anomalous constructions of the Capital are harmonious, artistic, and imposing. The hoary cities of the Old World can only vie with her in her bold and lusty youth. The Smithsonian, that temple of knowledge, the Treasury, custodian of countless millions, those twin sisters, the Patent and Postoffice Departments, and the peerless Capitol itself are all monuments of national power in which we have a legitimate pride.

Washington is scarcely less the shrine of the Republic than is Mecca to the followers of the prophet. Its fifty millions seem to ebb and flow, like the tide of the restless sea, through its grand avenues, its parks, its public buildings, ceaselessly, from January to December. Perhaps, among these casual sight-seers, no place is so much visited as the Postoffice Department, in a general way, and, if I may use the expression, the Dead-Letter Office, specifically, which is the very *sanctum sanctorum* of written communications. It is characteristic of human nature to stand with mere vague wonderment before any question or occurrence that appears distant and impersonal. But anything that comes in the shape of an everyday occurrence, that touches intimately social and domestic relations arouses at once an acute interest. The Pagan element thus selfishly asserts itself in this ready subordination of the great problem of humanity to personal considerations. This may account for the eager delight and interest always displayed by the Dead-Letter Office pilgrims. And, on the other hand, it may be observed that those who, officially speaking, possess a proprietary interest in defunct epistles are akin to the dealers in other wares—they like to vaunt their merchandise!

The gleaming pile of white marble, chaste, symmetrical, inviting; might be likened, after an exploration of its contents, to many another sepulcher—but I forbear a premature expression of opinion, and beg to invite you, my readers, through the front door, which, like the gates of mercy, stands ever wide open, and allow you to receive your own impressions.

Dry statistics, I have idly observed, are not usually relished by the average knowledge-seeker, or shall I say even tolerated? But I shall presume that all of mine will patiently grapple with my arithmetical statements, which I promise shall not be complicated, and I also hope to escape the incredulity which painfully embarrassed a modest gentleman in this office, while making statements in regard to its workings to a party of visitors. He said to these unbelievers, as they stood among Uncle Sam's mail bags, piled to the right and to the left of them watching the busy clerks assort their contents, that from twelve to fifteen thousand letters were received upon every working day. This was received with a depressing silence. Proceeding further, he added that the mails were a means of transportation not only for letters, but for clothes, books, jewelry, and almost every article of merchandise. At this, a somewhat ironical smile was discernible. The gentleman was now somewhat disconcerted, but determining to die by his colors nobly, he seized upon an immense brogan lying upon an adjacent desk and exclaimed, desperately: "This is a specimen—could not go forward to its destination on account of being over weight—more than four pounds." Here the auditors smiled broadly (it was conjectured afterward that one of the ladies must have been a Chicago belle and that, like Cinderella, she had lost her slipper). "However," continued the narrator, somewhat abashed, but not wholly discomfited, "that is nothing compared to this," showing an iron hitching post! At this the supposed western belle sweetly and gravely inquired, "Was the horse fastened to it, sir?"

To be exact, the precise number of letters at the Dead-Letter Office during the fiscal year which ended July 1st, 1883, was 4,379,198. The official report furnishes the following information: "Of these 3,346,357 were advertised and unclaimed at the offices to which they were addressed; 78,865 were returned from hotels, because the departed guests failed to leave a new address; 175,710 were insufficiently prepaid; 1,345 contained articles forbidden to be transported by the mails; 280,137 were erroneously or illegibly addressed, while 11,979 bore no superscription whatever. Of the domestic letters opened, 15,301 contained money amounting to \$32,647.23; 18,905 contained drafts, checks, money orders, etc., to the value of \$1,381,994.47; 66,137 enclosed postage stamps; 40,125, receipts, paid notes, and canceled obligations of all kinds, and 35,160, photographs."

Compare this statement with the record of the office during Franklin's administration; one small, time-stained volume contains the history of every valuable letter received, duly inscribed in the crabbed hieroglyphics of the period. The contrast between the forlorn, dilapidated, provincial little city of Alexandria, beloved of the Father of his Country, to the Washington of to-day is not more forcible. Now nearly one hundred employes are needed to perform the duties of the office. A vast apartment, surrounded by a broad gallery, and seven smaller rooms, beside the space allotted for storage in the basement, are the quarters at present occupied by this division of the public service.

Everything is so systematized that an immediate answer can be returned to the thousands of inquiries received during a year in reference to letters or packages that have miscarried and been finally sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

A large proportion of the money is restored to the senders, and the balance is deposited in the Treasury to the credit of the Postoffice Department. But despite every precaution, parcels of all descriptions accumulate so rapidly that it has been found necessary to dispose of them at public auction as often as once in two years.

The Museum contains a curious collection of articles which have not been offered for sale. They are arranged upon shelves covered with dark crimson cloth, and protected by glass cases. It is certainly a heterogeneous assortment. A miniature mountain of minerals, many-colored and gleaming,

open bolls of cotton, a box filled with small gold nuggets, and specimens of valuable woods are silent but eloquent witnesses of our immense natural resources and still undeveloped wealth. A bottle of imported cologne, carefully wrapped in herbs, probably just as it was captured from a would-be smuggler, lies here, forever free from both Custom House officer or dishonest speculator. A necklace wrought of fish scales, so delicate that it seems as if it must have been designed for a fairy princess, shows daintily against its dark background just beneath the oddest, quaintest baby monkey that ever was seen, carved from a peach stone! There are Indian pipes and tomahawks, a birch-bark canoe and moccasins, and lava from the Modoc beds, darkly suggestive of savage malice and treachery. A box heaped with the cocoons of the silk worm keeps company with a bottle full of agates from the northern shores of Lake Superior, reading cards for the blind, masses of wood fiber as fine, white and strong as linen floss, birds' eggs, Easter offerings, and the rosaries of pious Sisters. The little folk who throng the Museum pause in wondering delight before the array of dolls, pet "Jumbos" of home manufacture, and even a greater wonder still, a bedstead, pillows, covering, babies and all, made of sugar and chocolate!

Not even does this enumeration draw the line of limitation for the abuse of our generous Uncle Sam. It is fortunate for his people that he is patient under blows and as long-suffering as a camel, else an imperial ukase would have probably long ere this interdicted even social and business correspondence. In this he would have been quite justified, since he can neither eat the cakes, raisins and fruits, use the tooth brushes, nor take the medicine, with which his mails are burdened.

A pistol, half-cocked, and each chamber filled with a cartridge, was not called for by the young lady to whom it was addressed, in a western city, and it now reposes harmlessly beside a lock of hair and the autograph of Charles Guiteau.

From some of our distant Territories there are specimens of pottery which archæologists seem inclined to accept as evidences of a pre-historic civilization.

Quite apart, ensconced in an aristocratic quarter, are various articles of jewelry, rings, watches, etc., and a costly crucifix of silver and carnelian, in a glass-covered case, which was found in the postoffice at Savannah, Ga., at the close of the war. But perhaps the saddest memento to be seen here is a funeral wreath, woven after the homely fashion of the German and French peasantry, of black and white beads and the sunny hair of childhood commingled, whilst an inscription in the center commemorates the death of "Ernest and Dorcas," who have died within a few days of each other.

However, it is only a step from the pathos of this mute appeal to one's sympathies to the grotesque and ridiculous.

Of course the Museum would not be complete if it did not contain sundry sets of false teeth. Well, one day a gentleman and his wife stood before these in rapt contemplation. She winked, and stepped upon his toes, and nudged him sharply—and all in a quiet and conjugal manner—but to no purpose; his confidential communications, made in a stage whisper, could not be cut short. "That is my set of teeth that I lost; I would know them anywhere, same as I would know you, or my hat. I don't want 'em now, because I've got some more, and I don't know how they got here, but I would swear to my teeth!"

Chief among these curiosities may be mentioned the snakes. Now, these snakes constitute a regular "big bonanza." Letters, garments, live bees, embroideries and etchings lose their interest in the presence of the bottled serpents. A Brewers' Convention was once held in this city, and during its progress a Teutonic delegation gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at their snakeships upon learning that they had arrived at the Dead-Letter Office alive; and small wonder, for they are thirteen in number, and range from the inoffensive looking junior members of the family to ancient and loathsome monsters.

"Vat you say, dey come here 'live? how den you kill dem?"

"Why, they were carried to the Medical Museum and chloroformed, then dropped into alcohol, which killed them, just as readily as it does men."

The brewers turned from the snakes to the *raconteur*, and the least taciturn thus commented:

"Mine friend, dis is von temperance speech. You didn't look stout; come down to our place and ve vill give you more beer den you can drink."

Before leaving the Museum I must not neglect to mention the rare coins. They represent the currency of almost every nationality, and many of them are as valuable as they are curious. They have come from Sumatra, Persia, China, and all over the civilized world. But the most remarkable, and therefore the most precious of the entire collection is a Roman coin bearing an inscription which declares it to have been in existence nearly four hundred years before the Christian Era.

From the Foreign Branch of this office during the last year, 400,898 dead letters were returned unopened to their respective countries of origin. This special work is presided over by a lady who is a remarkable linguist, and the possessor of many other scholarly accomplishments which peculiarly fit her for the position. Her skill in translating foreign addresses, deciphering illegible superscriptions and supplying their deficiencies is truly phenomenal.

Scarcely less interesting is the work of handling misdirected domestic letters, also for the purpose of sending them forward unopened to their proper destination. Of the 100,000 thus sent out last year, more than ninety per cent. were delivered. These letters, it must be understood, are *live* letters, sent here directly from the mailing office, on account of this deficiency or, illegibility. An accurate and comprehensive knowledge of geography and other general information are requisite for the duties of this desk, as well as a sufficient knowledge of modern languages to interpret the combinations of bad Italian, French and German with worse English. For instance, an undomesticated Gaul will address a letter to "Ste Traile," or "St. Treasure," Ill., instead of Centralia; a Scandinavian writes Phœnix, "Sjfonix," and a German with perfect independence of American dictionaries spells Eagle Lake "Igel Lacht." Then again, Senatobia figures as "St. Toby," Kankakee, as "Quinkequet City," and Bridgetown, N. J., as "Bruchstein, Geargei." This epistolary "Comedy of Errors" certainly leads one through perplexing labyrinths; as when a letter intended for Mr. George D. Townsend, of Kilby St., Boston, is addressed to Rilby St., Washington, D. C., or one intended for Hans Jeussen, in far away Norway, stops short in direction at Novgerod or Stavenger. If, as is frequently the case, the address consists merely of a hotel, college, asylum, reform school, factory, or newspaper office, street and number, without city or state, the clue is generally followed successfully. Whatever may be involved in this work, whether cold reasoning, analytical study, or felicitous intuition, it is accomplished with satisfactory results, therefore it matters little to what it is attributed.

There are a few things (but not many) over which these "experts" become slightly discouraged, as for instance an address like this:

"Please forward to the physician who was looking for a housekeeper in St. Louis, last week; is a widower with two children; don't know his name."

Other specimens of wit and indefiniteness are not wanting, as in the following:

"Bummer's letter, shove it ahead;
Dead broke, and nary a red.
Postmaster, put this letter through,
And when I get paid I'll pay you."

Another:

"To George W. Knowles this letter is sent,
To the town of Brighton, where the other one went;
No matter who wrote it, a friend or a foe,
To the State of New York, I hope it will go."

A sordid young man writes from Albia, Iowa, to Sydney, Australia, upon a postal card addressed, "To any good-looking girl, who is worth, say £10,000, rank immaterial." Upon the reverse side are set forth the particulars of his intentions after this wise:

"DEAR MISS:—Well, I have found you at last, thanks to the good postmaster, whose super-excellent judgment, I am happy to assure you, is in perfect accord with my own. Now then, the object of dropping you this postal is to open a correspondence with you. Intentions, matrimonial. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write at once, enclosing stamp for photo.

"Yours, presumably,

"JOHN LOOPER."

Sometime since several letters were received among the "misdirected," addressed to Zachary, Marshall Co., Ala. As no trace of such office could be found, a circular of inquiry was sent to the postmaster at Dodsonville, the county seat of Marshall, requesting him, if there was such village, hamlet or settlement in his county, to ascertain its location and inform the Department. His response was both prompt and lucid, as a literal transcription will readily show:

"Sirs I would say in answer to this letter that the settlement of Zachary is about five miles a little w of S in the Tennessee River valley Between Dodsonville and Henreyville the people of that Settlement is furnished with or get ther mail at Dodsonville and Swaringin Zachary has not been known as an office since the war it would furnish more people with mail to move Dry cove back 3 miles to where it was first established when thos Mitchell was P M and discontinued the rout from Dodsonville to Cottenville and run it down the valley to Henreyville and reestablish Zachary but you can use your own pleasure about that

"yours truly

"J D Gross P M"

I have never ascertained whether the Department adopted Mr. Gross's suggestions. Gratuitous and intelligent information like this was certainly entitled to respectful, if not favorable, consideration.

In the same category with this brilliant ornament of the postal service might be placed the Londoner who addressed the Postmaster General for information concerning his brother "Charles Egar Quinton, who had sailed for America about nine years previously, with the intention of keeping a public house, or an hotel, and had never been heard of since." Even the "experts" hung their heads in confusion as they pondered the whereabouts of Mr. Quinton, confessing themselves vanquished, unless, indeed, the Department would grant them six months' leave, "a roving commission" and expenses paid, in which case they would pledge themselves to return the long-lost Charles, dead or alive, to his sorrowing relatives.

To these children of the government any ordinary work, such as calculating an eclipse, taking an astronomical observation, tunneling the Channel, or drawing up a Lasker resolution, would have been an easy and delightful task, and promptly executed, but this search for an unknown quantity still hidden among or long since eliminated from fifty millions was a task too herculean for contemplation.

I do not, for my own part, like the notion of keeping books cribbed and confined under glass. They are like friends; if they can not be used freely, they are worth little. The dust will come, and finger-marks will come. Well, let them—if only the finger-mark has given a thought-mark to match it. I can not say but a little disarray of home-books is a good sign of familiarity, and that sort of acquaintance which makes them worshipful friends. Nay, I go farther than this, and would not give a shuttle cock for a home-book which I might not annotate. No matter what wealth is there already, our own little half-pence may be more relished by home eyes, than the pile of gold which retains its unbroken formality.—From "Bound Together," by Ik Marvel.

AGASSIZ.

LEAVES FROM OUR SCRAP BOOK.

By Prof. J. TINGLEY, Ph.D.

There are stories that should never be allowed to grow old. There are lives and characters whose memory should be forever kept green—whose light and fervor should glow in the minds of men as steadily as the unfading stars. While the Father of us all has given us but one perfect model, but one example of manhood without blemish, yet, all through the world's history, remarkable types of men have been developed, so distinct, so worthy, so far removed from the average plane of humanity as to command the attention, the respect, and even the reverence of the thoughtful of all time. They are constant reminders of the heights of power and dignity to which the immortal soul may aspire. Familiarity with the events of their lives—with the loftiness of their purposes—with the warmth and passion of their thoughts—with the achievements of their energy and wisdom—lifts us all up, inspires us with eager desire to be like them in our devotion to truth and noble effort. No one will deny to Louis Agassiz a prominent place among these immortals—these "names that were not born to die." So recently a living force among us, the echoes of eulogy still linger with us. With many a reader of THE CHAUTAUQUAN his name is doubtless a household word. Not for these, but for the younger class of readers, we gather from our scrap book something about the eminent naturalist, which they may not have met with elsewhere—something perhaps that may awaken the desire to know more of him. It is to be regretted that we have not yet a complete biography of so remarkable a man. At the time of his death it was supposed that the most competent hand for such a work would give it to the world at an early day—but it has not yet appeared.

Short biographical sketches containing the leading events of his life, and giving an account of the results of his labor and studies may be found in the principal cyclopædias, and in many of the periodicals issued soon after his death. But there are volumes of incident and characteristic utterances which are scattered here and there—familiar only to such friends and admirers as cherish every line and word that has been written concerning him. Some of these we find in our scrap book.

AGASSIZ, THE TEACHER.

A prominent trait in the character of Agassiz was his dislike of ostentation. This is eminently illustrated in his virtual rejection of all titles. He possessed all the honors that Universities and learned societies could bestow, but made no use of them. On the title page of his great works we find only "Louis Agassiz." There was, however, one title in which he did take pride—the only one he ever assumed. In his last will he described himself as "Louis Agassiz, teacher." An intimate personal friend alluding to this, says that "he gloried in the title of schoolmaster, preferring it to that of professor." He deemed the profession of teacher "the noblest of all professions, but included in that category all good and great minds engaged in disseminating knowledge or in increasing it."

The desire to know something of his methods and ideas of teaching, is often expressed. His methods were simple, but radically different from prevailing methods. He despised recitations by rote from text-books—allowed the use of books only for reference, and urged the selection of such as were authoritative and the work of original investigators. In teaching Natural History his leading purpose was to stimulate and secure independent observation. A fine illustration of this was given anonymously by one of his pupils, who subsequently became a successful entomologist, in *Every Saturday*, in 1874, which we venture to quote entire, as affording perhaps the best conception of his method:

"It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the labo-

ratory of Professor Agassiz and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterward proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I purposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

"This seemed to please him, and with an energetic 'Very well,' he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol. 'Take this fish,' said he, 'and look at it; we call it a *Hæmulon*; by and by I will ask what you have seen.'

"With that he left me, but in a moment he returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object intrusted to me. 'No man is fit to be a naturalist,' said he, 'who does not know how to take care of specimens.'

"I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the Professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious, and though this alcohol had 'a very ancient and fish-like smell,' I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed when they discovered that no amount of eau de cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow. In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the Professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper department, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed - an hour - another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face - ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at three-quarters view - just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

"On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish; it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me - I would draw the fish - and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the Professor returned. 'That is right,' said he; 'a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked.'

"With these encouraging words, he added: 'Well, what is it like?'

"He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me; the fringed

gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment:

"You have not looked very carefully. Why," he continued more earnestly, 'You haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!' and he left me to my misery.

"I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish. But now I set myself to work with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the Professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, towards its close, the Professor inquired:

"Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied, 'I am certain I do not - but I see how little I saw before.'

"That is next best," said he earnestly, 'but I won't hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish.'

"This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be; but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

"The cordial greeting from the Professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I, that I should see for myself what he saw - 'Do you perhaps mean,' I asked, 'that the fish has symmetric al sides with paired organs?'

"His thoroughly pleased 'Of course, of course!' repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most enthusiastically - as he always did - upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next. 'Oh, look at your fish!' he said, and left me again to my own devices.

"In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue. 'That is good, that is good!' he repeated; 'but that is not all; go on;' and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. 'Look, look, look,' was his repeated injunction.

"This was the best entomological lesson I ever had - a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the Professor has left to me, as he has left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, with which we can not part.

"A year afterward, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts upon the museum black-board. We drew prancing star-fishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawl-fishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes.

"The Professor came in shortly after and was amused as any at our experiments. He looked at the fishes. '*Hæmulons*, every one of them,' he said; 'Mr. — drew them.'

"True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but *Hæmulons*. The fourth day a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume; and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch, worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories!

"The whole group of *Hæmulons* was thus brought in review; and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal or-

gans, the preparation and examination of the bony framework, or the description of the various parts, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement, was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them. 'Facts are stupid things,' he would say, 'until brought into connection with some general law.'

"At the end of eight months it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects; but what I had gained by this outside experience has been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups."

In Prof. Agassiz's opening lecture to the Anderson School at Penikese some notable sayings occur, a few of which are quoted in further illustration of his ideas. "It is a great mistake to suppose that *any one* can teach the elements of a science. This is indeed the most difficult part of instruction, and it requires the most mature teachers."

"Not by a superficial familiarity with many things, but *by a thorough knowledge of a few things*, does any one grow in mental strength and vigor. De Candolle told me that he could teach all he knew with a dozen plants. Unquestionably he could have done it better with so few than with many, certainly for beginners. If a teacher does not require many specimens, so they be well selected, neither should he seek for them far and wide. *Let the pupil find in his daily walks the illustrations and repeated evidence of what he has heard in the school room.* I think there should be a little museum in every school room, some dozen specimens of radiates, a few hundred shells, a hundred insects with some crustacea and worms, a few fishes, birds and mammalia, enough to characterize every class in the animal kingdom. Pupils should be encouraged to find their own specimens, and taught to handle them. This training is of greater value and wider application than it may seem. Delicacy of manipulation, such as the higher kinds of investigation demand requires the whole organization to be brought into harmony with the mental action. The whole nervous system must be in subordination to the intellectual purpose. Even the pulsation of the arteries must not disturb the steadiness of attitude and gaze of the investigator."

"The study of Nature is a mental struggle for the mastery of the external world. If we do not consider it in this light we shall hardly succeed in the highest aims of the naturalist. It is truly a struggle of man for an intellectual assimilation of the thought of God."

HIS UNSELFISHNESS.

Another eminent trait in the character of Agassiz was his unselfish devotion to his life-work; the development and dissemination of scientific knowledge. Many anecdotes have been told in illustration of this trait. Every one has read of his reply to a proposition to direct his scientific efforts in a scheme for personal emolument: "*I can not afford to waste my time in making money.*" A sentiment perfectly natural to him, but which struck every other mind as something so unique as to be reckoned sublime.

When asked how he contrived to preserve his scientific independence while living in a community which was generally hostile to all opinion which clashed with its theological and political beliefs and passions, he replied: "Why the reason is plain—I never was a quarter of a dollar ahead in the world, and I never expect to be. When a man of science wants money for himself, he may be compelled to subordinate science to public opinion; when he wants money simply for the advancement of science, he gets it somehow, because it is known that not a cent sticks in his own pocket."

At one time when his museum was in need of money, and he had applied to the legislature of Massachusetts for an appropriation, two intelligent legislators, evidently farmers, who were considering the propriety of voting the sum required, were overheard: "I don't know much," said one, "about the value of this museum as a means of education, but of one thing I am

certain, that if we give Agassiz the money he wants, *he* will not make a dollar by it; that's in his favor." The appropriation was made—though probably no other man could have been similarly successful.

HIS RELIGIOUS NATURE.

Perhaps the most appreciative analysis of Agassiz's work and character that has ever been written, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1879. It was written by E. P. Whipple, his intimate friend for over thirty years. In this most admirable article will be found a just estimate of Agassiz's religious views. The author says: "No justice can be done to Agassiz which does not recognize the deep religiousness of his nature." Agassiz is represented as using the following words: "I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigation convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of ungeneralized facts beyond the present vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the region of the unknown. For myself I may say that I now never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides his secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them. I sometimes hear preachers speak of the sad condition of men who live without God in the world, but a scientist who lives without God in the world seems to me worse off than ordinary men."

The same author says: "Of one thing I am sure, he had a deep conviction, as strong as that of Augustine, or Bernard, or Luther, or Edwards, or Wesley, or Channing, that there were means of communication between the Divine and the human mind."

HISTORY OF THE GLACIAL THEORY, AS TOLD BY AGASSIZ.

As a geologist the name of Agassiz will always be associated with what is known in scientific parlance as "The Glacial Theory of Drift." This was first advanced by him, and by him was it triumphantly sustained. The history of the growth and development of this important thought in his mind, is worthy of attention—both because of its intrinsic interest and importance and because it is an exhibition of the methods of research, scientific insight and powers of generalization characteristic of Agassiz.

It is given here substantially as he gave it at the Anderson School at Penikese. This theory proposes to account for the huge boulders that are so profusely scattered over the surface of the continent north of the 40th parallel of latitude—and for all the gravel beds that are found in the same localities, by assuming that during a comparatively recent geological period the continents were covered with ice many thousand feet in thickness, moving from the poles toward the equator—as glaciers move down the Alps and other mountain regions, and doing the same kind of work on a larger scale. This daring conception was received at first by scientific men almost with contempt and derision—but is now generally accepted.

Glaciers are accumulations of ice, descending by gravity combined with other forces and conditions, down mountain slopes, along valleys, from snow-covered elevations. They are streams or rivers of ice varying in depth from a few hundred to thousands of feet. They are fed by the snows and frozen mist of regions above the limits of perpetual snow. They stretch far below the limit of perpetual snow, because their masses are too thick to be melted by the heat of the summer.

Some of them reach down to the very orchards and the grain fields and the blooming gardens of the valley; remaining all summer long within a few hundred feet of the homes and cultivated fields of the inhabitants. They bear upon their bosom vast streams of stones and rocks that have fallen from the mountain slopes or have been torn from their places by the movement of the glaciers. These they carry to their termination and deposit in the valleys. These accumulations of stones,

often many square miles in extent and hundreds of feet in thickness, are called moraines. Glaciers are not confined to mountain lands. Their domain is rather in the polar regions, where vast masses of ice accumulate and move forward by the same laws and in obedience to the same forces that govern the formation and movement of mountain glaciers. They produce similar effects, only upon a far grander scale.

The summer of 1836 Agassiz passed at the foot of the Alps with his old friend Charpentier, who was familiar with the geology of Switzerland and had devoted a great deal of his time to the study of the glaciers. Charpentier had been told by the shepherds of the Alps that the glaciers had brought down the rocks that were scattered through the valleys. The scientists had previously believed them to have been transported by water. Venetz, a Swiss civil engineer, told him that the peasants were right, and the scientists wrong. "Upon this hint we acted," said Agassiz, "and together we went to ascertain the facts." Many of the leading geologists of the time believed with Werner, of Freiburg, Saxony, that the loose unstratified material upon the surface of the earth should be referred to the Noachian deluge as a sufficient explanation. From this belief these phenomena were called Diluvium, or drift. Others, with Hutton and Playfair, of Edinburgh, maintained that all rocks were derived in one way or another by the agency of heat. That great master, Leopold von Buch, soon showed that both were right, in part. "Von Buch," said Agassiz, "was a wonderful man—one of the great original investigators—a man of indomitable perseverance. He traveled all over Europe on foot, to study its geology. I have known him to go from Berlin to Stockholm for the sake of comparing a single fossil with one there—or to start to St. Petersburg with only an extra pair of socks in his pocket." Yet he was a German nobleman, and was welcome at the Emperor's court—though an exceedingly modest and humble man. Geology owes its present form to Leopold von Buch, and to no one else. He was a pupil of Werner, but had discarded Werner's errors. In his travels in Scandinavia he laid the foundation of geology as now known and understood. He had noticed the loose boulders all over the sides of the mountains, and in the valleys of Switzerland, to the Jura. He explained them by assuming that formerly there were large lakes high up in the Alps, that had broken their barriers and rushed down the mountains, carrying every thing with them and sweeping the materials over an extensive territory. This opinion was received as final, and the matter rested. Agassiz upon investigation, began to doubt, and soon satisfied himself that the boulders were in positions in which they could not have been placed by water. Charpentier and Venetz, from the hint of the Alpine shepherds, had concluded that all the phenomena were produced by the Alpine glaciers. Agassiz agreed with them only so far as the range of Switzerland was concerned. But there were boulders outside of Switzerland, beyond its valleys and mountains, that were of such materials as were not found in the Alps. Germany was covered with them clear up to the shores of the Baltic. Agassiz had observed them in France, and was told that boulders of the same kind were abundant in Scandinavia. "Then," said Agassiz, "*it dawned upon me that there might once have been glaciers in countries where they are not now found, and they might have extended much farther than any we know of now.*"

Surely this was a moment of inspiration—the first glimpse of the light which has since become clear and perfect day. So Agassiz conceived the idea of studying the glaciers, and went to work. In prosecuting his investigations he passed nine successive summer vacations upon the surface of the glaciers of the Alps, devoting his entire time to this one object. During one season he slept seventy-one consecutive nights upon the ice, under the stars. He said, "I studied glaciers to see how they were made; to see how they worked; what they did, and what effects they produced upon the countries where found. I was soon familiar with the condition of the surfaces under a

glacier. I saw that they are smoothed, polished, grooved, scratched—as though a gigantic file had moved across them. I compared their effects with those produced by the action of water on rocks, in rivers, on the sea shore, in all sorts of places and conditions, and I found that wherever water was at work the surface of rocks was acted upon in a manner entirely different from that of ice. Ice acts like a plane; water wears into ruts. Pebbles by the motion of water are smoothed and rounded, but never polished. The effects are produced by pounding and not by rubbing. But when ice moves over a solid surface the moving mass between would be rolled, rubbed and polished. Scratches will be made, rectilinear in direction, if the mass moves continuously in one direction. The pebbles are found not only polished, but also themselves scratched. In this way I learned to discriminate between loose pebbles formed by water and those formed by ice. I next noticed that erratic boulders were found to be always associated with scratched materials, and lay over the surface, scratched. The materials were not stratified, as were river deposits, but piled pell mell together. Satisfied with the correctness of my observations in southern Europe, I asked myself whether any other country, England, for example, in which there was no suspicion of glaciers ever having existed, would exhibit the same phenomena. In 1840 I went to England with this idea in view.

"It was said, 'Agassiz has gone to England on a glacier hunt,' and I was laughed at all over Europe. There were at that time many harsh discussions going on between scientific men and others, and much heart-burning among the scientists themselves. But all geologists were satisfied, and agreed that the drift materials were all produced by the agency of water. Leopold von Buch, the veteran, was the leader in this opinion. So by my assertion that the drift had never been touched by water, I had offended the great master, and I was only a boy, and had only my convictions. *But I knew from my own investigations that I was right, and I fought my way, not by argument or prevailing influence, but by evidence.* In 1838, two years before my trip to England, I requested Dr. Buckland, of Oxford, to come over and see me in Switzerland, and allow me to show him the evidence of my convictions. Buckland was Professor of Geology in Oxford University, author of the Bridgewater treatise on geology, and afterward Dean of Westminster. He accepted my invitation and became satisfied that the holders of the old opinions had not seen all the facts—that the water theory, in short, was erroneous. I found in him the first friend ready to investigate and explore. So when I went to England in 1840 I readily induced him to accompany me in my journey. In company with him I traveled over most of that country and Scotland. The morning on which we approached the castle of the Duke of Argyle is one I never shall forget, for as we looked from the top of the coach upon the valley in which the castle lay, reminding me so strongly of some of the familiar landscapes of Switzerland, I said to Dr. Buckland: 'Here we shall find our first indications of glaciers;' *and we actually had to ride over glacial moraines to reach the castle.* We traveled over nearly the whole of Great Britain, and I made a geological map of the island to which, I think, not much has since been added. Everywhere I found abundant evidence of glaciers, everywhere scratched surfaces, covered with scratched boulders. Moraines piled up, and elevations swept. *Then I did not hesitate to go beyond my facts, and generalize;* and my generalization was this: As all mountain centers, all high lands, constitute centers around which erratic boulders are scattered, and as in that country, these mountain centers are now all below the snow-line—that is, the line of perpetual snow—there must have been a colder climate, *and glaciers must have existed upon mountains now below the line of perpetual snow.* But this is true not only of England, but also of other countries. All boulders come from their own mountain centers,

and similar phenomena are found in many parts of Europe, and on the other continents. There are also still more telling facts. There are spaces, now impassable, intervening between the drift boulders and their origin, that must have been bridged over by ice. There are boulders in Great Britain that must have come from Scandinavia across the North Sea. Those which are spread over northern Germany also came from Scandinavia, as is proven by the fossils they contain, and must therefore have crossed the Baltic Sea. These and similar facts lead to a broader generalization. *There was a time when the whole globe was very much colder than now, when a great geological winter spread over the whole earth.* This period I called the glacial period. It was anterior to our present state of things, but subsequent to a period much warmer than now." That the age immediately preceding, which geology calls the Tertiary, was much warmer, is proven by the fact that the remains of tropical animals are scattered all over the American continent. Elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, camels, and many other tropical animals roamed over the northern parts of the continent. They are all gone, and over their remains, and covering the continent everywhere from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn, are the erratic boulders and the drift. An examination of the drift phenomena of North America led Agassiz to the conclusion that during this succeeding geological winter our continent was covered by a sheet of ice many thousands of feet—not less than a mile—in thickness.

Such is a brief account of the history of the inception and growth of this now well known theory. From 1837 to 1840 no geologist was bold enough to admit its truth; now no one is bold enough to deny it, except in unimportant particulars. It has stood the test of years of violent controversy. It stands now among the established facts of science. "In some recent geological writings," says Dr. Thomas Hill, "it is assumed as a doctrine accepted from time immemorial, yet we all know that forty-five years ago Agassiz was the only man who had ever peered into the silent desert of that new thought." Sir Roderick Murchison, the great English geologist, once said of the glacial theory: "I have been for twenty years opposing Agassiz's views, and now I find that I have been for twenty years opposing the truth." The establishment of this theory has a significance not thought of originally by its propounder. In one of his lectures on Brazil he thus states the case: "If this doctrine be true, you see at once how this intense cold must have modified the surface of the globe, to the extent of excluding life from its surface—of interrupting the normal course of the vital phenomena, and preparing the surface of the earth for the new creation which now exists upon it. I attach great importance in a philosophical point of view to the study of this ice period; because, if demonstrated that such was once the condition of our earth, it will follow that the doctrine of transmutation of species, and of the descent of animals that live now, from those of past days, is cut at the root by this winter, which put an end to all living beings on the surface of the globe."

ARCHBISHOP USHER, when crossing the Channel from Ireland to England, was wrecked on some part of the coast of Wales. After having reached the shore, he made the best of his way to the house of a clergyman, who resided not far from the spot on which he was cast. Without communicating his exalted station, the archbishop introduced himself as a brother clergyman in distress, and stated the particulars of his misfortune. The Cambrian divine, suspecting his unknown visitor to be an impostor, gave him no very courteous reception, and said: "I dare say, you can't tell me how many commandments there are?" "There are eleven," replied the archbishop, very meekly. "Repeat the eleventh," rejoined the other, "and I will relieve your distress." "Then you will put the commandment in practice," answered the primate: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

TRAINED NURSES.

By LULIE W. WINCHESTER.

It is my purpose in this paper to explain the duties of a nurse, and above all to endeavor to influence those of my sisters who are asking the old question, "What can I do?" to enter this field of usefulness, and make honored and helpful places for themselves in the ranks of this profession. It seems to me that the mission of the physician and nurse is more closely allied than any other, to that of our Savior, who went about doing good, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, who walked throughout Judea, Samaria and Galilee, laying his hand on the poor, sick and oppressed, with its life and health-giving touch."

The Bellevue Hospital Training School in New York City is the pioneer, being the first one established in the United States. It was commenced as an experiment in 1873 with six nurses, and has succeeded so well as to now accommodate sixty, who have the charge of fourteen wards. It is the largest, and in many respects the best, offering a greater variety of disease, and therefore giving the nurses more knowledge and experience in the treatment of the various ills to which humanity is subjected. Soon after the establishment of this school a similar one was started in St. Catharines, Canada, by the late well-known Dr. Mack. He sent to England for three trained nurses who took charge of the school at the General and Marine Hospital. It was very small at first, but now accommodates fifteen or twenty nurses. For a long time it was the only school in Canada, but within the last few years one has been established in Toronto. The course of training at the St. Catharines school is somewhat longer than in others, viz.: Three months on probation, and a term of three years, with a monthly salary and house and street uniform provided.

The school at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston is widely known for its excellence, as also the Buffalo General Hospital School. In San Francisco there is but one small school at the Women's and Children's Hospital on Thirteenth Street. Indeed, it is the only one on the coast, and finds employment but for six or eight nurses. It seems strange that such an enterprising city as San Francisco should not take more decided steps toward the establishment of a larger school, with more variety in nursing. But it is a work that will grow and spread as the necessity for skillful nursing becomes more apparent. In all these schools the term is about the same, a month on probation, and a two years' course, with a monthly salary and house uniform, which is usually a seersucker dress, long full white apron, and dainty white muslin or linen cap.

The training consists of lectures by the medical staff and superintendent, on anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the general principles of nursing, the observation and recording of symptoms, the diet of the sick, and the best methods of managing helpless patients. Instruction is given in the wards on the dressing of wounds, the application of blisters, fomentations, poultices, cups and leeches; the use of catheters and administration of enemas, methods of applying friction, bandaging, making beds, changing and drawing sheets, moving patients and preventing bed-sores, and the application of trusses and uterine appliances.

At the end of the term examinations are held, and the successful ones receive their diplomas. Some choose to follow the vocation of private nurses, others seek a position as head nurse in some institution, while others are by their superior intelligence and education to become in their turn superintendents of other training schools.

The qualifications necessary for a young woman to procure entrance on probation are a sound constitution, no defects in either hearing or sight, a common school education, and a good moral character. Certificates of the above must be presented—that of health from a physician,

Exceptions are sometimes made in the matter of sight and hearing, as for instance, one nurse in the institution I was connected with, was totally deaf in one ear; the other was perfectly well, however, and she was a very successful nurse. There were several who were obliged to wear glasses, but did not seem at all unfitted for their duties. But generally the rules are strict, as must needs be, in order to keep up the good name and reputation of a school.

Other qualifications are also indispensable in order to become a good nurse, although they are not always specified in the demands. Gentleness in manner, voice, touch and foot-step is important. What is more annoying than a sharp, impatient voice, heavy step and touch? The poor patient's nerves are all set on edge by such an attendant. I remember one poor woman in my ward, wasted almost to a skeleton with consumption, who asked me once while bathing her, what another nurse's occupation had been before entering the hospital. She said the nurse was kind-hearted enough, but oh! so loud and hard and heavy about everything. I replied that I believed she had worked on a farm in the old country. "I thought so," said the patient, "it seems as if she were more used to handling animals than human beings; she bathes me like she was rubbing down a horse or scrubbing the kitchen table." And that is true of many. There is nothing more soothing than a light, delicate, but firm touch in handling invalids.

Another thing to be cultivated is an even temper. Remember that an invalid is hardly to be considered a responsible person, no more so than a child, so bear all his whims and caprices with cheerfulness and equanimity. A bright, cheerful, sunny nurse or doctor is often better than medicine. I do not mean constant joking and laughing, but a prevailing atmosphere of sunshine.

They are blessed indeed who are born with a bright, hopeful nature. But it can be cultivated—I know from experience—by dwelling in constant communion with Him who is the light of the world.

Another thing that Miss Nightingale lays great stress upon is the habit of observation. A nurse should be quick to notice all changes in the temperature, respiration and appetite of the patient, together with numerous other changes and variations which can not here be mentioned. A quick, observing nurse, is an invaluable aid to a physician. This faculty is natural in a great many persons, and it may be cultivated.

In attending private cases the nurse must take great heed to her ways, not to be too forward or talkative, and above all to guard sacredly all family matters which may come under her observation.

The motto of the ancient Spartans at their public dinners, "No word spoken here, goes out there" (the door), might well be adopted by her. Of all things, a gossiping nurse is most odious, and she soon loses her reputation.

Here is the routine for one day at the hospital I was employed in: The nurses rise at six, dress, and put their rooms in order, and hurry down to breakfast, which is served at half-past six. At seven they are in their wards, to relieve the night nurses. The first thing is to serve breakfast; after that is cleared away comes the bathing of helpless patients, and making the beds; then the long ward is swept twice from top to bottom, and every thing picked up, dusted, and put straight. Wounds are then dressed and medicines given out, and all is ready for the doctor's visit at ten. After that comes the milk or beef-tea lunch for those who require it, and general waiting on and attending to the various wants of the patients (which are always numerous, whether real or fancied). Dinner is served in the ward at half-past twelve, and half an hour later for the nurses. After dinner more medicines are given out, and the time is filled with the general attendance, for of course some patients need a great deal more care than others; fomentations and poultices must be applied, the bed of a restless

patient re-made, a broken limb bathed and re-banded, etc. Supper comes at half-past five, and after that the night work begins, making the beds smooth and comfortable for the poor, tired bodies, giving out medicines, and putting the wards straight for the house physician's visit. The head nurse goes from bed to bed with him, giving a report of each patient, that suitable directions may be given the night nurse. At eight o'clock the nurses go off duty, tired perhaps, but happy in the consciousness that they have done their best. Every nurse has an hour off during the day, for rest or exercise in the open air, with an afternoon once a week.

And now let me appeal to the female portion of the tens of thousands of readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, at least to those of them who want a vocation. Will you not take up this work? You will find a rich reward in so doing, not only financially (though it is a paying business), but the gladness and content you will feel in doing your share toward relieving the suffering and distress in this world will amply repay you for the hard and disagreeable part of your labor—for it has its disagreeable side, I admit. No one has greater opportunities for doing good than the loyal, consecrated Christian nurse. Just think of the many cups of cold water that can be given, the sweet word of Scripture that can be whispered in the ear of some sufferer, to prove a soft and comforting pillow for his weary head. Think of the bread of life it will be your privilege to break and distribute to the helpless and needy. Think of the dying who can be pointed upward, and led to place their trust in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. If you have a talent for music, it can be used to advantage in the hospital ward. There is no limit to the opportunities you will find opening before you. We can not all be Florence Nightingales or Sister Doras, but we can be our best selves.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

"Woodstock" closed with the return of Charles the Second from long exile, and his hearty reception *en route* from the cliffs of Dover to London. "Peveril of the Peak" opens with a mixed assembly of Presbyterians and Cavaliers convened at Martindale Castle in honor of "The Blessed Restoration of His most Sacred Majesty."

As might be premised, the gathering is not entirely harmonious. By wise foresight they are constrained to enter the castle by different gates, and to take their repast in different rooms. In this prologue to the story the reader notes the art with which Scott illustrates history. "By different routes, and forming each a sort of a procession, as if the adherents of each party were desirous of exhibiting its strength and numbers, the two several factions approached the castle; and so distinct did they appear in dress, aspect and manners, that it seemed as if the revelers of a bridal party, and the sad attendants upon a funeral solemnity, were moving toward the same point from different quarters. The Puritan party consisted chiefly of the middling gentry, with others whom industry or successful speculations in commerce or in mining had raised into eminence—the persons who feel most umbrage from the overshadowing aristocracy, and are usually the most vehement in defense of what they hold to be their rights. Their dress was in general studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness. The dark color of their cloaks, varying from absolute black to what was called sad-colored, their steeple-crowned hats, with their broad shadowy brims, their long swords, suspended by a simple strap around the loins, without shoulder-belt, sword-knot, plate, buckles, or any of the other decorations with which the Cavaliers loved to adorn their trusty rapiers—the shortness of their hair, which made their ears ap-

pear of disproportioned size—above all the stern and gloomy gravity of their looks, announced their belonging to that class of enthusiasts, who, resolute and undismayed, had cast down the former fabric of government, and who now regarded with somewhat more than suspicion that which had been so unexpectedly substituted in its stead."

The paragraph in which Scott portrays the Cavalier is none the less graphic: "If the Puritan was affectedly plain in his dress, and ridiculously precise in his manners, the Cavalier often carried his love of ornament into tawdry finery, and his contempt of hypocrisy into licentious profligacy. Gay, gallant fellows, young and old, thronged together toward the ancient castle. Feathers waved, lace glittered, spears jingled, steeds caracolled; and here and there a petronel or pistol was fired off by some one, who found his own natural talents for making a noise inadequate to the dignity of the occasion. Boys halloo'd and whooped, 'Down with the Rump,' and 'Fie upon Oliver!' The revelry of the Cavaliers may be easily conceived, since it had the usual accompaniments of singing, jesting, quaffing of healths, and playing of tunes, which have in almost every age and quarter of the world been the accompaniments of festive cheer. The enjoyments of the Puritans were of a different and less noisy character. They neither sung, jested, heard music, nor drank healths; and yet they seemed none the less, in their own phrase, to enjoy the creature-comforts which the frailty of humanity rendered grateful to their outward man."

It seems almost marvelous that Scott, who loved rank and ancestral dignity, could lay aside his prejudices and speak so eloquently and fairly of the Puritan. His history of Napoleon is generally regarded unfair and distorted; and it could hardly have been otherwise following so closely upon the great triumph of Wellington; but we, as Americans and descendants of those who gave up home and comfort to establish a free government, have reason to feel grateful that the greatest novelist, or, if that is objected to by any of our readers, the greatest historical novelist that Britain has produced, was born and reared with an unprejudiced mind.

It may seem strange to the reader of history to find the Cavalier and the strict Presbyterian, so different in principle, now hand in hand in policy; but the reader must remember that the party which brought Charles to the block consisted of two factors, styled by the haughty Countess of Derby with indignant sarcasm: "Varieties of the same monster, for the Presbyterians hallooed while the others hunted, and bound the victims whom the Independents massacred." Misery according to Shakspeare makes a person acquainted with strange bedfellows; and the politics of those days made England acquainted with strange coalitions. One choice only remained to that distracted nation—Charles the Second or the rule of the army; and to the common sense of discordant factions a solid government seemed preferable to anarchy. To the sensible Presbyterian the divine right of kings was better than the less divine right of petty leaders. The Independents, so powerful under Cromwell, were weak under the government of his son Richard. The people demanded a free Parliament, and a free Parliament meant the restoration of the Stuarts. As Macaulay tersely puts it: "A united army had long kept down a divided nation; but the nation was now united and the army was divided."

Scott, also, in passing, refers to the ejection of the Presbyterian clergy, which took place on St. Bartholomew's day, when two thousand Presbyterian pastors were displaced and silenced throughout England; even in church matters the rule held good—that the spoils belonged to the victors: the great Baxter, Reynolds and Calamy refused bishoprics, and many ministers declined deaneries, preferring starvation and a clear conscience to the wealth and flattery of a corrupt court.

Five years pass by and we are transported with Julian Peveril, son of the old knight, from the peaks of northern Derby-

shire, which form the water-shed of central England, to the picturesque island of Man, the origin of whose name is still a mystery, whose ruins carry the visitor back beyond the legends of King Arthur and the dominion of the Romans to the dim twilight days of the Druids. To this strong sea-girded fortress the brave Countess of Derby fled after the execution of her husband at Bolton le Moor, and she has left in history a character for courage and hardihood allied to cruelty, in the execution of Edward Christian, who in her absence had yielded up the island to the Parliament forces. It is here that the young Peveril dreams away his boyhood, sharing his studies and recreations with the son of the Countess.

In this story of diverse characters, the two pillars, which might be said to uphold the arch, under which the long procession of the narrative passes, are the elder Peveril and his wealthy neighbor Bridgenorth. Alice Bridgenorth was reared under the same roof with young Peveril; and strange to say, in the difference arising between the elder Peveril and Bridgenorth, she also is transported to the home of relatives in a romantic glen of the island of Man. But the course of true love was not destined even in this little island to run entirely smooth; for the old spirit of Bridgenorth is awakened to restore England to the greatness of the days of Cromwell. He endeavors to arouse the same zeal in young Peveril; he had just returned from the south of France, and had many stories to tell of the French Huguenots, who already began to sustain those vexations, which a few years afterward were summed up by the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He had been in Hungary, and spoke from personal knowledge of the leaders of the great Protestant insurrection. He talked also of Savoy, where those of the reformed religion still suffered a cruel persecution. He had even visited America, more especially he said: "The country of New England, into which our land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures, so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men—such whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities—are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages, than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practiced in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colonies maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great—his dissimulation profound; and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and desultory warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was by chance at a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to heaven, as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and disheveled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly 'The Indians! the Indians!' In that land no man dares separate himself from his means of defense, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the re-building of the temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and our pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate devils already in possession of a part of the town. It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages. Several houses in the upper part of the village were

soon on fire. The smoke which the wind drove against us gave great advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire. In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and placing the women and children in the center, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun; I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color. 'Men and brethren,' he said in a voice like that which turns back the flight, 'why sink your hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel!' He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided into two bodies; one of which maintained the defense of the village with more courage than ever; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied forth from the town, at the head of the other division of New England men, and fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of the warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered its loss. Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping knife, stood crowded around him. 'Not unto me be the glory,' he said, 'I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver.' I was nearest to him as he spoke; we exchanged glances; it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all—it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to the earth—no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer amongst us, nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued."

This beautiful story, true to fact, and so dramatically told, comes upon the reader with a pleasant surprise, and I have quoted it at length not only for its intrinsic beauty, but also as it commemorates a fact in the early history of our country. That venerable man was Richard Whalley, one of the great soldiers of England under Cromwell, and one of the judges who condemned Charles to the block. After the restoration he fled to Massachusetts, and was secreted in the house of the Rev. Mr. Russel at Hadley. It will be remembered that three of the regicides fled to this country—Dixwell, Goffe and Whalley. Dixwell is buried in New Haven in the rear of Center church. Goffe and Whalley are buried in Hadley. It is claimed by some that it was Goffe instead of Whalley who came to the rescue of the village. Scott in his notes assigns the honor to Whalley.

Returning to our story we find that affairs of great moment on the part of the Countess call the young Peveril to London. He finds his father and mother arrested for supposed complicity in a Romish plot. We see the city in great excitement,

heated and inflamed by the villain Oates—an episode which Scott weaves gracefully and naturally into the warp and woof of his story. He draws a picture of Colonel Blood, who made the well-known attempt on the crown-jewels, a bold, resolute man, who strange to say, after many acts of violence, lived to enjoy a pension from the king. We see the gay Rochester, still remembered for his celebrated epigrammatic epitaph on Charles the Second, composed at the king's request, but too pungent, and too true to be relished.

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

We see the Duchess of Portsmouth, and many another lady of rank, who had more regard for ancient titles than for ancestral virtues; we see George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, a man of princely fortune and excellent talents, tossed about in a whirlpool of frivolous pleasures, whose character the great Dryden embalmed in vigorous lines:

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions—always in the wrong—
Was everything by starts, but nothing long;
Who in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

Through the imprisonment of Julian Peveril we are made acquainted with the Tower and Newgate—a sad picture, but somewhat relieved by Scott's humor in the portrait that he gives us of the well-known doughty dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson; we see London given over to monopolies, to stock-jobbing, and South Sea speculations; we attend a conventicle held in a secret hall of the city, and trace a conspiracy designed to place the Duke of Buckingham upon the throne; until our story, one of the longest and most carefully prepared of the Waverley series, concludes with a court scene in Whitehall, where the faithful love of Edith Bridgenorth and Julian Peveril is announced to the satisfaction at least of two individuals.

"Old Mortality," our next volume, deals directly with the Covenanters of Scotland. It will be remembered that Charles the Second, on a former expedition into Scotland, before his restoration, had deliberately sworn to support the Solemn League and Covenant. The Presbyterian Church, alive to its own interests, sent an agent to General Monk, who had declared for a free Parliament, and was on his way to London, holding as it were in his hand the destiny of Britain. The agent sent by the Scottish Church was James Sharpe, a man well educated, logical in mind and commanding in character; but, false to his trust, he bartered his principles for power, and received as the price of his infamy the title and office of Lord Bishop of Saint Andrews, and Primate of Scotland. "The great stain" says Scott, in his *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, "will always remain, that Sharpe deserted and probably betrayed a cause which his brethren entrusted to him. When he returned to Scotland, he pressed the acceptance of the See of Saint Andrews upon Mr. Robert Douglas, affecting himself no ambition for the prelacy. The stern Presbyterian saw into his secret soul, and, when he had given his own positive rejection, demanded of Sharpe what he would do if the offer was made to him? He hesitated. 'I perceive' said Douglas, 'you are clear—you will engage—you will be Primate of Scotland; take it then,' he added, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'and take the curse of God along with it.' The subject would suit a painter." Subsequent history shows that the curse was fulfilled.

In the general joy attendant upon the restoration of Charles, the Parliament thought that the people would submit to almost any indignity or inconvenience. By a single sweeping resolution they annulled and rescinded every statute and ordinance

which had been made by those holding supreme authority in Scotland since the commencement of the civil wars; the whole Presbyterian Church government was destroyed, and the Episcopal institutions, to which the nation had shown itself averse, were rashly and precipitately established. Thousands of ministers, who, for conscience sake, could not sign the Act of Conformity, were driven from their pulpits. Mere boys and dissolute young men were hastily summoned from schools and colleges to administer spiritual comfort to an indignant people. The solemn league and covenant, which had been solemnly sworn to by nobility, clergy and people, with weeping eyes and uplifted hands, ay, sworn to by the King himself, was burned at the cross of Edinburgh by an edict of Parliament. The Episcopal court severely punished all who left their own parish church to attend private meetings known as conventicles. A persecution like that of the early Christians at Rome was brought home to the descendants of Knox and of Calvin. As the earlier Christians were compelled to hold their meetings in caves and catacombs, so a persecuted people, in the bright dawn of the Reformation, were compelled to fly to the hills and heaths for a refuge, to lift up their banner in solitary and mountain places in order to foil

"A tyrant's and a bigot's laws."

Such was the state of the country at the opening of our story in May, 1679. The west of Scotland is aroused. Archbishop Sharpe is murdered in his carriage, by a party of men, of whom Balfour of Burley is the leader. The battle of Loudon Hill is won by the Covenanters, who increase daily in power until a force of six thousand men are assembled at Bothwell Bridge. Engaged in discussing church polemics, they entirely neglect the discipline necessary for success. Without leaders or guidance they are routed by the Duke of Monmouth. Four hundred men are killed. Twelve hundred prisoners are marched to Edinburgh, and imprisoned "like cattle in a fold" in the Greyfriar's churchyard. Several ministers are tortured and executed, and many prisoners sent as slaves to the plantations. Henry Morton, one of their leaders, as seen in the story, is exiled. Edith Bellenden, one of the royal party, remains true to him. He returns, after long years of absence and military honor, and readers of fiction can readily guess how the story terminates without reading the postscript by the author.

Such is the rude draft of this great romance, which Coleridge pronounces the grandest of Scott's novels. It is, in fact, a novel that can not be well analyzed. We could speak of Lady Margaret Bellenden, who never forgot that Charles the Second took breakfast with her on his way to meet Cromwell at the field of Worcester; we could speak of the good natured Major, brave, noble, and generous; of Cuddie and his mother; ay, of Guse Gibbie, unfortunate in all fitting regimentals; of the miserly uncle of Henry Morton; of the cannie waiting-maid of Edith, who felt safe in the triumph of either side, as she had a lover in both armies. The reader will laugh and weep at these characters as he meets them in the pages of "Old Mortality." But it is for us to refer merely to the historical features about which these characters are grouped; to note the ruggedness of Scotch character, destined to triumph at last, and bring victory out of defeat; a character which, perhaps, "shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biased in its mode of growth, even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended."

In considering the motives, the ambition, the enthusiasm, or fanaticism of these men, we might stir up controversy. We know it was their lofty purpose to convert all England to the Presbyterian faith; and, whenever they were lifted to power, they were quite as arbitrary as the Episcopacy. It was true of both parties that they suffered persecution without learning

mercy. Each side felt that, in pushing its own creed, it was doing the Lord's work; but in this we all delight to-day, that both sides produced brave men, tenacious of their own rights who struggled on until in our own generation the opposing forces have been adjusted, and out of chaos and confusion the different systems of faith or theology move serenely and calmly in their own spheres around one central and enduring light—the Creator and Father of all.

The Covenanters were indeed the connecting link between the two great revolutions, which beheaded Charles the First and exiled James the Second; and, whatever our prejudices or "whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms."

It is sometimes claimed that Scott is over partial to Claverhouse—that he paints the man as a hero. If so he has poorly succeeded, for I have yet to meet a reader of "Old Mortality" who is fascinated with the portraiture of that cruel man. Scott makes him what history declares him to be, a cool and calculating soldier, bitter and unrelenting, a man without faith, and with no ambition save worldly glory. It rather seems to me, on the contrary, that Scott for the time lays aside his own traditional sentiments as he reports the burning words of these Covenant preachers, as they paint the desolation of the Church describing her "like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert." His poetic nature seemed moved by brave men repairing "to worship the God of nature amid the fortresses of nature's own construction."

There are two dramatic scenes in the volume, which can not be overlooked or forgotten: Burley in the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. "His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal, seems that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, striving with an imaginary demon." The other scene reveals Henry Morton, overpowered, disarmed, bound hand and foot, facing a clock which, at the hour of twelve, was to strike his doom. "Among pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference but with triumph upon his execution—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look of either sympathy or encouragement—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop. His executioners, as he gazed around him, seemed to alter their forms and features, like specters in a feverish dream their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ." The maniac preacher, in an attitude of frenzy, springs upon a chair to push forward the fatal index; the party make ready their weapons for immediate execution when a noise like the rushing of a brook over the pebbles, or the sighing of wind among the branches stays the executioners; it was the galloping of horse, the door is burst open, and Henry Morton is saved.

MEN seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength—of the former they believe much more than they should; of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his living and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.—Bacon.

A PRIVATE CHARITY OF PARIS.

Translated from the French for THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Among the many interesting charitable institutions of Paris there is none more noteworthy than the private asylum for the blind conducted by the Sisters of St. Paul. This work was begun in 1850, by a woman of great piety, energy and sense, Anne Bergunion. Two blind girls were confided to her care. She proved to be remarkably adapted to training the peculiar characters which the nature of this affliction almost invariably causes. Gradually there grew up a large institution under her supervision. A writer in a late number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* has given an exhaustive account of the work. The details are most interesting and suggestive. After describing the home of the Sisters and their work, he says: "They have reserved the least comfortable part of the building for themselves, and have given over to the blind the large rooms where the circulation is free, and there is opportunity for exercise. Passing from the convent into the asylum for the blind, I entered the workshop. Twenty workingwomen, whose ages ranged from twenty-five to fifty, started up at the sound of strange footsteps. The sight was pitiful; the faces and eyes seemed expressionless. There was nothing to warm up their terrible pallor, and in their attitude there was a restless attention, as if they were troubled by a presence which they could not define nor understand.

There is great difference between the different forms of blindness. There are eyes that have been paralyzed, which appear living, but yet are dead. They show neither joy nor sorrow, but remain fixed. A blind person does not move the eye when questioned, but by an unconscious gesture turns the ear to the speaker. Others are projecting, and seem almost bursting from their watery eyelids; they look like those marbles of whitish glass with which the children play; others again are almost invisible, showing only an inflamed line between the nearly closed eyelids. With some the lids are immovable; others continually flutter, like the wings of a frightened bird.

I saw no coquettishness in the arrangement of the hair, in the pose of the head or the body. Shut up in darkness, they are ignorant of the resources of feminine graces; hearing and touch teach them nothing of them. Their tidiness is extreme, however. If well taught, a blind person can not endure on his garments a particle of dust or drop of water; it wounds his sensitive touch.

The most of the inmates were born blind, or at least became blind so young that they have no remembrance of the light. For them the sun is bright, not because it shines, but because it is warm. There are some among them who have been made completely blind by an accident or a criminal action. Here is one whose eyes seem to have been torn out, and eyelids to have closed over the void. When she was quite a little girl, she owned a tame finch; at night it slept in its cage, but all day it was at the side of its young mistress, now on her head, again on her shoulders; it drank from the same glass with her and took the food from her lips. One day the eyes of the child attracted it; it picked at them and destroyed the sight. There is another who had a pet chicken. She had been accustomed to taking it in her little arms, rocking it, cuddling it, adoring it; they played together until suddenly, one day, the chicken, striking itself against the face of the child, tore out both its eyes.

I have noticed among the inmates a woman whose eyes are white; a faint shade marks the outline of the iris. She seems to be about fifty years old; her complexion is sallow, and above her prominent forehead the brown hair is traced by silver; her mouth has a sad, almost bitter expression; her form is thin, and her bony fingers move very swiftly as she knits. When twenty-three years old she was sought in marriage by a

young man for whom she did not care. He insisted, she refused. One evening he came to see her with a gun on his shoulder, and demanded: "Will you marry me? Yes, or no." "No," she replied. He drew his weapon and fired. The entire charge hit the upper part of her face. When they had picked her up and wiped away the blood, they saw that she was blind, and hopelessly so. Before the court the fellow did not lie. "It is her own fault. I will marry her all the same, if she is willing." The poor girl did not think it best to give her hand, when asked in this way. She found the Sisters of St. Paul, and has been with them for twenty-five years.

It seemed very silent to me in the work-room. I am sorry for it. Conversation is as necessary to the blind as light for those who see; to them silence is night, noise is light. This is so true that in the Institution for Blind Young People, the black cell, the cell in which unruly members are confined as a punishment, is one where no sound is heard. I believe that conversation should always be allowed. The blind find an inspiration in it which gives zest to their work.

Music is their great passion, and some excel in it; the ear is most sensitive; at a sound in the least out of tune their foreheads will contract painfully. A woman sang for me here. She was about thirty-five years old, with pale face and fine features. She sang a fandango intended to be gay, but which was very mournful, coming from her discolored lips. Her voice was true but weak and worn. The poor girl is a worn-out artist. She had been dragged from city to city; had "done" the watering places and springs, had given concerts, and never touched the proceeds. When she had ruined her voice the manager had abandoned her. The poor child, hungry and cold, sought the St. Paul Asylum. She has a shelter here while she lives. She knits, sings, and, perhaps, sighs for the time when she heard the crowd clap after she had sung her piece.

A blind Sister, with one who has her sight, looks after the workshop. There is but one kind of work here—knitting; it seems to have become mechanical; they knit without thinking, as one breathes without knowing it. Four of the young girls sang a quartette for us, but they knit all the time without ceasing; the blind Sister beat time with her head, but continued to knit; the women in the shop turned toward the singers, listened, and knit. The blind Sisters teach this work. It takes about six weeks to make a skillful knitter, and initiate her into all the mysteries. They earn very little money in this way, however. The wool and patterns are furnished by the contractor, and for the knitting of a pair of child's socks they will pay but a few cents. It takes a skillful knitter at least four hours to do the work, and then the work must be finished off by some one who sees, the buttons put on, the buttonholes made, and the ornaments attached. In spite of the great industry of the workers the shop earns in this way only about 1,300 francs per year. The great curse which burdens the blind, above all blind women, is that they can not earn a livelihood. It is safe to say that were it not for the Sisters of St. Paul all the persons whom I saw there would have died of hunger. There has been an effort made to find a trade for blind women by which they could at least earn their bread; it has not succeeded. The affliction is so heavy that it seems to paralyze their energies. One trade which seems peculiarly suitable for them, which is learned quickly and requires only a little attention, is that of making lines for fishing, and the like; the tools needed are not costly, and the trade is easy. Many of the blind practice it, and some are very skillful; yet, by the busiest day's work, they can not earn more than fifteen cents. It is ridiculous to think of furnishing food, clothing and lodgings, on this sum. There has been a great deal of ingenuity spent in trying to teach them trades which require great skill; tact, however, can never take the place of sight. This fact has been forgotten by those who have tried to profit by the services of the blind, rather than put the means of earning their daily bread into their hands. An attempt was made to teach them to turn articles, but the re-

sults were curious rather than useful. The trade which they are taught should be as easy as possible; the method should be simple, the tools few and easily handled. Knitting is the model work for them.

Passing from the work-room we enter the children's department. There are three classes, corresponding to the ages of the pupils: the intermediate, primary, and the school for the very young. Every one is blind, and as in the workroom, they knit, or rather learn to knit in the intervals between their lessons and play. I find that the same methods for teaching reading and writing are used as are common in institutions for the blind. The instruments for writing are the point, the tablet, and the guide invented by Louis Brille. This system satisfies the intellectual needs of the blind, but does not permit them to enter into communication with persons who have not studied the system. In this system each letter of the alphabet, each figure, each punctuation mark forms in relief a certain number of points. By pressing the ends of the fingers over the projecting points of these letters a blind person will read as rapidly as a person who sees will read the printed volume. Often I have seen the blind follow the lines of one of these books with his left hand, while with his right he reproduced it on M. Brille's apparatus. A blind man named Foucant invented a very ingenious instrument composed of ten blunt points fastened in an iron triangle, and furnished with a spring. The instrument is mounted on a guide whose ten ends move in the groove of a frame. The apparatus moves on the guide from left to right, as in writing, and the guide moves up and down to mark the lines. The base of six points are placed in juxtaposition, and rest on a sheet of lead, the black surface of which is applied to a sheet of white paper; by striking the head of the point there is obtained a black point. By this means Roman letters are formed, each letter being composed of several points; in one word I counted fifty-eight. By this instrument some of the blind write very rapidly, and it is very valuable to them, as it gives them an opportunity to correspond with those who see; but this writing, clear as it is, has one great drawback; the blind can not read it. The impression produced by the stroke of the point is too feeble to be perceptible to the most delicate touch. After this invention, there still remained the problem of giving the blind a method of writing which could be read by them and by those who see. I believe that the problem has been solved. Count Jay de Beaufort has invented a very simple system. Abandoning the methods of Brille and Foucant, the Roman letters and the English writing, he has adopted a kind of heavy sloping style of writing which resembles the round hand, and is written wrong side to, like engravers' and lithographers' work. A little time and attention enables the pupil to master this style. A sheet of paper, which is at the same time solid and soft, is placed on a frame containing a tablet which is marked with deep, straight and longitudinal furrows. By these furrows a straight line is obtained, and the distance between them determines the height of the letters. A light cloth covers the tablet. When the paper is placed on the frame and over the cloth, a letter made on it will of course be raised. That is, the layer of cloth underneath the paper causes each mark to indent the paper without breaking it. With a point or style the letters are traced on the paper. When the page is detached and turned over, the raised letters appear, recognizable to the eyes, and to the touch of the finger. The blind greatly appreciate this system, which is superior to all that have been invented for them, for it is the only one which puts into their hands a sure means of communication with those who see. Count Jay de Beaufort kindly gives lessons at the Institution for Blind Young People, and among the Sisters of St. Paul has trained several teachers, who in their turn are instructing their pupils.

The pupils that I saw in the children's classes are not yet large enough to be set at Beaufort's system. The studies taught there resemble those in all primary schools: Reading,

writing, numbers, history and geography. They omit sewing which is too difficult, and embroidery, which is impossible. Very often they have lessons in composition to teach them to unravel their thoughts and express them with precision, a thing which is difficult for those who see, but which must be very painful for the blind. I wished at one time to assure myself of the degree of advancement in the intermediate class, where the girls were from fourteen to sixteen years old, and I asked the three most advanced pupils to write an essay on a given subject—a walk into the country. Of course the subject was interesting only as it was being written on by the blind, and I hoped to find some expressions which would denote the peculiar feeling which they experienced. But, no; their instruction had come from those who could see, and they employed the language of their teachers, not even modifying it to fit their infirmity. The three essays were very little different in form. They all described a trip which they had taken to the suburbs of Paris. "It was a beautiful morning of spring time." "It was a beautiful morning in the month of May," was the general tone; but I shrugged my shoulders in impatience when I read: "What a delightful prospect met our view." It made me think of a composition prepared by a deaf mute in which he spoke of "The symphony of the song of the birds, and the musical murmur of crystalline springs." In their desire to appropriate feelings which they can not understand, these poor people try to reproduce a language which to them can mean nothing.

There is much that is strange about the dreams of the blind. I was struck with this while talking with some young people in the Institute for the Blind. They told me complacently of what they "saw" in their dreams. I was puzzled to know whether the dream of a blind person was like that of one who could see. I have found that the blind who have had their sight up to the age of reason, for a long time preserve the dreams of the time when they could see, as if the stored-up images reproduced themselves in the night. Little by little these images grow feeble, become dull, confused, and end by disappearing after fifteen or twenty years of blindness. As for those who are born blind, their dreams are in black. I convinced myself of this at Saint Paul, where I often talked with three blind Sisters who were very intelligent. They explained to me that the phenomena of their dreams were borrowed from the sense of touch and hearing, and never from sight.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

DUTIES OF WOMEN AS MISTRESSES OF HOUSEHOLDS.

By FRANCES POWER COBBE.

I have no sympathy at all with those ladies who are seeking to promote coöperative housekeeping—in other words, to abolish the institution of the home. There may be, indeed, specially gifted women—artists, musicians, literary women—whom I could imagine finding it an interruption to their pursuits to take charge of a house. But, strange to say, though I have had a pretty large acquaintance with many of the most eminent of such women, I have almost invariably found them particularly proud of their housekeeping, and clever at the performance of all household duties, not excepting the ordering of “judicious” dinners. Not to make personal remarks on living friends, I will remind you that the greatest woman mathematician of any age, Mary Somerville, was renowned for her good housekeeping, and, I can add from my own knowledge, was an excellent judge of a well-dressed *déjeuner*; while Madame de Staël, driven by Napoleon from her home, went about Europe, as it was said, “preceded by her reputation and followed by her cook.”

Rather, I suspect, it is not higher genius, but feeble inability to cope with the problems of domestic government, which generally inspires the women who wish to abdicate their little household thrones. Some sympathy may be given to them, but I should be exceedingly sorry to see many women catching up the cry and following their leading to the dismal *disfranchisement* of the home—the practical homelessness of American boarding-houses or Continental *pensions*. I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a “failure” in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

The making of a true home is really our peculiar and inalienable right—a right which no man can take from us; for a man can no more make a home than a drone can make a hive. He can build a castle or a palace; but—poor creature!—be he wise as Solomon and rich as Croesus, he can not turn it into a home. No masculine mortal can do that. It is a woman, and only a woman—a woman all by herself, if she likes, and without any man to help her—who can turn a house into a home. Woe to the wretched man who disputes her monopoly, and thinks, because he can arrange a club, he can make a home! Nemesis overtakes him in his old bachelorhood, when a home becomes the supreme ideal of his desires; and we see him—him who scorned the home-making of a lady—obliged to put up with the oppression of his cook or the cruelty of his nurse!

In the first place, if home be our kingdom, it must be our joy and privilege to convert that domain, as quickly and as perfectly as we may, into a little province of the Kingdom of God; for remember that we may look on all our duties in this cheering and beautiful light—first, to set up God's Kingdom in our own hearts, making them pure and true and loving, and then to make our homes little provinces of the same kingdom, and, lastly, to try to extend that kingdom through the world—the empire of Justice, Truth and Love. We are entirely responsible for our own souls, and very greatly responsible for those of all the dwellers in our homes; and, in a lesser way, we are answerable for each widening circle beyond us. How shall we set about making our homes provinces of the Divine Kingdom?

1. Nobody must be morally the worse for living under our roof, if we can possibly help it. It is the *minimum* of our duties to make sure that temptations to misconduct or intemperance are not left in any one's way, or bad feelings suffered to grow up, or habits of moroseness or domineering formed, or quarrels kept hot, as if they were toasts before the kitchen fire. As much as possible, on the contrary, everybody must be

helped to be better—not made better by act of the drawing-room, remember—that is impossible—but *helped* to be better. The way to do this, I apprehend, is neither very much to scold, or exhort, or insist on people going to church whether they like it or not, or reading family prayers (excellent though that practice may be), but rather to spread through the house such an atmosphere of frank confidence and kindness with servants, and of love and trust with children and relations, that bad feelings and doings will really have no place, no temptation, and, if they intrude, will soon die out.

One such point out of many I may cite as specially concerning us women. Is it not absurd for a lady who spends hundreds of pounds and thousands of hours on her toilet, and takes evident pleasure in attracting admiration in fashionable raiment not always perfectly decent, to turn and lecture poor Mary Ann, her housemaid, on sobriety in attire, and set forth to her the peril and folly of flowers in her bonnet? The mistress who dresses modestly and sensibly may reasonably hope in time that her servants will dress modestly and sensibly likewise; but certainly they will not do so while she exhibits to their foolish young eyes the example of extravagance and folly.

2. Next to the *virtue* of those who live in our homes, their *happiness* should occupy us. In the first place, no creature under our roof should ever be miserable, if we can prevent it. In how many otherwise happy homes is there not one such miserable being? Sometimes, it is the sufferers' own fault; their minds are warped and despairful, and our utmost efforts perhaps can only cheer them a little. But much oftener there is to be found in a large household some poor creature who has fallen, through no fault, into the miserable position of the family *butt*—the object of ill-natured and unfeeling jests and rude speeches, the last person to be given any pleasure, and the first person to be made to suffer any privation or ill-temper. Sometimes, it is a poor governess or tutor; sometimes, an old aunt or poor relation; now and then, but rarely in these days, a stupid servant; most often of all, a child, who is, perhaps, a step-child or nephew or niece of the mistress of the house, or, alas! her own child, only deformed in some way, or deficient in intellect. Then, the hapless, frightened creature, afraid of punishment, looks with furtive glances at the frowning faces about it, tries to escape by some little transparent deception, and only incurs the heavier penalty of falsehood and the name of a liar; and so the evil goes on growing day by day. It is astonishing and horrible to witness how the deep-seated, frightful human passion, which I have elsewhere named *heteropathy*, develops itself in such circumstances—the sight of suffering and down-trodden misery exciting not pity, but the reverse—a sort of cruel *aversion* in the bystanders, till the whole household sometimes joins in hating the poor, helpless, and isolated victim.

My friends, if you ever see anything approaching to this in your homes, for God's sake, set your faces like a flint against it! If you dislike and mistrust the poor victim yourself, as you probably will do at first, never mind! Take my word for it, the first thing to be done in the Kingdom of God is to do *justice* to all—to secure that no creature, however mean or even loathsome, should be treated with injustice. If you are, as I am supposing, mistress of the house, stop this persecution with a high hand; and if you have been in any way to blame in it, if it be *your* dislike which you see thus reflected in the faces of your dependants, repent your great fault, and make amends to your victim. If you are not mistress, only a guest perhaps, or a humble friend, even then you can and ought to do much; you can look grave and pained whenever the butt is laughed at and jeered; and you can deliberately fix your eyes on him or her with sympathy, and treat him with respect. Even these little tokens of condemnation of what is going on will have (you may be sure) a startling effect on those whose custom it has become to treat the poor soul with contempt;

and they will probably be angry with you for exhibiting them. You will never have borne resentment for a better cause."

Nor is it only human beings who are thus made too often household victims. You must all know houses where some unlucky animal—a cat or dog—beginning by being the object of somebody's senseless antipathy, becomes the general *souffre-douleur* of masters and servants. The dog or cat (especially if it happens to be cherished by the human victim) is spoken to so roughly, driven out of every room, and perhaps punished for all sorts of offences it has never committed, that the animal assumes a downcast, sneaking aspect, which inevitably produces fresh and fresh *heteropathy*. You attempt, perhaps, to give it a little pat of sympathy, and the poor frightened beast snaps at you, expecting a blow, or runs off to hide under a sofa. Mistresses of homes, don't let there be a dog or a cat or a donkey or any other creature, in or about your homes, which shrinks when a man or woman approaches it. And here I may add that, without thus specially victimizing the animals through dislike, a household frequently makes the life of some poor brute one long martyrdom through neglect. The responsibility for this neglect lies primarily with the mistress of the house. She must not only direct her servants, but see that her directions be carried out, in the way of affording water and food and needful exercise. A pretty "Kingdom of Heaven" some houses would be, if the poor brutes could speak—houses, possibly, with prayers going on twice a day, and grace said carefully before long, luxurious meals, and all the time the children's birds and rabbits left untended in foul cages, without fresh food; mice thrown out of the traps on the fire, aged or diseased cats or superfluous puppies given to boys to destroy in any way their cruel invention may suggest, fowls for the consumption of the house carelessly and barbarously killed; and, worst of all, the poor house-dog, perhaps some loving-hearted little Skye or noble-old mastiff or retriever, condemned for life to the penalties which we should think too severe for the worst of malefactors; chained up by the neck through all the long, bright summer days, under a burning sun, with its water-trough unfilled for days, or through the winter's frost in some dark, sunless corner, freezing with cold and in agonies of rheumatism for want of straw or the chance of warming itself at a fire or by a run in the snow. And all this as a reward for the poor brute's fidelity! When this kind of thing goes on for a certain time, of course the dog becomes horribly diseased. His longing to bound over the fresh grass, expressed so affectingly by his leaps and bounds when we approach his miserable dungeon, is not merely a longing for his natural pleasure, but for that which is indispensable to his health—namely, exercise and the power to eat grass; and, if refused, he very soon falls into disease; his beautiful coat becomes mangy, and red; he is irritable, and becomes revolting to everybody, and the nurse cries to the children, who were his only friends and visitors, "Don't go near that dog!"

I say it deliberately, the mistress of a house in whose yard a dog is thus kept like a *forçat*—only worse treated than any murderer is treated in Italy—is guilty of a *very great sin*; and till she has taken care that the dog has his daily exercise and water, and that the cat and the fowls and every other sentient creature under her roof is well and kindly treated, she may as well, for shame's sake, give up thinking she is fulfilling her duties by reading prayers and subscribing to missions.

I assume that the master of the house, where there is one, will, as usual, look after the stable department. Where there is no master, or he does not interfere, the mistress is surely responsible for humane treatment of the horses, if she keep any. Further, I think every lady is bound to insist that any horse which draws her shall be free from the misery of a bearing-rein. She ought not to allow her vanity and ambition to be fashionable to induce her to connive at her coachman's laziness and cruelty.

When the mistress of a house has done all she can to pre-

vent the suffering; mental or physical, of any creature, human or infra-human, under her roof, there remains still a delightful field for her ability in actually *giving pleasure*. We all know that life is made up chiefly of little pleasures and little pains, and how many of the former are in the power of the mistress of a house to provide, it is almost impossible to calculate. But let any clever woman simply take it to heart to make everybody about her *as happy as she can*, and the result I believe will always be wonderful. Let her see that, so far as possible, they have the rooms they like best, the little articles of furniture and ornament they prefer. Let her order meals with a careful forethought for their tastes and for the necessities of their health, seeing that every one has what he desires, and making him feel, however humble in position, that his tastes have been remembered. Let her not disdain to pay such attention to the position of the chairs and sofas of the family dwelling-rooms as that every individual may be comfortably placed, and feel that he or she has not been left out in the cold. And, after all these cares, let her try not so much to make her rooms splendid and æsthetically admirable as to make them thoroughly habitable and comfortable for those who are to occupy them; regarding their comfort rather than her own æsthetic gratification. A drawing-room bright and clean, sweet with flowers in summer or with dried rose leaves in winter, with tables at which the inmates may occupy themselves, and easy chairs wherever they are wanted, and plenty of soft light and warmth, or else of coolness adapted to the weather—this sort of room belongs more properly to a woman who seeks to make her house a province of the Kingdom of *Heaven* than one which might be exhibited at South Kensington as having belonged to the Kingdom of *Queen Anne*!

Then, for the moral atmosphere of the house, which depends so immensely on the tone of the mistress, I will venture to make one recommendation. Let it be as gay as ever she can make it. There are numbers of excellent women—the salt of the earth—who seem absolutely oppressed with their consciences, as if they were congested livers. They are in a constant state of anxiety and care; and perhaps, with the addition of feeble health, find it difficult to get through their duties except in a certain lachrymose and dolorous fashion. Houses where these women reign seem always under a cloud, with rain impending. Now, I conceive that good and even high animal spirits are among the most blessed of possessions—actual wings to bear us up over the dusty or muddy roads of life; and I think that to keep up the spirits of a household is not only indefinitely to add to its happiness, but also to make all duties comparatively light and easy. Thus, however naturally depressed a mistress may be, I think she ought to struggle to be cheerful, and to take pains never to quench the blessed spirits of her children or guests. All of us who live long in great cities get into a sort of subdued-cheerfulness tone. We are neither very sad nor very glad.

One word in concluding these remarks on woman's duties as a *Hausfrau*. If we can not perform these well, if we are not orderly enough, clear-headed enough, powerful enough, in short, to fulfil this immemorial function of our sex well and thoroughly, it is somewhat foolish of us to press to be allowed to share in the great housekeeping of the State. My beloved and honored friend, Theodore Parker, argued for the admission of women to the full rights of citizenship and share in government, on the express grounds that few women keep house so badly or with such wastefulness as Chancellors of the Exchequer keep the State, and womanly genius for organization applied to the affairs of the nation would be extremely economical and beneficial. But, if we can not keep our houses and manage our servants, this argument, I am afraid, will be turned the other way; and we shall be told that, *not* having used our one talent, it is quite out of question to give us ten. Having shown ourselves incapable in little things, nobody in their senses will trust us with great ones.

MILITARY PRISONERS AND PRISONS.

By OLIVER W. LONGAN,
Adjutant General's Office, War Department.

Lest the term "military prisoner" should mislead some reader whose recollection of the events of the late civil war, or of the stories concerning the treatment of prisoners brings to mind the captured soldier and his hardships and sufferings, it should be stated that a "prisoner of war" and a "military prisoner" sustain entirely different relations to the authority they serve. The former is a prisoner because of capture and detention by an enemy. The latter is a prisoner undergoing discipline or punishment because of some misdemeanor or crime committed against military law or regulations. In the greatest number of cases the offense is simply an *absence without leave*, now called *desertion*, which is the act of one who wilfully absents himself from his proper command with the intention not to return to it again. A military prisoner may be called a convict, and he may be a criminal, but either name is inappropriate in its ordinary sense. It is true the prisoner has been convicted of an offense against a law, but if a single example may be used to illustrate the majority, his offense has not been prompted by a vicious disposition or an evil nature. His guilt is not such as necessarily indicates degraded impulses or base endowments, hence it is manifest that a well defined line of separation may easily be drawn between the military prisoner and the one who may properly be called a criminal or a convict. The reason is also manifest why the institution where he is to be detained for punishment should be one especially set apart for his class.

It has been stated that the majority of military prisoners have been guilty of the one crime of desertion. The fact is the number will reach eighty-five or ninety out of every hundred. It is proper in this connection to refer to some of the causes or supposed causes for the commission of so serious a crime which, if it could be entirely prevented, would reduce the number of "military prisoners" to an exceedingly small percentage of those who now suffer penalty for a crime committed without criminal intent.

The number of men who applied during the last year for enlistment in the military service of United States was nearly thirty thousand. Of the number applying only about one-third were found qualified. The other two-thirds were rejected on account of disqualifications either legal, moral, social, mental, or physical. About one-twelfth of those rejected were boys under the age of twenty-one years. About the same proportion were foreigners who had not sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable them to learn their duties. Now, if the standard for acceptance be ever so high it can not reach absolute perfection, for there are disabilities or disqualifications which it is impossible to discover, particularly under the effort which is apt to be made by the applicant to conceal his defects, until time and conduct develop them. Manifest defects there are in all who are rejected, yet some, in the natural order of things must come very near the standard, some again, who reach the standard and are accepted, have so little margin upon which they succeed that they are separated a very little from those who are rejected.

The motives are various which induce men in time of peace to relinquish the privileges enjoyed as civilians, to give up their freedom of movement and their right of choice in all things which aid in making up the sum of their liberties, and to voluntarily enter into an agreement obligating themselves for a term of years to render any service that may be ordered by proper authority and accept such remuneration and privileges as may be given them by the same authority, and they are perhaps impossible to enumerate, but it is known that many seek the service for a livelihood, others out of a desire for adventure, others to escape some threatened penalty or impending

difficulty likely to result from the commission of some crime or misdemeanor. Very few enter the first time with any intention of making a profession so poorly paid their own, and none, it may be, have a good idea of what they are to encounter. They are met at the outset with lessons which teach them subordination to a commander rather than to a duty. They find that food and clothing are measured to them by a rule which makes no discrimination between them, and the one with great expectations is under no better care than the one of smallest desires. They receive treatment at the hands of petty officers which they choose to believe is cause for resentment. They incur sharp rebuke for some error or delinquency and seeking redress in their own way, as for an injury, they learn that "what in the captain is but a choleric word, in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

Recollections of home, and repentance for the hasty act which separated them from it, and many other reasons, both real and imaginary, make them feel that they must escape from contact with the source of so many woes, and without designing to commit any crime they become "deserters." It must be admitted that the responsibility rests upon the individual as the cause is primarily in him, and his surrounding circumstances are only secondary, but there is no act called "crime" around which so many mitigating circumstances may be found. We must view the matter as a disease, the conditions for which are favorable in a service into which men are hurried without any instruction in its duties. The *skeleton* army, of which so much is required, demands the rapid replenishing of new flesh to take the place of the old that has yielded to the disease itself. The important question to follow is, what is the remedy and how is it applied? A preventive has been sought with care and diligence, but none has been found. A remedy then is the only recourse, and this must be applied in the shape of discipline or punishment for the offender. If he is of an inquiring turn of mind he may learn first of all that there is an exact measure of value attached to him as a deserter, and that for his capture and delivery to the military authorities the sum of thirty dollars will be paid in full liquidation of the service.

A few words concerning the instrumentalities through which the "military prisoner" receives his punishment will not be out of place. There are three—more correctly four—kinds of tribunals before which a soldier may be brought to answer for his misdeeds, and to receive judgment and sentence. The first to be mentioned is the "field officer's court," which can be appointed only in time of war. This court is one officer, either a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, or major of a regiment, who is detailed by order of a superior officer of the same regiment, or the commander of a brigade, division or corps. The officer so detailed is counsel, jury and judge, and may try the case of any soldier of his own regiment for an offense not capital, and impose sentence. The next in order are the "regimental" and the "garrison" court-martial, differing so little except in the source of appointment, that they need no separate description. They are composed of three officers, and may try and sentence any cases not capital. The authority of these courts with respect to the sentences they may impose is so limited that ordinarily only petty offenses are brought before them, but because of the form of punishment usually imposed the results are anything but beneficial, and it is a question whether it would not be better to wink at the offense than to sensibly degrade the offender and aid him in developing a disposition to repeat breaches of discipline until stronger hands are laid upon him. The last to be mentioned is the "general court-martial," the appointment of which may be made by the general commanding the army, by the general commanding a military department, or in certain cases by the President of the United States.

The system of the military courts which have been mentioned is no doubt as carefully arranged as can be and contemplates as full recognition of the individual rights of the sol-

dier as can be obtained before a civil court under civil law for a civilian. The selection of the officers to compose the courts is a matter of discretion in the authority appointing them, governed only by the exigencies of the service, but after their appointment they are under no restrictions with reference to the extent of the sentences which they shall impose in the cases of soldiers whom they find guilty of desertion, except that in time of peace the death penalty can not be inflicted, and in nearly all other cases the law declares that the punishment shall be such "as a court-martial may direct." The result of this has been and still is a variation in the degrees of punishment for the same offense which defies any calculation outside the theory of chances. None can foresee or measure the considerations or influences which shall give to any case, the circumstances of which can not be just like those of an other case, its quality or quantity of punishment. Probably the disposition to administer severe discipline with the expectation that a pruning by the reviewing authority and a mitigation by the executive authority will most likely follow, is the most common cause of inequality in punishments. The remedy for the evil in the law which fixes no limit must be sought in other legislation, but the possibility of a remedy in a special prison system, and a separate prison for military prisoners drew attention to the duty of providing an institution where inequalities might be removed.

June 30, 1871, a board of officers was appointed of the Secretary of War to investigate the subject of army prisons. The report of this board was transmitted to Congress by the honorable Secretary of War January 16, 1872, with a draft of a bill for consideration. The closing sentence of the letter of transmittal reads as follows: "It is of the utmost importance to the efficiency of our army that a thorough and practical system of punishment and military discipline be established, and experience has proven that the one now in use is wholly inadequate to meet the end desired." After due consideration the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives made a favorable report to the House May 7, 1872, in which, after mentioning certain facts concerning 384 military prisoners then distributed in the penitentiaries of eleven states, and the guard-houses of thirty-two military posts, these words occur: "Many of these prisoners have been guilty of crimes against military law, and not involving any moral turpitude. They are cast into prison with the basest characters and punished with 'those stained by every crime known to the law.' Your committee feel convinced that this can not be done without injury to the prisoner whose offense may have been affected with but slight moral obliquity. To prevent this unnecessary contamination we think a separate prison should be provided." This was followed within a year by the passage of an act which was approved by the President and became a law March 3, 1873, "to provide for the establishment of a military prison, and for its government."

The law required that the prison should be established on Rock Island, Illinois, an island in the Mississippi of about 1,000 acres, and about 180 miles west of Chicago. It is now entirely devoted to the purposes of an extensive government arsenal. It also required the appointment of a board of commissioners, to consist of three officers of the army and two persons from civil life,* who were to adopt a plan for a prison building and to frame regulations for the prison. Its provisions required frequent inspections—twice each year by the Secretary of War and the board of commissioners, and four times a year by one of the inspectors of the army (monthly inspections are also made by the principal medical officer in the Department of the Missouri), all of which were intended to be, and are, so many safeguards against any neglect or failure in the proper and humane treatment of the prisoners. The law also provided for mitigations of sentence for good conduct and

industry, for the care of the health and physical wants of prisoners. It gave the privilege of using newspapers and books, and of writing letters to friends, and directed that they be furnished decent clothing on discharge from the prison. The location was afterward changed from Rock Island, Illinois, to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. This change was authorized by an act of Congress approved May 21, 1874, which placed the prison where it is now situated, on the west bank of the Missouri river, about thirty miles north of Kansas City, Mo., and three miles from the city of Leavenworth, Kansas.

To trace the history of the prison through the first decade of its existence would be more tedious than interesting. Its progress has been similar to that of all other new institutions of this country which are destined to become permanent. The obstacles in the way of its establishment have not been trifling, and amongst those whose duties brought them to take part in its affairs, not all have been favorable to the system undertaken, particularly with reference to the idea of utilizing the labor of the prisoners for the benefit of the army. Prudence and zeal on the part of the commissioners of the prison and the commandant have overcome all difficulties, and if there are to-day any remaining objections of the kind indicated, they are not proclaimed.

The officers of the prison are a commandant, an executive, an adjutant, a commissary, a chaplain, and a surgeon. The guard comprises two officers and one hundred men. Within an enclosure of about five acres, surrounded by a stone wall averaging in height about 18 feet, surmounted at intervals of from two hundred to three hundred feet with brick watch towers, are located the offices, the hospital, the chapel, the library, the dormitories, the workshops and the store-houses of the prison. The buildings, except the hospital, are of stone or brick, and upon all of the new buildings, as well as the wall, the work has been done by prisoners.

The great features of the institution are quiet and decorum under a kind but absolutely firm administration. Its chief object is the reformation of its inmates, to which end the efforts of the authorities are constantly directed.

The labor of the prisoners is devoted to the manufacture of wagons, harness, shoes, boots, clothing, chairs, brooms and brushes, solely for army supplies and prison uses; to the manufacture of doors and windows and their frames, and to the cultivation of a large farm to obtain produce for the prison; also to the incidental work connected with the prison in its buildings and repairs and sanitary condition. During the eight working hours of each day except Sundays and holidays the hum of machinery and the arrival of material and departure of manufactured articles give the place the appearance of a large manufactory, and a tour through the busy workshops may be made with scarcely a sight of anything in dress or appearance to tell of the character of the place as a penal institution. The greater number of prisoners being under sentence for terms of two years (the sentences are equalized as far as possible by executive orders, after the arrival of the men at the prison), the system under which they are brought gives them knowledge in some mechanical pursuit, trains them in habits of cleanliness, regularity, and sobriety, and subjects them to wholesome discipline which, in that length of time, must work a "correction of life and manners" as far as any human rule can govern the matter. A Christian minister fills the office of chaplain and devotes his entire time to the secular and religious instruction of the prisoners. A library of 1,300 volumes is open to the use of the prisoners, from which they obtain books for reading in leisure hours. As an indication of their tastes the kind of books read may be divided by the hundred into—light literature 56, magazines 25, biography 6, history 4, miscellany 4, travels and science each 3, religious 2.

Since the establishment of the prison more than thirty-two hundred men have been received, and the average number constantly present is five hundred. An abatement of five days

*The places of the civilian commissioners were discontinued by act of June 22, 1874.

for each month of good conduct is allowed, and only thirty-seven have failed to obtain their liberty prior to the expiration of their full terms. Only twenty-two deaths have occurred, showing that even under the disadvantages always present in prisons, and with the class of men found there, it is possible to reduce the ill effects of prison life upon the physical system to almost nothing. Punishment for bad conduct in the prison is in harmony with the purposes of the prison, and in most cases the abatement above mentioned forms a credit account against which the prisoners are careful not to permit debits to be entered. On discharge from prison each prisoner receives a suit of clothing and five dollars, and, if his conduct has been good, a certificate which may enable him again to enter the service as a soldier, if he so desires.

It is not an idle boast to say that the military prison system embodies more than the good features of other systems, and in holding reformation above punishment, providing food, clothing, treatment and surroundings with as little of the stamp of prison upon them as possible, placing the control in the hands of officers thoroughly acquainted with the service from which the prisoners come and the influences which bring them under discipline, shutting out all the evils of the *contract system* under which prisoners are hired out as beasts of burden to toil for money which they do not receive, and finally offering them the confidence placed only in men intrusted with honorable public service, the military authorities have found the method which shall inflict a penalty sufficient for the offense and yet develop that sense in the prisoner which will, as another self, acknowledge for him that at the end of his term he has not paid that penalty in full and is not at liberty to incur another. He will also feel that he has received something from society and good government which demands from him as a willing subject and copartner with all other good citizens of the commonwealth a more careful restraint, which must be self-imposed until a correct observance of all special obligations and a true attitude in all social relations shall become a matter of natural desire.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

"Addison Day"—Thursday, May 1.

"Special Sunday"—May 11.

All communications descriptive of local circles and their work should be sent directly to Dr. T. L. Flood, editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Meadville, Pa. The organization, name, post-office address, and names of officers of local circles should be reported to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

The item in this column for April, concerning the badge of the C. L. S. C. furnished by Mr. Henry Hart, has been misunderstood. A regular official badge of the C. L. S. C. has never yet been adopted, nor is it likely that such badge will be chosen for some time to come. The badge prepared by Mr. Henry Hart has been highly approved by many members, and is widely used. I very much like it, and am glad to know that our members like to wear it. Mr. Hart, being an enthusiastic member of the C. L. S. C., has advertised the badge widely, and generously proposed to give the C. L. S. C. a percentage on the sales. There could have been no selfishness in Mr. Hart's motive in this proposal, and, in declining to receive such percentage, I did not reflect upon him in the slightest degree. He is an amiable, trustworthy, generous-hearted and honorable member of the C. L. S. C., and it will be a long time before another badge will be proposed as a substitute for his. Send to Mr. Henry Hart, Atlanta, Ga., for a C. L. S. C. badge.

New students of the C. L. S. C. beginning with 1884-'85 will devote the most of the year to Greek History and Literature. The "Brief History of Greece," the "Preparatory Greek Course

in English," the "College Greek Course in English," and Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN concerning Greek Mythology and Ancient Greek Life, will make the first year of the new class a "Greek Year." Members of the classes of '85, '86, and '87, having read the Greek History and the Preparatory Greek Course in English, will be required to read only the College Greek Course in English and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

In addition to the Readings in Greek History and Literature, we shall have Readings in Physical Science, in Chemistry, in Zoölogy, etc. Several admirable features will enter into the new year's course.

Let me exhort members of the class of '84 to be ready for the "Opening of the Gate," August 19, at Chautauqua, or for the "Recognition Services" at Framingham, Lakeside, Island Park, Monona Lake, Monteagle, and elsewhere.

President Seelye, of Amherst College, is to deliver the annual address on the occasion of the "Recognition" of the class of '84 at Framingham, Mass.

Counselor Wm. Cleaver Wilkinson will probably deliver the address on Commencement Day at Chautauqua, August 19.

Members of the class of 1884 are not required to read the "Hall in the Grove," the "Outline Study of Man," and "Hints for Home Reading," but will receive a seal for the reading of the "Hall in the Grove," "Hints for Home Reading," and "Home-College Series" of tracts, price five cents each, as follows: No. 1, Thomas Carlyle; No. 2, William Wordsworth; No. 4, Henry W. Longfellow; No. 8, Washington Irving; No. 13, George Herbert; No. 17, Joseph Addison; No. 18, Edmund Spenser; No. 21, William Hickling Prescott; No. 23, William Shakspeare; No. 26, John Milton. These can be obtained of Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y. City, or of Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati, O., or Chicago, Ill.

If, since joining the Circle, one has had to study certain books in order to prepare for a teacher's certificate, and then takes up one of the special courses in which some of these books are required, will it be necessary to re-read them? Answer: No.

Where are we to put the White and White Crystal Seals after we get the blank spaces on the base of the pyramid on the diploma filled up? There are only seven spaces at the bottom, and where, after these are filled, will we put the two extra ones we receive each year? Answer: On the spaces of the pyramid. White Seals as well as special may go on the pyramid.

Will a special course in mathematics be added to the list? Answer: There will be such a course before long.

Members of Pacific Branch of the class of 1884 are not required to read Bushnell's "Character of Christ," as announced in the superintendent's address sent out last autumn.

The paragraph quoted from Green, in "Pictures from English History," pp. 289-290, should appear under the heading "Edward I.," page 237, instead of as pertaining to "Edward III."

"My religion is very simple," said Napoleon to Monge. "I look at this universe so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it can not be the work of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown omnipotent being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers and you will not find a stronger or more decisive argument. But this truth is too succinct for man. He wishes to know respecting himself and respecting his future destiny a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose."

THE CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY.

The Chautauqua University is a provision for the higher education of persons who, not being able to leave their homes for college, are willing to give much time and labor to the prosecution of college studies at home, by correspondence under the direction of superior professors.

The curriculum is as comprehensive as that of any college in England or America. The memoranda and final written examination are sufficient to test the pupil's work, attainment, and power.

Pupils may take up one or more departments, spending what time they please upon each, passing the examinations whenever they are ready.

As each course is finished to the satisfaction of the professor a certificate to that effect will be given, and when a required number of certificates is in the possession of the student, he will be entitled to a diploma and a degree.

The University has nothing to do with the C. L. S. C., which is but as an outer court to the temple itself.

The following departments have already been organized:

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

German—Dr. J. H. Worman.

French—Prof. A. Lalande.

Spanish—Dr. J. H. Worman.

English.

Anglo-Saxon—Prof. W. D. MacClintock.

DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

Greek—Henry Lummis, A. M.

New Testament Greek—A. A. Wright, A. M.

Latin—E. S. Shumway, A. M.

Hebrew—W. R. Harper, Ph. D.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics—D. H. Moore, A. B.

It will be the aim of the Mathematical Department to aid students in pursuing thoroughly the regular college mathematical course, and thereby in getting the peculiar mental drill derived from the study of pure mathematics and in acquiring a facility in its practical application. Requirements for entrance:

Higher Arithmetic.—Including the Metric system.

Algebra.—The equivalent of Loomis' Algebra, chapters i-xx, or in other treatises everything with the exception of Logarithms and the Theory of Equations.

Geometry.—The equivalent of Chauvenet's Geometry, Books i-iii, or other works up to the discussion of the areas of figures, with *exercises* illustrative of the principles of the text; such as are appended to Chauvenet, Todhunter's Euclid, Davies' Legendre, etc. A readiness in the proof of such theorems, and in the accurate solution of such problems with rule and dividers is necessary.

THE COURSE IN MATHEMATICS.

I.

Algebra.—Logarithms, Theory of Equations.

Geometry.—Plane Geometry finished.

II.

Geometry.—Solid and Spherical.

Trigonometry.—Plane, Analytical and Spherical.

III.

Trigonometry.—Applications to Mensuration, Surveying and Navigation.

Analytical Geometry.

Although it is humiliating to confess, yet I do confess that cleanliness and order are not matters of instinct; they are matters of education, and like most things—mathematics and classics—you must cultivate a taste for them.—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

MAY, 1884.

The Required Readings for May are: "Pictures from English History" to chapter xxi, page 139; Chautauqua Text-Books No. 4, English History, and No. 23, English Literature; and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending May 8).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 9 to "Dunstan," page 41.

2. Readings in Roman History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 4 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending May 16).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 41 to "The Assassination of Archbishop Becket," page 75.

2. Readings in Commercial Law in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 11 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending May 23).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 75 to "Bannockburn," page 107.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 18 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending May 30).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 107 to "The Battle of Agincourt," page 139.

2. Readings in United States History and American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 25 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

The budget of Local Circle letters which strew our table so thickly each month brings us from the scattered and lonely members many a bit of pathos, of failing courage or of hard experience that makes us long for a few moments of personal greeting in which to wish them good cheer and good courage. There are numberless lonely readers who feel as an Illinois friend who writes us: "I have no outside encouragement. And when I come home from the school room I am too tired and sleepy to read anything except a newspaper or story. In the morning I have my school work to do, and the children's lessons to look over, so that I have become almost discouraged, and have about decided to give up the course." There is many a one who can say with one of our friends: "I have never seen a Chautauquan except myself," or who is like one of our Texas school teachers: "Hard worked and lonely, with no one with whom to exchange views, and no stimulus from a local circle."

Much discouragement results from poverty. There are many brave, willing men and women whose hard struggle to support themselves and those dependent upon them make it very difficult for them to obtain even the books for the C. L. S. C. One friend writes us from Texas: "Our great drawback is lack of funds with which to purchase books. To cite my own case as an example: I support my aged parents, my young sister (who is studying at the State Normal School this year), and myself, all on a salary of fifty dollars per month. Of course my first duty is to keep myself supplied with educational literature, being a teacher. And when the end of each month comes there is little of my salary left with which to purchase C. L. S. C. books. I am determined, however, to finish the course *some time*—if not in 1886, then in 1896."

It often happens that the time of a reader is so constantly occupied by work that it is only by tireless energy that the reading can be done. In a cheery Ohio letter we have found a specimen of determination in the face of such difficulties, which makes us friends at once with the writer. "I have heartily enjoyed the studies, and am only sorry that I have not been more successful in my efforts to get others interested. I have no intention of severing my connection with the Circle, but shall read on until every vacant space on my diploma has its appropriate seal. Like many others, I pursue my studies under difficulties. Having no one to look to for support I am obliged

by my own labor, not only to maintain myself, but assist in taking care of my widowed mother. All day, and during the busy season until late in the evening, I am confined to my place at the cashier's desk in a large retail dry goods store. No chance to read, and not much to think of anything except my work. I go home at night too weary in body and brain to do anything but rest up for next day's work. Then again, during dull seasons there are times when I can have a book or paper at the store, and occasionally read a few pages, consequently my progress is rather irregular."

The cheerless, dreary distance that separates some of our friends from all the conveniences which railroads, telegraph and telephone offer, brings its peculiar trials. From the Great North Woods of Michigan a letter tells how THE CHAUTAUQUAN finds its way to the writer by being carried from a post-office by a "tote" team for twenty-four miles; how it often comes wet, torn and crumpled by the carelessness of a careless teamster, but it always gets there, and is received eagerly. It is the only magazine which goes into those parts, and is looked upon by the ignorant woodsmen as something almost beyond their conception, as a majority of them can not read or write, and many can not spell their own names. The writer adds: "In a few weeks I shall leave the forest, as lumbering has commenced to wane for this year, but when I shall think of my life in the wilderness among bears, deer and wolves, I shall be reminded of the C. L. S. C. as the oasis in the path of my living in the woods."

A similar case is that of a lady who writes from Norway House, Winnipeg, Manitoba: "You know in our isolated home we are almost shut out from the outside world, and have but little communication with it. We receive and send letters between three or four times during the year. Our last packet came in in September, and now we hope in a few days to receive our winter packet." And from Rosser, Manitoba, a letter comes from the prairie home of a brother and sister who are reading alone because, as they say: "It is impossible for us to form a local circle here, as we are comparatively alone. We are not at all discouraged, though without lectures or inspiration of any kind, excepting such as we receive from the perusal of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. But sometimes we feel a little isolated, as regards our connection with the C. L. S. C., away out here in the Northwest, and would like to draw a little nearer the Circle."

It may seem to some that true intellectual culture is not within the reach of persons so hampered by circumstances. There is a true and strong paragraph in Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" which may be a help to the discouraged: "Intellectual life is really within the reach of every one who earnestly desires it. * * The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts, and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any very considerable amount of information. * * Intellectual living is not so much an accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. It is the continual exercise of a firmly noble choice between the larger truth and the lesser, between that which is perfectly just and that which falls a little short of justice." Such life is within the reach of us all, and that it is within our reach, whatever be our discouragements, it is the aim of our Circle to prove.

The day of February in the C. L. S. C. calendar was, of course, Longfellow's Day. It is long over now, but if we read our letters aright, the mirth and pleasure of the time will gladly be recalled. There are so many reports that we can only glance at them, though the ring of each one is so genuine an expression of a royal good time that we would like to give them *in toto*. Rutland, Vt., has three Chautauqua literary circles, in successful operation, the eldest having already completed a two years' course. At the invitation of Alpha chapter, the three

circles met for the observance of the poet Longfellow's birthday. The entertainment was a great success. The Hockawanna, Conn., circle gave a pleasant entertainment to their friends on the occasion; this circle is very prosperous, their excellent "order of exercises" for their weekly meetings has one item which each circle should adopt—the "social" which follows the literary work. At Havana, N. Y., the circle is not, they say, as strong numerically as some of their neighbors, but in enthusiasm it is a giant. The Longfellow Memorial Day was observed by the circle with exercises whose sentiments, they write us, "Varied from the most classical passage of the *Morituri Salutamus*' to 'Mr. Finney had a turnip, and it grew, and it grew,'" etc. A pretty device of the supper with which they closed their evening is new to us: Within each napkin was found a souvenir card, adorned with sentiments from Longfellow, which were read aloud, amid much mirth as well as pleasure. Excellent programs have been forwarded us of the exercises held by the circles of Granville, N. Y., Angelica, N. Y., and Henrietta, N. Y. The local paper of Phillipsburg, N. J., contains an interesting account of the memorial evening there, and speaks some kindly words about the influence the reading is exerting. The "Frances E. Willard Circle," of Philadelphia, enjoyed, as they write, an evening which was a thorough success. Dainty cards, bearing their well arranged program, and an invitation to be present, reached us. If they were samples of the management of the "Memorial," it must have been a fine success. The Elizabeth, Pa., local circle was honored with a full account of their Longfellow evening in a local paper. This class numbers over a score of deeply interested members; of it the paper sent us says: "This society's aims and advantages are not properly appreciated in the community, or it would be besieged with applications for membership." In Charleston, West Va., a delightful two hours were spent over music, essays and recitations. One of the pleasantest features was an article by Lyman Whiting, D.D., now of Cambridge, Mass., formerly an honored member of their circle, giving an account of a visit just made to Longfellow's home, and accompanied by an autograph of the poet, and a leaf from his favorite olive tree. Our thanks are due to the Alpha circle of Atlanta, Ga., and the Philomathean, of Sabina, O., for programs of their evenings with the poet, and our hearty congratulations to the members of the circle at Belding, Mich., who are so elated, as no doubt they have reason to be, over the success of their first public entertainment. A very interesting feature of the memorial at Plymouth, Indiana, was the music. The song, "The Light of Stars," and the translation "Beware," were set to music by one of the members, Mr. G. O. Work, a blind gentleman, a graduate of the asylum for the blind, at Indianapolis. The circle at Roscoe, Ill., gave a public entertainment in honor of the day, which was largely attended. This circle has made admirable progress this year, increasing from twelve to twenty-six. Among their number is a lady nearly eighty-nine years old, who does all the reading, and enjoys it.

At Waupun, Wis., the C. L. S. C. is now in its fifth year. The interest is increasing, the circle numbering fourteen members, all ladies, four of whom have graduated in the Chautauqua course, but still continue to meet with the circle, encouraging it by their presence and interest in the Chautauqua work. They held a social and literary entertainment on February 26, which was very enjoyable.

Where there are two or more circles in a town, of course the best and most social way is to unite. At La Crosse, Wis., the Alpha and Athene had a union meeting of this kind on Longfellow's Day, and at Des Moines, Iowa, the six Chautauqua circles of the city, with their friends, spent the afternoon of the 27th together, and carried out a fine program. This city has a population of 35,000. It has two German clubs, a large and flourishing French club, several Shakspeare clubs and many musical societies. With all these it has six Chautauqua classes.

the Alpha, the branch Alpha, the Sycamore Street, the Rebecca, the Methodist Episcopal, the North Hill; all organized in October, 1882; the Vincent, organized October, 1883. Is there anywhere an equal to this?

Burlington, Iowa, prepared a special program for the evening of their Longfellow memorial, and write us that it was the most enjoyable occasion of the winter. The prosperous class of twenty-two at Wyandotte, Kansas, and the one at Hiawatha, also remembered the day. This latter circle divides itself into two divisions for ordinary occasions, each having its president; for all special services they join their forces. The first and only Longfellow debate that we met with in examining the reports was in the program which we received of the union meeting of the Omaha and Council Bluffs circles. It was no doubt the spice so needful in any literary program, and, perhaps, took the place of "Mr. Finney and his turnip." The subject was: "*Resolved*, That the Excelsior Youth was a Crank." The last item comes from the Pacific coast, from the *Daily Democrat*, of Santa Rosa, Cal.: "The Chautauqua Literary and Social Club has had an existence in this city for over three years, and now numbers over twenty members, who determined to observe Longfellow's anniversary in a becoming manner. About one hundred invitations were issued, and we guess all were accepted. The hall never presented a prettier appearance than on that night, and we believe that no audience was ever better pleased or more agreeably entertained than those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations to be present on that occasion."

Two villages on the shores of the beautiful Casco Bay, Me., have united for work, and send us cheering words of their prosperity. They have followed the invaluable plan of supplementing certain branches in the course by additional readings; adopting United States History as their "special," they have devoted three months to "Barnes' History of the United States," a text book used in their public schools. In connection with this study they have had readings each evening from "Bryant's Popular History of the United States," on the most interesting topics. We have seen this idea carried out most successfully in a little circle of fifteen in Meadville, Pa., the home of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The class decided to spend their time on Art, following as an outline the art readings in the course, Lübke, the Britannica, and the new series of English "Handbooks of Art" have become their right-hand men, while books of travels, stray waifs of description in novels, old newspaper pictures, Soule's photographs, anything and everything obtainable are used to strengthen their impression and help them to get clear ideas of temples, statues and pictures. Of course all the readings have been done, but nothing has been taken up in the circle except art. This "Casco Bay Circle" has a method of "keeping up the interest," which has never failed to be attractive since the time of our great-grandfathers' spelling schools. They divided their circle into two sides. The same sides are kept each evening, and at the end of the year the defeated side, the one that has failed to answer the most questions, is to furnish a treat to the victorious one. The secretary adds: "We find that this plan adds very much to the interest of the circle, and that the lessons are more carefully prepared. By request of the president, no text book is taken to any regular meeting of the circle. The teacher being the only one that has a text book, the attention of the class is secured, and more benefit is derived from the meetings in every way."

From Vermont two circles report, one from Burlington, with a membership of fifteen, and another from Cambridge.

From Windsor, Ct., they write us: "We have a circle here numbering about fifteen, and composed of the best talent our town can boast of." And from Deep River, of the same state, the "Ivy Branch" of the C. L. S. C. is reported, "loyal and hopeful, with growing enthusiasm, attachments and interest."

One of the most thorough and practical methods of extending

the influence of the C. L. S. C. is to bring it before the young people of high schools, who are just forming reading habits, and are particularly in need of being directed to the best books. The Pallas Circle, of Wareham, Mass., have hit upon a splendid idea. Upon Longfellow's Day they sent the following invitation to their exercises: "Compliments of the Pallas Circle, C. L. S. C., for Wednesday evening, February 27, to meet the graduating class of the Wareham High School." Such an invitation would commend itself at once to the young people, and undoubtedly increase the circle.

Two new circles, each of eighteen members, have reported from Massachusetts this month; one from Jamaica Plains, and another from Haverhill. Also from Providence, R. I., the Whittier Circle has come to join the ranks. The wonderful growth of the class of '87 in New England, is no doubt largely due to the energetic work of the organization which was made at Framingham last summer. The president of this New England branch of class '87 informs us that he has ready for mailing a circular of suggestions, according to a vote taken at Framingham last summer. Any New England member of class '87 who has not received a copy of the same, may apply to Rev. George Benedict, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.

From New York City we hear of a circle with a membership of fourteen young ladies, which has been in existence since October, 1882. It is known as the "Alden" local circle, and has as an emblem "the Pansy."

The C. L. S. C. Alumni, of Pittsburgh, Pa., by its constitution, provides for three entertainments each year, viz.: A banquet for its members, a lecture, and a public meeting, the speakers being members of the Alumni. The first year's course was a success in every particular, notably the lecture by Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D., which was delivered to a very large and highly appreciative audience. Of this year the secretary writes: "So far we have been grandly successful, in spite of wind and storm. Such was the miserable weather of January that we were filled with fears for the success of Dr. Vincent's lecture on the 4th of February. As the day drew near, the weather became worse and worse. Pittsburgh, you know, has the reputation of getting up the most miserable weather on the continent, but this winter she has quite outdone her former self. The fourth could not have been more unpromising for an audience, the rivers being at flood height, and still raining and pouring. What was our surprise when we drove to the church to find an audience of five hundred or more, waiting for the distinguished lecturer. Such a surprise was magical in its effect upon the Doctor, for he lectured as he never lectured before—at least so thought his delighted audience. His theme was 'Among the Heights.' The lecture was not only a success, but a triumph, placing the lecturer in the front ranks of the giant minds now upon the platform of the lecture field. Neither rain or howling storm can keep a Pittsburgh audience at home, when Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., is the lecturer."

On Sabbath, February 10, Dr. Vincent was in Washington, where the Chautauqua Vesper Services were held at his suggestion. They write us that as usual "he made many converts."

One of the members of the Wheeling, W. Va., circle enthusiastically writes: "Our circle here has never been so large as it is this winter. We were so pleased with the work of last winter that we kept up our meetings all summer, studying American Literature. In this way we gained many new members."

Perhaps there is nowhere a circle more to be congratulated on its leader than the one at Akron, O. That the members heartily appreciate this, too, we can plainly tell from the report which we have lately received. The writer asks: "Have you heard with what success our circle in Akron is being conducted? Were we to tell you the name of our president, that would suffice any Chautauquan mind why we succeed. The president of

Chautauqua, Lewis Miller, is our president. What do we do at our meetings? There is no routine; but everything for variety and interest. One evening Dr. Vincent was with us and gave his grand lecture, 'Parlor Talk.' Mrs. Clement Smith, on 'Literature and Reformation,' occupied one evening. Two evenings were spent with stereopticon views (furnished by our president), the descriptions being given, and points of interest pointed out, and historical accounts given by a citizen who has traveled in Europe extensively. One evening was devoted entirely to Italy's capital, St. Peter's Church being described. Then one of our resident architects talked to us on 'Architecture,' with illustrations. Several evenings were given to literature. Our president is soon to give us a paper on 'Political Economy.'"

In a letter from an Illinois lady we find a most enthusiastic notice of the circle at McLeansboro, Ill. She says: "There may be larger and more intelligent circles, but I am sure none more enthusiastic."

In the City of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, there is a housekeepers' circle, which has been named the "Alpha," as three or four other classes have been organized in the city. It is composed entirely of busy housekeepers, who of all people, perhaps, find it the hardest work to control their time, but they write that for the sake of the inspiration and encouragement which they find their studies give to their daily duties, they are willing to make any sacrifice of pleasure or convenience."

Strawberry Point, Iowa, has a circle of six members, which reports a growing appreciation of the course, and at Humboldt, Iowa, there is a circle which, though small, can claim a distinction which is certainly very rare: among its members are a little boy of ten years, and his grandmother, aged eighty. Jefferson, Texas, formed a C. L. S. C. class in 1880. An active membership of twenty is now in existence there, and the work is zealously done.

It is impossible for us to insert all the reports which have reached us at this writing, but in order of date they will be used. We sometimes receive letters complaining that reports have been sent but not used. Every report sent to THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be used, but, of course, the first coming must be first served.

The following circles were noticed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1882-3, but not reported to the Plainfield office. No names being given, we have no means of reaching these circles, and will be very glad if any one will send the names of the officers for 1882-3 or 1883-4 to the office of the C. L. S. C., Plainfield, New Jersey: Clancey, Montana Territory; Flint, Michigan; Friendship, New York; Gloucester, Mass.; Ketchum, Idaho Territory; Little Prairie Ronde, Mich.; Muskegon, Mich.; Magnolia, Mass.; McKeesport, Pa.; Manston, Wis.; New Alexandria, Pa.; North Leeds, Wis.; Picton, Ont., Canada; Pana, Ill.; Portland, Conn.; Phillipsburg, Pa.; Portland, Oregon; Rockbottom, Mass.; Stroudsburg, Pa.; South Marshfield, Mass.; Springville, N. Y.; West Haverhill, Mass.; Westfield, Mass.

The following have been reported to THE CHAUTAUQUAN this year, 1883-4, but not to the Plainfield office: Baltimore, Md., "Eutaw Circle;"* Brazil, Ind., "Philomathean;" Elkhorn, Wis., "Mutual Improvement Society;"* Gillmor, Pa.; Greenville, S. C.; Imlay City, Mich.; La Crosse, Wis.; Milwaukee, Wis., "Bay View;"* Metropolis, Ill.; Memphis, Tenn., "The Southern Circle;"* Mattoon, Ill.; New Bedford, Mass., "Philomaths;"* Picton, Ont., Canada; Osceola, Iowa, two circles; Ravenna, Ohio, "Royal;"* St. Charles, Iowa; Troy, N. Y., "Beman Park Circle;"* Vallejo, Cal.; West Brattleboro, Vermont, "Pansy;"* West Haverhill, Mass.; West Brattleboro, Vermont, "Vincent Circle;"* Wareham, Mass., "The Pallas Circle."

* Circles from the places marked (*) have been reported, but not under the names given above, and as in some cases there are several circles in the same town we do not know to which the names belong.

THE C. L. S. C. IN CANADA.

We were much pleased to receive a full account of the C. L. S. C. work in Canada, from Mr. Lewis C. Peake, the secretary of the famous Toronto Central Circle. We feel quite sure that everyone will be glad to find full reports from Canada in this number. In no former year has so much interest been displayed in the work of the Circle north of the lakes as in the present, although so little has appeared in the columns of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The Canadian edition of the *Popular Education Circular* was distributed lavishly in every province of the Dominion, and in Newfoundland and Bermuda, resulting in the enrollment of about five hundred members into the class of 1887. We have good reason also to know that there has been a corresponding development of interest on the part of members of the earlier classes. Without doubt the year 1883-4 may be regarded as one of healthy progress. This will, I think, be more apparent if the work done at a few points should be considered separately.

At Toronto the Circle has acquired a firm footing. It has come to stay. The missionary work of last year has borne fruit in the formation of four new circles, three of them by distinct request, and as a result of meetings then held.

The campaign for this season opened in September, when the writer delivered an address to the members of the Y. M. C. A., following it up by forming a circle there and then, composed of young men of the association. This circle has met regularly twice a month during the winter, and is doing its part in developing the literary side of the character of the members. Another circle has been formed at the West End Branch Y. M. C. A., which has displayed a large amount of zeal in the study. The other two circles were formed—one by Mr. J. L. Hughes, and the other without any outside help. There are two other circles, the Metropolitan, which retains its character of the banner circle, of whose members I hope to see a goodly number in the graduating class at Chautauqua next August, and the Erskine Church Circle, which has lately lost its beautiful home by fire. The Central Circle meetings have been regularly held each month under the presidency of Mr. E. Gurney, Jr., to whose efforts much of the success in Toronto is due, and both attendance and interest are on the increase, the numbers generally ranging from 150 to 200 members and friends.

The October meeting was a popular one, with addresses upon the general work by the Revs. G. M. Milligan, B.A., and B. D. Thomas, D.D., with the president. In November and December Mr. W. Houston, M.A., Librarian of the Provincial Legislature, treated the subject of Greek History in a most familiar and attractive manner. In our January meeting we had the rare treat of a lecture by Prof. Ramsey Wright, of Toronto University, on "Moulds and their allies," a branch of vegetable biology which he illustrated by a series of fine diagrams. In February the circle was favored with one of the most useful and practical lectures of the entire series on "The growth of the New Testament," by the Rev. G. Cochran, D. D., in which he traced the successive stages by which the books of the New Testament gradually grew into their present harmonious whole. Our March meeting was addressed by Mr. J. L. Hughes, public school inspector, upon the topic, "Physical Manhood," on which subject the lecturer is exceptionally well qualified to discourse at any time. In addition to these special lectures, a Round-Table conference is held each evening, when subjects of practical importance are discussed and reports received from the several local circles. We find no difficulty now in securing the assistance of the very best men, specialists in their several departments. The age of suspicion has passed, and now the best people of all classes recognize the invaluable work of the Circle, and are ready to help it forward. Picton has one of the model circles, containing about thirty members, comprising some of the most intelligent and

best educated persons in the town. The circle has grown gradually since 1880, and has been already represented at Chautauqua two seasons. One of the members, Miss Bristol, is the Canadian secretary of the Class of 1887.

Dundas.—This circle is the result of a visit to Chautauqua last year by Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, the president, and is composed entirely of members of the Class of 1887, of whom I have bright hopes.

London.—A large circle has been formed here in connection with the Y. M. C. A., with a membership of about forty of both sexes, nearly all of whom are members of the class of 1887. Thorold had the honor of furnishing two members of the graduating class of 1882. Until this year, however, no circle organization was effected, and even at the organization few fully grasped the real advantage to the town of this method of encouraging study. This ignorance is being gradually overcome with the expected results. Careful observation, with hints from THE CHAUTAUQUAN, are enabling the members to excite interest among those who yet remain outside. Milton and Longfellow days were successfully celebrated. This circle numbers thirty-five members, regular and local. The president expects that most of the cadets will next October be enrolled as full members. At the Provincial Sunday-school Convention, held last October in Cobourg, Mr. Hughes and the writer took the opportunity to bring the plan of the C. L. S. C. before the delegates, and many became interested in it, some of whom have since become members; among those was Dr. C. V. Emory, of Galt, who upon his return home, immediately set to work and organized a circle, which numbers sixteen full members, and gives promise that the number will soon be doubled. Brantford has a goodly number of members of the several classes. A circle of eleven members of the class of 1887 has been formed in connection with the Congregational Church, the pastor of which is president. The circle meets fortnightly at the residences of the members.

Montreal.—Here, at last, the C. L. S. C. has taken root, and a live circle of fifty members has been formed, chiefly through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Potts, who is its president. The course is much admired, and as the working of the circle is being better understood, and its objects grasped, many, at first only slightly interested, are becoming enthusiastic admirers of the scheme. In no place has the Circle obtained a more representative membership than here.

Halifax, N. S.—A very promising circle has been formed in connection with the Grafton Street Methodist Church. Mr. C. H. Longard (1884), the president, says: "We are starting under very favorable auspices, and I feel sure it will prove to be a great success, both educational and social." Fredericton, N. B.—Two circles meet here. Fredericton Circle No. 1, comprising sixteen members, meets weekly at the homes of the members, all of whom are very much interested in the work. Another circle composed wholly of new members has been formed, and arrangements are being made for monthly union meetings.

Carbonear, Newfoundland.—Down here by the sea we have one member who remained for two years the solitary representative of the C. L. S. C. A circle has however been formed this year, consisting of eight full members, with a few local ones, and we confidently expect the circle to extend to other parts of the island, indeed the extension has already commenced.

Other circles are in successful operation in Orillia, Wyoming, Brampton, St. Thomas, Paisley, Lindray, Peterboro, Kemptville, Bedford, Lacolle, St. John, N. B., Charlottetown, and many other points, of which neither my time nor your space will permit me now to write. The few reports given above may be taken as representing the whole. Our Canadian people are not usually hasty in adopting new ideas, but when they have found a good thing they know how to appreciate it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—FROM COMMENCEMENT OF BOOK TO PAGE 145.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. When and under whom was the first invasion of Great Britain made by the Romans? A. In 55 B. C., under Julius Cæsar.
2. Q. How long afterward was Great Britain finally abandoned by the Romans? A. About five hundred years afterward.
3. Q. Before this period what people from the east of the Mediterranean had traded with the islanders? A. The Phœnicians.
4. Q. What was the character of the islanders when first known to the Phœnicians and Romans? A. They were savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies with colored earths and the juices of plants.
5. Q. Into how many tribes were the ancient Britons divided? A. Into thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own king, and were constantly fighting with one another.
6. Q. What was the strange and terrible religion of the Britons called? A. The religion of the Druids.
7. Q. What sacrifice is it certain that the Druidical ceremonies included? A. The sacrifice of human beings.
8. Q. What did the Druids build? A. Great temples and altars open to the sky, fragments of some of which are yet remaining.
9. Q. Which is the most extraordinary of these erections? A. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire.
10. Q. What are the names of six prominent Romans that came to Britain during the Roman occupancy? A. Aulus Plautus, Suetonius, Agricola, Hadrian, Severus and Caracalla.
11. Q. What are the names of three leaders of the Britons who opposed the efforts of the Romans in their efforts to subdue the islanders? A. Cassivellaunus, Caractacus, and Boadicea.
12. Q. By whom was a wall built across the north of Britain, and for what purpose? A. First by the Emperor Hadrian, of earth, and afterward rebuilt of stone by the Emperor Severus, to protect Britain from the Picts and Scots.
13. Q. After the departure of the Romans, from whom did the Britons ask help to repel the invasions of the Picts and Scots? A. The Angles and Saxons from North Germany.
14. Q. After defeating the Picts and Scots what conquest did the Angles and Saxons then attempt? A. That of Britain itself.
15. Q. What two brother chieftains were leaders of the early invasions of the Saxons? A. Hengist and Horsa.
16. Q. What name is especially famous among those who resisted the Saxons? A. That of King Arthur.
17. Q. What was the religion of the Saxon conquerors of Britain? A. Paganism.
18. Q. About the year 600 A. D. who were sent by Pope Gregory to England as missionaries? A. St. Augustine and forty monks.
19. Q. What Pagan king became a convert to the Christian faith, through the labors of these missionaries? A. Ethelbert, the king of Kent.
20. Q. On the Christmas after the baptism of the king, how many of the people, is it related, followed his example? A. Ten thousand.
21. Q. Who first united the seven Saxon kingdoms called the Heptarchy into one kingdom called England? A. Egbert of Essex, in 827.
22. Q. How long did the Saxon line, beginning with Egbert, govern England? A. For 190 years.

23. Q. Who was the most eminent among the kings of this line? A. Alfred the Great.

24. Q. What enemy of England did King Alfred finally subdue? A. The Danes.

25. Q. How did King Alfred attempt to improve the condition of the people? A. By wise laws, schools, and books, which he either translated, or caused to be translated, from Greek and Latin.

26. Q. During the reign of Athelstane, grandson of Alfred the Great, what abbot obtained prominence, and was really the ruler of England during the continuance of the greater part of the Saxon line? A. Dunstan.

27. Q. What line of kings succeeded the Saxon? A. The Danish line.

28. Q. How long did the Danish line hold control? A. Twenty-four years.

29. Q. What three kings reigned during the continuance of the Danish line? A. Canute, and his two sons, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute.

30. Q. After the death of Hardicanute, for how long a time was the Saxon line restored? A. Twenty-five years.

31. Q. What conquest of England was made in 1066? A. The Norman conquest, by William the Conqueror.

32. Q. By what great battle was the contest between the Normans and the Saxons for the possession of England decided? A. The battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

33. Q. What does Lord Macaulay say in regard to this Norman conquest? A. The subjugation of a nation by a nation has seldom, even in Asia, been more complete.

34. Q. How did William divide the land of conquered England? A. In fiefs among his barons, and gave all chief places in church and government to foreigners.

35. Q. Who succeeded William the Conqueror to the throne of England? A. His second son, William Rufus.

36. Q. What was the most remarkable event during his reign? A. The first Crusade.

37. Q. What zealous missionary went through Italy and France preaching the Crusade? A. Peter the Hermit.

38. Q. What action did Pope Urban II. take in regard to the Crusade? A. From a lofty scaffold in the market place of Clermont he preached the Crusade to assembled thousands.

39. Q. Under what leaders, and to what number, did the first body of Crusaders set out for the Holy Land? A. One hundred thousand under the leadership of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless.

40. Q. What became of the remnant of this number that reached the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus? A. They were finally routed and cut to pieces by the Turks.

41. Q. Under what commander did the regular army of the Crusaders at length approach Asia? A. Godfrey of Bouillon, Hugh of Vermandois, Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders, Stephen of Chartres, Raymond of Toulouse, Bohemond, and Tancred.

42. Q. How long was it after Pope Urban had preached the Crusade at Clermont that Jerusalem fell, the Holy Sepulcher was free? A. More than three years.

43. Q. What does Charles Knight say was the tendency of the Crusades? A. To elevate the character of European life, and to prepare the way for the ultimate triumph of mental freedom and equal government.

44. Q. Who ascended the throne as successor of William Rufus in the year 1100? A. His brother, Henry I.

45. Q. To whom did Henry will the crown? A. His daughter, Matilda.

46. Q. Upon the death of Henry who attempted to seize upon the throne? A. Stephen, a grandson of William the Conqueror.

47. Q. To what did this lead? A. To civil wars between the adherents of Matilda and Stephen.

48. Q. After ten years of civil warfare what was the result

of the contest? A. Matilda fled to the continent and Stephen was acknowledged king.

49. Q. With the death of Stephen what line ceased to hold the crown? A. The Norman line.

50. Q. Who was the successor of Stephen? A. Henry II., the son of Matilda.

51. Q. Of what line was he the first sovereign? A. The Plantagenet line.

52. Q. How long did the Plantagenet line continue to hold the crown? A. Two hundred and forty-five years.

53. Q. Whom did Henry make Archbishop of Canterbury? A. Thomas à Becket.

54. Q. Concerning what did the king and Archbishop Becket have a prolonged contention? A. Concerning church and state authority.

55. Q. How was this contention ended? A. By the assassination of Becket at the altar of his own cathedral.

56. Q. What did Henry do to divert public attention from himself as instigator of the assassination of Becket? A. He underwent penance and was scourged at the tomb of Becket.

57. Q. Who was the successor of Henry II.? A. Richard I., called Richard Cœur de Lion.

58. Q. Soon after his accession to the throne in what enterprise did Richard take part? A. The Crusades.

59. Q. With what other prominent leaders was Richard accompanied on the third Crusade? A. Philip of France, and the Duke of Austria.

60. Q. What mediæval institution was at its height during the reign of Richard? A. Chivalry.

61. Q. Who succeeded Richard to the throne? A. His brother John.

62. Q. What two men were at this time prominent in their efforts to establish the fact that a king should rule in England by law instead of by force, or rule not at all? A. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop, and William, Earl of Pembroke.

63. Q. What great document regarded as the foundation of English liberty did the barons force John to sign? A. Magna Charta.

64. Q. When and where was Magna Charta signed? A. At Runnymede in 1215.

65. Q. What was the result of John's contentions with the Pope? A. His kingdom was laid under an interdict, and John himself was excommunicated.

66. Q. What invasion of England was attempted during the reign of John? A. A French invasion, at the instance of the Pope, to dethrone John the king.

67. Q. What put an end to the French invasion? A. The sudden death of John.

68. Q. Who succeeded him on the throne? A. His son, Henry III.

69. Q. Who was the great leader of the barons during the reign of Henry III.? A. Earl Simon de Montfort.

70. Q. What was the result of an encounter between the king's forces and the barons at Lewes? A. The barons were victorious, and the king, and his son Prince Edward, were taken prisoners.

71. Q. For what was the parliament summoned by Earl Simon noted? A. As being the first one in which the citizens had part as well as the nobles and bishops.

72. Q. In what battle were the forces of Montfort signally defeated and the Earl slain? A. The battle of Evesham.

73. Q. Who succeeded Henry III. to the crown? A. His son, Edward I.

74. Q. What part was conquered and annexed to England during his reign? A. Wales.

75. Q. What title was given to the oldest son of king Edward which has since been retained by the oldest son of the reigning sovereign? A. The Prince of Wales.

76. Q. In the midst of what attempted conquest did king Edward die? A. The attempted conquest of Scotland.

77. Q. Who succeeded Edward I. to the throne? A. His son, Edward II.

78. Q. Who was the leader of the Scots? A. Robert Bruce.

79. Q. How did the attempt of Edward II. to complete the conquest of Scotland result? A. He was overwhelmingly defeated at the battle of Bannockburn, and abandoned the enterprise.

80. Q. By what right did Edward III., the successor of Edward II., make claim to the French crown? A. The right of his mother, a sister to the deceased king of France, there being no surviving male descendant in the direct line.

81. Q. Of what was this the beginning? A. The Hundred Years' War between England and France.

82. Q. In what battle did Edward gain a decisive victory over the French? A. The battle of Cressy.

83. Q. What son of the king greatly distinguished himself in this battle? A. His oldest son, a youth of sixteen, known as the Black Prince.

84. Q. With what did King Edward follow up this victory? A. The siege and capture of Calais.

85. Q. In what other battle did the French suffer a memorable defeat at the hands of the English during the reign of Edward III.? A. The battle of Poitiers.

86. Q. Who were taken prisoners by the Black Prince at this battle? A. The French king John and his son.

87. Q. Who succeeded Edward III. on the throne? A. His grandson, Richard II.

88. Q. What rising of the people took place in the early part of his reign? A. The peasant revolt.

89. Q. Who was the leader of the peasants in this revolt? A. Wat Tyler.

90. Q. How was the revolt ended? A. By the death of Tyler and the promise of the king to grant what the peasants asked.

91. Q. By whom was Richard dethroned? A. By his uncle Henry of Lancaster, or Henry IV.

92. Q. What line ended with the dethronement of Richard II.? A. The Plantagenet line.

93. Q. What House began to reign with the accession of Henry IV.? A. The House of Lancaster.

94. Q. How long did the House of Lancaster continue to hold the throne, and what sovereigns reigned during the time? A. It continued sixty-two years, embracing the reigns of the three Henries, IV., V. and VI.

95. Q. During the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. the members of what religious sect were persecuted with great vindictiveness? A. The Lollards, several being burned at the stake.

96. Q. What prominent supporter of the Lollards was made a victim of this persecution? A. Sir John Oldcastle, called Lord Cobham.

97. Q. What invasion did Henry V. renew? A. The invasion of France.

98. Q. What noted battle was fought in France during this invasion? A. The battle of Agincourt.

99. Q. What was the result of this battle? A. The complete defeat of the French.

100. Q. What were the important features of the treaty of Troyes that followed? A. The French king acknowledged Henry as heir in succession to the French crown, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

GOOD health is a great pre-requisite of successful or happy living. To live worthily or happily, to accomplish much for one's self or others, when suffering from pain and disease, is attended with difficulty. Dr. Johnson used to say that "Every man is a rascal when he is sick." And very much of the peevishness, irritability, capriciousness and impatience seen in men and women has its root in bodily illness. The very morals suffer from disease of the body.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON IX.—BIBLE SECTION.

The House of the Lord.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

The Temple on Mount Moriah was the result of long growth. 1. It began with *the Altar*, erected of loose stones wherever the patriarchs journeyed, and bearing its bloody sacrifice as a prefiguration of Christ. 2. Next came *the Tabernacle*, a movable tent, designed for a nomadic people, and symbolizing God's dwelling-place among his people. 3. When the Tabernacle was fixed at Shiloh, a more substantial structure, by degrees, took the place of the tent, surrounded by rooms in which the priests lived, and standing in an open court. 4. This, in the age of David and Solomon, furnished the ground plan for the Temple on Mount Moriah.

There were three temples. 1. *Solomon's Temple*, dedicated 1000 B. C., and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, 587 B. C. 2. *Zerubbabel's Temple*, begun by the Jews on the return from captivity, B. C. 536, and completed in 20 years. 3. *Herod's Temple*, begun 30 B. C., as the second temple was in a ruinous condition, but not fully completed until 65 A. D., five years before its final destruction by Titus. The latter is the one to be briefly described in this lesson. It consisted of several courts and an interior building. The dimensions named below are not precise, as the length of the cubit and the thickness of the walls are uncertain.

I. *The Court of the Gentiles* was an open plaza, or quadrangle, not square, but of about 1000 feet on each side. It was surrounded by a high wall, and entered by six gates, of which three were on the west, toward the city, and one on each of the other sides. On the eastern side extended a double colonnade, Solomon's Porch, and on the south another, Herod's Porch. As this was not regarded a sacred place, it was considered no sacrilege to have a *market* upon its marble floor, especially for the sale of animals for sacrifice.

II. On the northwestern part of the Court was the *chel*, or sacred enclosure, a raised platform 8 feet high, surrounded by a fence, within which no Gentile could enter. Its outer dimensions were about 630 by 300 feet. It was entered by nine gates, four each on the north and south, and one on the east. Upon the platform of the *chel* rose an inner wall 40 feet high and 600 by 250 feet in dimensions.

III. The space enclosed by this lofty inner wall was divided into two sections, of which the eastern was a square of about 230 feet, called the *Court of the Women*, on account of a gallery for women around it. It had four gates, of which the one on the east was probably the Gate Beautiful. In its four corners were rooms, used for different purposes connected with the services; and upon its walls were boxes for the gifts of the worshippers, from which it was often called "the Treasury."

IV. *The Court of Israel* occupied the western part of the enclosure, and was about 320 by 230 feet in size. Another court stood inside of it, so that it was simply a narrow platform 16 feet wide, from which male worshippers could view the sacrifices. In the southeastern corner was the hall in which the Sanhedrim met, and where Stephen stood on trial. In the wall around this court were rooms used for storage, for baking bread, for treasuries, etc. This court was entered by seven gates, on the north and south each three, and one on the east.

V. *The Court of the Priests* was a raised platform inside the Court of Israel, and separated from it by a low rail. It was 275 by 200 feet in size. Upon it stood the altar, the laver, and the Temple building.

VI. *The Temple* itself was the only covered building on the mountain. It consisted of a lofty vestibule, having a front 120 feet high; a series of rooms three stories high for the priests

and within these the house of God, divided into two rooms, the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, separated by a veil. The outer room was 30 by 60 feet in size, the inner 30 feet square and of the same height. In the Holy Place stood the table for the show-bread, the golden candlestick (properly a lamp-stand), and the golden altar of incense. In the Holy of Holies there was no ark in the New Testament period, but only a stone upon which the high-priest laid the censer when he entered the room, on but one day in the year, the great Day of Atonement.

Notice, that each department of the Temple stood at a different elevation. Thus the platform of the chel was 8 feet above the pavement of the Gentile's Court; the floor of the Women's Court was 3 feet higher; that of the Court of Israel was 10 feet higher still: the Court of the Priests 3 feet above that of Israel; and the floor of the house was 8 feet above the Court of the Priests. Thus there was a constant ascent to the one entering the Temple.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON IX.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—ATTENTION.

Attention.—This is a Latin word of very decisive meaning; "a stretching of something toward something." A bow strained is a literal illustration. In common acceptance it is limited to mental conditions. The dictionaries define it as "a steady exertion of the mind." Without attention there can be no teaching. In Sunday-school teaching the *something stretched* must be the pupil's mind; the *objective something*, the truth to be taught.

There are two kinds of attention: (1) Voluntary, and (2) Involuntary. Voluntary attention is born of ignorance and of desire to know, and places confidence in the power of the person to whom it yields itself to satisfy that desire.

Illustration: My little child sees my hand upon the door-knob; sees the door open, and my egress. Next day, pursuing his desire, his hand seeks the knob, but the door does not open. He comes to me with his difficulty. I slowly turn the knob. He watches. He gives attention. It was born of ignorance; of desire to know; and of confidence in me. It was voluntary; and it will end when the necessity for it ends.

2. Involuntary attention. This is of two kinds—(1) *Compelled*; (2) *Won*. The galley slave under a master's eye illustrates the first. Another is furnished by a violin string, when strained. It is attent, it answers the thought in the soul of the musician who draws the bow upon it. But the bow was resined and the string strained by the artist's hand. He created the attention. It was involuntary; nay, more; it was compelled. Such attention ends when the compulsion ends. I do not want such from my pupils.

2. That which is won; and which involuntary at first soon becomes voluntary. This is the attention which results in teaching and learning.

The duration of attention, voluntary or involuntary, must always depend on certain conditions:

1. Conditions of Circumstance. (a) The place must be suitable; (b) the time must be opportune; (c) the ventilation good; (d) the temperature agreeable. These are necessary elements in the effort of holding attention. But though these things be all unfavorable, their disadvantages may be overcome, if there is no lack in the second class of conditions, namely:

2. Conditions of Personality. By this I mean my personality as teacher. These conditions are (a) that of attractive power that will draw the pupil toward me; (b) that of magnetism that will hold the pupil fast to me; (c) that of enthusiasm that will fire my pupil with zeal for work; (d) that of self-withdrawal; (e) that which transfers attention from myself to my subject. If I have these personal elements in my teaching, I shall get attention and hold it. If I have not, I must cultivate them.

3. Conditions of Knowledge. These are three. I must know *my subject*, *myself*, and *my pupil*. A knowledge of the subject, involves a knowledge of methods. And here is the critical test with a teacher.

Notice some of the methods essential: (a) The use of illustrations apt and interesting; (b) the use of questions full of surprises and wise devices; (c) the use of elliptical readings between teacher and pupil; (d) the use of concert recitations in low tones by pupils; (e) the use of inter-questions, each pupil asking a question in turn of his fellow-pupil, and each also of the teacher; (f) the use of pictures, maps, and objects.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

TWO KINDS OF LAWLESSNESS.

A mob in Cincinnati, involving the loss of many lives and much property in a three days' reign of terror, has added another to a long list of warnings that the criminal administration of this country needs a thorough-going reform. The popular indignation which expressed itself at Cincinnati has been growing slowly into steady strength for thirty years and more. About 1845, gangs of horse thieves in northern Illinois were broken up—the law having failed—by regulators composed of the best citizens, who summarily hanged the thieves. About ten years later this history was repeated in Cedar and Linn counties, Iowa. These are two incidents among many of like type. Most readers know the history of the vigilance committee in San Francisco. The criminal administration having utterly failed, the best citizens organized themselves outside of the law and by vigorous and summary punishment restored the supremacy of the law. The mobbing of the "Dukes jury" at Uniontown is a still fresh event. In New York City, a few years ago, a citizen was brutally murdered in a public place, and the murderer, when arrested, said: "Hanging is played out." The remark roused public feeling and refreshed the courage of the courts so that for some time hanging became the certain punishment of wilful murder. But in New York

City, it is the press which really administers criminal law—by compelling the courts to do their duty. In the Cincinnati case, the last of a series of miscarriages of justice was the convicting of manslaughter in a case where wilful and mean-motivated murder had been proved. The judge commented harshly upon the verdict. A public meeting listened to appropriately animated addresses, and passed strong resolutions of condemnation of the jury in that case, and of the criminal administration of the city. The excitable elements of the audience broke up there to reorganize in an assault on the jail. They were joined by a baser element, and a reign of terror followed.

The criminal system of the entire country is defective. It is not a terror to evil-doers. It tortures the conscience and the self respect of honest men. It has rendered human life much more insecure than private property. It is on the average safer to kill a man after robbing him than to rob him only. The match that lighted the Cincinnati conflagration was a murder done for the sake of robbery, and punished as if it had been robbery.

Our evils in this branch of justice are several distinct fungous growths of demoralized customs. A murder trial seldom ends within a year of the discovery of the criminal; it often ends twice as long after the arrest of the murderer. In Eng-

land, three months suffices for the same work. There is no civilized country except our own where these long delays are tolerated. This is the safest country in the world for a murderer to carry on his profession. He is less likely to be arrested; he is not tried until the general public has forgotten his crime. When he comes to the dock, *if he has money*, or friends possessed of money, he can buy out the law by employing some member of a class of lawyers who make a profitable industry of defeating the aims of public justice. In the Cincinnati case, the judge said, courageously, that the murderer had been cleared of that crime because *his friends had six or seven thousand dollars to fee criminal lawyers with*. It is almost a rule that if the murderer has money, his cunning lawyers will delay trial, destroy testimony, and confuse the jury, or bribe the jury. If these fail, and there is money left, motions for new trials will be pressed upon judges, and perhaps secured by fictitious testimony. The motto of a murderer may well be: "While there is money there is hope." It is plain to all intelligent persons that the law's delay, under the influence of money, has become intolerable. We do hang the poor; we seldom hang the men who can command money. There ought to be a more summary procedure. There ought to be more pure discretion—unhampered by precedent—vested in judges. These interminable delays ought to be impossible without the connivance of the judges.

The power of money in criminal trials is a feature of the jury system *as we manage it*. In some states a man who knows what is going on in the world about him can not be admitted to serve on a jury. He has heard of the case and formed an opinion. Every intelligent man does that in a case of murder. This leaves jury duty to professional jurors, and to the least intelligent citizens. Worse still, on the plea of business duties intelligent men evade service on juries. In New York City, last year, a ring of "jury fixers" was discovered. They had hundreds, probably thousands, of customers—consisting of business men—who paid from ten to fifty dollars a year to have "things fixed" so that they should not be called on jury service. The men who thus bought themselves off from a civil duty were so numerous that even the press evaded the duty of vigorously exposing the crime. The men who are left, in large cities, to serve on juries, are men whose judgments can be involved in confusion by an artful plea; often, too, their verdicts can be bought with money. The city demoralization is gradually extending to the country. *We must reform*. We are nearing the end of popular patience. People begin to demand that they shall not be murdered with impunity. Get better juries; or amend the constitution and abolish juries. Give judges more power over the criminal lawyers, and more real discretion in refusing delays that defeat the ends of justice. Give judges to understand that we want more speedy trials and more direct methods of trial. Ask for reform—imperatively, emphatically—and reform will come. The lawlessness of court proceedings keeps within the forms of law; but it has become an ally of that other lawlessness which murders men, women and children—and gives its ally comparative impunity.

THE REWARDS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

There is a large amount of well-founded distrust of the tendencies of our public life. It is not a distrust of Republican principles, or of universal suffrage, or of popular influence on government. It centers in our public service, and relates exclusively to the political paths to office, the uncertain or inadequate rewards for service, and the speculative element in the tenure of office. Are we not on a road which leads to demoralization in the civil service? The civil service law applies only to a small part of the public field. Cabinet officers, heads of departments, custom house and internal revenue officers, and all judicial officers, are outside of that law, not to forget the entire body of law makers. If we ask ourselves what first-

class ability is worth, we find the railroads, banks and other corporations paying an average of twice (or more) as much as the government pays legislators, judges, cabinet officers, and heads of departments. If we compare what is needed by corporations with what is needed by the government, we shall be slow to admit that the public service can be satisfied with inferior ability. If we look at the cost of holding an office, we discover that a bank president may live where and in such style as he pleases, but a cabinet officer must live in Washington and *ought* to spend more than we pay him in acquitting himself of social obligations.

The editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN recently attended a party in the house of Secretary Chandler, the cost of which could not have been less than a thousand dollars; and there was no ostentation; only the reasonable social demand was met. Of course Secretary Chandler can not give such parties out of his salary, and could not meet the social demand upon his official position, if he had not a private fortune. The incident points to the suspicion that we are rapidly advancing to a condition of things under which poor men can not hold high offices. Everywhere the public officers of the classes which we have named are under special social obligations which exceed in money-cost the amount of their salaries. There is a double tendency—on two parallel lines—to exclude honest poor men, and to take in an inferior class of men who are either rich or unscrupulous. There is no reasonable doubt that the United States Senate has seriously deteriorated through the tendencies just mentioned. Every one knows that so many members of the other House are habitually absent, that a political battle has to be advertised to collect the members of the majority for the time being. The men in this case may or may not be inferior, but they are certainly rendering an inferior service—doing their own work while in the pay of the people. The other work is a growing factor. Senators live by their practice in the Supreme Court or by their services to corporations in which they hold office; this private work too often coming into collision with public interests.

The subject is so large that we can barely hint at points. Here is a man climbing to public place through a political combination which taxes him at every step. He must have money, or borrow or steal money, to make the ascent. When he reaches the place, he is paid a salary so far below the demands of his office that if he is to meet his social obligations he must have an income beyond his salary, and this income he must earn as he can if he is not wealthy. And the real evil is still farther on: if he wishes to stay in public life he must pay tribute to political sponges; for the tenure of his office is so short that he must begin to provide for the next election as soon as the first is over. If he wishes to rise, he must pay, and keep on paying to the invisible army of political tax-collectors which lines, many ranks deep, every road that leads to an office. Rare and favored men escape these evils; but the majority of public men encounter them. To crown the edifice of bad policy, partisan rules are set up which limit time of service. Two terms, for example, is the limit for service in the lower House of Congress, in many districts. That is to say, your Congressman is advised at the outset that he must retire in four years. What motive has he for qualifying himself to be a good legislator? He naturally seeks an office under the government, and gives his brain power to that pursuit. But wherever he is—unless he hold a judicial office—he is menaced by the rule of rotation in office. We have been remarkably fortunate in the judicial service through the fact that, though the salaries are niggardly, the terms of service are long, and safe from partisan influences.

We might profitably reflect on foreign comparisons. In Italy men receiving from \$300 to \$600 in bureaus serve for life, and have certain promotion. It is not a perfect method, but under it the government service is honorable to an extent which amazes an American. The honor is the largest item of the pay. We pay a less and less measure of honor. The path to our

service grows more filthy, and the man who has reached the goal is often soiled with the filth through which he has waded—often enough to discredit, insensibly but surely, the class which he has joined. We pay too little in money; we pay too little in honor; we cheat ourselves and demoralize our public servants by befouling the ladders on which they climb, and by making their ascent as uncertain, and their hold on any round of the ladder as precarious, as possible. A large moral lies in the contrast that a bank cashier is discriminatingly chosen for ability, has no election expenses, is secure in his office, owes no social duties to the bank, and may rise to the presidency of it. It is the same in other corporations. As employers, the corporations have more soul and more sense than the people of the United States.

DOCTOR NEWMAN'S NEW IDEA.

The disturbance of Christian peace which has for some months affected the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, New York, has impressed us as disclosing a new phase of inter-church life. To an onlooker the case—the very heart of the case—is a struggle of a pastor to maintain himself in full membership with two denominations, against a struggle of men in both denominations to shut him out of one or the other denomination. This is the novelty in this New York “church quarrel.” For our part we are disposed to ask what general principle of morals, equity or discipline is violated by the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman's position? He claims to be the permanent pastor of a Congregational church while retaining his membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Why not? It surely is not an axiom that a man can not belong to two denominations. Dialectic theologians may invent a score of arguments, but they will find their best one in the fact that the practice has been to confine a Christian's membership to one branch of the church. But in the advance to Christian unity we have rapidly changed the practice at several points; and it is quite possible that Dr. Newman's “new departure” may be another march on the general line of our progress.

A few words respecting the Madison Avenue Church and its pastor will help our readers to understand the case. The church was founded a dozen or more years ago by Dr. Hepworth, who up to about that time had been a Unitarian clergyman. It was a very expensive enterprise, and Dr. Hepworth became satisfied, after a few years, that he could neither fill the church with an audience nor pay its debt. Dr. W. R. Davis, who had been a Methodist clergyman, and is now a Dutch Reformed pastor in Albany, N. Y., succeeded Dr. Hepworth, and, after a few years of experience like that of his predecessor, hunted up a successor in the person of Dr. Newman, and resigned. There were two distinct difficulties in both these pastorates. One was the large debt; the other was the failure to secure adequate audiences. The last difficulty suggests no fault in either of the pastors. Both were gifted and popular. But the church is surrounded by other churches, and only an extraordinary man can secure a large body of hearers in it. The church was not at fault for not paying its debt; the burden was beyond its strength. When it asked Dr. Newman to become its pastor, it asked him for two reasons: He had friends who could pay the debt, and he would bring these friends into the church and congregation; and it was well understood that he could fill the large house with hearers.

Rev. Dr. John P. Newman has a national reputation as a pulpit orator. He always has full houses where he stately preaches. Among his friends he numbers General Grant, whose pastor he was in Washington in the days of Grant's presidency. The ex-president is one of the men whom Dr. Newman took into the Madison Avenue congregation and made a trustee of the church property. Dr. Newman is one of the last of the classical pulpit orators. His style is stately, his presence majestic. Pure taste and high ideals characterize his thought. His noble person, his rich, smooth voice, and the

elevation of his thought conspire to make him admired and revered in the pulpit. His ardent friends have called him “the Chrysostom of his age.” Not unnaturally, he has expected the highest places in Methodism. Neither Webster nor Clay became President of the United States—and John P. Newman did not become a bishop. Some difficulties arose respecting a place for him in New York three years ago, he having then finished his term as pastor of the Central Methodist Church. After a year of decorous waiting, he accepted the call to the Madison Avenue Church. There are controversies about sundry minor matters; but after painfully laboring through the documents, we find two clear facts: 1st. From the start Dr. Newman has clung to the idea of remaining a Methodist while becoming a Congregationalist; 2d, there is an abundant lack of proof that in this policy he has deceived any one or done any other act which is inconsistent with the character which he displays in the pulpit. A single sentence in his address before the council was out of place; but, even it, from his point of view, had great provocation. To the onlooking public, perhaps to Dr. Newman also, it was a surprise to see the editor of the *Christian Advocate* furnishing material for use against Dr. Newman. This new party to the controversy presents the Methodists as semi-officially engaged in the effort to crowd Dr. Newman from his attitude as holding positions in two denominations. The justification of the editor of the *Christian Advocate* can not rest on any special pleading; it must rest on the ground that Dr. Newman's claim is a bad one in church moralities. If this be true, then his Methodist antagonist has discharged a disagreeable duty and “meddled” for a dignified purpose.

The church quarrel did not originate in the new position of Dr. Newman, but the conflict having begun, this new position was made the point of attack by what is called the “Anti-Newman party.” It was the weak place because Dr. Newman had taken a new departure. The quarrel came out of the incompatibility of temper and interest developed between the old and the new elements in the church and congregation. Some of the old men left; the new were then more numerous and powerful than the old. The latter saw themselves gradually retiring to back seats, while the new men filled the front seats. They precipitated a conflict to secure themselves against the consequences of Dr. Newman's abundant success. In the wisdom of this world, the new element put off paying the large debt; but they preferred to be certain that they would be left in peaceable possession after paying the debt.

The council has “advised” that Dr. Newman is in an untenable position—is not the permanent pastor. The advice is probably according to precedent. But it was not according to precedent that Dr. Hepworth left the Unitarians, and Dr. Davis the Methodists, to become pastor of that church. And for forty years there has been an increasing interflow between denominations. Half a score of ex-Methodists, including some of the ablest pastors in the city, are preaching in churches of other denominations. Ministers and members pass and repass between denominations. All this would have looked strange forty years ago. Perhaps Dr. Newman's new idea may not look strange forty years hence. The advice of the council has probably only changed the form of the conflict which does not depend on Dr. Newman, but on the antagonism of the old and new elements in the congregation. We should like to see Dr. Newman's theory thoroughly tested, and Congregationalism is liberal enough to afford the desired test. Methodism, as a whole, has no reason for jealousy of Dr. Newman's success in the Madison Avenue Church. His success and good fame reflect honor on all Methodist preachers. We may come to realize that if a man is “worthy of confidence and fellowship by virtue of his responsible connection with some other body of Christian churches”—words quoted by the late council—he may safely “be counted a minister of the Congregational,” or any other “order.”

SUPERFLUOUS KNOWLEDGE.

A writer in *Cornhill Magazine*, some years ago, facetiously suggested that, while societies for the acquisition of useful knowledge abounded, each, doubtless, in its way, proving of eminent service to mankind, another society, not so much as a direct opponent, but rather as a proper, and even necessary, corrective of its rivals, should be organized, the object of which should be to sift out and to suppress the vast and ever increasing accumulations of knowledge that are not only really worthless but which are an unmitigated nuisance, a useless burden, a confused and baffling heap.

The suggestion above referred to, made perhaps in jest, is one, we venture to suggest, which might well be made in earnest. Useless knowledge! Has it never occurred to the reader what areas, and even continents, not to say oceans of valueless, of absolutely superfluous knowledge there are in the world? Observe we are not now writing of literature, or books, merely; we say knowledge.

Useless knowledge! For everything that may, with any kind of propriety, be comprehended under this honored term, knowledge, we usually cherish a profound and reverent respect. The highest conception of scholarship, on the part of many, consists in being possessed of encyclopedic information concerning the details of almost every conceivable matter.

According to this idea learning consists in an intimate acquaintance, at once and quite indiscriminately, with all the results of the latest scientific research, the facts of universal history, the mysteries of theology and subtleties of metaphysics; with all the institutes of law and politics; with all the literature of poetry and art.

To one entertaining such an idea of scholarship as this how positively depressing must be the monstrous and obviously ever-accumulating mass of facts heaping up around him. He quite envies the great men of the olden time who, in consequence of the then comparatively narrow range of knowledge, found it not impracticable to maintain a creditable standing at once as statesmen, soldiers, poets, philosophers, and artists; while he, in his day, can serve, at best, only as an infinitesimal wheel in a machinery of boundless complication.

Even were it desirable to burden the mind with boundless mental acquisitions, one certainly has not long to live to discover the utter futility of even the most capacious memory ever being able to compass any such result—to learn that the human mind, whatever its capabilities, is yet finite; that it is, therefore, the part of wisdom to select some one department of study and devote one's energies mainly to the mastery of the same; and that, finally, one essential condition of usefulness depends on one's thus wisely restricting himself to a comparatively narrow and limited field of inquiry and of attainment.

In the meantime, it should be distinctly understood that true scholarship does not, by any means, consist in thus knowing absolutely everything. The popular idea that learning consists in being a walking repository of all sorts of curious and of more or less ill-assorted erudition, is a most childish error. Scholarship may, perhaps, be properly defined as knowing *something* about almost everything; but more especially every

thing *about some one thing*. This is the true university idea. Some one has defined the university as being the school where *something* could be learned about everything, and *everything* about some *one* thing. In other words, true scholarship consists in having just so much learning as one can not only digest and master but effectively use in connection with his own special work, or mission in life; in having the keys, if you please, that shall unlock and open up to one at will all the varied stores of knowledge; and more especially in being the undisputed master of just so much and of just such knowledge as he can himself best utilize. Just as no mechanic cares to encumber himself with more tools, or the soldier with more weapons, than he can advantageously use, so no true scholar, in our judgment, will covet more knowledge than he can render properly, wisely, available for service. Why, indeed, may not too much of a good thing, as well as too little—*l'embarrasment de richesse* as well as the embarrassment of poverty—prove not a help but a burden, not a source of power but an occasion of weakness and a cause of stumbling?

Let no one, therefore, be tempted to envy the attainments of certain knowing ones in those walks of literature, or of science, to which he is for the most a stranger; and, because of his ignorance comparatively on certain special lines of study and intellectual inquiry, to depreciate himself as a scholar. Rather, on the other hand, while thankful that, in your own chosen sphere, you have been enabled to give a good account of yourself and to render some service, however humble, to your kind, you should also rejoice that others have been called to explore fields of thought and inquiry by your feet as yet untrod.

Who that, a few years ago, at the great Exposition at Philadelphia, walked through those acres of textile fabrics, miles of most ingenious machinery, and thousands of square yards of painting, but must have been profoundly impressed with the narrow limits of his own knowledge and attainments. And yet who, if really a sensible person, instead of feeling mortified and chagrined at all on this account, but was moved rather, at every step, silently to give thanks that here was presented another, and yet another branch of knowledge or industry concerning which it was his privilege to remain in profound and most contented ignorance? Why, indeed, should it be deemed specially important that, in order richly and intelligently to enjoy that marvellous display of the products of all nations, one should be altogether conversant with the Chinese puzzle, or versed in all the arts of sub-soiling, top-dressing, tile-draining, or stock-raising?

Let the dictionaries, therefore, and the encyclopædias, the archives and the libraries, for the most part, serve as the treasure-houses of the materials of knowledge—especially of all more strictly technical and curious lore, properly classified, indexed, assorted, accessible. Let it be the part of scholarship, if you please, exhaustively to explore certain departments of learning as specialties; but to be content, meantime, as a general thing, to know where, and how readily to find, and to be able wisely to appropriate, and effectually to employ, as occasion may require, this accumulated and duly sifted and organized learning of the ages.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The discovery of a manuscript copy of "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles," a Christian compilation of the second century, has created a general expectation of new and better light by means of it, on early Christian history. The portions of this manuscript which have been published in this country are too brief to afford much satisfaction. The genuineness of the document is vouched for by Professor Harnack, of Giessen, one of the foremost patristic scholars. If there were not a general disposition to believe the manuscript to be genuine, we

might note some circumstances as suspicious. Professor Harnack has believed and taught that such a book probably existed in the early centuries. If we were suspicious we should wonder whether another Saphira has not undertaken, of his own avaricious motion, to find what a great patristic scholar believes to exist—and to make discovery certain by constructing the desired document himself. No breath of suspicion taints the atmosphere, and the finding of the manuscript is regarded as a strong proof of the rare learning and sound judgment of

Professor Harnack. But until the whole document, in the original Greek, with a history of its discovery, has passed under the eyes of many scholars, it will be wise to keep our judgments in suspense respecting the genuineness and the importance of the document.

The new Congregational creed has been received with a good deal of favor. The aim of it is in the right direction; we leave others to decide whether or not it hits its mark. Theology consists of doctrines and explanations of doctrines. The aim of the authors of the new creed is to make a statement of doctrines, leaving explanations of doctrines to the field of liberty. It happens that the larger half of most creeds make doctrines out of explanations. For example, the deity of Jesus Christ is a doctrine; but along with it we hold a number of explanations of the doctrine. The atonement is a doctrine; but three-fourths of the texts of the creeds, on this subject, are explanatory theses. That Christ *died for us* according to the Scriptures is doctrine; but the various theories called "Governmental," "Substitutional," "Moral Influence," etc., are explanatory. That the Bible is God's book, revealing Him and His law is doctrine; but the separation of the printers' and proof-readers' mistakes—that is all the failure in the human making-up of the book—proceeds by way of explanatory theology. If tolerably clear lines can be drawn between doctrine and explanation—we are not sure such a line can be drawn—then evangelical Christendom can have a common creed at once. The doctrinal unity exists in fact; we are only waiting for some one to state the doctrines clearly, leaving us to differ concerning the explanations. The new Congregational creed may prove to be a rough first sketch of the creed of Christendom. There is no doubt that the great body of Christians, though ranked in distinct divisions, has a common faith. Some symbolic expression of that faith is to be expected—is probably near at hand.

A shocking piece of news is that several women were recently attacked, and two of them killed, by wolves. That is bad enough, surely; but a greater shock will be experienced by the general reader when we add that the scene of this tragic incident was in southern Italy! Our habitual associations of Italian things are music, sculpture, architecture, and other high humanities, all overarched by beautiful sunshine. Most of us hardly realize that there has been a wolf in Italy since the demise of the one which suckled the boys who founded Rome. But in fact wolves and other ferocious beasts still reign in the Italian mountains, along with the brigands. The latter are not as numerous as when Spartacus collected an army of them which defeated Roman armies within sight of Naples. But the brigand is, like the wolf, an unconquerable element in Italian life. A few months ago, an Italian nobleman was captured by brigands who exacted and obtained fifty thousand dollars for restoring him to the bosom of his family. Add brigands and wolves to your "pictures from Italy."

The regulation of railroad traffic has made more progress than the general public supposes. In Massachusetts, for instance, the Board of Railroad Commissioners say in their last report to the legislature that "No charge of unreasonable preference or discrimination by a lower charge for the longer haul has this year been brought before the board, except in two cases, where the evidence wholly failed to support the charges." The Massachusetts system of supervision was founded twelve years ago by C. F. Adams, and the results obtained by him and his successors in office show clearly that an intelligent and judicious supervision by state authority benefits both parties—the railroads and their customers. But—and this point is the reason of the success in Massachusetts—there has not been one ounce of demagogism in the action of the commissioners.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court that Congress may issue paper money at its discretion has been received

with lugubrious prophecies by a part of the press. It is probably good for us that the decision has been rendered now rather than a few years later—and it was certain to come. The good of it is, we know clearly what the powers and responsibilities of Congress are in regard to money. We can select our Congressmen with a plain and full understanding of their functions. The doubt which has hung over this subject for several years has had an unwholesome effect—"unsettled questions have no mercy on the peace of nations." The people of this country are conservative under well defined responsibilities. Perhaps the prophets of evil have too little faith in the popular sense and conscience.

There is no sympathy in this country with the Irish dynamiters; but we are all more or less astonished by the gravity with which English newspapers rail at this country for not preventing the exportation of dynamite. The London *Times* unconsciously puts its fingers on the proper place for the discovery of such dynamite when it calls attention to the fact that a ninety pound package of the murderous stuff got to London *through a British custom house*. The British custom house is the spot where the watching should be done. If the importation of goods was as closely supervised in England as it is in this country, no dynamite could reach London. We do not watch exportation closely because no export duties are allowed to be levied by the constitution. It is the inward movement, not the outward, for which we have official machinery of supervision. To invent and carry on machinery for watching exports is an expensive business in which we should not engage. It is entirely unnecessary. Let England watch at her own custom houses. If her officers admit dynamite in ninety pound cases, let her improve that branch of her civil service. The *Nation* very judiciously says: "If the English custom house can not stop the infernal machines, it is folly to ask any foreign police to do it."

Our suggestion that laws against intermarriage between races should be repealed (April number) has "shocked" one reader. Our friend does not get shocked at the right time and place. Intermarriage of white and colored persons is very rare, because nature and society exercise adequate restraint. The place for being shocked is in another part of the field. And yet it is an astounding fact that the peoples who are most easily shocked by the marriage of two persons of different races seem not to be shocked by the very large number of illegitimate children of dark skinned mothers. There is an exact parallel in the doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy, and the intense feeling which enforced it, in the days of Hildebrand. A recent writer says of that state of things: "The priest who kept a harem of concubines was simply guilty of a venial sin which did not vitiate his act as a priest; it was the act of marriage, with its more deliberate declaration of principle, which the church could not tolerate." In both cases, that old case of mock celibacy and the present case of illegitimate mingling of races, the *feeling* on the subject is very sincere, deep, aggressive, against *marriage* "with its more deliberate declaration of principle." But in each case the real evil evades the feeling and defeats its object with demoralizing effects.

They do some things better in France. The government has ordered observations to be made on strokes of lightning and their effects, by a bureau, using postmasters and others as observers. A report for the first half of 1883 shows that in January there was one lightning stroke which injured a man carrying an umbrella with metal ribs; in February there were no strokes; in March and April, four each month; in May twenty-eight; in June one hundred and thirteen. Seventy animals and seven men were killed, and about forty persons were injured. Lightning rods were treated with contempt, and the electric fluid especially attacked the bells and bell-towers of churches, and in one case blasted the gilt wooden figure of the

Christ on a church which had a lightning rod. The second half of the year would of course show a longer chapter of accidents. Why can not we have in this country just such a system of collecting the facts about lightning strokes?

An interesting set of experiments is reported by Mr. G. H. Darwin, son of the great author of Darwinism, on right-leggedness and left-leggedness. The subject is of more importance than it seems. Most readers will remember that Charles Reade, the novelist, contended in a recent work that right-handedness is a fruit of bad education, and that, if children were not meddled with by nurses and teachers, both sides of the body would be equally strong and skilful. Mr. Darwin blindfolded a group of boys, having first ascertained whether they were right or left handed, and set them to walking toward a mark, leading them straight for three or four paces. All but one swung round to right or left, tending to a circular path, and the right-handed boys turned to the left, and the left-handed boys to the right. The one exception was a boy about equally expert with both hands. He went tolerably straight. Mr. Darwin's opinion is that right-handed persons are left-legged, because every strong effort by the right hand is attended with a corresponding effort by the left leg. This does not, however, settle the question raised by Mr. Charles Reade; for left-leggedness is only an effect of right-handedness.

We shall have to study the machine politician a good deal before we dispense with his existence. In New York City, investigations show that the city offices, such as County Clerk, Register and Sheriff, afford from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year of revenue to the man holding either office, and that he buys the office, never paying less than \$50,000 for it to the bosses who control votes by arts that are as dark to respectable citizens as the mysteries of mediæval astrology. A man on a school board was caught selling teachers' appointments. He was put off the board and went to selling liquor. In due time he became an alderman. The halls could not agree upon a president of the Board of Aldermen. Then the Republican boss made "a deal" with the Tammany hall and turned over the Republican aldermen's votes to elect as president the smirched seller of teachers' places and bad whiskey. This man is mayor of New York when Mayor Edson is absent, and has recently acted as such. An intrigue of that sort is as well worth studying as the farewell letter of Washington. It opens the very heart of our political demoralization. The chief parties to this intrigue will both be at Chicago, one in June, the other in July, with the votes of their respective parties in New York City in their dirty hands. They are engaged in a commercial business the staple of which is ballots, and they amass fortunes by selling votes and offices.

Is there any other competitive industry which is exploited with so much skill as politics? We write these words in early April, within sixty days of the Republican convention, and we should hardly be able to affirm that any prominent candidate is an *avowed* candidate. Are there no candidates, then? Is the nomination of the party which has ruled the country twenty-three years going a begging at Chicago? By no means. You are in the presence of management as a fine art. It is certain that the work of "getting up an interest" is going on briskly, and it is not possible that the candidates are ignorant of it. The popular pulse is rising, and there are men who can tell why it is rising. Perhaps the Democratic art is of a finer quality. Mr. Tilden has educated bright men in the delicate branches of political art. That there is no prominent candidate except Mr. Tilden, who is not a possible candidate, means that all dangerous aspirants are kept back by the candidacy of "the Sage of Greystone;" but the object of this suppression of candidates is out of sight. The children of this world are very wise in this political generation.

Our readers all know that the Methodist Episcopal General

Conference meets May 1st in each Presidential election year. Not all of them have our opportunities of knowing what a wholesome effect the approaching session is having upon the seven or eight periodicals whose editors will be re-elected or relegated to pastoral cares by the conference. Ordinarily we can see small faults in these papers. Now we would as soon seek to find the proverbial "needle in a haystack" as to discover a blemish on the face of a Methodist periodical. A cynic at our elbow says: "What a pity the General Conference does not meet every year!" In sober earnest we must say that all these "official editors" have been outdoing their former selves during the last eight or ten months.

Temple Bar for March contains a criticism of "The New School of American Fiction"—that of James and Howells—which makes some excellent points. Mr. Howells claims the art of fiction has become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. This reminds us of a story, as Lincoln used to say. Once a young preacher was warmly commended for his last sermon in the following terms: "It was a fine sermon, a very fine sermon, in fact it was so fine there was nothing of it." The attenuated art of Mr. Howells spins out into a fineness which vanishes in nothingness. *Temple Bar* thinks this "finer art" of our new school is a study of surface emotion and accidental types of mankind. The art is "a photograph where no artist's hand has grouped the figures, only posed them before his lens." Mr. Howells boasts that he finds "delight in the foolish, insipid face of real life." But the life that wears that kind of face affords no material for art—is not *really* real life. The accidental types which Mr. Howells paints so carefully please us just as a gossip's description of a bridal dress pleases her feminine neighbor—for a moment. Sometimes we have seen specimens—as for example, Bartley Hubbard—of the transient creatures and recognize the photograph. But after all such photography is the function of the newspaper. We all know that last year's newspaper is dull reading. The fiction produced by the "new school" will probably be just as dull in ten years. Dickens and Thackeray are much older than that and are still fascinating reading.

Is not the tone of the general newspaper press below that of the people who read newspapers? Are our people as slangy, coarse and low-toned as the average newspaper is? We do not believe that the people who *read* the papers are as vulgar-minded as the average reporter supposes them to be. We have read many defenses of the newspaper methods; but we never heard of a newspaper which died by becoming decent and wholesome. The reporter is trying to please a class which rarely reads anything, and is displeasing his habitual patrons. Let the latter take courage and tell him the simple truth and ask him to write English in future. A few talks of this nature will do the young man good.

The name of Adelaide Bell Morgan, Stapleton, N. Y., should have been among the list of C. L. S. C. graduates of the class of '83, published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for February.

Mr. W. A. Duncan, the new secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly, requests that all questions concerning Chautauqua matters should be addressed to him at Syracuse, N. Y.

A late number of *Harper's Weekly* says of Mrs. P. L. Collins, the author of the interesting article on the Dead-Letter Office which appears in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "Mrs. Collins has for several years held an important and responsible position in the Dead-Letter Office. Her fine culture, varied attainments, and the skill and ability displayed in the performance of the difficult and intricate duties of the service have won for her high and well deserved repute. No one is better qualified than Mrs. Collins to give our readers an insight into the workings of this important branch of our postal service."

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR MAY.

PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

In reading "Pictures from English History" the "Chronology," page 274) will be found indispensable. It gives a complete and concise summary of English history while the most prominent features of that history are fully displayed in the "Pictures."

P. 12.—"Druid." The origin of the word is obscure; the common derivation from the Greek word for *oak*, the best authorities consider fanciful, and give their preference to the derivation from the Celtic words for *God* and *speaking*. Many of their rites have been found to be similar to those of the Oriental religions, thus indicating that the religion was brought to Gaul at the time of an Asiatic invasion. Their centers in Gaul were along the Loire and in modern Brittany.

"Serpent's egg." The most remarkable of all the Druidical charms was the anguineum or snake's egg. It was said to be produced from the saliva and frothy sweat of a number of serpents writhing in an entangled mass, and to be tossed up into the air as soon as it was formed. The fortunate Druid who managed as it fell to catch it in his sagum, or cloak, rode off at full speed on a horse that had been waiting for him, pursued by the serpents till they were stopped by the intervention of a running stream. Pliny declares that he had seen one. "It is," he says, "about the size of a moderately large, round apple, and has a cartilaginous rind, studded with cavities like those on the arm of a polypus."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

P. 13.—"Stonehenge," stōn'hēj. Hanging stones, the word means. About eight miles north of Salisbury (see map) there is a collection of about one hundred and forty large stones, ranging in weight from ten to seventy tons. Many of them are still in their original positions, showing that they were arranged in two ovals within two circles, and were surrounded by a bank of dirt fifteen feet high, and ten hundred and ten feet in circumference. Not all authorities agree that Stonehenge was a Druid temple, some asserting that it was an astronomical observatory, and others that it was a place for assemblies of the people.

"Kit's Coty House." A cromlech, as the primitive monuments of the Scandinavians and Celts were called. It is composed of three upright stones about eight feet square by two thick, which support an irregular stone roof eleven feet long by eight wide. The name is a contraction of Kitigern's coty house; i. e., Kitigern's house made from *coits*, the Celtic word for huge, flat stones. Kitigern was a leader of the Britons slain in a battle against Hengist and Horsa.

P. 14.—"Cassivellaunus," cas'si-ve-lau'nus; "Chertsey," ches'se; "Hertfordshire," har'furd-shire.

P. 15.—"Aulus Plautius," au'lus plau'ti-us. He was a Roman consul when, in A. D. 48, he was sent to Britain, where he remained four years.

"Ostorius Scapula," os-to'ri us scap'ula. He went to Britain about A. D. 50. Soon after sending Caractacus to Rome, Scapula died in the province.

"Caractacus," ca-rac'ta-cus.

P. 16.—"Suetonius," swe-to'ni-us. It was during the reign of the Emperor Nero that Suetonius fought in Britain. Previous to this campaign he had carried war against the Moors. After returning from Britain he was made consul. "Boadicea," bo-ad'i-ce'a.

P. 17.—"Agricola" (37-93). Agricola had been trained in military service in Britain under Suetonius. Subsequently he had been governor of Aquatania, and consul at Rome. As governor of Britain he was very successful until the jealousy of the emperor, Domitian, caused his return. Tacitus, the historian, was his son-in-law, and wrote his life.

"Hadrian" (76-138). Roman emperor. His trip to Britain was made about 119.

"Severus." Emperor of Rome from 193-211. It was 208 that he went to Britain where he carried on a campaign until his death at York.

"Carausius," ca-rau'si-us. Maximian had given Carausius the command of a fleet which was to protect the coast of Gaul. Dissatisfied with him, the emperor ordered his execution. Carausius discovering this crossed to Gaul and proclaimed himself Augustus. When the Roman emperors found it impossible to subdue him they made him a colleague. He ruled Britain until he was slain in 293.

P. 18.—"Honorius," ho-no'ri-us. Roman emperor from 395-423

P. 21.—"Hengist," hēn'gist. A Jutish prince who, with his brother Horsa, landed with a fleet on the Isle of Thanet about 449. At this time the Britons needed assistance against the incursions of the Picts and Scots, and hired Hengist and his troops. After repelling the barbarians the Saxons concluded to conquer Britain for themselves. After years of war Hengist succeeded in driving the Britons from Kent. He then established his court at Canterbury, where he reigned about thirty years.

"Cerdic." In 495 a band of Saxons, under Cerdic, attempted the conquest of southern Britain. In 519 the crown of the West Saxons was put on Cerdic's head, but the next year the battle of Mount Bradon checked the advance.

"Old Sarum." A city two miles north of Salisbury, or New Sarum. It was deserted for the new site in the fifteenth century.

"Marlborough," mawl'brūh. A town of Wiltshire.

"Cirencester," ci'ren-ces-ter. A town about fifteen miles south-east of Gloucester.

"Caulin," cau'lin.

P. 22.—"Armorica," ar-mor'i-ca. A name formerly given to the northwestern part of Gaul from the Loire to the Seine. The influx of Britons caused the country to be called Brittany.

"Osismii," o-sis'mi-i. A people of Gaul in the neighborhood of the modern Quimper and Brest. See map in THE CHAULTAUQUAN for March.

"Vannes," vān; "Rennes," ren; "Mantes," mants. Towns of western France.

"Vortimer," vor'ti-mer. His father, Vor'ti-gern, was the chief of the British kings when Hengist came to Britain. Being unable to cope with the Saxon leader, Vortigern was deposed, and his son made commander. Hengist and Horsa were three times defeated under his leadership, Horsa being slain in the last battle. Hengist then returned to his country until Vortimer's death, when Vortigern was restored. On the return of Hengist the whole country was easily conquered.

P. 23.—"Ambrosius Aurelianus," am-bro'si-us au-re'li-a-nus.

"Arthur." As the legend runs Arthur was the son of Uter Pendragon. His high birth was concealed until he one day drew from the stone in which it was concealed a sword with the inscription: "Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone is rightwise born king of England." Several years after he was crowned, he received the enchanted Round Table which had belonged to his father, and formed about it that circle of knights whose brilliant exploits form so large a part of English legendary history. Arthur was finally wounded in battle, and carried away by the fairies, who were to restore him to the Celts upon his recovery.

"Jeffrey of Monmouth." An old English chronicler of the first half of the twelfth century. He compiled a history of the Britons, professing to be a translation from an old Welsh manuscript. The historical value is doubted. It contains the legends of Arthur and his court, and Merlin's "Prophecies."

"Knights of the Round-Table." This Round-Table had been made by Merlin for Uter Pendragon. It was circular, it was said to prevent jealousy about precedent. The number of knights which Arthur had is variously estimated as twelve, forty, and one hundred and fifty. These knights went into all countries seeking adventures. Their chief exploits occurred in search of the Holy Cup brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea.

"Uter," u'ter. Pendragon (chief) was the follower of Ambrosius as leader of the Britons, and the father of King Arthur.

P. 24.—"Merlin." The Prince of Enchanters. The legends represent Merlin as the son of a demon. His supernatural powers recommended him to King Vortigern as a counselor, a position which he afterward filled to Ambrosius, Uter Pendragon and Arthur. Merlin finally fell a victim to a charm which he had taught his mistress, Vivien. See Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien."

"Lancelot," lan'ce-lot. One of the chief knights of the Round-Table, called "the darling of the court." He is often spoken of as *Lancelot du Lac* (of the lake), as he was educated at the court of Vivien, known as the Lady of the Lake. Lancelot was celebrated for his

amours with Queen Guinevere, the wife of King Arthur, and the exploits which he undertook for her.

"Tristram." A knight of the Round-Table. A nephew of the king of Cornwall. He had gone to Ireland, where, being wounded, he was healed by the Princess Iseult. Returning he told his uncle of her beauty. The latter sent for Iseult and married her, though she loved Tristram. Years after his own marriage, Tristram was again wounded, and was told that only Iseult could heal him. She was sent for, but his wife from jealousy, persuaded him that she was not coming, and he died. Matthew Arnold has a poem on this story.

P. 25.—"Aurochs," au'rochs. A species of wild ox, contemporary with the mammoths, but now only found in Lithuania and the forests of the Caucasus.

P. 26.—"Sagas." The name given to the Scandinavian historical and mythological tales.

"Edda." A book containing Scandinavian poetry and mythology. There are two Eddas. The earliest is in thirty-nine poems containing mythology. The second is a collection of the myths of the gods, with instructions in the types and meters of the pagan poetry for the benefit of young poets. It is chiefly in prose.

P. 27.—"Tarpeian Rock," tar-pe'i'an. A part of the Capitoline hill. It is said that once while the Sabines were warring against the Romans, Tarpeia, the daughter of the governor of the citadel on the Capitoline offered to open the gates to the enemy if they would give her "what they wore on their arms," meaning their bracelets. They promised, but on entering crushed her with their shields. She was buried on the hill, and her name is still preserved in the name of the rock.

"Jupiter Sator." After the Sabines had gained possession of the city through the treachery of Tarpeia, a battle was fought, in which the Sabines were prevailing when Romulus vowed a temple to Jupiter, and the god gave him the victory.

P. 31.—"Eulogius," eu-lo'gi-us.

"Oswald." He became king of Northumbria about 635. The Welsh had shortly before this allied themselves under their king Cadwallon, or Cædwalla, with the king of Mercia, had defeated the Northumbrians and had slain their king. At the time of Oswald's succession the Welsh were still in the north, and he attacked them. The cross being set up as a standard Oswald held it till the hollow in which it was to stand was filled in by his soldiers. Throwing himself on his knees he called on his army to pray. Cadwallon was slain on "Heaven's field," as this battle ground was called, and Oswald for nine years held the chief power. He was finally slain by Penda.

"Maserfelth," ma'ser-felth.

"Penda." He became king of Mercia early in the seventh century. His life was spent in fighting for the old religion of the country. In 655 he met Oswin, or Oswi, the king of Northumbria, and was defeated in a battle, in which Green says "the cause of the older gods was lost forever."

"Offa." King of Mercia from 758 to 796. Charlemagne, his contemporary, called him "the most powerful of the Christian kings of the West."

P. 32.—"Iona," or Icolmkill. An island of the Hebrides, where Columba founded a monastery. Columba (521-597) was born in Ireland and trained in the monasteries. Trouble with a priest led to his being driven from the country. He went to Iona, where he founded a community which grew very rapidly and sent out many missionaries. Columba attained a great reputation, and built, it is said, 300 churches.

"Wilfred." (634?-709.) "The life of Wilfrith (or Wilfred), of York, was a mere series of flights to Rome and returns to England, of wonderful successes in pleading the right of Rome to the obedience of the Church of Northumbria, and of as wonderful defeats."—Green.

"Biscop." "Benedict Biscop worked toward the same end in a quieter fashion, coming backward and forward across the sea with books and relics and cunning masons and painters to rear a great church and monastery at Wearmouth, whose brethren owned allegiance to the Roman See."—Green.

"Cædmon," kéd'mon. The father of English song. He died in 680. According to traditions he was a swineherd to the monks of Whiteby. One night an angel appeared to him and commanded him to sing. Awakening, the words of a poem on creation came to him.

He was admitted to the monastery as a member, after this. Milton is said to have taken the idea of "Paradise Lost" from this poem.

"Adhelm," ad'helm.

"Jarrow." A town of Durham on the Tyne, where Biscop had founded a monastery, and where Bede was buried.

P. 33.—"Ethelwulf," eth'el-wóolf; "Osburga," os'bur-ga.

P. 38.—"Hastings." A Scandinavian viking born about 812. He joined a band of marauding Northmen, of whom he soon gained entire control. Leading his band against France he devastated the banks of the Loire, went thence to Spain where he pillaged Lisbon and burned Seville. Afterward he went to Tuscany, and by stratagem captured Rome. Having made another successful invasion of France, Hastings sailed to England, but was repulsed by King Alfred. Soon after he left his roving life to settle in Denmark, where his identity is lost.

P. 41.—"Dunstan," dūn'stan; "Athelstane," eth'el-stán.

"Glastonbury," glas'ton-bury. A town of Somerset, near Bath.

P. 42.—"Crediton," cred'i-ton. A town of Devonshire.

P. 43.—"Elgiva," el-gi'va.

P. 44.—"Cambria." The ancient Latin name for Wales.

"Sterlingshire." A central county of Scotland. Bannockburn is within its limits.

"Argyle." A western county of Scotland, including several islands near the coast. Its hills are famous for their picturesque beauty. The columns and cave of Staffa are within its limits.

P. 46.—"Elfrida," el'fri-da. The second wife of Edgar. The story of the wooing of Elfrida tells that Edgar having heard of her great beauty, sent his minister and friend to ascertain if the reports were true. The minister was so captivated with her charms that he misrepresented her beauty to the king and married her himself. When Edgar discovered the deceit, he promptly killed his friend and married Elfrida.

P. 48.—"Canute," ka-nūt'. The second king of Denmark of that name. He was the son of King Sweyn, of Denmark, and came over with him to England. Sweyn failed to establish his power, but left the succession to Canute, who, after obtaining forces from his native land, completed the conquest.

P. 51.—"St. John." (1801-1875.) An English author and traveler. He has written several volumes of histories, travels and philosophy.

"Beau Ideal." A model of beauty; ideal perfection.

P. 53.—"Sobriquet," sób're-ká'. A nickname. The word is sometimes incorrectly spelt *soubriquet*.

"Falaise," fá-laisz. A town of Normandy, France.

"Palgrave." (1788-1861.) An English author.

P. 54.—"Thierry," tyár're'. Jacques Nicholas Augustin (1795-1856). A French historian. He established a reputation as one of the most original historians of his times by a history of the conquest of England by the Normans. Several other volumes, mainly French histories, were written by him.

P. 59.—"Pizarro," pe-zár'o. (1475?-1541.) A Spanish adventurer. Early in the sixteenth century he assisted in the settlement of Darien. Being anxious to explore the western coast of Peru for gold, he obtained supplies of men and arms several times from the governor of Darien, but the force was insufficient to accomplish his purpose. Pizarro at last went to Spain and obtained from Charles V. the right to conquest and discovery in Peru. The expedition was successful, but a quarrel with Almagro, his partner, led to a civil war, in which Pizarro was slain. His descendants bearing the title of Marquis of the Conquest are still to be found in Trujillo, Spain.

P. 61.—"Malmesbury," māmz'ber-I, William of. (1095?-1143.) He was the librarian of the monastery of Malmesbury, and the author of several valuable historical works.

"Guizot," ge'zo'. (1787-1874.) A French statesman and historian.

"Lisieux," le'ze-uh'. A city of Normandy, formerly the seat of a bishopric, but in 1801 the diocese was abolished.

"Peter the Hermit." (1050-1115.) He had tried several pursuits, but finally became a hermit. In 1093 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The condition of things there led to his preaching the Crusades. He led the first band of Crusaders, and afterward was associated with Godfrey of Bouillon. After the capture of Jerusalem he returned to Europe where he founded an abbey in which he passed the rest of his life.

P. 65.—"Godfrey of Bouillon," boo'yon'. (1060?-1100.) In the

struggle of Henry IV., of Germany, with Pope Gregory VII., Godfrey had aided Henry, and was the first to scale the walls of Rome at its capture. This violation of the sacred city burdened his conscience, and he went on the First Crusade, of which he became the virtual leader. In 1099 Godfrey captured Jerusalem after a siege of thirty-eight days. He took the title of duke, though offered a crown. On his death his brother succeeded him, assuming the title of Baldwin I., King of Jerusalem.

"Count of Vermandois," *vér'món'dwa'*. Brother of the French king, Philip I.

"Bohemond," *bō'he-mōnd*. (1060?-1111.) The eldest son of Robert Guiscard. Being expelled from his father's throne he took a prominent part in the Crusades, and was made prince of Antioch. Returning to Europe he married the daughter of the king of France, and marched against Alexis, the emperor of Constantinople. He was unsuccessful, and concluded peace. His death occurred soon after.

"Tancred," *tānk'red*. (1078-1112.) A cousin of Bohemond. He acted a distinguished part in the war against the Turks, attaining distinction at the sieges of Nicæa and Antioch, and at the storming of Jerusalem. He assisted Bohemond, and after the latter returned to Europe, Tancred defended Antioch. After the defeat of Bohemond, Tancred defeated the Saracens and drove the Sultan from Syria.

P. 67.—"Brabanion." Soldiers from Brabant, one of the divisions of the Netherlands.

P. 68.—"Angevins," *ān'ja'vōn'*. The inhabitants of Anjou.

P. 69.—"Ely." The fens of Ely were a portion of the section known now as the "Bedford Level," a district in eastern England, which was formerly a vast morass, but which in the seventeenth century was reclaimed by the Earl of Bedford.

"Baldwin de Rivier," *deh re'veer'*; "Lenoir," *le-nore'*.

P. 73.—"Hauberk," *hau'bērk*. A coat of mail used in the middle ages, being a jacket or tunic, with wide sleeves reaching a little below the elbow, and with short trousers terminating at the knee.—*Fairholt*.

"De la Chesnage," *deh lā chēs'nazh'*.

P. 76.—"Brito," *brit'o*; "Fitzurse," *fits'urs*.

P. 86.—"Real," *re'al*. A Spanish and Mexican silver coin worth about 12½ cents.

"Lists." A place enclosed for combats.

"Pursuivants," *pūr'swe-vānt*. A follower or attendant.

P. 87.—"Brian de Bois Guilbert," *bre-ōn' deh bwā gel'bēr'*. A brave but voluptuous commander of the Knights Templar in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

"Front de Bœuf," *frōn deh būf*; "Richard de Malvoisin," *deh māl'vwā'sān'*; "Grantmesnil," *grant'mās'nel'*; "Vipont," *ve'pōn'*.

"St. John of Jerusalem." A religious and military order which originated in the middle of the eleventh century. A chapel and hostels had been built at Jerusalem near the Holy Sepulchre. The fraternity who cared for them showed such courage during the siege of Jerusalem that many knights and princes attached themselves to the hospitalers, and in 1113 the order was approved as "Brothers Hospitalers of St. John in Jerusalem." To monastic vows were added those of bearing arms in defense of Christianity. Many services were rendered to religion, but the order growing rich, degenerated. After the fall of Jerusalem it was established at Markab, and in 1291 removed to Cyprus. In 1530 the knights took Malta and retained it until its capture by Bonaparte in 1798. Since that time the order has existed only in name.

P. 88.—"La Reyne de la," etc. The queen of love and beauty.

P. 89.—"Caracoled." Wheeled about.

P. 92.—"Laissez Aller." Go.

P. 93.—"Beau-scant." The name of the Templars' banner, which was half white, half black, to intimate, it is said, that they were candid and fair toward Christians, but black and terrible toward infidels.

"Desdichado." Scott says of this knight: "His suit of armor was formed of steel richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying disinherited."

P. 96.—"Chamfron," *chām'fron*. An ancient piece of armor for the head of a horse.

P. 99.—"St. Edmundsbury" or Bury St. Edmunds. A borough in

Suffolkshire. It received its name from Edmund, the Saxon king and martyr.

P. 102.—"Ankerwyke," *an'ker-wike*.

P. 103.—"Lewes," *lu'is*.

"Mortimer." The Earl of March. During the reign of Edward II. he became virtual sovereign of England, by favor of Queen Isabella. Through his instrumentality the king was imprisoned, and in 1326 murdered. Mortimer tried to gain control of the young prince, but was seized and hung in 1330.

P. 104.—"Llewelyn," *le-wel'in*. Prince of Wales 1246. Was through life engaged in contests with the English, but finally submitted and resigned his territory 1277; revolted again and was killed by Mortimer 1282.

P. 105.—"Justiciar," *jus-tish'e ar*. Judge.

"Marcher." The border barons. The word *march* means border. It is used chiefly in the plural, and in the English history applied to the border territories between England and Scotland, and England and Wales.

P. 106.—"Glamorgan," *gla-mor'gan*. The most southerly of the counties of Wales.

P. 107.—"Hugh Dispenser." The son of Simon de Montfort.

P. 109.—"Mareschal," *mār'shal*. The word is now written *marshal*. A military officer of high rank.

P. 111.—"De Bohun," *deh bo'hun*; "Inchafray," *in'chaf-fray*; "Ingelram de Umphrville," *in'gel-ram deh umph're-ville*.

P. 113.—"Ponthieu," *pōng'te-āh*.

"Houseled," *houz'eld*. An obsolete word, meaning that they had received the eucharist.

P. 114.—"Salet," *sāl'et*. A light helmet used by foot soldiers.

P. 115.—"Froissart," *frois'ärt* (1337-1410). A French chronicler. He had been destined for the priesthood, but became interested in preparing a history of the wars of his time. He went to England to collect materials, where he held a state position until he had attained his object; then he visited Scotland and Italy before returning to a clerical position in France. His life as country priest did not suit him and he joined the duke of Brabant. Having traveled through several countries, collected a volume of poems and observed the life of nearly all the courts of western Europe, Froissart devoted the rest of his days to completing his great work, "The chronicles of the wonderful adventures, great enterprises and feats of arm which happened during my time in France, England, Brittany, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere."

"St. Denis." A bishop of France in the third century who by legendary writers is confounded with Dionysius the Areopagite. The latter was an Athenian philosopher, who became a convert to St. Paul, and traveled through many countries preaching Christ. Arriving at Paris he resolved to stay there as a preacher. After several years of service he was executed. "He became the patron of the French monarchy, his name the war cry of the French armies. The famous oriflamme—the standard of France—was the banner consecrated upon his tomb."

"Alençon," *āl-lēn'son*.

P. 118.—"La Brayes," *lā brwa*; "Reynault," *rā'nol'*.

P. 119.—"Entrepot," *ōng-tr-pō*. A free port where goods are received and deposited.

"Vienne," *ve-en'*.

P. 121.—"Gossip." This word was formerly used in the sense of comrade, friend.

"Jehan d'Airs," *ja'ān'dār*; "Jacques de Wisant," *zhāk deh ve'sōn'*.

P. 124.—"John Ball." An English fanatical preacher in the reign of Richard II. executed at Coventry in 1381. He had been repeatedly excommunicated for preaching "errors and schisms and scandals against the pope, the archbishops, bishops and clergy," and when Wyckliffe began to preach he adopted some of the reformer's doctrines, and grafted them on his own. He joined Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381, and at Blackheath preached to a hundred thousand of the insurgents a violent democratic sermon on the text,

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

P. 128.—"Good Parliament." In the reign of Edward III., and so called from the severity with which it pursued the party of the duke of Lancaster.

P. 129.—“Peter’s Pence.” An annual tribute of one penny paid at the feast of St. Peter to the See of Rome. At one time it was collected from every family, but afterwards it was restricted to those who had the value of thirty pence in quick or live stock. This tax was collected in England from 740 till it was abolished by Henry VIII.

P. 137.—“Cinque Ports,” sink ports. The five English Channel ports of Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. These ports lying opposite to France received peculiar privileges in the days of early English history, on condition of providing in time of war a certain number of ships at their own expense.

P. 138.—“Chandos.” (Sir John.) An English soldier of the fourteenth century, whose valor and virtue have been greatly praised by the historians of the time. At Crecy, Poitiers and Auray he won honors, was made constable of Aquitaine, and seneschal of Poitou. On his death the king of France exclaimed that he was the only warrior who could have made peace between him and the king of England.

“Du Guesclin,” dü g’iklîn’ (1314?-1380). Constable of France, and its most famous warrior during his life.

“Saint George.” The patron saint of England. Was at once the GREAT SAINT of the Greek Church and the patron of the chivalry of Europe. According to the legends he lived in the time of the emperor Diocletian. He performed many marvelous feats in defense of his religion, and suffered terrible persecution; when finally he was beheaded he was placed at the head of the martyrs. Mrs. Jameson says: “The particular veneration paid to him in England dates from the time of Richard I., who in the wars of Palestine placed himself and his army under the especial protection of St. George.”

“Derby,” earl of, afterward earl of Lancaster. A cousin of Edward III., who defended the English provinces in France against the French, winning a fine reputation as a warrior.

“Hawkwood.” Sir John. An English military adventurer of the fourteenth century. He fought for Gregory XI., and for the king of Naples, and won great renown for daring and skill.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

P. 437, c. 1.—“Horatii,” ho-ra’ti-i; “Curiatii,” cu’ri-a’ti-i.

P. 438, c. 1.—“Cineas.” See Notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, page 370. “Manius Curius,” man’i-us cu’ri-us; “Cornelius Rufinus,” cor-ne’li-us ru-fi-nus; “Fabricius,” fa-bric’i-us.

“Heraclea,” her’a-cle’a. A city in Lucania, near the Tarentine Gulf. It was here that the first battle between Pyrrhus and the Romans took place in which the latter were defeated.

“Appius Claudius,” ap’pi-us clau’di-us. He was censor in 312, when he built the Appian aqueduct and commenced the Appian Way. Appius was the earliest Roman writer whose name has come down to us.

P. 438, c. 2.—“Chaonians,” cha-o’ni-ans. Inhabitants of Chaonia, a division of Epirus.

“Molossians,” mo-lös’si-ans. A people of Epirus.

“Lucanians,” lu-ca’ni-ans. Inhabitants of Lucania. A district of Lower Italy, corresponding to a part of the kingdom of Naples.

“Bruttians,” brut’ti-ans. The district south of Lucania, in the southern extremity of Italy was called Bruttium, from which the people were called Bruttians.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 442.—“Dürer,” dü’rer; “Schongauer,” shön’gow-er. More generally known as Martin Schön (the beautiful Martin). Among the Italians he was called “Bel Martino,” and the French called him “Beau Martin”—so named from the beauty of his works. He lived in the fifteenth century—the greatest German artist of that period. His paintings are rare, he being more famous as an engraver than as a painter. A fine collection of his prints are in the British Museum.

“Wolgemut,” wol’ge-moot. (1434-1519.) A native of Wurtemberg, who devoted himself chiefly to the carving and manufacture of huge altar chests and other specimens of church furniture. Specimens of his painting are in the gallery at Munich, also at Zwickau, and at Nuremberg.

“Florins,” flör’ins. A silver coin of Florence first used in the twelfth century. The name is given to various coins, in different countries; the value varying from twenty-three to fifty-four cents.

“Giovanni Bellini,” jo-vā’nee bel-lee’nee. (1426-1516.) Generally regarded as the founder of the Venetian school of painting. He decorated the walls of the Hall of the Council, painted many church pieces, and a few portraits.

“Zisselgasse,” tsiss-el-gass’ä; “Bruges,” brüz’h.

P. 443, c. 1.—“Shahpour,” sha’poo; “Perkheimer,” pirk’hi-mer; “Holbein,” hül’bin.

“Kugler,” koog’ler. (1808-1858.) A German writer whose works on the history of art met with great success. He also wrote histories and published a volume of poems and several successful dramas.

“Bale,” bäl.

“Rathaus,” rawt’hous. Counsel house.

P. 443, c. 2.—“More.” (1480-1535.) An English statesman. He was finely educated at the university, and afterward studied law. At the bar he became very successful. Under Henry VIII. he was employed in many public affairs until he won that monarch’s dislike by refusing to consent to his divorce from the queen. This dislike led to a charge of treason being preferred against him, and he was condemned and executed.

“Chelsea,” chel’sé. Formerly a village about two miles from London, but now a suburb. The famous military hospital for invalid soldiers and the royal military asylum for the support and education of the children of soldiers are at Chelsea.

“In tempera.” *Tempera* painting or *distemper*, as it is now called, is that in which the pigments are mixed with chalk or clay, and mixed with weak glue or size.

“Easterlings.” The popular name of traders from the Baltic and Germany during the Middle Ages.

“Francesco Spforza,” fran-chés’ko sfort’sä.

“Friedrich Overbeck,” fred’ric o’ver-bek’.

“Degli Angeli,” de’glee än’gel-ee.

“Tasso.” (1144-1595.) An Italian poet. His “Jerusalem Delivered” was an epic poem on the delivery of the holy city by Godfrey of Bouillon.

P. 444, c. 1.—“Marchese Massimo,” mar’chez mäs-see’mo; “Städel,” stä’del.

“Van Eyck,” van-ik’. These brothers, Hubrecht and Jan Van Eyck, lived in the latter part of the fourteenth and first part of the fifteenth centuries. They attained a great success, which was undoubtedly due to the discovery of a new process for mixing colors with oil. This discovery led to a new coloring known as “the purple of Van Eyck.”

“Matsys,” mät’sis’. (1460?-1529.) He is said to have been a blacksmith in early life, and to have been a self-taught artist. His pictures are highly colored and finished. One of his best is an altar piece in the cathedral at Antwerp.

“Siegen,” se’gen.

“Paola Veronese,” paw’lo vä-ro nä-zä. Commonly known as Cagliari (käl jä-ree) (1530?-1588.) A native of Verona. When quite young he painted the dome of the cathedral at Mantua, and soon after gained a prize at Venice from several eminent painters. His splendid coloring made his pictures very famous. One of the best known is the “Marriage of Cana,” in the Louvre. He also painted portraits of great merit.

“Vincenzo Gonzaga,” vin-sen’zo gon-gä’zä.

“Giulio Romano,” joo’le-o ro-mä’no (1492-1546.) The most famous disciple of Raphael. “He was particularly successful as an original painter in battle pieces, and other warlike subjects, and was, above all, an inimitable designer.”

“Lichtenstein,” lik’ten-stine.

“Whitehall.” A famous royal palace of London of great historical

interest. The old palace was burnt in 1697, leaving only a banqueting hall, which was converted into a Chapel Royal by George I.

"Fourment," *foor ment'*.

P. 444, c. 1.—"Decius." Emperor of Rome from 249 to 251.

"Ixion," *ix'ion*; "Antoon van Dyck," *an'toon van dike'*.

P. 445, c. 1.—"Velasquez," *vā las'kes*. (1599-1660.) A painter of Seville. He studied with the best masters of the times and early attained a success which led to his being appointed court painter to Philip IV. In 1627 Velasquez visited Rome to study the masters there. On his return he was given a studio in the king's palace, and in 1656 he was given a lucrative position as superintendent of the king's lodge-ment. Of his painting it is said: "He drew nothing from the antique, and his visit to Italy produced no change in his style. He held up the mirror to his age alone; all his art was his own—original, national and idiosyncratic." Mengs gives the historical picture—"General Pescara receiving the keys of a Flemish citadel" as his masterpiece. The finest pictures of Velasquez remain at Madrid.

"Mater Dolorosa," *ma'ter dō-lō-rō'sā*. Sorrowing mother.

"Pittore Cavaliere," *pit'tō-rā cā-vāl'ee-res'cō*. The Cavalier painter.

"Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn," *rem'brānt har'mensz van rīn*; "Van Mander," *van man'der*. (1548-1606.) A Flemish painter of historical pieces and landscapes.

"Houbraken," A Dutch painter of portraits and historical pieces, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

"Hermann Gerritszoon," *her'mann ger-rits'zoon*; "Weddesteeg," *wed'des-tēg*, "Antoine Breedstraat," *an'to-ny breed-strā't*; "Saskia van Ulenburch," *sas'ki-a van oo'len-burk*; "Leenwarden," *lō-war'den*.

P. 445, c. 2.—"Guilders," *gild'er*. A Dutch coin worth about 38 cents.

"Walloon," *wal'loon*. A native of that part of Flanders between the Scheldt and the Lys.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 447, c. 1.—"El Bireh," *el bē'rā*; "Zebroud," *zé-broud*; "Aian Haramiyeh," *ai'an el ha'ram-i'yeh*; "Nablous," *na'blous*.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

P. 448, c. 1.—"Youghiogeny," *yōh'ho-gā'nī*.

"Dinwiddy," *din-wid'die*. (1690-1770.) A Scotchman. Governor of Virginia from 1752 to 1758.

P. 448, c. 2.—"LeBœuf," *lūh'būf*; "Du Quesne," *dū-kain*.

P. 449, c. 1.—"Braddock." General Braddock was a Scotchman. He had earned his title in the wars in Flanders, and had been sent to America in February before his death, which it is believed was caused by one of his own men. Braddock gave the order that none of the

English should protect themselves in the battle of Monongahela behind the trees as the French and English did. One of the provincial soldiers disobeyed. Braddock saw it and struck him with his sword. The brother of the man seeing this, shot Braddock in the back.

"St. Croix," *krwā*.

P. 450, c. 1.—"Loudon," *lōw'don*. (1705-1782.) He had been appointed governor of Virginia, and commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, but he paid no attention to military affairs. Franklin said of him: "He is like little St. George on the sign boards, always on horseback, but never goes forward."

"Abercrombie," *āb'er-krūm-bī*. (1706-1781.) A Scotchman. He became a colonel in the British army in 1746, and came to America in 1756, where he held the chief command until the arrival of Loudon. After his defeat at Ticonderoga, Abercrombie returned to England and became a member of Parliament, where he advocated the obnoxious measures which led to the war of the Revolution.

"Ticonderoga," *tī-con'der-o'ga*.

"Lord Howe." (1724-1758.) He was a member of the British army who came to America in the spring of 1758. It is said that with him "the soul of the expedition seemed to expire." His body was taken from Ticonderoga to Albany and placed in a vault. When several years after, the remains were removed, his hair, which had been cut short as an example for his soldiers, had grown to long, flowing, and beautiful locks.

"Wolfe." (1726-1759.) He distinguished himself in the army when only twenty years old. His valor at Louisbourg led to his being placed at the head of the expedition against Quebec, where he was killed.

"Gabus," *gab'a-rus*.

P. 450, c. 2.—"Prideaux," *prid'o*; "Montmorenci," *mōnt'mo-rēn'sī*.

"Johnson." (1715-1774.) An Irishman who came to America in 1738 to take care of property in the Mohawk Valley for an uncle. He became a great favorite with the Indians, and at the breaking out of the French and Indian war was made superintendent of Indian Affairs. His great influence kept the Six Nations from any favoring of the French. Johnson was adopted into the Mohawk tribe and made a sachem. For his invaluable services during the war he was knighted and given a grant of 100,000 acres of land north of the Mohawk River.

"Amherst." (1717-1797.) After his campaign in the north, Amherst was made governor of Virginia in 1763, was afterward created a baron, and from 1778 to 1795 was commander-in-chief.

"Montcalm." (1712-1759.) He had entered the French army when but 14 years old. In the war of the Austrian Secession, and afterward in Italy, he gained a high rank. In 1756 he was sent to Canada, where he was feebly seconded by the governor in his efforts to preserve the colony to the French. A fine monument stands at Quebec erected to both Montcalm and Wolfe.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

After a residence of sixteen years on the Pacific coast, and much travel, often by the most primitive methods, through a remote and, at the time, little known part of the country, Mrs. Leighton gives us in an unpretending little volume* some picturesque descriptions, and an entertaining narrative of her personal observations and experiences. As the work was written from memoranda made at the time, it, of course, describes the country and its inhabitants as they appeared fifteen or twenty years ago. The rapid immigration of enterprising white people with their multiform industries, schools, churches, and all the improvements of civilized life has so greatly changed things that a faithful picture, now drawn, of some of the localities would be in strong contrast

with that here sketched for us. With the present railroad facilities, the steady stream of emigration to the "new land of promise" will be accelerated, and in the next decade the advancement of society there will be still more rapid.

A work of rare excellence, and one that meets a demand that has long been felt, is Wheeler's complete analysis of the Bible.* The learned author was eminently fitted for the work undertaken, every part of which witnesses his competency, fidelity and thoroughness. The field occupied is not new. We have several other works of the same class but none half so satisfactory. The Professor had already wrought with gratifying success on his "Analysis and Summary of Herodotus,"

* Life at Puget Sound, with Sketches of Travel in Washington Territory, British Columbia, Oregon and California. 1865-1887. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers, 1884.

* Wheeler's Complete Analysis of the Bible. A Summary of Old and New Testament History. By J. T. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., Philadelphia: Thayer, Merriam & Co. 1882.

and also of "Thucydides," books that present the principal facts narrated by those classic historians summarized with great clearness. The analyses in the present work present some of the very best examples of concise clearness of statement, and the summaries are carefully made. The synthesis of the four gospels gives all the principal events and sayings of the Savior's life in chronological order, with explanatory notes. We most cordially commend it to all our friends who are able to place it in their libraries. If they are Bible students it is full of such information as will greatly interest them.

We are glad to know that Dr. J. H. Vincent is publishing in neatly ornamented paper covers a series of tracts,* full of valuable suggestions, and that ought to be read by the young people of all fraternizing evangelical churches. They are written from a Methodist standpoint, in plain, forcible language, that can not fail to be understood. The writer is so well known and honored by Chautauquans, for his generous catholicity of spirit, and cordial fellowship with the good of all denominations that they will not wonder at his intense abhorrence of all bigotry and narrow-mindedness.

Among the many books on temperance that have been written during the last two years one of the most useful is "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer."† The materials for the volume are taken directly from the author's experience as a criminal lawyer, and consist of incidents whose details he heard in the courts or in the cells of the jails. He says: "My experience at the bar has satisfied me that intemperance is the direct cause of nearly all the crime that is committed in our country. I have been at the bar over thirty years, have been engaged on over four thousand criminal cases, and, on mature reflection I am satisfied that over three thousand of those cases have originated from drunkenness alone, and I believe that a great proportion of the remainder could be traced either directly or indirectly to this great source of crime." With such an experience and such a conviction it is needless to add that Mr. Richmond has made a strong plea for the temperance cause.

When Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announced that a new and complete edition of the writings of Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) was to be sent out from their house, the many lovers of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream Life," were heartily pleased. No other books in our American Literature have a charm like those two. We all feel a certain personal affection for the Bachelor whose fireside dreams and fancies are like our own, an affection which makes us turn gladly to anything he writes, and we are never disappointed in what we find. To be sure there is nothing in "Seven Stories," or "Wet Days at Edgewood," or "Dr. Johns," that gives us the delight of our first favorites, but there is much of pleasant narrative and wholesome sentiment that drives away our dullness and tones up our thoughts. The new edition is very attractive, its cloth binding being "something new" in American books, and when the twelve volumes are out they will be a valuable addition to our good books.

The first new volume in the new edition of Ik Marvel is a bundle of pleasant papers which are put under the apt title of "Bound Together,"‡ because, as the author says, "after considerable search I could find no more unifying title." Pleasant reading they are, indeed, on topics which are everyday enough and interesting enough to make every reader linger over them. Among the essays is the oration on Washington Irving, delivered at the centennial celebration of Irving's birth, held a year ago, at Tarrytown; a course of lectures on "Titian and His Times;" "Two College Talks;" "Beginnings of an Old Town," an address delivered upon the occasion of the second centennial of the foundation of the town of Norwich, and several delightful papers grouped under the general heads of "Processions of the Months," and "In-doors and Out-of-doors."

There are a great many very suggestive and valuable hints in "My House."|| If house builders would only follow them our eyes and taste

* The Holy Catholic Church. The Antiquity of Methodism. The Episcopal Church. By J. H. Vincent, D.D. Phillips & Hunt, New York: 1884.

† Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer. By A. B. Richmond, Esq., Meadville, Pa. Meadville Publishing House. 1883.

‡ Bound Together: A Sheaf of Papers. By the author of "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Reveries of a Bachelor," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

|| My House; An Ideal. By Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

would not be so tried now-a-days by the ginger-bready piles of red and green peaks and towers and balconies and turrets and cupolas that are called houses; houses that are built for style, and not for fitness. It is a pity that a few sensible ideas about house building can not be put into our heads until we shall build a little nearer Mr. Bunce's ideal, houses whose foundations are deep, and whose walls will stand through many generations to come, built for happiness and not to look at. He does not try to set forth cheap devices by which "inferior things are made to put on the seeming of better things," nor to show how a house can be made pretentious by means of shams, but "how it can be made beautiful by choosing and combining intelligently." "My theme is art, and not trickery; my design is to show how to bring about good results by right methods, not how to cover up paltry objects by false devices."

A book giving much needed and valuable information respecting the false systems of religion, has been lately issued, by Messrs. Phillips & Hunt.* It is a book for the times, and published for a purpose worthy of the source whence it comes. It contains nine distinct essays, by many Christian scholars, well fitted for the work undertaken; besides their eminent ability they have severally been in circumstances most favorable to a thorough understanding of the subjects discussed. The thoughtful reader will discover in them sufficient grounds for the faith indicated by the title, "Doomed Religions," and that the false systems that have for ages enthralled the race give evidence of decay.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The World's Cyclopædia and Library of Universal Knowledge." Compiled by Professor H. L. Williams. New York: World Manufacturing Co.

"Biogen; A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life." By Prof. Elliot Coues. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1884.

"Stories by American Authors;" volumes I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

"The Last of the Luscombs;" by Helen Pearson Barnard. Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

"The Retrospect. A Poem in Four Cantos;" by John Ap Thomas Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

"The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." By E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

The Riverside Literature Series: "Mabel Martin and Other Poems." By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Doomed Religions. A series of essays on Great Religions of the World. Edited by Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., LL.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1884.



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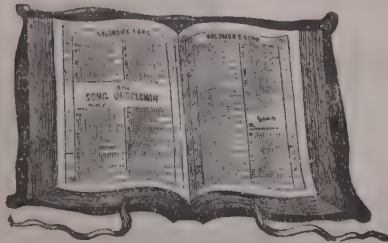
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VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 9.

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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
JUNE.

READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

Next we will give a picture, a partial picture it must be, of an action occurring a little more than half a century later in Roman history. Dr. Arnold shall be our painter:

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.
[219 B. C.]

Hannibal was on the summit of the Alps about the end of October; the first winter snows had already fallen; but two hundred years before the Christian era, when all Germany was one vast forest, the climate of the Alps was far colder than at present, and the snow lay on the passes all through the year. Thus the soldiers were in dreary quarters; they remained two days on the summit, resting from their fatigues, and giving opportunity to many of the stragglers, and of the horses and cattle, to rejoin them by following their track; but they were cold and worn and disheartened; and mountains still rose before them, through which, as they knew too well, even their descent might be perilous and painful.

But their great general, who felt that he now stood victorious on the ramparts of Italy, and that the torrent which rolled before him was carrying its waters to the rich plains of Cisalpine Gaul, endeavored to kindle his soldiers with his own spirit of hope. He called them together; he pointed out the valley beneath, to which the descent seemed the work of a moment. "That valley," he said, "is Italy; it leads us to the country of our friends, the Gauls, and yonder is our way to Rome." His eyes were eagerly fixed on that point of the horizon; and as he gazed, the distance between seemed to vanish, till he could almost fancy that he was crossing the Tiber, and assailing the Capitol.

After the two days' rest the descent began. Hannibal experienced no more open hostility from the barbarians, only some petty attempts here and there to plunder; a fact strange in itself, but doubly so, if he was really descending the valley of the Doria Baltea, through the country of the Salassians, the most untamable robbers of all the Alpine barbarians. It is possi-

ble that the influence of the Insubrians may partly have restrained the mountaineers; and partly, also, they may have been deterred by the ill success of all former attacks, and may by this time have regarded the strange army and its monstrous beasts with something of superstitious terror. But the natural difficulties of the ground on the descent were greater than ever. The snow covered the track so that the men often lost it, and fell down the steep below; at last they came to a place where an avalanche had carried it away altogether for about three hundred yards, leaving the mountain side a mere wreck of scattered rocks and snow. To go round was impossible; for the depth of the snow on the heights above rendered it hopeless to scale them; nothing, therefore, was left but to repair the road. A summit of some extent was found, and cleared of the snow; and here the army were obliged to encamp, whilst the work went on. There was no want of hands; and every man was laboring for his life; the road therefore was restored, and supported with solid substructions below; and in a single day it was made practicable for the cavalry and baggage cattle, which were immediately sent forward, and reached the lower valley in safety, where they were turned out to pasture. A harder labor was required to make a passage for the elephants; the way for them must be wide and solid, and the work could not be accomplished in less than three days. The poor animals suffered severely in the interval from hunger; for no forage was to be found in that wilderness of snow, nor any trees whose leaves might supply the place of other herbage. At last they too were able to proceed with safety; Hannibal overtook his cavalry and baggage, and in three days more the whole army had got clear of the Alpine valleys, and entered the country of their friends, the Insubrians, on the wide plain of northern Italy.

Hannibal was arrived in Italy, but with a force so weakened by its losses in men and horses, and by the exhausted state of the survivors, that he might seem to have accomplished his great march in vain. According to his own statement, which there is no reason to doubt, he brought out of the Alpine valleys no more than 12,000 African and 8,000 Spanish infantry, with 6,000 cavalry, so that his march from the Pyrenees to the plains of northern Italy must have cost him 33,000 men; an enormous loss, which proves how severely the army must have suffered from the privations of the march and the severity of the Alpine climate; for not half of these 33,000 men can have fallen in battle.

Once again the subject shall be Hannibal, and Arnold shall be the artist. This time Hannibal suffers his final defeat at the hands of Scipio.

THE BATTLE OF ZAMA.
[201 B. C.]

Hannibal, we are told, landed at Leptis, at what season of the year we know not; and after refreshing his troops for some time at Adrumetum, he took the field, and advanced to the neighborhood of Zama, a town situated, as Polybius describes it, about five days' journey from Carthage, toward the west.

It seems that Scipio was busied in overrunning the country, and in subduing the several towns, when he was interrupted in these operations by the approach of the Carthaginian army. He is said to have detected some spies sent by Hannibal to observe his position; and by causing them to be led carefully round his camp, and then sent back in safety to Hannibal, he so excited the admiration of his antagonist as to make him solicit a personal interview, with the hope of effecting a termination of hostilities. The report of this conference, and of the speeches of the two generals, savors greatly of the style of Roman family memoirs, the most unscrupulous in falsehood of any pretended records of facts that the world has yet seen. However, the meeting ended in nothing, and the next day the two armies were led out into the field for the last decisive struggle. The numbers on each side we have no knowledge of, but probably neither was in this respect much superior. Masinissa, however, with four thousand Numidian cavalry, beside six thousand infantry, had joined Scipio a few days before the battle; while Hannibal, who had so often been indebted to the services of Numidians, had now, on this great occasion, only two thousand horse of that nation to oppose to the numbers and fortune and activity of Masinissa. The account of the disposition of both armies, and of the events of the action, was probably drawn up by Polybius from the information given to him by Lælius, and perhaps from the family records of the house of Scipio. And here we may admit its authority to be excellent. It states that the Roman legions were drawn up in their usual order, except that the maniples of every alternate line did not cover the intervals in the line before them, but were placed one behind another, thus leaving avenues in several places through the whole depth of the army, from front to rear. These avenues were loosely filled by the light-armed troops, who had received orders to meet the charge of the elephants, and to draw them down the passages left between the maniples, till they should be enticed entirely beyond the rear of the whole army. The cavalry, as usual, was stationed on the wings; Masinissa, with his Numidians, on the right, and Lælius, with the Italians, on the left. On the other side, Hannibal stationed his elephants, to the number of eighty, in the front of his whole line. Next to these were placed the foreign troops in the service of Carthage, twelve thousand strong, consisting of Ligurians, Gauls, inhabitants of the Balearian islands, and Moors. The second line was composed of those Africans who were the immediate subjects of Carthage, and of the Carthaginians themselves; while Hannibal himself, with his veteran soldiers, who had returned with him from Italy, formed a third line, which was kept in reserve, at a little distance behind the other two. The Numidian cavalry were on the left, opposed to their own countrymen under Masinissa; and the Carthaginian horse on the right, opposed to Lælius and the Italians. After some skirmishing of the Numidians in the two armies, Hannibal's elephants advanced to the charge, but being startled by the sound of the Roman trumpets, and annoyed by the light-armed troops of the enemy, some broke off to the right and left, and fell in amongst the cavalry of their own army on both the wings, so that Lælius and Masinissa, availing themselves of this disorder, drove the Carthaginian horse speedily from the field. Others advanced against the enemy's line, and did much mischief, till at length, being frightened and becoming ungovernable, they were enticed by the light-armed troops of the Romans to follow them down the avenues which Scipio had purposely left open, and were thus drawn out of the action altogether. Meantime, the infantry on both sides met, and, after a fierce contest, the foreign troops in Hannibal's army, not being properly supported by the soldiers of the second line, were forced to give ground; and in resentment for this desertion, they fell upon the Africans and Carthaginians, and cut them down as enemies, so that these troops, at once assaulted by their fellow-soldiers, and by the pursuing enemy, were also, after a brave resistance,

defeated and dispersed. Hannibal, with his reserve, kept off the fugitives by presenting spears to them, and obliging them to escape in a different direction; and he then prepared to meet the enemy, trusting that they would be ill able to resist the shock of a fresh body of veterans, after having already been engaged in a long and obstinate struggle. Scipio, after having extricated his troops from the heaps of dead which lay between him and Hannibal, commenced a second, and a far more serious contest. The soldiers on both sides were perfect in courage and in discipline, and as the battle went on, they fell in the ranks where they fought, and their places were supplied by their comrades with unabated zeal. At last Lælius and Masinissa returned from the pursuit of the enemy's beaten cavalry, and fell, in a critical moment, upon the rear of Hannibal's army. Then his veterans, surrounded and overpowered, still maintained their high reputation, and most of them were cut down where they stood, resisting to the last. Flight indeed was not easy, for the country was a plain, and the Roman and Numidian horse were active in pursuit; yet Hannibal, when he saw the battle totally lost, with a noble fortitude than his brother had shown at the Metaurus, escaped from the field to Adrumetum. He knew that his country would now need his assistance more than ever, and as he had been in so great a degree the promoter of the war, it ill became him to shrink from bearing his full share of the weight of its disastrous issue.

On the plains of Zama twenty thousand of the Carthaginian army were slain, and an equal number taken prisoners, but the consequences of the battle far exceeded the greatness of the immediate victory. It was not the mere destruction of an army, but the final conquest of the only power that seemed able to combat Rome on equal terms. In the state of the ancient world, with so few nations really great and powerful, and so little of a common feeling pervading them, there was neither the disposition nor the materials for forming a general confederacy against the power of Rome; and the single efforts of Macedonia, of Syria, and of Carthage herself, after the fatal event of the second Punic war, were of no other use than to provoke their own ruin. The defeat of Hannibal insured the empire of the ancient civilized world.

The only hope of the Carthaginians now rested on the forbearance of Scipio, and they again sent deputies to him, with a full confession of the injustice of their conduct in the first origin of the war, and still more in their recent violation of the truce, and with a renewal of their supplications for peace. The conqueror, telling them that he was moved solely by considerations of the dignity of Rome, and the uncertainty of a human greatness, and in no degree by any pity for misfortunes which were so well deserved, presented the terms on which alone they could hope for mercy. "They were to make amends for the injuries done to the Romans during the truce; to restore all prisoners and deserters; to give up all their ships of war, except ten, and all their elephants; to engage in no war at all out of Africa, nor in Africa without the consent of the Romans; to restore to Masinissa all that had belonged to him or any of his ancestors; to feed the Roman army for three months, and pay it till it should be recalled home; to pay a contribution of ten thousand Euboic talents, at the rate of two hundred talents a year, for fifty years; and to give a hundred hostages, between the ages of fourteen and thirty, to be selected at the pleasure of the Roman general." At this price the Carthaginians were allowed to hold their former dominion in Africa, and to enjoy their independence, till it should seem convenient to the Romans to complete their destruction. Yet Hannibal strongly urged that the terms should be accepted, and, it is said, rudely interrupted a member of the supreme council at Carthage, who was speaking against them. He probably felt, as his father had done under circumstances nearly similar, that for the present resistance was vain, but that, by purchasing peace at any price, and by a wise man-

agement of their internal resources, his countrymen might again find an opportunity to recover their losses. Peace was accordingly signed, the Roman army returned to Italy, and Hannibal, at the age of forty-five, having seen the schemes of his whole life utterly ruined, was now beginning, with equal patience and resolution, to lay the foundation for them again.

But Zama was Hannibal's Waterloo, and the virtual overthrow of Carthage. Rome's course was now open to universal empire.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[June 1.]

When we wish by our own efforts that something shall succeed, we become irritated with obstacles, because we feel in these hindrances that the motive that makes us act has not placed them there, and we find things in them which the self-will that makes us act has not found there.

But when God inspires our actions, we never feel anything outside that does not come from the same principle that causes us to act; there is no opposition in the motive that impels us; the same motive power which leads us to act, leads others to resist us, or permits them at least; so that as we find no difference in this, and it is not our own will that combats external events, but the same will that produces the good and permits the evil, this uniformity does not trouble the peace of the soul, and is one of the best tokens that we are acting by the will of God, since it is much more certain that God permits the evil, however great it may be, than that God causes the good in us (and not some secret motive), however great it may appear to us; so that in order really to perceive whether it is God that makes us act, it is much better to test ourselves by our deportment without than by our motives within, since if we only examine ourselves within, although we may find nothing but good there, we can not assure ourselves that this good comes truly from God. But when we examine ourselves without, that is when we consider whether we suffer external hindrances with patience, this signifies that there is a uniformity of will between the motive power that inspires our passions and the one that permits the resistance to them; and as there is no doubt that it is God who permits the one, we have a right humbly to hope that it is God who produces the other.

But what! we act as if it were our mission to make truth triumph, whilst it is only our mission to combat for it. The desire to conquer is so natural that when it is covered by the desire of making the truth triumph, we often take the one for the other, and think that we are seeking the glory of God, when in truth we are seeking our own. It seems to me that the way in which we support these hindrances is the surest token of it, for in fine if we wish only the order established by God, it is certain that we wish the triumph of his justice as much as that of his mercy, and when it does not come of our negligence, we shall be in an equal mood, whether the truth be known or whether it be combated, since in the one the mercy of God triumphs, and in the other his justice.—*Pascal*.

[June 8.]

O most blessed mansion of the heavenly Jerusalem! O most effulgent day of eternity, which night obscureth not, but the supreme truth continually enlighteneth! a day of perennial peace and joy, incapable of change or intermission! It shineth now in the full splendor of perpetual light to the blessed; but to the poor pilgrims on earth it appeareth only at a great distance, and "through a glass darkly." The redeemed sons of heaven triumph in the perfection of the joys of his eternal day, while the distressed sons of Eve lament the irksomeness of days teeming with distress and anguish. How is man defiled with sins, agitated with passions, disquieted with fears, tortured with

cares, embarrassed with refinements, deluded with vanities, encompassed with errors, worn out with labors, vexed with temptations, enervated with pleasures, and tormented with want!

O when will these various evils be no more? When shall I be delivered from the slavery of sin? When, O Lord, shall my thoughts and desires center and be fixed in thee alone? When shall I regain my native liberty? O, when will peace return, and be established, peace from the troubles of the world, and the disorders of sinful passions; universal peace, incapable of interruption; that "peace which passeth all understanding?" When, O most merciful Jesus! when shall I stand in pure abstraction from all inferior good to gaze upon thee and contemplate the wonders of redeeming love? When wilt thou be to me all in all? O, when shall I dwell with thee in that kingdom which thou hast prepared for thy beloved before the foundation of the world?

Soften, I beseech thee, the rigor of my banishment, assuage the violence of my sorrow! for my soul thirsteth after thee; and all that the world offers for my comfort would but add one more weight to the burden that oppresses me. I long, O Lord, to enjoy thee truly, and would fain rise to a constant adherence to heavenly objects, but the power of earthly objects operating upon my unmortified passions, keeps me down. My mind labors to be superior to the good and evil of this animal life, but my body constrains it to be subject to them. And thus, "wretched man that I am," while the spirit is always tending to heaven, and the flesh to earth, my heart is the seat of incessant war, and I am a burden to myself! * * LXXVII.—"Unto thee do I lift up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens." In thee, the Father of mercies, I place all my confidence! O illuminate and sanctify my soul with the influence of thy Holy Spirit; that being delivered from all the darkness and impurity of its alienated life, it may become the holy temple of thy living presence, the seat of thy eternal glory! In the immensity of thy goodness, O Lord, and "in the multitude of thy tender mercies, turn unto me," and hear the prayer of thy poor servant, who hast wandered far from thee into the region of the shadow of death. O protect and keep my soul amid the innumerable evils which this corruptible life is always bringing forth; and by the perpetual guidance of thy grace, lead me in the narrow path of holiness to the realms of everlasting peace.—*Kempis' "Imitation of Christ."*

[June 15.]

The Christian life is better than any other that can be discovered or devised.

First, this is manifest from its object. For no life can have or desire a better object than that which is set forth in the Christian religion, which finds its object in the vision of the divine essence. * * * But since man can not attain to the contemplation of divine things except by purification of the heart, how much, even in this regard, does the Christian life excel all others. For no greater purification of the heart can be discovered than Christian purification. For that is called pure which is not mixed with another substance, especially one inferior to itself. Thus gold is said to be pure when it is not mixed with silver or lead, or any other inferior substance. Now, because the end of man is God, when man through the intellect and the affections, is united or mixed with other creatures as an ultimate end, especially with those inferior to himself, he is called impure. And the more one frees himself from the love of creatures, the more pure he becomes; purity of the human heart consists in withdrawing the desires and the will from creature loves. But no greater or more perfect withdrawal from earthly loves can be discovered or devised than that which is proclaimed in the Christian religion. * * And since man can not live without any love, it teaches that man should love God above all things, even above himself. And, if he loves himself or other creatures, it commands that he love them for the sake of God, so that all his

love may tend toward God, and that in the creatures themselves he may love God, and may think nothing, speak nothing, do nothing which does not tend to the glory and honor of God, so that the whole man may tend toward God, and be united with God, and become one with God. And certainly no life can be discovered or devised better than this.

As to the will, he loves God and our Lord Jesus Christ above all things, and his neighbor as himself, keeping all the commands of the law which depend upon this double love.

As to the sensibilities, he strives with all his might to bring desire and anger and all the emotions under the control of reason, and by no means to make provision for the lusts of the flesh (*curam carnis facere in concupiscentia*).—*Savonarola—“De Simplicitate Christianæ Vitæ.”*

[June 22.]

The sense of the vastness of the universe, and of the imperfection of our own knowledge, may help us in some degree to understand—not, indeed, the origin of evil and of suffering, but, at any rate, something of its possible uses and purposes. We look around the world, and we see cruel perplexities; the useless spared, the useful taken; the young and happy removed, and the old and miserable lingering on; happy households broken up under our feet, despondent hopes, and the failure of those to whom we looked up with reverence and respect. We go through these trials with wonder and fear; and we ask whereunto this will grow. But has nothing been gained? Yes, that has been gained which nothing else, humanly speaking, could gain. We may have gained a deeper knowledge of the mind of God, and a deeper insight into ourselves. Truths which once seemed mere words, received our heed and heart. Our understanding may have become part of ourselves.

Humility for ourselves, charity for others, self-abasement before the judge of all mankind, these are the gifts that even the best man, and even the worst man may gain by distrust, by doubt, by difficulty.

The perplexity, the danger, the grief often brings with it its own remedy.

On each bursting wave of disappointment and vexation there is a crown of heavenly light which reveals the peril and shows the way, and guides us through the roaring storm.

Out of doubt comes faith; out of grief comes hope; and “to the upright there ariseth light in darkness.”

With each new temptation comes a way to escape; with each new difficulty comes some new explanation. As life advances it does indeed seem to be as a vessel going to pieces, as though we were on the broken fragments of a ship, or in a solitary skiff on the waste of waters; but as long as existence lasts, we must not give up the duty of cheerfulness and hope. He who has guided us through the day may guide us through the night also. The pillar of darkness often turns into a pillar of fire. Let us hold on though the land be miles away; let us hold till the morning breaks. That speck on the distant horizon may be the vessel for which we must shape our course. Forward, not backward, must we steer—forward, and forward, till the speck becomes the friendly ship. Have patience and perseverance; believe that there is still a future before us; and we shall at last reach the heaven where we would be.—*Dean Stanley.*

[June 29.]

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe arm itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies; and the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him.

Our whole dignity consists then in thought. Our elevation

must be derived from this, not from space and duration, which we can not fill. Let us endeavor, then, to think well.

Our imagination so magnifies the present time by continually reflecting upon it, and so diminishes eternity by not reflecting upon it, that we make a nothingness of eternity, and an eternity of nothingness, and all this has its roots so vital in us, that our reason can not defend us from it.

* * * * *

It is necessary to know where to doubt, where to be assured, and where to submit. Who does not thus, understands not the force of reason. There are those who offend against these three principles, either affirming everything as demonstrative, for want of a knowledge of demonstration; or doubting everything, for want of knowing where it is necessary to submit; or submitting to everything, for want of knowing where it is necessary to judge.

But those who seek God with all their heart, who have no sorrow, but in being deprived of his presence, who have no desire but to possess him, and no enemies but those who turn them from him; who are afflicted in seeing themselves surrounded and oppressed by such enemies; let them be comforted, I bring them good news; there is a liberator for them, I shall cause them to see him; I shall show them that there is a God for them; I shall show him to no others.

The stoics say: Enter into yourselves; there you will find repose; and this is not true. Others say: Go out of yourselves; seek happiness in diverting yourselves; and this is not true. Diseases come; happiness is neither out of us, nor in us; it is in God, both out of, and in us.

If man is not made for God, why is he happy only in God? If man is made for God, why is he opposed to God?—*Pascal.*

READINGS IN ART.

III.—ENGLISH PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.*

WILLIAM HOGARTH,

Who was the first original painter of England, was born in 1697. His father, who had received a good education at St. Bees, kept a school in Ship Court, and sought work from booksellers. But, like many another poor scholar, he could not make a living, and died disappointed.

After spending some time at school, William Hogarth, warned by the example of his father, determined to pursue a craft in preference to literature, and was apprenticed, probably in 1711, to Ellis Gamble, a silversmith in Cranbourne Alley. He tells us how he determined to enter a wider field than that of mere silver-plate engraving, though at the age of twenty to engrave his own designs on copper was the height of his ambition. The men and women who jostled him in London streets or rolled by him in their coaches, were his models. Beside the keenest powers of observation, and a sardonic, sympathizing, and pitying humor, he possessed a wonderfully accurate and retentive memory, which enabled him to impress a face or form on his mind, and to reproduce it at leisure. Occasionally, if some very attractive or singular face struck his fancy, he would sketch it on his thumb nail, and thence transfer it. Hogarth tells us that “instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eye with copying dry or damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of obtaining knowledge of my art.” In 1724 he engraved “Masquerades and Operas,” a satire, which represents “society” crowding to a masquerade, and led by a figure wearing a cap and bells on his head, and the garter on his leg. This engraving delighted the public whom it satirized, and Hogarth lost much through piracies of his work. He was employed by the booksellers to illustrate

* Abridged from “English and American Painters,” by Wilmot Buxton and S. R. Köhler.

books with engravings and frontispieces. In 1726, was published, beside his twelve large prints, which are well known, an edition of "Hudibras," illustrated by Hogarth, in seventeen smaller plates. The designs of Hogarth are not so witty as the verses of Butler, but we must remember that the painter had never seen men living and acting as they are described in the poem; they were not like the men of whom he made his daily studies. At this period he who dared to be original, and to satirize his neighbors, had much trouble. In 1730 Hogarth made a secret marriage at old Paddington Church, with Jane, only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, Serjeant-Painter to the King. He had frequented Thornhill's studio, but whether the art of the court painter, or the face of his daughter was the greater attraction we know not. There is no doubt that Hogarth's technique was studied from Thornhill's pictures, and not from those of Watteau or Chardin, as has been supposed. For a time after his marriage Hogarth confined himself to painting portraits and conversation pieces, for which he was well paid, although Walpole declares that this "was the most ill-suited employment to a man whose turn was certainly not flattery." Truthfulness, however, is more valuable in a portrait than flattery, and we surely find it in Hogarth's portraits of himself, one in the National Gallery, and in that of "Captain Coram," at the Foundling.

One of the best of Hogarth's life stories is the "Marriage à la Mode," the original paintings of which are in the National Gallery; they appeared in prints in 1745. These well known pictures illustrate the story of a loveless marriage, where parents sacrifice their children, the one for rank, the other for money. Mr. Redgrave ("A Century of Painters") tells us that "the novelty of Hogarth's work consisted in the painter being the inventor of his own drama, as well as painter, and in the way in which all the parts are made to tend to a dramatic whole, each picture dependent on the other, and all the details illustrative of the complete work. The same characters recur again and again, moved in different tableaux with varied passions, one moral running through all, the beginning finding its natural climax in the end." We can not do more than mention some of the remaining works by which the satirist continued "to shoot Folly as she flies." "Beer Street," and "Gin Lane," illustrate the advantages of drinking the national beverage, and the miseries following the use of gin. "The Cock-pit" represents a scene very common in those days, and contains many portraits. "The Election" is a series of four scenes, published between 1755 and 1758, in which all the varied vices, humors, and passions of a contested election are admirably represented.

Hogarth's last years were embittered by quarrels, those with Churchill and Wilkes being the most memorable. The publication in 1753 of his admirable book, called "The Analysis of Beauty," in which he tried to prove that a winding line is the line of beauty, produced much adverse criticism and many fierce attacks, which the painter could not take quietly. He was further annoyed by the censures passed on his picture of "Sigismunda," now in the National Gallery, which he had painted in 1759 for Sir Richard Grosvenor, and which was returned on his hands. Two years previously Hogarth had been made Serjeant-Painter to the King. He did not live to hold his office long; on October 26th, 1764, the hand which had exposed the vices and follies of the day so truly, and yet with such humor, had ceased to move.

RICHARD WILSON.

The story of Richard Wilson (1713-1782) is the story of a disappointed man. Born at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, the son of the parson of that place, Wilson's early taste for drawing attracted the attention of Sir George Wynne, by whom he was introduced to one Wright, a portrait painter in London. In 1749 he visited Italy, and whilst waiting for an interview with the landscape painter Zuccarelli he is said to have sketched the view through the open window. The Italian ad-

vised the Englishman to devote himself henceforth to landscapes, and Wilson followed his advice. After six years' stay in Italy, during which period he became imbued with the beauties of that country, Wilson returned to England in 1755, and found Zuccarelli worshiped, whilst he himself was neglected. His "Niobe," one version of which is in the National Gallery, was exhibited with the Society of Artists' Collection, in Spring Gardens, 1760, and made a great impression, but, in general, his pictures, infinitely superior to the mere decorations of the Italian, were criticised, and compared unfavorably with those of Zuccarelli, and it was not till long after Wilson's death that he was thoroughly appreciated. He was often compelled to sell his pictures to pawnbrokers, who, so it is said, could not sell them again. Wilson was one of the original thirty-six members of the Royal Academy, and in 1776 applied for and obtained the post of Librarian to that body, the small salary helping the struggling man to live. The last years of his life were brightened by better fortune. A brother left him a legacy, and in 1780 Wilson retired to a pleasant home at Llanberis, Carnarvon, where he died two years later. Mr. Redgrave says of him: "There is this praise due to our countryman—that our landscape art, which had heretofore been derived from the meaner school of Holland, following his great example, looked thenceforth to Italy for its inspiration; that he proved the power of native art to compete on this ground also with the art of the foreigner, and prepared the way for the coming men, who, embracing Nature as their mistress, were prepared to leave all and follow her." Wilson frequently repeated his more successful pictures. "The Ruins of the Villa of Mæcnas, at Tivoli" (National Gallery), was painted five times by him. In the same gallery are "The Destruction of Niobe's Children," "A Landscape with Figures," three "Views in Italy," "Lake Avernus with the Bay of Naples in the Distance," etc. In the Duke of Westminster's collection are "Apollo and the Seasons" and "The river Dee." Wilson, like many another man of genius, lived before his time, and was forced one day to ask Barry, the Royal Academician, if he knew any one mad enough to employ a landscape painter, and if so, whether he would recommend him.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) was born at Plympton, Devon, the son of a clergyman who was a master in the grammar school. His father had intended him for a doctor, but nature decided that Joshua Reynolds should be a painter. He preferred to read Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" to any other book, and when his taste for art became manifest he was sent to London to study with Hudson, the popular portrait painter of the day. It was in 1741 that Joshua Reynolds began his studies with Hudson, and as that worthy could teach him little or nothing, it is fortunate for art that the connection only lasted two years. On leaving Hudson's studio Reynolds returned to Devonshire, but we know little about his life there till the year 1746, when his father died, and the painter was established at Plymouth Dock, now Devonport, and was painting portraits. Many of these earlier works betray the stiffness and want of nature which their author had probably learned from Hudson. Having visited London, and stayed for a time in St. Martin's Lane, the artists' quarter, Reynolds was enabled, in 1749, to realize his great wish, and go abroad, where, unfettered and unspoilt by the mechanical arts of his countrymen, he studied the treasures of Italy, chiefly in Rome, and without becoming a copyist, was imbued with the beauties of the Italian school. A love of color was the characteristic of Reynolds, and his use of brilliant and fugitive pigments accounts for the decay of many of his best works; he used to say jestingly that "he came off with flying colors." Doubtless the wish to rival the coloring of the Venetians led Reynolds to make numerous experiments which were often fatal to the preservation of his pictures.

Most of the leaders of the rank and fashion of the day sat for

their portraits to the painter who "read souls in faces." In 1768 Joshua Reynolds was chosen first President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted by George III. He succeeded, on the death of Ramsey, to the office of Court Painter. His "Discourses on Painting," delivered at the Royal Academy, were remarkable for their excellent judgment and literary skill. A lesser honor, though one which caused him the greatest pleasure, was conferred on Reynolds in 1773, when he was elected Mayor of his native Plympton. In the same year he exhibited his famous "Strawberry Girl," of which he said that it was "one of the half dozen original things" which no man ever exceeded in his life's work. In 1879 the failure of his sight warned Sir Joshua that "the night cometh when no man can work." He died, full of years and honors, on February 23rd, 1792, and was buried near St. Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Reynolds was a most untiring worker. He exhibited two hundred and forty-five pictures in the Royal Academy, on an average eleven every year. In the National Gallery are twenty-three of his paintings. Mr. Ruskin deems Reynolds "one of the seven colorists of the world," and places him with Titian, Giorgione, Correggio, Tintoretto, Veronese, and Turner. He likewise says: "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters." Titian paints nobler pictures, and Van Dyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of heart and temper.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788), the son of a clothier, was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk. The details of this master's life are few and uneventful. When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, his father sent Thomas Gainsborough to London to study art. His first master was Gravelot, a French engraver of great ability, to whose teaching Gainsborough probably owed much. From him he passed to Hayman, in the St. Martin's Lane Academy, a drawing school only. Gainsborough began as a portrait and landscape painter in Hatton Garden, but finding little patronage during four years of his sojourn there, returned to his native town. In 1760 he removed to Bath, and found a favorable field for portrait painting, though landscape was not neglected. Fourteen years later Gainsborough, no longer an unknown artist, came to London and rented part of Schomberg House, Pall Mall. He was now regarded as the rival of Reynolds in portraiture, and of Wilson in landscape. Once, when Reynolds at an Academy dinner proposed the health of his rival as "the greatest landscape painter of the day," Wilson, who was present, exclaimed, "Yes, and the greatest portrait painter, too." One of the original members of the Royal Academy, Gainsborough exhibited ninety pictures in the Gallery, but refused to contribute after 1783, because a portrait of his was not hung as he wished. A quick tempered, impulsive man, he had many disputes with Reynolds, though none of them were of a very bitter kind. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" is commonly said to have been painted in spite against Reynolds, in order to disprove the President's statement that blue ought not to be used in masses. But there were other and worthier reasons for the production of this celebrated work, in respect to which Gainsborough followed his favorite Van Dyck in displaying "a large breadth of cool light supporting the flesh." It is pleasant to know that whatever soreness of feeling existed between him and Sir Joshua passed away before he died. This was in 1788. Gainsborough was buried at Kew. The Englishness of his landscapes makes him popular. Wilson had improved on the Dutch type by visiting Italy, but Gainsborough sought no other subjects than his own land afforded. Nature speaks in his portraits, or from his landscapes, and his rustic children excel those of Reynolds, because they are really sun-browned peasants, not fine ladies and gentlemen masquerading in the dresses of villagers. Mr. Ruskin says of Gains-

borough: "His power of color (it is mentioned by Sir Joshua as his peculiar gift) is capable of taking rank beside that of Rubens; he is the purest colorist—Sir Joshua himself not excepted—of the whole English school; with him, in fact, the art of painting did in great part die, and exists not now in Europe. I hesitate not to say that in the management and quality of single and particular tints, in the purely technical part of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough."

JOSEPH TURNER.

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851) stands at the head of English landscape painters. It has been said that though others may have equaled or surpassed him in some respects, "none has yet appeared with such versatility of talent." Turner owed nothing to the beauty or poetic surroundings of his birthplace, which was the house of his father, a barber in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. But as Lord Byron is said to have conjured up his loveliest scenes of Greece whilst walking in Albemarle Street, so the associations of Maiden Lane did not prevent Turner from delineating storm-swept landscapes, and innumerable splendors of nature. The barber was justly proud of his child, who very early displayed his genius, and the first drawings of Turner are said to have been exhibited in his father's shaving room. In time the boy was coloring prints and washing in the backgrounds of architects' drawings. Dr. Monro, the art patron, extended a helping hand to the young genius of Maiden Lane. "Girtin and I," says Turner, "often walked to Bushey and back, to make drawings for good Dr. Munro at half a crown a piece, and the money for our supper when we got home." He did not, of course, start from London.

In 1789 Turner became a student in the Academy, and exhibited a picture in the next year at Somerset House, "View of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth." He was then only fifteen. From that time he worked with unceasing energy at his profession. Indeed, the pursuit of art was the one ruling principle of his life. He frequently went on excursions, the first being to Ramsgate and Margate, and was storing his memory with effects of storm, mist, and tempest, which he reproduced. In 1799, when made A.R.A., Turner had already exhibited works which ranged over twenty-six counties of England and Wales. In 1802 he was made full Academician, and presented, as his diploma picture, "Dolbadarn Castle, North Wales." In this year he visited the Continent, and saw France and Switzerland. Five years later Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy. We are told his lectures were delivered in so strange a style, that they were scarcely instructive. Of his water-color paintings and of the "Liber Studiorum" it is impossible to speak too highly; he created the modern school of water-color painting, and his works in oil have influenced the art of the nineteenth century. He visited Italy for the first time in 1819; again ten years later, and for the last time in 1840. His eccentricity, both in manner and in art, increased with age. Though wealthy, and possessing a good house in Queen Anne Street, he died in an obscure lodging by the Thames, at Chelsea, a few days before Christmas, 1851.

Turner bequeathed his property to found a charity for male decayed artists, but the alleged obscurity of his will defeated this object. It was decided that his pictures and drawings should be presented to the National Gallery, that one thousand pounds should be spent on a monument to the painter in St. Paul's, twenty thousand pounds should be given to the Royal Academy, and the remainder to the next of kin and heir at law. The National Gallery contains more than one hundred of his pictures, beside a large number of water-color drawings and sketches.

EASTLAKE.

Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865), son of the Solicitor to the Admiralty in that town, was born at Plymouth, and educated first in Plympton Grammar School, where Reynolds had studied, and afterward at the Charterhouse, London. Choosing the

profession of a painter, he was encouraged, doubtless, by his fellow townsman, Haydon, who had just exhibited "Dentatus." Eastlake became the pupil of that erratic master, and attended the Academy schools. In 1813 he exhibited at the British Institution a large and ambitious picture, "Christ raising the Daughter of the Ruler." In the following year the young painter was sent by Mr. Harmon to Paris, to copy some of the famous works collected by Napoleon in the Louvre. The emperor's escape from Elba, and the consequent excitement in Europe, caused Eastlake to quit Paris, and he returned to Plymouth, where he practiced successfully as a portrait painter. In 1819 Eastlake visited Greece and Italy, and spent fourteen years abroad, chiefly at Ferrara and Rome. The picturesque dress of the Italian and Greek peasantry so fascinated him that for a long period he forsook history for small *genre* works, of which brigands and peasants were the chief subjects. A large historical painting, "Mercury bringing the Golden Apple to Paris," appeared in 1820, and seven years later, "The Spartan Isidas." In 1828 Eastlake produced "Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, Pilgrims arriving in sight of St. Peters," which he twice repeated. In 1829 "Lord Byron's Dream," a poetic landscape (National Gallery), was exhibited, and Eastlake becoming an Academician, returned to England. To his labors as a painter Eastlake added the duties of several important offices, and much valuable literary work. He was Secretary to the Royal Commission for Decorating the New Palace of Westminster, Librarian of the Royal Academy, and Keeper, and afterward Director of the National Gallery. In 1850 he succeeded Sir Martin Shee as President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted. From that time till his death, at Pisa, in 1865, he was chiefly engaged in selecting pictures to be purchased by the British Government. He was editor of Kugler's "Handbook of the Italian Schools of painting," and author of "Materials for a History of Oil Painting."

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Edwin Henry Landseer (1802-1873) was eminent among English animal painters. No artist has done more to teach us how to love animals and to enforce the truth that

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

Not only did Landseer rival some of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century in painting fur and feathers, but he depicted animals with sympathy, as if he believed that "the dumb, driven cattle" possess souls. His dogs and other animals are so human as to look as if they were able to speak. The painter was the son of John Landseer, the engraver, and was born in London. He received art lessons from his father, and, when little more than a baby, would sketch donkeys, horses, and cows at Hampstead Heath. Some of these sketches, made when Landseer was five, seven, and ten years old, are at Kensington. He was only fourteen when he exhibited the heads of "A Pointer Bitch and Puppy." When between sixteen and seventeen he produced "Dogs Fighting," which was engraved by the painter's father. Still more popular was "The Dogs of St. Gothard rescuing a Distressed Traveler," which appeared when its author was eighteen. Landseer was not a pupil of Haydon, but he had occasional counsel from him. He dissected a lion. As soon as he reached the age of twenty-four he was elected A.R.A., and exhibited at the Academy "The Hunting of Chevy Chase." This was in 1826, and in 1831 he became a full member of the Academy. Landseer had visited Scotland in 1826, and from that date we trace a change in his style, which thenceforth was far less solid, true and searching, and became more free and bold. The introduction of deer into his pictures, as in "The Children of the Mist," "Seeking Sanctuary," and "The Stag at Bay," marked the influence of Scotch associations. Landseer was knighted in 1850, and at the French exhibition of 1855 was awarded the only large gold medal given to an English artist. Prosperous, popular, and the guest

of the highest personages of the realm, he was visited about 1852 by an illness which compelled him to retire from society. From this he recovered, but the effects of a railway accident in 1868 brought on a relapse. He died in 1873, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1865, he was offered the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, but this honor he declined. In the National Gallery are "Spaniels of King Charles's Breed," "Low Life and High Life," "Highland Music" (a highland piper disturbing a group of five hungry dogs, at their meal, with a blast on the pipes), "The Hunted Stag," "Peace," "War" (dying and dead horses, and their riders lying amidst the burning ruins of a cottage), "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," "The Defeat of Comus," a sketch painted for a fresco in the Queen's summer house, Buckingham Palace. Sixteen of Landseer's works are in the Sheepshanks Collection, including the touching "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," of which Mr. Ruskin said that "it stamps its author not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind."

CRITICISMS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

CONDITIONS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The conditions under which the communities of the New World were established, and the terms on which they hitherto existed, have been unfavorable to Art. The religious and commercial enthusiasms of the first adventurers to her shores, supplying themes for the romancers of a later age, were themselves antagonistic to romance. The spirit which tore down the aisles of St. Regulus, and was revived in England in a reaction against music, painting and poetry, the Pilgrim Fathers bore with them in the "Mayflower" and planted across the seas. The life of the early colonists left no leisure for refinement. They had to conquer nature before admiring it, to feed and clothe before analyzing themselves. The ordinary cares of existence beset them to the exclusion of its embellishments. While Dryden, Pope and Addison were polishing stanzas and adding grace to English prose, they were felling trees, navigating rivers, and fertilizing valleys. . . . An enlightened people in a new land "where almost every one has facilities elsewhere unknown for making his fortune," it is not to be wondered that the pursuit of wealth has been their leading impulse; nor is it perhaps to be regretted that much of their originality has been expended upon inventing machines instead of manufacturing verses, or that their religion itself has taken a practical turn. One of their own authors confesses that the "common New England life is still a lean, impoverished life, in distinction from a rich and suggestive one," but it is there alone that the speculative and artistic tendencies of recent years have found room and occasion for development. Our travelers find a peculiar charm in the manly force and rough adventurous spirit of the Far West, but the poetry of the pioneer is unconscious. The attractive culture of the South has been limited in extent and degree. The hothouse fruit of wealth and leisure, it has never struck its roots deeply into native soil. . . . All the best transatlantic literature is inspired by the spirit of confidence—often of over-confidence—in labor. It has only flourished freely in a free soil; and for almost all its vitality and aspirations, its comparatively scant performance and large promise we must turn to New England. Its defects and merits are those of the national character as developed in the northern states, and we must seek for an explanation of its peculiarities in the physical and moral circumstances which surround them.

When European poets and essayists write of nature it is to contrast her permanence with the mutability of human life.

We talk of the everlasting hills, the perennial fountains, the ever-recurring seasons. . . . In America, on the other hand, it is the extent of nature that is dwelt upon—the infinity of space, rather than the infinity of time, is opposed to the limited rather than to the transient existence of man. Nothing strikes a traveler in that country so much as this feature of magnitude. The rivers like rolling lakes, the lakes which are inland seas, the forests, the plains, Niagara itself, with its world of waters, owe their magnificence to their immensity; and by a transference, not unnatural, although fallacious, the Americans generally have modeled their ideas of art after the same standard of size. Their wars, their hotels, their language, are pitched on the huge scale of their distances. "Orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity," they gain in surface what they have lost in age; in hope, what they have lost in memory.

"That untraveled world whose margin fades

Forever and forever when they move,"

is all their own; and they have the area and the expectation of a continent to set against the culture and the ancestral voices of a thousand years. Where Englishmen remember, Americans anticipate. In thought and action they are ever rushing into empty spaces. Except in a few of the older states, a family mansion is rarely rooted to the same town or district; and the tie which unites one generation with another being easily broken, the want of continuity in life breeds a want of continuity in thought. The American mind delights in speculative and practical, social and political experiments, as Shakerism, Mormonism, Pantagamy; and a host of authors from Emerson to Walt. Whitman, have tried to glorify every mode of human life from the transcendental to the brutish. The habit of instability, fostered by the rapid vicissitudes of their commercial life and the melting of one class into another drifts away all their landmarks but that of temporary public opinion; and where there is little time for verification and the study of details, men satisfy their curiosity with crude generalizations. The great literary fault of the Americans has thus come to be *impatience*. The majority of them have never learned that "raw haste is half-sister to delay," that "works done least rapidly, art most cherishes." The make-shifts which were first a necessity with the northern settlers have grown into a custom. They adopt ten half measures instead of one whole one; and, beginning bravely like the grandiloquent preambles to their Constitutions end sometimes in the sublime, and sometimes in the ridiculous.

The critics of one nation must, to a certain extent, regard the works of another from an outside point of view. Few are able to divest themselves wholly of the influence of local standards; and this is preëminently the case when the early efforts of a young country are submitted to the judgment of an older country, strong in its prescriptive rights, and intolerant of changes the drift of which it is unable or unwilling to appreciate. English critics are apt to bear down on the writers and thinkers of the new world with a sort of aristocratic hauteur; they are perpetually reminding them of their immaturity and their disregard of the golden mean. Americans, on the other hand, are impossible to please. Ordinary men among them are as sensitive to foreign, and above all to British censure, as the *irritable genus* of other lands. Mr. Emerson is permitted to impress home truths on his countrymen, as "your American eagle is all very well, but beware of the American peacock." Such remarks are not permitted to Englishmen; if they point to any flaws in American manners or ways of thinking, with an effort after politeness, it is "the good natured cynicism of a well-to-do age;" if they commend transatlantic institutions or achievements, it is, according to Mr. Lowell, "with that pleasant European air of self-compliment in condescending to be pleased by American merit which we find so conciliating." Now that the United States have reached their full majority, it is time that England should cease to assume the attitude of their guardian, and time that they should cease to be on the alert to re-

sent the assumption. Foremost among the more attractive features of transatlantic literature is its *freshness*. The authority which is the guide of old nations constantly threatens to become tyrannical; they wear their traditions like a chain; and in the canonization of laws of taste, the creative powers are depressed. Even in England we write under fixed conditions; with the fear of critics before our eyes, we are all bound to cast our ideas into similar moulds, and the name of "free-thinkers" has grown into a term of reproach. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is perhaps the last book written without a thought of being reviewed. There is a gain in the habit of self-restraint fostered by this state of things; but there is a loss in the consequent lack of spontaneity, and we may learn something from a literature which is ever ready for adventure. In America the love of uniformity gives place to impetuous impulses; the most extreme sentiments are made audible; the most noxious "have their day and cease to be;" and truth being left to vindicate itself, the overthrow of error, though more gradual, may at last prove more complete. A New England poet can write with confidence of his country as the land

"Where no one suffers loss or bleeds

For thoughts that men call heresies."

Another feature of American literature is its *comprehensiveness*; what it has lost in depth it has gained in breadth. Addressing a vast audience it appeals to universal sympathies.—*Abridged from "American Literature" in Encyclopædia Britannica.*

OUR LITERATURE IMITATIVE.

Literature is a positive element of civilized life; but in different countries and epochs it exists sometimes as a passive taste or means of culture, and at others as a development of productive tendencies. The first is the usual form in colonial societies, where the habit of looking to the fatherland for intellectual nutriment as well as political authority is the natural result even of patriotic feeling. The circumstances, too, of young communities, like those of the individual, are unfavorable to original literary production. Life is too absorbing to be recorded otherwise than in statistics. The wants of the hour and the exigencies of practical responsibility wholly engage the mind. A half a century ago, it was usual to sneer in England at the literary pretensions of America; but the ridicule was quite as unphilosophical as unjust, for it was to be expected that the new settlements would find their chief mental subsistence in the rich heritage of British literature, endeared to them by a community of language, political sentiment, and historical association. And when a few of the busy denizens of a new republic ventured to give expression to their thoughts, it was equally natural that the spirit and the principles of their ancestral literature should reappear. Scenery, border-life, the vicinity of the aborigines, and a great political experiment were the only novel features in the new world upon which to found anticipations of originality; in academic culture, habitual reading, moral and domestic tastes, and cast of mind, the Americans were identified with the mother country, and, in all essential particulars, would naturally follow the style thus inherent in their natures and confirmed by habit and study. At first, therefore, the literary development of the United States was imitative; but with the progress of the country, and her increased leisure and means of education, the writings of the people became more and more characteristic; theological and political occasions gradually ceased to be the exclusive moulds of thought; and didactic, romantic, and picturesque compositions appeared from time to time. Irving peopled "Sleepy Hollow" with fanciful creations; Bryant described not only with truth and grace, but with devotional sentiment, the characteristic scenes of his native land; Cooper introduced Europeans to the wonders of her forest and seacoast; Bancroft made her story eloquent; and Webster

proved that the race of orators who once roused her children to freedom was not extinct. The names of Edwards and Franklin were echoed abroad; the bonds of mental dependence were gradually loosened; the inherited tastes remained, but they were freshened with a more native zest; and although Brockden Brown is still compared to Godwin, Irving to Addison, Cooper to Scott, Hoffman to Moore, Emerson to Carlyle, and Holmes to Pope, a characteristic vein, an individuality of thought, and a local significance is now generally recognized in the emanations of the American mind; and the best of them rank favorably and harmoniously with similar exemplars in British literature; while, in a few instances, the nationality is so marked, and so sanctioned by true genius, as to challenge the recognition of all impartial and able critics. The majority, however, of our authors are men of talent rather than of genius; the greater part of the literature of the country has sprung from New England, and is therefore, as a general rule, too unimpassioned and coldly elegant for popular effect. There have been a lamentable want of self-reliance, and an obstinate blindness to the worth of native material, both scenic, historical, and social. The great defect of our literature has been a lack of independence, and too exclusive a deference to hackneyed models; there has been, and is, no deficiency of intellectual life; it has thus far, however, often proved too diffusive and conventional for great results.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

POETRY OF AMERICA.

America abounds in the material of poetry. Its history, its scenery, the structure of its social life, the thoughts which pervade its political forms, the meaning which underlies its hot contests, are all capable of being exhibited in a poetical aspect. Carlyle, in speaking of the settlement of Plymouth by the Pilgrims, remarks that, if we had the open sense of the Greeks, we should have "found a poem here; one of nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents." If we have a literature, it should be a national literature; no feeble or sonorous echo of Germany or England, but essentially American in its tone and object. No matter how meritorious a composition may be, as long as any foreign nation can say that it has done the same thing better, so long shall we be spoken of with contempt, or in a spirit of impertinent patronage. We begin to sicken of the custom, now so common, of presenting even our best poems to the attention of foreigners with a deprecating, apologetic air; as if their acceptance of the offering, with a few soft and silky compliments, would be an act of kindness demanding our warmest acknowledgements. If the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks well of an American production, we think that we can praise it ourselves, without incurring the reproach of bad taste. The folly we yearly practice, of flying into a passion with some inferior English writer, who caricatures our faults, and tells dull jokes about his tour through the land, has only the effect to exalt an insignificant scribbler into notoriety, and give a nominal value to his recorded impertinence. If the mind and heart of the country had its due expression, if its life had taken form in a literature worthy of itself, we should pay little regard to the childish tattling of a pert coxcomb, who was discontented with our taverns, or the execrations of some bluff sea-captain, who was shocked with our manners. The uneasy sense we have of something in our national existence which has not yet been fitly expressed, gives poignancy to the least ridicule launched at faults and follies which lie on the superficies of our life. Every person feels that a book which condemns the country for its peculiarities of manners and customs does not pierce into the heart of the matter, and is essentially worthless. If Bishop Berkeley, when he visited Malabar, had paid exclusive attention to the habitation, raiment, and manners of the man, and neglected the conversation of the metaphysician, and, when he returned to England, had en-

tertained Pope, Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot, with satirical descriptions of the "complement extern" of his eccentric host, he would have acted just as wisely as many an English tourist, with whose malicious pleasantry on our habits of chewing, spitting, and eating, we are silly enough to quarrel. To the United States, in reference to the pop-gun shots of foreign tourists, might be addressed the warning which Peter Plymley thundered against Bonaparte, in reference to the Anti-Jacobin jests of Canning: Tremble, oh thou land of many spitters and voters, "for a pleasant man has come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk to thee, and thou shalt be no more!"

In order that America may take its due rank in the commonwealth of nations, a literature is needed which shall be the exponent of its higher life. We live in times of turbulence and change. There is a general dissatisfaction, manifesting itself often in rude contests and ruder speech, with the gulf which separates principles from actions. Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truth, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts. Beneath all the shrewdness and selfishness of the American character, there is a smouldering enthusiasm which flames out at the first touch of fire,—sometimes at the hot and hasty words of party, and sometimes at the bidding of great thoughts and unselfish principles. The heart of the nation is easily stirred to its depths; but those who rouse its fiery impulses into action are often men compounded of ignorance and wickedness, and wholly unfit to guide the passions which they are able to excite. There is no country in the world which has nobler ideas embodied in more worthless shapes. All our factions, fanaticisms, reforms, parties, creeds, ridiculous or dangerous though they often appear, are founded on some aspiration or reality which deserves a better form and expression. There is a mighty power in great speech. If the sources of what we call our fooleries and faults were rightly addressed, they would echo more majestic and kindling truths. We want a poetry which shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poetry which shall make us more in love with our native land, by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thought; which shall give visible form and life to the abstract ideas of our written constitutions; which shall confer upon virtue all the strength of principle, and all the energy of passion; which shall disentangle freedom from cant and senseless hyperbole, and render it a thing of such loveliness and grandeur as to justify all self-sacrifice; which shall make us love man by the new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny; which shall force through the thin partitions of conventionalism and expediency; vindicate the majesty of reason; give new power to the voice of conscience, and new vitality to human affection; soften and elevate passion; guide enthusiasm in a right direction, and speak out in the high language of men to a nation of men.—*E. P. Whipple.*

THE THREE PERIODS OF OUR LITERATURE.

The literary history of the United States may be treated under three distinctly marked periods, viz.: a colonial, or ante-revolutionary period, during which the literature of the country was closely assimilated in form and character to that of England; a first American period (from 1775 to 1820) which witnessed the transition from a style for the most part imitative to one national or peculiar, as a consequence of the revolutionary struggle and the ideas generated by it; a second American (from 1820 to the present time), in which the literature of the country assumed a decided character of originality.

Though men of letters were found everywhere among the colonists, in New England alone, where the first printing press was established, was there any considerable progress made in literary culture, and the literature of the colonial period was chiefly confined to that locality or indirectly connected with it. The earliest development, owing to the religious character of

the people, and to the fact that during the first century after the settlement of the country the clergy were the best informed and educated class, was theological. Some of the works, by Edwards and others, in defense of the dogmas of the church were very elaborate, and the positions taken maintained with much ability and acuteness of argument.

The influence of the great English essayists and novelists of the eighteenth century had, meanwhile, begun to effect the literature of the New World; and in the essays, the collection of maxims published under the title of "Poor Richard," or "The Way to Wealth," the scientific papers and autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, we have specimens of practical philosophy, or of simple narrative expressed in a style eminently clear, pleasing, and condensed; and not unfrequently embellished by the wit and elegance characteristic of the best writers of Queen Anne's time. His investigations in electricity and other scientific subjects are not less felicitously narrated, and together with the works of James Logan, Paul Dudley, Cadwallader Colden and John Bartram, a naturalist, and one of the earliest of American travelers, constitute the chief contributions to scientific literature during the colonial period.

II. The earliest works produced during the first American period, commencing with the Revolution, are naturally associated with the causes which led to that event. The severance of the intellectual reliance of the colonies on the mother country followed as a consequence of their political independence, and as early as the commencement of the revolutionary struggle the high literary ability as well as practical wisdom evinced in the public documents of the principal American statesmen, were recognized by Lord Chatham, in whose opinion these productions rivaled the masterpieces of antiquity. Politics now gained a prominence almost equal to that enjoyed by theology in the preceding period. The discussions accorded thoroughly with the popular taste, and the influence of political writers and orators in giving a decided national type to American literature is unmistakable.

III. The last period of American literature presents a marked contrast with those which preceded in the national character, as well as in the variety and extent of its productions. In 1820 the poverty of American Literature was sneeringly commented upon by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, but from that date, the political crisis being past, the intellectual development of the country has been commensurate with its social and material progress, until at the present day it can be said there is no department of human knowledge which has not been more or less thoroughly explored by American authors. In history, natural science, jurisprudence, and imaginative literature their efforts have not been exceeded by those of contemporary authors in any part of the world.

The catalogue of American books, many of them having rare excellence, published in the last half century would fill volumes.

Perhaps in her periodical literature, more than elsewhere, America excels. Her leading quarterlies and literary magazines are scarcely inferior to the best we get from Europe; while their number and circulation are matter of astonishment. The masses in America read far more than in other countries. They patronize 11,403 different periodicals, that have an aggregate circulation of 31,177,924. Of these 3,637,224 are received daily, making 148,451,110 papers a year. There are 19,459,107 papers published weekly, making 97,295,535 a year. Others are published semi-weekly, monthly, semi-monthly, or quarterly.—*Abridged from American Cyclopædia.*

FOR when a man is brought up honorably, he feels ashamed to act basely; every one trained to noble deeds blushes to be found recreant; valor may be taught, as we teach a child to speak, to hear those things which he knows not; such love as the child learns he retains with fondness to old age—strong incitements to train your children well.—*Euripides.*

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

For twelve years after the defeat of the French, the English colonists in America, though suffering many things, prospered. A patriotic, vigorous race had possession of the new world—men who loved liberty, knew their rights, and dared maintain them. Their civil institutions were founded on liberal principles, and the sovereignty of the people recognized. Time and conflicting interests had somewhat weakened the ties that bound them to the mother country. Already numbering near two millions, though nominally subject to the crown they had, for generations, managed their affairs with more hindrance than help from the ruling class in Great Britain. Agriculture was the chief industry, and the products had become extensive; but commerce hampered by many restrictions was carried on awkwardly, and often with little profit to the producers. Manufacturing enterprises were discouraged and hindered by arbitrary enactments respecting them. The colonists felt the wrongs they suffered, but endured them till the hindrances and burdens became intolerable. Their complaints unheeded and their petitions spurned, nothing could longer delay the bold, defiant assertion of their rights, or quell the spirit of indignant resentment. The most thoughtful had reluctantly come to regard war as inevitable, and resolutely prepared to meet the demands that would be made on them. The differences between the home government and the colonists were of long standing and about matters of such vital interest to the latter, they could make no compromise. The king and his ministers claimed the right to tax, at their pleasure, two millions of British subjects who were allowed no representation in Parliament. This was denied steadily and with emphasis—every attempt to enforce, however indirectly, the claim was watched and defeated. Enactments that were regarded oppressive were either evaded or openly set at naught. The duties required could not be collected. No matter how plain the law, governors who held office by the appointment of the king could not enforce it, and the recusant merchants and manufacturers, if arrested and tried, were not convicted. Applications to the courts for warrants to seize goods were resisted—and neither search nor seizure was found quite safe for those who attempted it.

In 1763 officers were directed to confiscate all merchant vessels engaged in what was declared unlawful trade, and English war ships were sent to the American coast to enforce the order. This exasperating measure ruined for a time trade with the West Indies, but failed to intimidate. The next year the odious Stamp Act was passed requiring all deeds, articles of agreement, notes, receipts, checks and drafts to be written on paper bearing the government stamp, and taxed from three pence to six pounds sterling, according to the purpose for which it was prepared. Franklin, who labored hard to prevent the passage of the act, was sadly disappointed and wrote to a friend at home: "The sun of American liberty has set—we must now light the lamps of industry and economy." "Be assured," said the patriotic friend in reply, "we shall light torches of another sort." And they did. The paper was manufactured and sent over in large quantities, but no market was found for it. In New York and Boston much of it was seized and publicly destroyed, while whole cargoes were carried back to England. The people were thoroughly aroused and indignant. Crowds of excited men collected in the towns, and acts of violence were committed against any who proposed submission. The ringing words of Patrick Henry in the Virginia legislature, and the resolutions sent out from that body boldly declaring that the colonists, as Englishmen, would never submit to be taxed without representation, startled the people. Some were alarmed, but most expressed hearty approval. About the same time similar action was taken by the New York and Massachusetts legislatures, and the question of

an American Congress, suggestive of a separate nationality, was agitated. The patriotic society known as "The Sons of Liberty" was now organized, the members being pledged to oppose tyranny and defend, with their lives, if necessary, the sacred rights of freemen. Merchants in the principal cities bound themselves to buy no more goods from English houses until the offensive act was repealed, while the people with wonderful unanimity resolved to deny themselves all imported luxuries. The storm that was seen to be gathering caused some hesitation in Parliament. The English manufacturers and merchants, whose products and merchandise remained in their storehouses, became alarmed, while a few eminent statesmen as Lord Camden, and Pitt in the House of Commons, espoused the cause of the colonists and denounced the folly of the administration. "You," said Pitt in a powerful speech, "have no right to tax America. I rejoice that Americans have resisted." The result was the necessitated repeal of the unwise measure. To cover their retreat from the position taken, and to conciliate the Tories, the act to repeal was accompanied with a declaration of "right to bind the colonists in all things whatsoever." Nobody seemed to care much for their harmless declaration, and for a brief space there was quiet, if not peace.

A year later there was a change in the ministry, and, in an hour of unparalleled folly, another scheme was brought forward to levy a tax in a slightly different form—a duty on sundry specified articles, such as glass, paper, printers' colors and tea. The resentment was immediate and indignant. It seemed like adding insult to injury, and denunciations of the attempt, both in popular assemblies and by the press, were prompt and bitter. Early in 1768 the legislature of Massachusetts adopted a circular calling on the other colonies for assistance in a determined effort to have redress. This, more than all that orators or editors could say, exasperated the British lords, who in the name of the king enjoined the legislature to at once rescind their action, that was pronounced treasonable, and to express regret for such hasty proceedings. The sturdy Massachusetts men, who had counted the cost, were not in a temper to do anything of the kind, but instead they almost unanimously re-affirmed their action; nor would they disperse at his bidding when the Tory governor, with authority dissolved the Assembly. They knew the peril of the situation, and their great disadvantage in having among them and over them civil officers appointed by the king, while his armies held all the forts and arsenals of the country. But there was no alternative. They must accept a servile condition or offer manly resistance and take the consequences. For this they were ready, and the people ready to sustain them. In opposition to the governor's edict they communicated to their constituents and to the other colonies their unchanging determination to resist the unjust demands of their lordly oppressors. This hastened the crisis. The exasperated governor invoked the aid of the military. And his friend General Gage, commander of the British forces in America, ordered from Halifax two regiments of regulars to strengthen the governor's police. It seemed a large force for the purpose, but even they were not sufficient to squelch the spirit of freedom. The civil authorities promptly refused to provide supplies or quarters for the troops for whose presence they had no occasion or need. They were encamped on the common, and, for the purpose of intimidation, a great display was made, but it only imbibed the feelings of the citizens. Mutual hatred between them and the hired soldiers, aggravated by insults and injuries on both sides, soon led to open hostilities. A small company of soldiers were attacked by a mob, and fired, killing some and wounding others. The rage of the people at the occurrence knew no bounds. They became so violent that it was thought advisable to withdraw the troops from the city. The squad implicated in the massacre was indicted for murder and had a fair trial. This was unanimous. The keenest sense of

the injuries received did not make true patriots forgetful of the personal rights of those who were the instruments of the oppression they suffered. At the trial of the soldiers John Adams and Josiah Quincy, both well known as staunch advocates of the people's cause, appeared for the defense, and showed that the evidence could only convict of manslaughter, and as it seemed in self-defense, the punishment should be light.

Meanwhile full accounts of these disturbances were sent to England and caused intense excitement there. Parliament not only censured the colonists in strongly worded resolutions, but directed the governors to seize and transport to England for trial the leaders of disloyalty. The order was never carried out. Even after this some concessions were made to the demands of the colonists under the pressure of urgent appeals from English merchants who saw nothing but financial ruin to themselves in the loss of their trade with America. The duties on all articles imported from England were removed except on tea, and that, it was said, was retained simply to assert the sovereignty of the home government. This was an effort to conciliate those whom threats and military displays had failed to intimidate, but it too failed.

The East India Company had large quantities of tea in their storehouses, and having no orders from merchants, and being assured that many Tories, as all officers and supporters of the king were called, would patronize them, made arrangements for carrying on the business through their own agents. The plan seemed to promise success. Their men were appointed and a number of vessels freighted and sent to America. But there were difficulties in the way. In New York and Philadelphia the consignees, though anxious for the gains promised them, became alarmed and dared not enter on the duties of their appointment; and the captains were obliged to return to England with their cargoes. In Boston the agents of the company refused to resign, though threatened for their contumacy. In the midst of the excitement three ships arrived with cargoes of tea. A large committee demanded that it should be taken away. Of course there could be no public, and the vigilance of the citizens prevented a secret landing. The shipmasters saw that the only safe course for them was to obey the will of the people, but when they would have departed the governor was obstinate and no clearance could be obtained without first landing the cargoes. Repeated meetings were held, the question fully discussed, when it was resolved to resist to the last extremity the landing of the tea. They were in mass meeting when the ultimatum of the governor refusing the passports was received. The deliberations were then at an end, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. A man in the crowd suddenly gave the war whoop and a rush was made for the wharf. The disguised man was joined by others, perhaps twenty in number, who without damaging any other property emptied all the tea chests into the sea. The work was done speedily and without hindrance. When informed of these violent proceedings Parliament immediately passed the "Boston Port Bill," and removed the custom house to Salem. At the same time two other acts were passed, that added fuel to the fire, one giving the appointment of all civil and judicial officers directly to the crown; the other providing that in any future trial for homicide or violent resistance of the lawfully constituted authorities, the governor might send the accused out of the colony for trial.

In 1774 General Gage was appointed governor instead of Hutchinson. Personally he was much preferred to his predecessor, but coming to enforce the Port Bill, and having military authority the people felt that he was their enemy, and were ready to obstruct any measures he might adopt. Though Gage, with his army of regulars, was in possession, the organization and training of the militia proceeded with great zeal. Soon twelve thousand were enrolled as "Minute Men," or civilians ready for military service at a moment's notice. In the other colonies much the same state of things existed. The

people organized, drilled and prepared materials of war for the common defense.

In September of this year Congress met in Philadelphia. Of the fifty-three members in attendance nearly all were men of high standing in society, and already known to the country as true patriots. They were not an assembly of political aspirants and adventurers who, for personal ends, had sought the high position they filled, but representative men who deeply felt that the best interests, if not the very existence of the communities they represented demanded of them measures as prudent and cautious as they were firm and uncompromising. They indorsed the action of the Massachusetts Convention; put forth a plain, well-considered declaration of colonial rights; enumerated instances in which these had been violated; effected a more efficient opposition to any trade with England until satisfaction could be obtained for injuries done.

The moderation yet firmness of Congress met with very general approval. A few were in sympathy with the government, and the Quakers condemned everything they thought might bring on the country the calamities of war. All other religious bodies, and especially the pastors of the New England churches, without hesitation lent all their influence to the cause of freedom. Parliament now decided on more violent coercive measures. The policy of Pitt was rejected. The colonial agents, Franklin and others, were refused a hearing, and large military reinforcements ordered to America. The crisis had come sooner than some, who thought it inevitable, expected, but the citizens, cut off from all their sources of prosperity and denounced as rebels, were ready. The British garrison in Boston was strong, but the suffering people were unawed, and the commander of the post learned with some concern of the vigorous preparations for the impending conflict that were progressing in all parts of the province. Arms and other war material were, with all possible speed, collected and stored in different places. It was soon learned that notwithstanding the presence of the army and vigilance of the officers, large quantities of arms and ammunition had been smuggled out of Boston and stored at Concord, some eighteen miles distant. General Gage thought the time had come to stop these movements that might cause him serious trouble, and eighteen hundred of his infantry were sent to seize the stores at Concord. The plan of that first raid was supposed to be entirely secret. But somehow, Dr. Warren, a prominent Boston patriot, became apprised of it and spread the intelligence through the country in time to have the stores in part removed to a safer place. The troops next morning on reaching Lexington, a few miles from Concord, found a company of militia under arms, who were ordered to disperse, a volley was fired and eight men killed. At Concord the minute men endeavored to keep possession of a bridge, but were charged and driven from it. The object of the raid was in part accomplished. Some stores that could not be removed in time to save them were destroyed, but nothing of value could be taken away. The "Minute Men" were, by this time, coming from all quarters, and a very hasty retreat was found necessary. They were exposed to a galling fire from riflemen concealed on both sides of the road, while others pressed hard on their rear. Many fell, and but for reinforcements sent out to meet them, the whole command might have been cut off or captured. They lost that day not far from three hundred men. British soldiers and their officers gained some new ideas of the metal of the untrained militia with whom they had to deal. The war was now begun, the first blood shed, and the call to arms was promptly answered in all parts of the province. In a short time there were more men gathered about Boston with their rifles and shotguns than could be employed. The city was besieged, and in the trenches, amidst intense excitement, there was enough brave talk of driving the British into the sea. Through all the southern and middle colonies the news of the opening of the campaign called forth the strongest expressions of sympathy

and prompt assurances of support in the common cause. Everywhere the patriots organized for defense and for the seizure of such military funds and stores as might be found at posts not sufficiently guarded.

In May, 1775, Congress met again in Philadelphia and decided that as war had been commenced by the mother country the most active measures should be taken for defense. George Washington, of Virginia, was made commander-in-chief, and several Major and Adjutant Generals appointed.

In the meantime the forces that held Gage shut up in Boston rapidly increased in numbers. Stark, Putnam, Green and Arnold, with their militia, hastened to the scene of action, eager to avenge the wrongs of their fellow citizens.

In another quarter the eccentric Ethan Allen, with a company of Vermont mountaineers, made a dash as daring and successful as any during the war. The attention of the patriotic leaders was turned to the fortress at Ticonderoga, where immense stores were collected for the use of the British army. Allen resolved to surprise the garrison and capture the place. They reached the shore of the lake opposite Ticonderoga without being discovered, but found the means of transportation so limited that only eighty men succeeded in crossing. To delay was to fail, and the attack must be made at once. Allen and Arnold, who had joined the expedition as a private, rushed into the gateway of the fort, driving, and entering with the sentinel, closely followed by their men. The shouts of the audacious assailants, already within the fort, were such as few garrisons had heard. Not a gun had been discharged, but Allen's men faced the barracks, while he rushed to the quarters of the commandant, and shouted, "Surrender this fort immediately." "By what authority?" inquired the astounded officer, suddenly roused from his slumbers. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress," said Allen. And there seemed to be no alternative. A fortress that cost England millions of dollars was captured in ten minutes by that little band of patriots. Twenty cannon and a vast quantity of all kinds of military stores fell into the hands of the Americans.

In May of this year Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived at Boston with reinforcements that increased the army holding the place to more than ten thousand men. General Gage, thus strengthened, became arrogant, issued his proclamation, denouncing those in arms as rebels, but offering pardon to any who would submit, excepting Adams and Hancock. These two, when delivered up or taken, were to suffer the penalty for treason.

There were evident preparations for some movement from Boston—rumor said to burn the neighboring towns, and lay waste the country. To prevent this the Americans determined to seize and fortify Bunker Hill, which commanded the peninsula over which their enemies would seek to pass. On the night of the 16th of June, Colonel Prescott was sent with a thousand men to occupy the hill. The movement was skilfully carried out, and a position a little farther down the peninsula than that contemplated, and within easy cannon range of the city was fortified, the men working diligently till morning in digging trenches and constructing their fort. When the astonished general discovered what was done, he said: "We must take those works immediately." After a fierce cannonade, that did little harm, the attack was made by General Howe, with three thousand regulars, determined to carry the works on the hill by assault. As the column moved forward in fine order, all the batteries within range opened fire on the intrenchments of the Americans, who were only about fifteen hundred in number, and having wrought all night, and till three p. m., were suffering from hunger and fatigue. Happily the gunners did not get the range, or much disturb those in the trenches, who reserved their fire till the head of the column was within one hundred and fifty feet, when, at the command of Prescott, every gun was discharged with deliberate aim. The shock was

terrible. Hundreds fell, and there was a precipitate retreat. At the foot of the hill they were re-formed, and made a second fierce assault, with a like result, the men in the trenches reserving their fire till the enemy were close at hand. The destruction was so terrible that nearly all the officers fell, and the shattered column returned in disorder. General Clinton, who had witnessed the unexpected repulse, hastened to the field with reinforcements, and the third attempt was more successful. The provincials had but little ammunition left, and were unable to repel the fresh assailants. Some had already leaped over the breastworks, and the brave defenders of the fort withdrew. In the retreat the lamented Warren fell. Though defeated it was a glorious day for the patriots. Generals Howe and Clinton had gained a victory, but at fearful cost. Two more such would have nearly blotted out that splendid army.

They dared not venture into the country, but returned to Boston and were still closely besieged by Washington and his army. The siege was so pressed that it was difficult to subsist the army there, and to save the city from destruction they were allowed to embark the whole army on transports, taking with them many Tories who had been too open in their friendship for the Royalists to be safe if left behind. Of that class there were some in almost all communities, and during the bloody years that followed they both suffered much and caused much suffering. In some sections where they were numerous the citizen conflicts between Whigs and Tories, or Patriots and Loyalists were characterized by great bitterness and unmitigated cruelty on both sides. Hundreds were slain not in battle, but by the hands of assassins who were neighbors, and had been friends.

For nearly a year no decisive battles were fought, though there was much skirmishing and much suffering, destruction of property and loss of life. The colonists were in an anomalous condition, still confessing themselves British subjects, and in the Episcopal churches repeating prayers for the king, while doing all in their power to resist his authority and destroy his armies.

In June, 1776, a resolution similar to that passed by the Virginia Assembly, was discussed in Congress with much ability, and on the 4th of July the memorable Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, with the assistance of Franklin and others, was adopted. The preamble, as remarkable for its finish as for clearness and strength, commences: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the nations of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." After such a beginning there follows a clear, succinct, forcible statement of the wrongs endured, and the contemptuous rejection of all petitions for redress. The conclusion reached is in the following words: "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

For the maintenance of this declaration the signers pledged their property, lives and sacred honor.

Hostilities were continued with, if possible, more determined energy on both sides. With some partial successes there followed a long series of disasters to the patriot cause, that at times seemed almost hopeless.

In August Washington, anticipating an attack on New York, sent Putnam with nine hundred men to defend the place. They were defeated with heavy loss on Long Island. The enemy, however, did not gain much from the victory, as the patriots quietly crossed the river to New York in the night, and the victors had but possession of the island, and nothing more. In the city Washington himself took command, and had a large

part of his available forces there. When the British fleet, that was expected, entered the harbor, any attempt further to defend the place would have been useless, and the patriot forces were withdrawn. Fort Washington, a place of great natural and artificial strength, on Manhattan Island, five miles from the city, was for some reason not evacuated when the army left, and was some time after attacked and forced to surrender. The assailants suffered great loss, but took the fort, and the garrison of two thousand men were crowded into the filthy New York military prisons. Washington retreated through New Jersey, closely pursued, but by great vigilance and skill avoided a conflict for which he was not prepared. It often requires more real generalship to conduct a retreat safely, than to make a successful assault, and the great American general, with an army so inferior in numbers and equipments, had much to do in that line during the struggle for independence.

On the 8th of December he crossed the Delaware, taking with him or destroying all the boats within reach, and thus baffled his pursuer. Cornwallis found it necessary to wait for the freezing of the river, and reluctantly put his army into winter quarters in the nearest towns and villages. Two thousand Hessians, commanded by Colonel Rahl, occupied Trenton, and the other detachments were arranged so that all might proceed against Philadelphia soon as the river was bridged with ice. During the month Washington saw and seized the opportunity to strike a blow for his disheartened country. He planned to cross the river Christmas night, in three divisions, and attack the portion of the army at Trenton before daylight. The division led by the General himself and Sullivan succeeded, not without great difficulty because of the floating ice, in crossing some miles above the town. The others failed. Though delayed beyond the time intended, and without the support expected, the attempt must be made. So dividing those that were over into two bands, that the assault might be made on both sides at once, they approached rapidly. The Hessians were completely surprised, their Colonel killed at the first volley, and the whole regiment, thinking themselves surrounded, threw down their arms and begged for quarter. They were made prisoners of war, and before night their captors had them safe beyond the river. This at the time, and under all the circumstances, was an event of great importance, as it encouraged the soldiers and gave new hope to the country.

Three days after, Washington with all his available force returned to Trenton, and on the day following, Cornwallis approached from Princeton with the main body of his army, determined to crush the resolute Americans. After much skirmishing Cornwallis attempted to force his way into the town, but was repulsed, and, as it was now evening, thought it prudent to wait for the morning. The position of the Americans, confronted with such superior numbers, was critical. To attempt to recross the Delaware was too hazardous, so it was promptly decided to withdraw quietly in the night, and by a circuitous route to strike the enemy at Princeton before his expectant antagonist could discover the movement. The baggage was safely removed, the campfires were lighted, and a guard left to keep them burning. The sentries walked their beats too, unconcernedly, till the morning light showed a deserted camp, and about the same time the roar of American cannon thirteen miles away told Cornwallis how he had been outgeneraled. A sharp battle was fought at Princeton, and Washington was again victorious, but the legions of the British army were within hearing. When they arrived the active enemy that had so annoyed and harmed them had departed, going northward. Again sadly disappointed, Cornwallis must needs hasten to New Brunswick, to protect the stores.

It is impossible here even to mention the important events that followed. For weary months and years the terribly destructive war continued. Many campaigns were planned and conducted with great energy. Battles were fought in which

the carnage was fearful. Ships were burned or sunk—strongholds were taken by siege or assault, and the garrisons defending them cut to pieces, or, as in some instances, cruelly massacred after they were surrendered. Towns and hamlets were burned, and large sections of country laid waste. For a time the greatest destruction was in the East and North, but when the work of death fairly commenced in the South blood flowed not less freely. In 1779 the principal theater of the war was in Georgia and the Carolinas, and the heaviest engagements were adverse to the Americans. Savannah and Charleston were captured and the whole states overrun by detachments of British soldiers who at first met with but little opposition. Very soon, however, the patriots, though unable by reason of their losses to take the field in force, renewed the contest under Sumter, Marrión, Pickens, and other daring leaders who continually harassed not only the British, but also the Tories, of whom there were great numbers in that region.

In the North General Burgoyne, after two battles with General Gates, in both of which the Americans had the advantage, surrendered his whole army of seven thousand regulars, beside Indians and Canadians. This achievement, vastly important to the country, as it had influence in securing the powerful aid of France, gave Gates a standing higher than he deserved or could maintain. On account of his victory at Saratoga he was sent to recover South Carolina; but in his first encounter with Cornwallis at Camden, he was routed, with the loss of one thousand men, and with the remnant of his army fled to North Carolina.

After obtaining aid from France, though some serious disasters were suffered, and the faint-hearted were at times discouraged, the cause of the country gained strength till final success was assured.

In 1781, at Cowpens, S. C., on January 17th, General Morgan won a brilliant victory over the British under Tarleton; and the bloody battle at Eutaw Springs nearly terminated the war in South Carolina. In Virginia, Cornwallis, who was now opposed by La Fayette, Wayne and Steuben, had fortified himself at Yorktown, where he had a large army. Meanwhile, the American army of the North, under Washington, and the French army under Count de Rochambeau formed a junction on the Hudson which seemed to threaten an attack on Clinton in New York, and effectually prevented him from sending aid to the army shut up at Yorktown. By a sudden diversion, and before the movement was discovered, the allied armies, 12,000 strong, were far on their way toward Yorktown, and arrived without hindrance, on the 28th of September. The siege was but short. On the 19th of October Cornwallis surrendered, with his whole army of 7,000 men. This victory substantially terminated the conflict, and secured American independence. Thus ended the war which, in the language of Pitt, "Was conceived in injustice, nurtured in folly, and whose footsteps were marked with slaughter and devastation. The nation was drained of its best blood and its vital resources, for which nothing was received in return but a series of inefficient victories and disgraceful defeats; victories obtained over men fighting in the holy cause of liberty—defeats which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valuable relations, slain in a detested and impious quarrel."

During the seven years of blood Great Britain sent to the war she was waging to subdue her colonists 134,000 soldiers and seamen. The forces of the United States and their allies consisted of 230,000 regular soldiers, and some 56,000 militia. Those who perished in battle or otherwise, by reason of the war, reached some hundreds of thousands; other hundreds of thousands were made widows or orphans, while the cost in actual expenditures and property destroyed must be told by hundreds of millions. And yet, for America, the sacrifice was not too great. The heritage of freedom left us is more than worth it all.

[End of Required Reading for 1893-4.]

NIGHT.

By CHARLES GRINDROD.

The sunset fades into a common glow :
A deeper shadow all the valley fills :
The trees are ghostlier in the fields below :
The river runs more darkly through the hills :
Only the Night-bird's voice the coppice thrills,
Stirring the very leaves into a sense.
A witching stillness holds the breath of things.
Earth has put on her garb of reverence,
As when a nun within a cloister sings
To mourn a passing soul before it wings.
Silent as dew now falls the straight-winged Night.
Clear overhead (God's still imaginings),
Shining like Hope, through very darkness bright,
Star follows star, till heaven is all alight.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

VII.—THE WELL-BALANCED ECCENTRIC.

At length we have an Eccentric American who was practical, successful, useful, and happy; who was a conservative radical, a laughing philanthropist, a non-resisting hero, a lovely fighting Quaker, the popular champion of an unpopular cause, and—most singular of all!—a Christian in fact and act, though counted a heretic by evangelicals, and excommunicated by his own sect. It is just because his life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Isaac T. Hopper takes rank as one of the grandest and rarest of Eccentrics. For, as the reader may know, we have declared from the outset of this series that the true man in a false world is necessarily eccentric; that uniformity is always at the expense of principle. "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." And is n't that odd?

The key to this symmetrical eccentricity of friend Hopper is found in the counterbalancing qualities of his character. A powerful will was offset by a conscience equally imperative. A native bravery was balanced by softness of heart, so that he was at once incapable of fear and of cruelty; combativeness was mollified by simplicity of manner and frankness of speech. A genius for finesse was by an all-pervading benevolence and love of justice enlisted in the service of the slave and the convict; a lively sense of humor sweetened the austerities of a formal religion, softened the asperities of a life of warfare and informed great natural pride with geniality. With less love of abstract justice, he might have been a great lawyer; with less conscience and benevolence he might have been a great soldier; with less earnestness and dignity he might have been a great comedian; with less philanthropy he might have been a great business man; with less executive will he might have been a great preacher. Balanced as these qualities were, he was a rare Eccentric—being lawyer, soldier, comedian, business man and minister combined.

"The boy was father of the man," in his case. Born in 1771 to poor parents, farmers in New Jersey, he early made manifest extraordinary qualities.

Bravery.—A cosset lamb which he had reared was seized by a foraging party of British soldiers from Philadelphia and cast bound into their wagon. The lad of ten years ran and climbed into the vehicle, cut the cords with a rusty jack-knife, and then stoutly resisted the captors, until the officer in command, attracted by the outcry, rode up and ordered the lamb restored, out of admiration for the wee patriot's pluck and devotion. He would fight any man on behalf of all of his pet animals, of which he always had a menagerie, caught and tamed by aid of a certain brute free-masonry which he possessed.

Justice.—Isaac and his brother trapped partridges. One day the former found one in his brother's trap and none in his own; first removing the bird to his own trap he carried it home, saying he took it out of his trap—the little lawyer! But before morning conscience asserted itself, he confessed the deception and restored the game—the little justice!

Humor.—His love of mischief kept him in continual disgrace, and the house and school in continual turmoil—albeit his love of justice usually led to reparation of damages; if he got others into scrapes he was quite willing to shoulder the consequences; he could fill a schoolmate's dinner pail with sand, and then dry all tears by giving up his own lunch. One night he went to see old Polly milk. Fun soon got the better of the boy, he got a twig, the cow got a sensation, and Polly got a surprise. There was a lacteal cataclysm and a *tableau vivant*; mingled strains of wild juvenile laughter and wilder feminine screams, accompanied by a rude barbaric clangor of cow-bell and tin pail. The boy went slippered and supperless to bed, but he lay there hungry and happy, waking the wild echoes of his raftered chamber with shouts of laughter over the persisting vision of how the maid turned pale and flew, and the cow turned pail and ran, with altitudinous tail and head. The artless sports of our childhood are often our most enduring joys, and Father Hopper never forgot this *chef d'œuvre* of his childhood, though he was only five years old when he thus essayed the part of *Puck*; for he afterward secured the cow's bell, and for fifty years used it as a dinner bell, refusing to substitute a more melodious, but less memorial monitor. He immensely enjoyed reviving at once the household and his own thoughts with it, and often with a sedate Quaker chuckle told the story when he tolled the bell.

Not the least curious antithesis in this mixed character was his open-heartedness and cunning; his simplicity of speech and shrewdness of management. From the age of nine years he marketed the farm produce in Philadelphia, and there was known as "The Little Governor," for his precocious dignity. When asked the price of a pair of fowls, he replied, "My father told me to sell them for fifty cents if I could, if not, to take forty." He got the fifty before he would part with them, however—just as, years on, he would frankly give up his plans to an antagonist and still beat him.

Isaac's sympathy with the enslaved was aroused as early as the age of nine by listening to the harrowing narrative of a native African captive; and he was only sixteen years old when he assisted to liberate a slave who had acquired the right of freedom by residence in Philadelphia. The lad was at that time apprentice to a tailor, his uncle, in the city. Slavery still existed in all the states of the union, though the movement for its gradual abolishment had been begun in several of them. Pennsylvania had taken a long step in this direction by enacting the gradual emancipation of her own citizens' slaves, and decreeing that any slave from another state, coming by his owner's consent into Pennsylvania and there abiding continuously for six months, should be free; and that any slave landing there from a foreign country should immediately become free by that fact. It was in enforcing this law, as also in preventing the kidnaping of free negroes from Pennsylvania, that Hopper soon distinguished himself. Philadelphia became a modern city of refuge, and Friend Hopper a recognized deliverer of fugitives and freedmen, from either Southern or Northern states. It is thus a fact, not often remarked as to the relation of human slavery to our government, that the first blows at the institution were the work of state rights; and that the remedy provided for this trenching of one state upon the institutions of another, in the fugitive slave law of Fillmore's time, was an encroachment of federal power over the previously reserved rights of the states. The National Anti-Slavery Society was formed many years later; the national conscience was not yet quickened on this question; but Philadelphia had even then a local anti-slavery society, and with it Friend Hop-

per identified himself. He made himself master of all the laws, findings, decisions and proceedings relating to slavery and manumission, as well as, incidentally, an adept in the proverbially intricate Pennsylvania laws of contracts, property, evidence, and general processes, so that he soon became the best authority thereon in Philadelphia. In fact, he was the embodiment of that enigma which, it is alleged, could "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer." His standing in court became so well recognized that no lawyer was anxious to take a case against him. "You had better consult Mr. Hopper," said a judge to a veteran counselor who asked his opinion on a slave case before him, "he knows more law on these cases than you and I both together." "I thought I knew something of law, but it seems I do not," said a magistrate petulantly, upon being tripped up in a slave case by Friend Hopper, a layman. The latter did not scruple to use in behalf of freedom all the technicalities and delays of law; and his craft in these devices was not the less effective because his openness of manner made him seem an unsophisticated and rather simple fellow. His dignity, simplicity and directness of speech in quaint Quaker phraseology, compelled the respect of courts and won the confidence of juries. If needs were he would procrastinate and continue a case in court three or four years, until the master would tire out and sell the manumission of the slave for a nominal sum. In case of attempted kidnaping he took the aggressive against the abductors, and forced them to pay roundly for the benefit of the negroes; generally those who came to carry off others were glad enough to escape themselves. Hopper and other friends advanced large sums of money for the purchase of manumissions, which were invariably repaid, in part or entire, from the subsequent earnings of the freedmen.

Unbroken success at length brought Friend Hopper a factitious reputation, insomuch that it was difficult to enlist Philadelphia officers of law heartily against him; if a magistrate reluctantly granted a process, the constables more timidly executed it. "Did you say I dared not grant a warrant to search your house?" demanded the Mayor upon one occasion.

"Indeed I did say so, and I now repeat it," rejoined the imperturbable Quaker. "I am a man of established reputation; I am not a suspicious character." (This was what the world calls "bluffing.") The slave was at that moment locked in his house.)

"Is not this man's slave in your house?" asked the Mayor.

"Thou hast no right to ask that question, friend Mayor. A man is not bound to inform against himself. Thou well knowest the penalty for secreting a slave."

Getting no evidence sufficient for a search-warrant, his house was watched day and night for a week. Friend Hopper, with perfect urbanity, tendered the planter the use of his warm parlor as a guard-house, for the nights were cold. This was surly refused. In the morning he had a good hot breakfast prepared for the shivering men outside, but they dared not accept it. They had learned that Hopper was most dangerous when most agreeable, and feared a trick from the gift-bearing Greek. A ruse was preparing for them. At night a free colored man was employed to run out of the house. The guard sprang out of their hiding and seized him, but immediately released him on perceiving their mistake. Hopper arrested them and put them under peace bonds. This made them cautious. The next night the same negro made another rush and was not stopped. The third night it was the slave who did the rushing; he ran past the irresolute guard and escaped to other hiding, until Hopper could negotiate his manumission with the discouraged master.

On one occasion he instituted a fictitious suit for debt against a freedman in order to gain time to secure evidence of his freedom. On another, he offered to become bound to the *United States* for the return of a slave to court, and the simple magistrate so entered the recognizance. When the day came

Hopper was there but the slave was not, and magistrate, owner and lawyer for the first time discovered that the bond was worthless, as the United States could not be a party to it. Again he entered into an undertaking to produce a slave or pay \$500 for his freedom—after his master had once before agreed to free him for \$150. He produced the slave, and professed to have failed in raising the \$500, and demanded the return of his bond. The slave, previously instructed, as soon as the bond touched Hopper's hand, bolted and escaped by a back door and an alley. The master was so furious at this trick that he assaulted several free colored people, for which he was arrested and threatened with such heavy penalties that he was glad to remit the \$150 first promised him for a bill of manumission, and to pay some damages to the other negroes besides.

"There is no use trying to capture a runaway slave in Philadelphia," exclaimed an irate and discouraged master. "I believe the devil himself could not catch them when they once get here."

"That is very likely," answered Friend Hopper with a twinkling eye; "but I think he would have less difficulty in catching the masters, being so much more familiar with them."

In dealing with so desperate a class of men as usually made a business of man-chasing, incensed as they were by his successful tactics, Hopper was often in extreme peril, and he always showed a coolness and dexterity equal to the most daring of them. His adventures and escapes outdo romance. After making all allowance for supposed consciousness of the weakness of a bad cause on the part of his antagonists, and the moral effect of his name; after picturing his insensibility to fear, his calm, good-natured, and dignified bearing, and above all, that remarkable will-power, under which officers in the rightful discharge of their duties had been known to surrender to him—maugre all this, it seems wonderful that in the hundreds of cases he had to do with, he neither used force nor (save once) suffered by force. It seems as if there could have been found some one man in the United States cool enough to face down or reckless enough to strike down this man of peace—but there was not. It must have been the power of passiveness, the irresistibility of non-resistance. "The weak alone are strong." This is Scriptural eccentricity. Even in this world of force he who, when smitten on one cheek, can turn the other, may conquer—though this is a definition of success by cheek that is not usually accepted.

The solitary occasion upon which Friend Hopper suffered violence was when a posse of kidnapers guarding a negro threw him bodily from a second story window. Though severely hurt, as it afterward turned out, he gained a reëtrance, and while the guard were yet congratulating themselves on being well rid of him, he walked into the room, cut the captive's bonds and secured his escape. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and when years later he went to Europe, he found the reputation of a wizard had preceded him.

These efforts lasted during his forty years' residence in Philadelphia, and continued after his removal to New York (1829). Not less than one thousand persons owed their escape from servitude to him, some of them becoming useful members of society. One was a missionary to Sierra Leone, one a bishop, several were preachers and teachers. So this one tailor made nine men multiplied an hundred fold.

He made other than black men. His labors in behalf of prison reform and for the raising of fallen men and abandoned women, and the relief of the unfortunate, if less exciting, were not less apt to draw our admiration and sympathy. The story of "The Umbrella Girl," which has traveled the rounds of the press for forty years, is a good example of his tact in conducting a delicate case to a happy end; one hardly knows which most to admire, the goodness or the shrewdness of the philanthropist. His biography, by Lydia Maria Child, abounds in narratives of these acts; it would make an admirable Sunday-school library volume.

His success in reclaiming the lost and despairing was largely due to two beautiful traits, viz.: his confidence in human nature and his patient long-suffering. Seventy and seven times could he forgive and lift again a brother, because he believed there was an imperishable spark of the divine there. He was accustomed to say that there was not one among the prisoners in the Philadelphia penitentiary with whom he would be afraid to trust himself alone by night with large sums of money in his pocket.

His biographer tells the following in point:

One of the prisoners, who had been convicted of manslaughter, became furious, in consequence of being threatened with a whipping. When they attempted to bring him out of his dungeon to receive punishment, he seized a knife and a club, rushed back again, and swore he would kill the first person who came near him. Being a very strong man, and in a state of madness, no one dared to approach him. They tried to starve him into submission, but finding he was not to be subdued that way, they sent for Friend Hopper, as they were accustomed to do in all such difficult emergencies. He went boldly into the cell, looked the desperado calmly in the face, and said, "It is foolish for thee to contend with the authorities, thou wilt be compelled to yield at last. I will inquire into thy case. If thou hast been unjustly dealt by, I promise thee it shall be remedied." This kind and sensible remonstrance had the desired effect. From that time forward he had great influence over the ferocious fellow, who was always willing to be guided by his advice, and finally became one of the most reasonable and orderly inmates of the prison.

Charity for convicts was truly eccentric in that day. The general sentiment regarding prisoners and prison management was far different from what it now is. It was with great difficulty that consent could be got to even hold religious services in prison; the authorities declaring that the prisoners would rise, kill the minister, escape in a body, and burn and kill indiscriminately. At the first service (1787) they had a loaded cannon mounted on the rostrum, by the side of the messenger of Christ, a man standing by with lighted match during the prayer and preaching, the prisoners being carefully arranged in a solid column in front of the cannon. Thus was accompanied the first preaching to prisoners in this country. Deplorable as was their situation behind the bars, their punishment was hardly less after their release. "Who passes here leaves hope behind" might have been written over the prison door outside and inside. (Was the North then more humane in its regard of convicts than the South was in its regard of slaves? In which respect has public sentiment more improved, and in what states most?)

Among the insane, too, he was a missionary. He had the clairvoyant sense to understand, and the mysterious power to control them, such as made him when a boy a tamer of wild animals. In fact, among all the deprived and unfortunate elements of society his face was a benediction, his tones pulsed hope, his hand lifted to better lives. I fancy that his cheery, hearty, homely, sympathetic presence came from the feminine side of his nature, while the strong uplift and commanding presence came from the masculine side; and that he seemed both mother and father to the unfortunate; to be a representative of both home and heaven. The grandest natures that walk the earth are these congenital marriages, combinations of the two sexes in one person. The weakest, those which are only masculine or only feminine.

"The bravest are the tenderest,

The loving are the daring."

Friend Hopper's appearance was much in his favor in this work. His erect form, jet black, curly hair, plain, rich Quaker costume, and dignified port made him conspicuous in a crowd. But his face was the study. Its lines mingled of strength and tenderness gave it that representation of benign efficiency which sculptors and limners try to give to their personifications of divine attributes. Humboldt's was one of those faces—and I remember once seeing some children, constructing a "play"

world, paste a likeness of Humboldt to the ceiling. When asked what that was for, they explained with perfect sincerity and reverence, "That is God." Happy the childhood that hath received such beautiful conceptions of the All Father! It was often remarked that Hopper's face bore a strong resemblance to that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Joseph Bonaparte, when he resided at Bordentown, frequently commented on the remarkable likeness, and declared that Isaac T. Hopper could easily excite a revolution in Paris.

In 1829 Friend Hopper had reduced himself to insolvency by the expenditure of money and time on behalf of others, and he closed his tailoring business at Philadelphia, removed to New York, and accepted the agency for the publications of the Anti-Slavery Society. Here his activity in behalf of slaves got him worse enmity than in Philadelphia it did. New York's commercial interests made her a Northern stronghold of pro-slavery sentiment. The press was violent against the Abolitionists, the courts were unfriendly, and "Judge Lynch" more than once summarily adjudicated their cases. One of these mobs directed their attack toward Friend Hopper's store, after having sacked several places. He was apprised of the danger but refused to budge, to call in help, to close his doors, or to put up his shutters. He received the howling rioters, standing impassively on the steps. Not a word was uttered on either side; the mob stopped its course there, because the sight of its master compelled it to pause, and presently it passed on to other spoliations. It was quite fit that in the same city twenty-five years later, the mob which hung negroes to lamp posts and burned colored orphan asylums should single out the house of Isaac T. Hopper's daughter for destruction, while she was away nursing soldiers in the hospitals!

The commercial spirit of slavery invaded every interest of society and every church. Even the Quakers became infected, insomuch that Friend Hopper and others were tried and expelled the society for their connection with anti-slavery publications. Thus the persecuted sect of old turned persecutors. This was the severest penalty this Eccentric was called on to pay for his adherence to his work; for he loved the faith and associations of his fathers. It was he who remained orthodox and regular, however, and the society which became eccentric to true Quakerism; they narrowed and declined. "His character grew larger and his views more liberal, after the bonds which bound him to a sect were cut asunder," says his Quaker biographer; "it is astonishing how troublesome a living soul proves to be when they try to shut it up within the narrow limits of a drowsy sect." He lived to be solicited to return to the society, and to decline a connection with a church which he thought had abandoned its own faith and practice.

In New York Friend Hopper also continued his work on behalf of prisoners and offenders. Public interest at length awoke; the Prison Association was formed, and organized efforts began in that direction. Father Hopper was made its agent, and he became a very active one, for though seventy-four years old, his movements were as elastic, his spirit as young, and his hair as unstreaked of white as ever. In the legal relations of this work, Friend Hopper was frequently before the legislature and the governor of the state, and his appeals uniformly secured ameliorations of law or pardon of convicts. "Friend Hopper, I will pardon any convict whom you say you conscientiously believe I ought to pardon," said Governor Young. Hopper always addressed his excellency as "Esteemed friend, John Young," and the Governor in reply adopted the Quaker "thou" and "thee." When he was seventy-eight years old the Prison Association struck a bronze medallion likeness of Hopper, from the fine portrait by the artist Page, representing him raising a prisoner from the ground, and bearing the striking text:

"To seek and save that which was lost."

No one this side of the White Throne knows how many he was instrumental in rescuing from worse than death. One

whom he had lifted from prison, from the insane asylum, from the gutter many times, and at last made a safe, good, and happy woman, thus wrote him:

"Father Hopper, you first saw me in prison, and visited me. You followed me to the asylum. You did not forsake me. You have changed a bed of straw to a bed of down. May heaven bless and reward you for it. No tongue can express the gratitude I feel. Many are the hearts you have made glad. Suppose all you have dragged out of one place and another were to stand before you at once! I think you would have more than you could shake hands with in a month; and I know you would shake hands with them all."

Isaac T. Hopper's democratic spirit was one of the most conspicuous of his minor traits. It was founded in his natural lack of reverence and intense love of justice, and fostered by his religious training and political experience. He came honestly by it. His mother revealed it in her parting injunction to him upon his leaving home: "My son, you are now going forth to make your own way in the world. Always remember that you are as good as any other person; but remember also that you are no better." Fowler, the phrenologist, made a happy guess when he said of Hopper:

"He has very little reverence, and stands in no awe of the powers that be. He is emphatically republican in feeling and character. He has very little credulity; he understands just when and where to take men and things."

How remarkable was the benevolence of a man thus keensighted for human defects, and immovable by human excellence, that he became so great a philanthropist; but for this counterbalance of sympathy and justice he would have been a cynic—with his keen wit, a satirist. His democratic manners showed more conspicuously in the old country than here. The following incidents illustrate his irreverence and coolness:

When in Bristol, he asked permission to look at the interior of the cathedral. He had been walking about some little time when a rough looking man said to him in a very surly tone, "Take off your hat, sir!"

He replied very courteously, "I have asked permission to enter here to gratify my curiosity as a stranger. I hope there is no offense."

"Take off your hat!" rejoined the rude man. "If you don't, I'll take it off for you."

Friend Hopper leaned on his cane, looked him full in the face, and answered very coolly, "If thou dost, I hope thou wilt send it to my lodgings; for I shall have need of it this afternoon. I lodge at No. 35, Lower Crescent, Clifton." The place designated was about a mile from the cathedral. The man stared at him as if puzzled whether he were talking to an insane person or not. When the imperturbable Quaker had seen all he cared to see, he deliberately walked away.

At Westminster Abbey he paid the customary fee of two shillings sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying, "You must uncover yourself, sir."

"Uncover myself," exclaimed the Friend, with an affectation of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?"

"Your coat!" responded the man, smiling. "No, indeed, I mean your hat."

"And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired.

"Because you are in a church, sir," answered the doorkeeper.

"I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker. "Perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles. I suppose thou art aware that it is the *people*, not the *building*, that constitutes a church, sir?"

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, "You must take off your hat, sir."

But the Friend inquired, "What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images."

The man persisted in saying that no person could be permitted to pass through the church without uncovering his head. "Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money and I will go out."

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not quite strong

enough to compel him to that sacrifice; and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

When Friend Hopper visited the House of Lords, he asked the sergeant-at-arms if he might sit on the throne. He replied, "No, sir. No one but his majesty sits there."

"Wherein does his majesty differ from other men?" inquired he.

"If his head were cut off, would n't he die?"

"Certainly he would," replied the officer.

"So would an American," rejoined Friend Hopper. As he spoke he stepped up to the gilded railing that surrounded the throne, and tried to open the gate. The officer told him it was locked. "Well, won't the same key that locked it unlock it?" inquired he. "Is this the key hanging here?"

Being informed that it was, he took it down and unlocked the gate. He removed the satin covering from the throne, carefully dusting the railing with his handkerchief before he hung the satin over it, and then seated himself in the royal chair. "Well," said he, "do I look anything like his majesty?"

The man seemed embarrassed, but smiled as he answered, "Why, sir, you certainly fill the throne very respectably."

There were several noblemen in the room, who seemed to be extremely amused by these unusual proceedings.

Father Hopper lived verily to a "green old age." On his eightieth birthday he thus wrote to his youngest daughter, Mary:

"My eye is not dim, nor my natural force abated. My head is well covered with hair, which still retains its usual glossy, dark color, with but few gray hairs sprinkled about. My life has been prolonged beyond most, and has been truly a chequered scene. Mercy and kindness have followed me thus far, and I have faith that they will continue with me to the end."

A few months later, going to visit a discharged convict for whom the association had built a shop far up in the city, Friend Hopper took a fatal cold. It was a long and painful sickness, but he restrained his tendency to groan by singing, and said: "There is no cloud. There is nothing in the way. Nothing troubles me." His heart was with his past work. His son-in-law wrote: "Reminiscences are continually falling from his lips, like leaves in autumn from an old forest tree; not, indeed green, but rich in the colors that are of the tree, and characteristic. I have never seen so beautiful a close to a good man's life." On the last day he said: "I seem to hear voices singing, 'We have come to take thee home.'" And again he spoke low to his daughter, "Maria, is there anything peculiar in this room?" "No; why do you ask that question?" "Because," said the dying patriarch, "you all look so beautiful; and the covering on the bed hath such glorious colors as I never saw. But perhaps I had better not have said anything about it."

His last act was characteristic. Calling for his box of private papers he took out one and asked to have it destroyed, lest it should do some injury. He confided to his eldest daughter as a precious keepsake a little yellow paper, fastened by a rusty pin; it was the first love letter of his first love, her mother, written when she and he were fourteen years old, children in school. Love of justice and love of love in his last breath!

TRUTH is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blest and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life, that he may live as long as possible a person of truth; for such a man is trustworthy. But that man is untrustworthy who loveth a lie in his heart; and if it be told involuntary, and in mere wantonness, he is a fool. In neither case can they be envied; for every knave and shallow dunce is without real friends. As time passes on to morose old age, he becomes known, and has prepared for himself at the end of his life a dreary solitude; so that, whether his associates and children be alive or not, his life becomes nearly equally a state of isolation.—*Plato*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE INEBRIATES?*

The profound interest which I feel for this subject is in sympathy with certain words of Terence: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me." This sentiment is to be commended to the scientists of the Christian era. Entitled, then, to the grave consideration of humanity, is the miserable inebriate. The study of this subject has both a biological and anthropological bearing. The former defines the protoplasm—the wonderful beginning of existence—the subject in hand demonstrates the destructive oxidation of the soul in the presence of alcohol, the deterioration of vital energy, and a misspent life. Again, the anthropologist studies man in his present and primeval existence, delving into burial mounds and bone cases to spell out the lessons learned by each succeeding generation in the great struggle for existence.

Of man it has been written: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!" But by saturating his brain with whiskey, how soon would the godlike man become debased lower than the meanest brute. Truly here in the nineteenth century—not in the old red sandstone or in the silurian beds—but right here in this day appears what might be called the "missing link" in anthropological studies.

What is to be done with the inebriate? Prohibition, total abstinence, and women's crusades have struggled with the demon of drunkenness, but its throne has not yet been demolished. Its dominion was set up among men long before the Macedonian conqueror, with heel planted upon the neck of a prostrate world, was vanquished by it, and its temples were already hoary when the old Roman worshiped Bacchus under the vines. In the history of the world it has been more potent than Christianity in winning the savage tribes, and at the same time has done more to depauperize Christian nations than all other calamities put together. The subject of intemperance and its cure present the most important social problem of the day for both philanthropist and legislator. However, much good has been brought about by the moral forces of society and the benevolent organizations, toward the extinction of the vice, yet it seems that its utter annihilation is entirely beyond the reach of all influences. Shakspeare well described this lurking remnant of a vice not wholly to be controlled, when he said, "I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial." There has been too much nonsense in dealing with the inebriate. The world has laughed too long at the noisy, reeling comedy daily enacted on our streets, and is unmindful too often of the corresponding silent tragedy taking place at home. Patient women are not unfrequently found wearing away in gloom what might have been a happy life, looking for the daily return of a drunken husband. Many a death is attributed in the obituary columns of our papers to Bright's disease, or pneumonia, when in reality whiskey should take all the blame.

The indiscriminate commitment of the inebriate to the hospital for the insane is a grievous wrong. Genuine cases of a real insanity, resulting from dipsomania, are indeed to be found, but it is absurd to class any considerable portion of the inebriates in this category. The hospital for the insane is, however, preferred to the workhouse, as announcing less publicly the disgrace of the victim, and therefore it is that dipsomania is so often stretched into insanity. With some physicians inebriety is confounded with insanity, while others deny the existence of an insanity whose sign is a passion for drink, and accordingly

* Synopsis of a lecture delivered on Saturday, April 12, in the National Museum, at Washington, D. C., by Dr. W. W. Gidding, in charge of the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, D. C.

fail to distinguish dipsomania from drunkenness or crime. These points need not, however, be discussed in a lecture intended to treat the subject socially. Social science asks whether this inebriety is a crime or a disease. The law classes drunkenness among crimes, and sends the offenders to penal institutions; but how often do friends, unwilling to see the victims of intemperance committed with the felons, bring to bear on the case powerful arguments to show that the mind is diseased, and thus have him transferred from the gaol to the lunatic asylum, where he is evidently out of place as soon as the fumes of alcohol have left the brain. Inebriety is both a crime and a disease, and owing to a want of recognition of this truth on the part of philanthropists, much work and intended good have been wasted. When it is regarded by the law as an *iniquitous disease*, and provided for by the law with a *curative punishment*, then will the community at large be afforded a relief which might also effect the recovery of the victim.

As to the vices of drunkenness and opium consumption, women are probably as much addicted to the latter as men, while drunkenness counts many more victims among the males. The former is a social vice, the latter a solitary evil. The latter injures none but the consumer, leaving out of consideration its power to unfit the mind for business, and thus injure the other members of the family. Through persistent indulgence in opium the mind at last suffers more surely than from alcohol. The love of opium often originates in a physician's prescription of an opiate for the relief of pain. That is a grave responsibility, but it is inexcusable that the patient is allowed to renew the prescription at will, and long after the immediate necessity for its use has passed away. The antidotes so commonly used as "opium cures" are nothing but disguised morphine, and the poor wretch instead of conquering his love for opiates allows them to get a firmer and surer hold upon him. Such nostrums as "Collins's cure" and "Hoffman's antidote" should be analyzed by a chemist directed by state authorities, and the amount of morphine contained in them be published to the world. Prolonged treatment in proper homes, where the victims of opium can be protected against themselves, is the only radical cure.

The dipsomaniac is often to be found in the full vigor of youth; a man rejoicing in a magnificent physique, and showing no external signs of impairment. He may have talent and wit, and be high in the social scale. But behind the mask something is found to be lacking. His liver, clogged with fatty deposit, is disordered, the coats of the stomach are more or less burnt out, dyspeptic symptoms are apparent. The man becomes moody and irritable if deprived of his stimulant, while gout and neuralgia perhaps add themselves to the list of symptoms. The most marked result probably is the utter absence of the natural instincts of rectitude and morality. His whole confession of faith might be summed up in the words of Byron: "Man, being reasonable, must get drunk; the best of life is but intoxication."

If the dipsomaniac be sent to the hospital, it is noticed that, while recovering from the immediate effects of his revels there is a condition of unstrung nerves, with marked depression of mind. As his normal activity is restored through rest, proper food and abstinence from stimulants, there appear peculiar intellectual and moral phases characteristic of the inebriate. He speaks of his indulgence as a thing of the past; blames everybody but himself for his excess; declares that it is the result of a dose of Plantation Bitters (perhaps) taken as a cure for an attack of cholera morbus, at the suggestion of a friend who declared they contained no alcohol; treats the matter as something which could never possibly happen again—in fact, regards it as an unfortunate mistake. He declares that the idea of being detained as a lunatic is absurd, and repugnant to his feelings, and probably will soon actually have the effect of converting him into a lunatic; that it is absolutely necessary for him to go and attend to his business. He will

never forget the physician's kindness, and departs apparently cured. His actions remind me of the poor Indian who came to the missionary and began repeating the names of the twelve apostles, adding those of the patriarchs and Old Testament worthies, and anxious to enlarge upon Biblical literature; but when the astounded missionary exclaimed, "What does all this mean?" the Indian promptly replied "Whiskey."

I have pictured the dipsomaniac as I myself have known him. There are, of course, cases in which the victim is thoroughly convinced of his folly and sin, and radically cured. That is the exception, however, and not the rule. The grave question then has to be considered—"What shall we do with the inebriates?" Are they to be sent back to their families, because the law allows a man's house to be his castle, in which he has a right to do as he pleases? The inebriate has no such right. Whether sick or criminal, such a man is a nuisance, and should be put down. The law should confine him, however, not as a disturber of the peace, not as a terror to wife and children, nor as a dangerous man to the community, but he should be restrained and punished because he is a confirmed inebriate, with the hope that the punishment will cure his disease and depravity. If sent to the insane hospital it should be as an inebriate, not as a lunatic, and a separate building and enclosed grounds should be provided for this class. The law should provide for his prolonged detention and compulsory labor. The victim, if a minor, should be sentenced for the remainder of his minority. It is an open question whether the will power of a drunkard ever, indeed, attained its majority. If over twenty-one years of age, the first offense should be limited to perhaps one year; but should a second commitment be necessary, then for a term of years, discretionary power being left with the court, under the advice of the authorities of the institution.

Insufficient period of detention, lack of legal power to detain, and absence of authority to inflict compulsory labor, has prevented much good being done by inebriate asylums. It is the province of legislation to invest the court and authorities of inebriate asylums with these powers. Unfortunately, there is a fourth drawback to the permanent cure of the inebriate—one which is outside of the control of legislation—namely: a general indisposition to reform, a perfect atrophy of moral sense, an instinctive return, like "the dog to his own vomit," of the inebriate to his cups. After the law has endued the authorities of inebriate asylums with all desired power, the essential element of their cure then comes in, and that is sound medical treatment. Asylums conducted in this manner would be able to record quite as large a proportion of good recoveries as the insane hospitals. Would there be anything cruel in subjecting the patient to compulsory labor, or in detaining him for a long period? Surely not; his freedom before the right time would only mean a return to vice and sloth, while his labor could probably be made to pay for his maintenance in the asylum. Not until savants take an interest in this subject will public sentiment be gained, legislation in its behalf enacted and, in fine, a glad release from this state of bondage be attained.

It is a foe invisible which I fear—an enemy in the human breast which opposes me—by its coward fear alone made fearful to me; not that which, full of life, instinct with power, makes known its present being; that is not the perilously formidable. Oh, no! it is the common, the quite common, the thing of an eternal yesterday, which ever was and evermore returns—sterling to-morrow for it was sterling to-day; for man is made of the wholly common, and custom is his nurse. Woe then to them who lay irreverent hands on his old house furniture, the dear inheritance from his forefathers! For time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion. Be in possession, and thou hast the right, and sacred will the many guard it for thee.—Schiller.

CLIMATE-SEEKING IN AMERICA.

By GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

As nations rise in wealth, comfort and communications, they discover that the simplest of all things, mere climate or air, is of the greatest value. The English race paid early attention to this question and seized upon the sheltered positions, the *spas* and baths as places of resort both for weak systems and for luxurious existence. Religion itself conveniently placed its miracles and chapels where the best climate or the most healing waters were found.

Soon after America was discovered there spread through the most successful nations a belief in a Golden Spring, an El Dorado, and this was pursued notably in Florida, where many yet believe that the most golden spring is to be found, as its season hardly begins till February or March, and is used to offset a lingering winter and the angry winds of the northern sea coast country.

One of the most notable instances of seeking a climate in our colonial history is that of Sir William Johnson, who lived among the six nations of Indians about the Mohawk, and being a portly man with European habits of life, he found his old age, in spite of his active and military youth, affected by gout and by the heavy stagnant air of the limestone valleys in which he lived, and he was one of the first Americans to select at once a seacoast resort and the mineral springs. We need not repeat the story of how the Indians, among whom he married, concluded in their affection for him to show him their celebrated mineral spring, and took him on a litter through hidden paths to the Tufa rock of Saratoga, where he, the first of white men, saw the reflection of his face in the meteoric water there. It is not as well known that Sir William Johnson also made himself a road to the sea beach, near New London, where he went in summer, not for mineral water, but for sea air, which he esteemed so much more valuable.

Climate, indeed, is one of the most important subjects to be considered by superior men, and the earliest travelers in this country noted down where they escaped the insects, where the nights were cool, where the trade winds blew, etc. The oranges of Florida, for instance, were noted by the old Spanish chroniclers as the finest that grew in their immense dominions, and that perfection is kept up to the present time.

General Washington, a man of good condition, was one of the early annual seekers for a pleasant climate, which he found west of the North Mountain, about Berkeley Springs, where he had a hut built, and for years repaired there with his chicken cocks and horses. When he went through Virginia as a young surveyor, he observed the differences in the temperature, and in the humidity, and located some of the best springs and resorts in the Old Dominion. When Washington first visited Saratoga he endeavored, at once, to purchase the tract enclosing the few sources at that time known, so much was he impressed with the superiority of the climate of New York in summer over that of Virginia.

Mr. Jefferson, who was one of the best amateurs in the country at all sorts of subjects, although he lived on the top of a mountain above the tidewater region, and in sight of other peaks, would not spend his summers at home about Charlottesville, but had a road cut far into the west and built himself a sort of lodge called Poplar Forest, in the high country about Lynchburgh; it was a brick house on a slope, one story high in front and two stories high in the rear, of octagon shape, with a portico in front and a veranda in the rear. To this spot Jefferson went both in summer and in autumn to escape his political followers, and to think, read and sleep.

Jefferson was one of the earliest weather prophets in this country and in his works are found many references to the American climate, of use to any future climatologist. About 1805 he wrote to Mr. Volney, the philosopher: "In no case does habit

attach our choice or judgment more than in climate. The Canadian glows with delight in his sleigh and snow, the very idea of which gives me the shivers. The changes between heat and cold in America are greater and more frequent, and the extremes comprehend a greater scale on the thermometer in America than in Europe. Habit, however, prevents these from affecting us more than the smaller changes of Europe affect the European, but he is greatly affected by ours. As our sky is always clear and that of Europe always cloudy, there is a greater accumulation of heat here than there in the same parallel. The changes between wet and dry are much more frequent and sudden in Europe than in America, for though we have double the rain, it falls in half the time. Taking all these together, I prefer much the climate of the United States to that of Europe, and I think it a more cheerful one. It is our cloudless sky which has eradicated from our constitutions all disposition to hang ourselves, which we might otherwise have inherited from our English ancestors. Still, I do not wonder that a European should prefer his grey to our azure sky."

This description in the main holds good to our time, although social causes have increased here the tendency to suicide, though perhaps the ratio of suicide is no greater in America now than it ever was. If we add dueling, which was a form of suicide, to the regular cases of suicide, I have my doubts whether more Americans make away with themselves now than in the early days. I happen to think of one signer of the Declaration of Independence who died from mental excitement over signing that instrument, of another who was poisoned, and of a third who was killed by a fellow patriot in a duel.

Jefferson also noted in 1809, under "Cultivation," the changes in the American climate, in a letter to Dr. Chapman: "I remember," said he, "that when I was a small boy, say sixty years ago, snows were frequent and deep in every winter, to my knee very often, to my waist sometimes, and that they covered the earth long. And I remember while yet young to have heard from very old men that in their youth the winters had been still colder, with deeper and longer snows. In the year 1772 we had a snow two feet deep in the Champagne parts of this state, and three feet in the counties next below the mountains. But when I was President the average fall of snow for the seven winters was only 14½ inches, and the ground was covered but sixteen days in each winter on an average of the whole. I noticed the change in our climate in my 'Notes on Virginia,' but since that time public vocations have taken my attention from the subject, nor do I know of any source in Virginia now existing, from which anything on climate can be derived. Dr. Williamson has written on the subject, and Mr. Williams in his 'History of Vermont' has an essay on the subject of climate."

Addressing Mr. Louis E. Beck at Albany, N. Y., in 1824, when he was a very old man, Jefferson said:

"I thank you for your pamphlet on the climate of the West; although it does not yet establish a satisfactory theory, it is an additional step toward it. My own was perhaps the first attempt to bring together the few facts then known, and suggest them to public attention, and they were written before the close of the revolutionary war, when the western country was a wilderness untrodden but by the feet of the savage or the hunter. It is now flourishing in population and science, and after a few more years of observation and collection of facts, they will doubtless furnish a theory of their climate. Years are requisite for this, steady attention to the thermometer, to the plants growing there, the times of their leafing and flowering, its prevalent winds, quantities of rain and snow, temperature of fountains, animal inhabitants, etc. We want this, indeed, for all the states, and the work should be repeated once or twice in a century to show the effects of clearing and culture toward changes of climate."

Thus promptly did our early scholars and sages watch the

climatic relations of the country to its population and vitality. These "Notes on Virginia," which Jefferson wrote during the Revolution, contain five years' instrumental observation on rain, heat and wind taken at Williamsburgh, the tidewater capital, which is about forty miles from Fortress Monroe, which latter place has since become a winter resort. He computed that we had forty-seven inches of rain annually, considerably more than fell in Europe, but a much larger proportion of sunshine than there, only half as many cloudy days as in France and Germany, and the statesman says about the Alleghany Mountain region, of which Chautauqua Lake is an outpost:

"It is remarkable that proceeding on the same parallel of latitude westerly, the climate becomes colder in like manner as when you proceed northerly. This continues to be the case until you attain the summit of the Alleghany, which is the highest land between the ocean and the Mississippi. From thence, descending in the same latitude to the Mississippi, the change reverses, and, if we may believe travelers, it becomes warmer there than it is on the same latitude on the sea side. On the higher parts of mountains, where it is absolutely colder than it is on the plains on which they stand, frosts do not appear so early by a considerable time in autumn, and go off sooner in the spring than on the plains. I have known frost so severe as to kill the hickory trees round about Monticello, and yet not injure the tender fruit blossoms then in bloom on the top and higher parts of the mountain. A change in our climate is taking place very sensibly, and both heats and colds are becoming much more moderate, within the memory even of the middle-aged."

General Washington, it may not be generally known, kept all his early diaries on the blank leaves of the "Virginia Almanac," which was printed at Williamsburgh, showing that he watched the weather as if it were a part of public life.

Washington came to the vicinity of Chautauqua Lake in 1753, when he was scarcely of age, and this journey makes his earliest diary. He went from Williamsburgh to Fredericksburgh, thence to Alexandria, thence to Winchester in the valley of Virginia, thence to Cumberland, Maryland, and down the Monongahela River and up the Alleghany to French Creek, or the Venango. All the land was then a wilderness. Washington reported from hearsay, at Venango, that there were four forts, the first of them on French Creek near a small lake, the next on Lake Erie about 15 miles from the other, from which it was 120 miles to the fort at the falls of Lake Erie. From the fort on Lake Erie to Montreal was about 600 miles, which the French only required four weeks to traverse in good weather. Washington noted the good land about Venango and the extensive and rich meadows, one of which was four miles in length. When Washington was interested in connecting Lake Erie with the waters of the Ohio by a canal, he was very explicit in addressing General William Irvine about the climate traits of Chautauqua Lake; this General Irvine was a doctor born in Ireland and settled at Carlisle, Pa., and he was among the first men to understand the climate of Lake Erie, and he managed to get for Pennsylvania a frontage on this lake.

In the pursuit of climate, it is probable that the first movements were made by the people of the populous states of Virginia and Pennsylvania. Any one who possesses a library of travels in America, conveying successive pictures of our social life from colonial times down to the day of railroads, will discover numbers of perished watering places.

For instance, about the time of the Revolution, the chief summer resorts in Pennsylvania were about York, as at York Springs, and I possess pictures of old log hotels at some of these resorts, where the outspurs of the Blue Mountains gave a little altitude above the surrounding plains. The wounded soldiers in the Revolution were sent up to Ephrata and Litiz and Bethlehem, where the air was good and nurses were to be had.

These Blue Mountains were not ascended until 1716, when

Governor Spotswood of Virginia undertook to find where the rivers of that state had their fountains, and he took an ensign in the British army and went to the frontier, where he was joined by some gentlemen and some militia rangers, about fifty in all, with pack-horses and much liquor, and this little army started out from near the site of the battle of Chancellorsville, and it took them a week to get to the top of the Blue Ridge at Swift Run Gap, thirty-six days after the Governor had left Williamsburgh. They went down into the Shenandoah Valley and called that flowing river the Euphrates. So much delighted was Spotswood with the air and scenery of the mountains that he instituted an order of knighthood called the Tramontane order.

Such was the beginning of human knowledge of the Alleghanies, nearly 170 years ago. The lives of three not very old men would have spanned from that day to this. The nearest approach of that Alleghany range, of which the Blue Ridge was the first parallel, to the great interior lakes of North America, is at Chautauqua. At this lake the Alleghany ridge, which divides the sources of the Ohio valley from the great lakes, is between 800 and 1400 feet high, every hill arable, and the earliest settlers observed how quickly the apples, pears and plums succeeded in the mild climate. They were surprised to find, at an altitude of more than 1300 feet above the ocean, a noble sheet of water 20 miles long. Some of the earliest settlers in this region came from the Blue Mountain country, buying their land from the Holland Land Company of New York, of which William H. Seward was long the attorney. Some of the first settlers pitched their cabins about 1803.

It is understood that Chautauqua Lake was first navigated about 1782, when the Revolutionary war was almost done and the battle of Yorktown had been fought. Desirous of keeping up some show of hostility, about 1800 British and Indians were sent to recapture Pittsburgh, and they launched their canoes on this lake, but their spies came back and told them that the Americans were on the lookout. Earlier than this, about 1752, when the French resolved to seize on the head waters of the Ohio, they left Niagara Fort by water in April and got to a place they called Chadacoin (undoubtedly Chautauqua) on Lake Erie, where they began to cut timber and prepared to build a fort, but their engineer coming on afterward put a stop to it, saying that the Chautauqua River was too shallow to carry out any craft with provisions to the Ohio. The man who had begun building the fort, M. Babeer, was so much pleased with the spot that he insisted on continuing his work, and he demanded that his opponent give him a certificate to excuse himself to the governor for not selecting so good a place. Consequently the fort was built at Erie, or Presque Ile.

The region about Chautauqua Lake is therefore, in an imperial sense, the oldest in America, the neighborhood for which two great empires contended, and at the time the French were meditating the seizure of these high lands and water-courses, twelve Virginians, two of whom were named Washington, formed the Ohio Company, before the year 1750.

Thus a third of a century only elapsed between the discovery of the Blue Ridge and the enterprises to connect the Alleghanies and the lakes on the part of two distinguished nations.

The high lands and hills about Chautauqua were familiar objects to the subjects of Louis XV. on their way to meet the adolescent Washington, and young Jumondville, who fell before Washington's night assault, had cooled his fevered eyes on the green forests of the Chautauqua summits. In forty-six years more, old General Wayne, who used this region as the base of observations against the Indians of Michigan and Ohio, closed his eyes almost within sight of the Chautauqua hillocks, and, while his body was still lying in the fort where he breathed his last, Commodore Perry was building a crude navy to sweep Lake Erie of the British. Perry came through New York state to Lake Ontario, from thence went to Buffalo and took a sleigh on the ice for Erie, also passing within sight of the high knobs

of Chautauqua. Several of his vessels went from the region of Buffalo, and at the age of twenty-seven this young officer won a fame hardly surpassed in the naval history of the New World.

The influence of the lake and western climate on the seamen and soldiers who visited it was almost immediately seen in their location hereabout and settling of many towns on the southern shore of Lake Erie, and if both sides of this lake were American, there seems to be little doubt that it would now be approaching the time of being the greatest center of population in the New World. That center has been driven down the hot Ohio valley by the limitations of our boundary, which giving not American soil to the north of Lake Erie, has reluctantly abandoned the cool summer air and clear fine winters of the lakes for the hot limestone inclosures of the streams to the south.

Yet the present growth of towns along Lake Erie shows with what alacrity the populations of the lower West precipitate themselves against the shores of the lake. Cleveland is growing faster than Cincinnati. Detroit, long retarded by a *habitant* population, is growing faster than Louisville. Toledo is growing faster than Wheeling. Buffalo has almost outgrown its more ancient neighbor of Pittsburgh. Chicago and Milwaukee stride ahead of St. Louis and Memphis. When the summer comes and the great national conventions choose their places of meeting, they benefit by experience, and both assemble the same year at Chicago to get the air of the lakes instead of sweltering in St. Louis or Cincinnati.

The fine climate about Chautauqua is in much a matter of altitude. Proceeding either east or west from this point, the shores of the lakes lie comparatively flat, and in the state of Ohio there is but one eminence sufficient to be called a mountain, and that is the Little Mountain not far from Painesville, a mere knob only about 200 feet above the plain, and ten miles back from Lake Erie. Even here some comfort can be had by the inhabitants of the plain, and a hotel was built at least fifty years ago.

The rise of public biography on the southern shore of Lake Erie has not been overlooked by the general reader; Garfield, Giddings, Wade, General McPherson, Hon. Henry B. Payne, Governor Todd, William Howells, Chief Justice Waite and many others are among the men whose minds have been lifted by the breezes from the lake, and which have already begun to display an energizing character attracting the attention of the whole country.

It has only been eighty-eight years since the first surveyors landed at Conneaut to survey the military lands of Connecticut and organize northern Ohio. When they pulled their boats ashore, which they had taken from Buffalo up the lake, they were so touched with their improved health that they moored on the beach, had prayer together and resolved to make the first day in the West a holiday. Mr. Harvey Rice in his recent history of the Western Reserve says: "The day was remarkably pleasant and the air bracing, and they partook of an extemporized feast with a keen relish, and gave for one of the toasts, 'May these fifty sons and daughters multiply in sixteen years sixteen times fifty.'" Seven weeks after this picnic the site of Cleveland was selected for a city. Twenty-two years after that the first steamboat starting from Buffalo passed within sight of Chautauqua and entered the harbor of Cleveland and went on to Detroit.

I have been almost an extensive traveler in the United States, not like commercial travelers, merely visiting the towns and trading points, but the scenery and the health resorts. About twenty-four years ago I went on the press and the vocation of special correspondent was then just rising into consideration, and I threw myself toward it, desiring to gratify "the lust of the eye" by my newspaper facilities. Even before I left school I had tramped through the Alleghany mountains, through the Sinking Spring valley, the Seven mountains and the fountain town called Bellefonte, in the heart of the Alle-

ghanies. Next I went through the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys, visited the old resorts in the lap of Pennsylvania under the Blue Mountains, and in the midst of the war was a battle correspondent at such places as the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. Next, lecturing opportunities took me through New York state and the West, and I visited Fredonia twice, in the vicinity of Chautauqua Lake, and there heard of the beautiful region almost overhanging it, on the highlands. With renewed opportunities I have been in California, about Los Angeles, and at Santa Barbara, and in southern Georgia and Florida, and in Cuba, at the Hot Springs of Arkansas, on the summits of the Osage mountains where the trade wind blows, at Springfield and through the Indian territory, and at San Antonio, in Texas, with smaller journeys to Oakland and the Green Brier White Sulphur Springs, on the Alleghany tops and the Peaks of Otter, and along all our coasts as far as Mount Desert and New Brunswick, and several times in the White Mountains, down the St. Lawrence to the sea and out the Northern Pacific railroad, and I miss no opportunity, when I can afford it, to extend my information of places and people.

This is only said in answer to your request to give some idea of the relative quality of the air about Chautauqua Lake. I have seen no place where the air is so pure and the nights so agreeable anywhere along our lakes, and the spot seems almost arranged by nature with a reference to the anticipated arrangement of the people and the lines of communication in this republic.

When you consider that the low grade railroad route to the West must turn the Alleghany mountains to the North and use the limited space between those mountain spurs and the lake to reach the West without unnecessary expenditure of steam power, it would seem that Chautauqua Lake had been adjusted to the coming lines of travel, and we already have the Lake Shore, the Nickel Plate, the Erie, and the different Alleghany River lines, with more lines soon to come, to connect the Lehigh, the Lackawanna, the West Shore, and kindred systems with the great West.

Surely the spot is most agreeable for health and enjoyment to the great homogeneous people who are nearly evenly divided in numbers by the Alleghany range: The Alleghany mountains have hardly commenced their material development, and being full of coal, oil, iron, and the more precious minerals, the time is approaching when that mountain range will contain on its slopes the densest population in America, and its mineral resources be worked from the vicinity of Buffalo to Alabama.

My brother, Doctor Ralph M. Townsend, who was a surgeon connected with the medical schools of Philadelphia, and also a writer, was taken ill about ten years ago and compelled to search up and down the world for a climate in which to live. He tried Algiers, the south of France, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, Central America, Lower California, Colorado, and finally died in the Adirondack mountains, which he thought might allow him, in the dry air, to safely winter there. He did not like Florida, thought it was too damp, considered the southern part of California to be subject to winds, took cold in Colorado, which hastened his death, and finally considered that the northern climates were the most reliable. His vital power was almost spent when he came to this conclusion.

I was recently talking to General Pike Graham, a retired officer of the United States army and a native of Virginia, about the relative climate of Europe and America. He said that he had spent within a very few years three full winters abroad, and had tried almost all the resorts in the South of Europe, and he considered that the United States was much better situated for climate. He did not think Florida was a good climate, being too low and subject to changes and to dampness, but regarded southwestern Texas as perhaps the best he knew. I have talked to other travelers who consider the City of Mexico to have the best air they know of on the continent.

It is of advantage to an invalid to have a resort from which the surrounding world of men is attainable. That accounts for Fortress Monroe in the winter, with probably an inferior climate, absorbing much of the best travel to Florida. It is softer than any indentation to the north of the Chesapeake, and can be reached by a husband, or brother, or wife, from any of the great centers of the North in a very little time. The same is the case with Chautauqua Lake; it is only a night from the East, and a night and a day from the far West. A large portion of the American people can visit it without taking rail at all, using the steam lines on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. It is especially a summer climate and the foliage of western New York in the autumns is not equaled on the globe, at least not in the temperate zones. The finest autumn tints I ever recollect to have seen are in western New York, where the character of the trees assimilates to the ardor of the foliage, and the maples and poplars almost imitate the finery of the Indians who once dwelt in their region.

The Western States do not possess the variety of the East in coasts, hills, spas, and scenery; much of the Mississippi valley is limestone hill or flat plain, bare of mountains, and the first cool and lovely spot reached from the West is on the lofty headwaters of the Ohio, near Lake Erie. Following the Lake Shore to the westward I do not know of a single spot to be found like Chautauqua, though one should go as far as Duluth, where I have been also in the time of its prosperity, about 1872; the heat at Duluth, though so much farther to the north, was much greater in midsummer than it is on the Chautauqua uplands. Indeed, the heat of the American summer penetrates almost every resort, and I have known at Saratoga some of the most stagnant days of my life. A perfectly cool climate is not obtained along our coasts till one gets to New Brunswick, about St. John, and the coolness there has the drawback of heavy fogs and a moisture exceeding Ireland.

My brother, already referred to, possessed more special intelligence on this subject than myself, and at the commencement of his sickness he began a series of letters to the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, where I read at the outstart this sentence: "My languor and lassitude from May until July was followed by a slight attack of laryngitis. I grew thinner daily. A week in July at the high, dry country estate of a friend did bring some increased strength and appetite, but a second week at Cape May brought on a severe attack of bronchitis. Recovering partly from this, two weeks were spent at Saratoga and Lake George with the effect of again bringing me home with a bronchial attack, and the last straw was finally attained by taking my boy to Atlantic City for his health. I had hardly come within smell of the salt marshes at this place when my bronchial trouble was brought back with redoubled intensity."

He goes on to say that his doctor, Professor Da Costa, ordered him to find a new climate at once, as a deposit had already made its appearance in both lungs. This was just ten years ago, and in the month of October, he says: "Of the many different medical friends who came to say good-bye and add hearty wishes for my recovery, scarcely two united on the same place as the one best suited for me to go to."

My brother's letters, continued for several months and written just before his death, grappled with the question of a climate after severe experience. He found Mentone "the most crowded of all places with invalids, and the least deserving of patronage of any place long the Riviera." "If you get into a carriage in front of a hotel on a beautiful sunshiny day you protest against taking an overcoat in the absolute heat, but when you turn a corner into a shady street or get on the shady side of a wall or hill and let the sun be temporarily obscured, you must quickly draw close your overcoat and pull a robe over your lap. I do not recommend Nice as a winter climate except by comparison, and I would never halt on the north shore of the Mediterranean if it were in my power to reach Egypt or Algeria."

He kept a diary, wherever he went, of the condition of the weather, and Europe is almost invariably written "cloudy," "chilly," "raw," "showery," or "rain." He thought much better of Algiers, where he stayed fifty-nine days, but how few persons can afford to go to Algiers—"and even there," he says, "ten days were partially or wholly cloudy, and on eleven days we had continuous rains or showers, one of the rainy days being characterized by a smart hail storm." This was between January and March.

Santa Barbara is probably the best indorsed wintering place on the coast of California. I went ashore there from a ship, and found a small town, partly of frame houses and partly of Mexican huts, with a dull mongrel life, hardly relieved by an old mission house a mile or so in the rear of the town; the invalids looked like banished people, and had then such infrequent access to the outer world that their eyes seemed yearning toward their homes in Chicago or elsewhere. The element of society and of change and life is more necessary than medicine to a desponding and invalid nature. That is the great trouble with the majority of American resorts, which are neither large enough to accommodate the crowd in the high season, nor near enough to the channels of travel in any season. There can not be, for example, a more wretched place than the Hot Springs of Arkansas, even in the height of the season, which is in late winter and spring; the close ragged valley with a sewer running through the middle of it, alternately a stench and deluge, and the series of raveled hotels wherein gambling is the chief occupation, where the rain is frequent and at times seems constant, and the natural life of the place is hard and outlaw like, and it takes about twenty-four hours to get anywhere in the current of mankind.

San Antonio, which has a good climate, has not a hotel fit for a person to inhabit who is acquainted with the comforts of the table. Though situated considerably inland, it is subject to what are called "northers," or cold storms, that often bring hail, and a "rance" upon the place with the rapidity of a spirit of ice and snow. Almost all those southern resorts are too warm for summer tourists, and this is the case at the Green Brier Sulphur Springs, notwithstanding its high altitude; the nights are cold, but mid-day is often exhausting.

About Oakland, in Maryland, is a cool climate, and the summit there has become something similar to Chautauqua Lake, having groups of hotels about six miles apart, and between them in the glades is a kind of religious camp settlement.

The interior of New York state, as at Cooperstown, is agreeable in the nights, but the limestone soil retains a portion of its heat and the days are often sultry.

The White Mountains have the disadvantage of remoteness from any considerable centers of population and are not upon the main highways of travel. It takes a whole day to go to the mountains from Boston, and many of the resorts there are distant from the railroad, and must be reached by livery teams, which slowly climb to the altitudes, and affect the patience and also increase the cost of living. The days are often very cold. I was in the White Mountains last summer, and undertook to walk from my hotel down to the village of Franconia, in plain sight. I generally found that the heat spoiled my linen and brought me back to the hotel used up.

FOR my own part I am fully persuaded that the most powerful goddess, and one that rules mankind with the most authoritative sway is Truth. For though she is resisted by all, and oftentimes has drawn up against her the plausibilities of falsehood in the subtlest forms, she triumphs over all opposition. I know not how it is that she, by her own unadorned charms, forces herself into the heart of man. At times her power is instantly felt; at other times, though obscured for awhile, she at last bursts forth in meridian splendor, and conquers by her innate force the falsehood with which she has been oppressed.—*Polybius*.

A DREAMY OLD TOWN.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

To Chautauquans the name Chautauqua means one thing; and yet I believe that anything pertaining to Chautauqua county must of necessity be of interest to the thousands who know and love the beautiful lake which bears the name. To this end has this rambling sketch of the oldest town in the county been prepared. It lies only seven miles away from the Chautauqua; at just the right distance for a day's excursion from that point, when the student's head, bewildered by so many good things, demands and needs a day's rest and diversion. The drive is a delightful one, passing through the pretty little village of Mayville and over the hills, from one of which one gets a view of two lakes, beautiful Chautauqua flashing and sparkling under the mid-summer sun, glorious old Erie rolling his blue waters with slow and majestic movement. Then descending these hills one comes into the pleasant valley and into the dreamy old town. It has been said of it, that one-half of it is dead and the other half gone to its funeral, but to the tired heart and brain its peaceful quiet comes as a whiff of salt air or a breeze from mountain heights. With natural advantages equal to those of many noted watering places, it is somewhat of a mystery why the sleepy old place has never awakened and found itself famous.

But it lies, sleeping beauty that it is, dreaming, shut in by a range of dark green hills on one side and by the waters of the bluest of all the great lakes on the other. There are a few factories and mills within its precincts, but somehow no whirr of machinery nor other sound ever comes from them to break the stillness, which is Sabbath-like every day. It boasts of three railroads, but each at a respectful enough distance from the town, so that the faint shriek of the locomotive alone causes the sojourner to remember that far away, somewhere, outside, there is such a thing as a busy, noisy, bustling world. It is the home of solidity, respectability, and wealth. A place in which erring human nature finds it very easy to be good; in which the old-fashioned virtues of sobriety, temperance, and hospitality hold sway; in which no more reckless amusements than lawn tennis and teas, with an occasional reception at one of the many beautiful homes, or a clam-bake on the shores of the lake are permitted; a thoroughly drowsy old town.

Westfield, the oldest town of the famous Chautauqua county, New York state, lies on the shore of Lake Erie, fifty-seven miles west from Buffalo. It is a garden of the gods on a small scale. Lying back one mile and a half from the lake, it receives its breezes at exactly the right temperature. It is never too hot in summer; rarely too cold in winter.

The town is divided by a deep picturesque gorge, through which Chautauqua Creek runs, and whose sides are now high and rocky, now a bewildering and beautiful mass of wild grapevines, chestnut and willow, and shrubs of nearly every variety and description. It is spanned at seemingly the most inaccessible places by various bridges and ah! the beauty of that deep chasm on an autumn day, when it is ablaze with the color of maple leaf and sumach and golden rod. This gorge deepens and widens, grows more wild and gloomy as it runs back among the Chautauqua hills, until it culminates in a most remarkable freak of nature, known the country round as the "Hog's Back," of which a description will be given further on.

The first white settlement of this town, and of the entire county as well, was commenced in 1802, at what was long known as the Cross Roads, and which is now marked by a curious stone monument. The earlier history of these regions is dim and indistinct, but all tradition and history, as well as many curious relics which have been discovered, point to the fact that after the mound builders, the Neutral nations, or as they were called by the Senecas, the *Kahkwas*, were the first occupants of the soil of Chautauqua. They dwelt in forty vil-

lages, some of which were near Fort Niagara; some in Erie county, but the greater part of their territory extended west along the shore of Lake Erie, through Chautauqua county into Ohio. They were a strange race of people, famous hunters, exceedingly fierce and superstitious. The first knowledge had by Europeans of the Lake Erie regions, and of the tribes which inhabited them, was obtained by the French in Canada; their enterprise in this surpassing that of the British.

Father Lalement, in a letter to the Provincial of Jesuits in France, dated at St. Mary's Mission, May 19, 1641, speaks of the Neutrals, and also of a warlike nation named the Eries, or the Nation of the Cat, so called from the extraordinary number of wild cats which infested their section, that lived to the south of Lake Erie and west of the Neutral nation. The Eries were great warriors and were a terror to the Iroquois. They fought with poisoned arrows, having no fire-arms.

Both these nations were cruelly destroyed by the Iroquois in 1651 and 1655. The final overthrow of the Neutral nation is supposed to have taken place near Buffalo; the destruction of the Eries, along the shore of the beautiful lake bearing this name. The whole force of the Iroquois embarked in canoes upon the blue waters of the lake, and after assaulting the Eries at a point, the exact location of which is not now known, scenes most horrible and revolting were enacted, and the brave Eries were totally annihilated in a fearful butchery.

The accounts of the destruction of these nations are found in the written narratives of the Jesuits, who were living at that time among the Indians of New York and Canada. From the extirpation of the Neutral and Erie nations, until its settlement by pioneers, Chautauqua county, and especially the portion along the shore of Lake Erie, was the home of the Senecas, the fiercest tribe of the Iroquois nation.

In 1679, La Salle, Tonti, his Italian lieutenant, Father Louis Hennepin and several others set sail from Cayuga Creek, a small stream emptying into Niagara River, for the foot of Lake Erie, steering west-southwest. They made many leagues, passing what is now Chautauqua county. They are supposed to be the first Europeans who saw the Chautauqua hills, gloomy and rugged, covered with mighty forests. The boundary line between the French and English possessions in America had long been a cause of contention, and the territory of Chautauqua county was included in the disputed ground. Communications between the French posts on the Mississippi and French forts in Canada were made by the long and tedious routes of the Mississippi, Green Bay routes, and afterward by Lake Michigan and the Wabash. The easy communication between Canada and the Mississippi by way of Lake Erie and Chautauqua Lake was not discovered until 1752 when the Marquis Du Quesne, having been appointed Governor-General of Canada, arrived there. He at once took more aggressive and decided measures to obtain possession of the disputed territory, than any of his predecessors had done. He immediately began to construct the long line of frontier forts which La Salle had suggested, that were to unite Canada and Louisiana by way of the Ohio. This bold step is regarded as leading to the French and Indian war, which resulted in losing Canada to the French. One of Du Quesne's first acts was to open a portage road from the mouth of the Chautauqua Creek, which empties into Lake Erie a mile and a half from the town of Westfield, to the head of Chautauqua Lake, and thus open communication between Lake Erie and the head waters of the Ohio.

In a letter which he sends to the French minister of the marine and colonies, in Paris, he states that his intention is to begin his posts near the mouth of *Chataconit*, or Chautauqua Creek. This portage road was cut through the wilderness more than twenty years before the battle of Lexington, and yet traces of it to this day are to be seen in and about the town. In 1761 Sir William Johnson journeyed to Detroit to establish a treaty with the Ottawa confederacy. On his return, he sailed

along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and in his journal speaks thus of this portage:

"WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1761.—Embarked at *Presque Isle* (Erie) at 7 o'clock, with the wind strong ahead, continued so all the day, notwithstanding it improved all day, and got to *Jadaghque Creek, and carrying place*, which is a fine harbor and encampment."

In a letter from General Washington to General Irvine, dated Mount Vernon, October 31, 1788, he speaks thus of this portage:

"If the Chautauqua Lake at the head of the Connewango River approximates Lake Erie as closely as it is laid down in the draft you sent me, it presents a very short portage indeed between the two, and access to all those above the latter. I am, etc.,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

One of Chautauqua's earliest pioneers was William Peacock, who passed over this road in 1800. Ten years later he became the agent of the Holland Land Company. He was an eccentric and shrewd man, and in a short time became exceedingly wealthy, the hard working land owners thought at their expense. He was charged with reserving the choicest farms, best water powers and timber lands for himself and his favorites. The land holders also thought he was not giving them credit for interest which they paid from time to time upon their land, and these opinions found vent in the newspapers, and the agitation grew until on the 6th of February, 1836, a mob gathered from all parts of the county at Dewittville, a little hamlet on the shore of Chautauqua Lake.

Word was brought to Mr. Peacock at Mayville, a village at the head of the lake, and seven miles from Westfield, that a raid was to be made upon the land office that night, and that mischief might be done to his person unless he should make good his escape. Donald McKenzie, a northwestern fur trader, and brother of the McKenzie who discovered the river of that name, had three years previous to this come to Mayville to live, and was in the land office that dreary February afternoon when this alarming message was brought. The stalwart Scotchman, through whose veins flowed some of the proudest blood of Caledonia, feared neither "mon nor de'il." It was his custom to wear a very long black coat, which fell in ample folds around his massive frame. Mr. Peacock was an undersized man. Donald McKenzie cast the drapery of his inky cloak about the frightened little man and thus shielded and shrouded from sight, he hurried him up the hill to his home, whence he was soon taken in a covered sleigh to Westfield, and down the lake shore road to Buffalo as fast as horses could carry him, and none too soon was he out of the way, for at dusk a crowd of infuriated men, numbering two or three hundred, made a raid upon the land office, demolished it, and after working until near morning succeeded in forcing open the vault and seized the books, records and contracts and carried them two miles away, and heaping them up made a goodly bonfire of them. The ruins of the land office are yet to be seen in Mayville. The land holders by this mad proceeding brought only "confusion worse than death" upon themselves, while the prudent Peacock accumulated a wonderful property, and was afterward made judge. He left to one heir alone the whole village of Barcelona, the harbor of Westfield, situated just east of the mouth of Chautauqua Creek, the starting point of the French portage road. This harbor was made a port of entry by the general government. In 1828 a lighthouse was erected by a citizen at his own expense; a steamer named the "William Peacock," for the hero of the land office story, was built; all craft on the lake stopped at the little port; a company was formed called the Barcelona Company; the village was enlarged, the streets being laid out in city fashion; corner lots sold for fabulous sums; men lost their heads; the place was to be a great port; when suddenly the railroad came creeping along the shore; the bubble broke; the mushroom town was a failure; fortunes were lost, and to-day Barcelona harbor is a deserted village with grass-grown

streets, gaunt houses, whose windows stare reproachfully at the gay carriage loads passing by, and an old white lighthouse, which, like the ghostly finger of the past, seems to beckon to all to come and look upon the desolation around it. A few sad faced women who might have ridden in their carriages; brawny fishermen who might have owned their blocks and wharves and shipping, are the only inhabitants. Down on the beach of a bright autumn afternoon the nets are spread a-drying; little huts, whose half open doors reveal the hauls of herring and bass, are here and there; ruddy faced boys lie sprawling on the sand, sunning themselves; the trees have grown thick and tall about the lighthouse upon the cliff; no sound is heard save the hiss of the waves as they tumble in; the quaint little harbor wears a disappointed look. Old "Groats' Inn," though time has used it roughly, alone seems to try and hold its ancient smartness, like an antiquated spinster who wishes it understood that the reason she has never married is not that she never had an offer. Summer and winter for many long years has it stood there on the edge of the cliff, waiting for the rush of travel which never came; ready to give hospitality to man and beast, but no wayfarer ever knocks for admission and entertainment. There is nothing sadder than a deserted village. What a mockery it seems of all human hopes and ambitions. In these old houses that look as if they were weary waiting through so many long years, what homely, uneventful lives have been spent; what tired eyes have closed for the last time; what aching and disappointed hearts have ceased to beat, thankful, no doubt, that the worry and fret were all over.

When old Judge Peacock died, his heirs each received one thirteenth of his vast estate. One grand-nephew, whose father and mother had been cousins, fell heir to two-thirteenths, and from being a poor lad living among the fishermen, found himself the possessor of this entire harbor and nearly all the land lying between it and Westfield.

In June, 1836, four months after the land office at Mayville had been destroyed, William H. Seward having been appointed to the agency, and also having an interest in the purchase, established the land office in Westfield and lived there until his election as governor of New York. The Seward mansion is one of the attractions to visitors. It is a "brave old house," with a beautiful lawn, fronting on the village green. Its trees are trimmed in a peculiar old-fashioned way. Its iron gates stand open, as if inviting the passer to enter and look upon its quaint surroundings. Another stately old-time mansion is that of the Patterson family. It was originally occupied by a brother of Seward's, and when a member of the family died its front door was painted black! A superb lawn shaded by grand old trees sweeps away on one side; a garden of grapevines lies on the other; in front great beds of scarlet geranium blaze, and the trees and shrubs are out in the same quaint pattern as those upon the Seward estate. The fashion of other days is plainly to be seen in everything pertaining to both these rare old places.

The drives about the town are picturesque and delightful. From nearly every street and road you get enchanting views of the lake on one hand and the range of hills on the other. The streets are laid in curves, and you are continually sweeping rounded corners and coming upon unexpected beauties. Old trees meet above your head; you cross and recross the gorge dividing the town; far below you rushes the stream; down a shaded street you go past old-fashioned homes and modern villas in sharp contrast, and suddenly through overhanging boughs you catch the glory of the blue waters of old Erie; you are soon in Barcelona harbor; from there you can drive for miles along the beach, now on the cliff, with the waves thundering in many feet below you, now further back from the shore past finely cultivated farms, vineyards, orchards, fields "afoam with sweetness," and never failing to catch through grove, across fields of waving corn and grain, wooded

hollows through which clear waters run, glimpses of the lake's witchery.

Or you can drive into Peacock's Grove at Barcelona—a lovely little forest of tall graceful trees, with a velvet turf from which all annoying brush has been removed. Leave your carriage, throw yourself upon the ground and drink in the ever changing beauty of the magic view; the turquoise blue of the water, of a sunny morning; the sapphire blue of a drowsy summer afternoon; the molten glory of sky and water at sunset; the slow oncoming of the solemn moon. How the trees seem to whisper to the waters as if they were talking over all they have witnessed in common; faintly comes the tinkle of a cow bell from a neighboring copse; the crows are calling to each other in the tree-tops; across the path scamper the squirrels; the bay is dotted with the boats of the fishermen; there is scarcely a ripple on the vast stretch of water before you; a heavenly peace lies on lake and shore.

Or take the drive to the wonderful "Hog's Back." Leaving the town behind you, commence the gradual ascent of the dark and rugged hills. Up and up, higher and higher you go, now pause and look back. The valley lies smiling before you—a lovely jewel with its setting of the marvelously blue waters behind it. You leave your carriage and horses in a hospitable farm yard and set out on foot for the "Hog's Back." Across a meadow or two and you come into a forest of pines and hemlocks. The wind sighs through the trees as it only sighs through such a wood; far, far off you hear the rushing of water. You go on a few steps further and suddenly you find yourself on the edge of a most frightful precipice, the descent into which is over a narrow ledge of earth thrown up by some tremendous eruption into the shape of the back of a giant hog. And such an abyss! Words can not express the awful stillness which reigns over this mighty gorge whose sides are lined with gloomy forests. Primeval solitudes could not have been more desolate. The descent is terrible, but nothing in comparison with the dizzy ascent. One draws a breath of relief when safely up once more and out from the shade of the mysterious pines into the gladness of sunlight and an open sky.

Having heard that a mile or so from the town were still to be seen traces of an old French fort, built either at the time Du Quesne cut the portage road, or during the French and Indian war, the writer drove with a friend one morning in search of the place. After many questions, directions and counter-directions, we finally found the farm upon which it was said to be located. The genial farmer to whom we stated our errand laughed and answered:

"O, yes, I've got all there is left of it, which ain't much."

He told us we could drive nearly to the spot, and led the way, walking by the carriage, while a joyful dog leaped on before. Past the farm house, barns, the orchard flaunting its magnificent red fruit, through the "back lot," across a field perfumed with its "second crop" of red clover, we came to a rail fence almost hidden from view by young chestnut trees and the rioting wild grapevine. Thus far, and no farther, could we go in the carriage, and leaving it, we stepped over the fence chivalrously lowered by our guide, and soon saw "all there's left of it." Only an immense circular breastwork, with tall straight trees many, many years old growing on its top, is left of what may have been simply a supply station, a fort erected by the French against the Indians, possibly the fort where the brave Eries were massacred by the Iroquois, or going further back, it may have been the work of the mound builders.

"I can't tell you anything about it," said our obliging guide, "but if you want to take the trouble to go there, old Uncle Dave Cochrane will tell you all about it. He's ninety years old, but he remembers everything, and he'll be glad to see you and tell you all he knows."

Being directed to Uncle Dave's, we left the farm and drove in the opposite direction toward the lake. When about half way to Barcelona, we turned aside from the

main road, and in a hollow, close by Chautauqua Creek, found an old-fashioned stuccoed house, over which the scarlet woodbine crept and clung lovingly. We could bring no one to the front door, and so the Adventurous One commenced to explore the rear of the house, and was rewarded by seeing peering over the top of the coal bin in the woodshed, an old, old man with a chisel in his hand.

"Are you Uncle David Cochrane?"

"Hey?" shouted the old gentleman.

The question was repeated, and the answer was literally bawled:

"Yes; who be you?"

The Adventurous One was obliged to state her name and errand before the old man would move one step from behind the coal bin.

"I'll come around to the front of the house," announced this tremendous voice, coming with startling effect from this little bundle of humanity to which it belonged, "for I'm hard o' hearin'."

And so Uncle Dave and the Adventurous One sat down on a bench by the old stone wall around the little garden, and while the autumn sun smiled down on the waters of the pretty stream that flowed by the old man's door, this voice from the past spoke freely and at length.

Uncle Dave was a remarkable old gentleman, possessing an astounding memory, of which faculty he was well aware, and of which he was very proud. He had dates, incidents, historical events at his tongue's end. On being asked, who in his opinion had built the fortifications we had that morning seen, he said emphatically:

"It was some of them ten foot fellers that lived here long before the Injuns. Injuns never done it, they didn't know enough, and they are too old for the French to have built 'em."

Did he mean the mound builders?

"Yes, I reckon that's what ye call 'em."

Did he ever see any traces of the old portage road?

"O, yes," he trumpeted forth, "the French under *Du Quinney* built that road from the mouth of this here very creek to the head of Chautauqua Lake."

"Do you remember, Mr. Cochrane, when Lafayette visited Westfield in 1823?"

"Yes, sir," he shouted, and his withered old face was suddenly transfigured by some nameless light, "indeed I do. Word was brought to us that Lafayette was in Erie, and Judge Peacock had a splendid span of greys and a nice carriage, and he sent them to the State line to bring him to Westfield. I got a six-pounder all ready, and when the runner came ahead to let us know them greys was in sight, I jest teched her off. He drove over the bridge and up on the village square, and got out of the carriage and took off his hat." Here the old man reverently uncovered his head, straightened himself and became unconsciously dramatic. "He was a sandy haired feller, a reg'lar Frenchman, and he spoke to everybody that crowded up to shake hands with him. And I tell ye it was a sight to see them Revolutioners crowd around him. Alec Wilson, he was a Revolutioner, an Irishman, says he, 'God bless yez, Markis, how air yez;' and the Markis says just as pleasant and affable like, 'Very well, my friend, but you have the advantage of me.' 'Why, Markis,' says Alec, 'I wuz one of General Washington's body-guard, I wuz. Many a time have I seen you and the General together, Lord love ye.' 'Is that so, Alec,' says the Markis, 'then I must shake hands again,' and he did shake again with that air Irishman!"

When we came away his parting shout was to this effect:

"When ye find a man of my age with a better memory, s'posed ye let me know."

Good by, brave old pioneer, we shall never see you again; but the picture you made as you stood there "in the pleasant autumn weather," the breeze playing with your white hair,

your little cottage, its cream tint contrasting so well with the vivid red of the woodbine which waned over it, for a background, will not soon be forgotten.

Westfield is admirably adapted for a summer resort. Aside from its beautiful scenery, its hills, its lake with its inducements in the way of fishing, sailing and rowing, its charming drives, and equally as charming walks, it is undeniably a healthy place. Its air is pure and bracing. Every breath you draw seems to put new life into your frame. There are mineral springs near the town which might be utilized. There are many points near by suitable for excursions. Van Buren's Harbor, a delightful picnic ground, and the best beach along shore for bathing, is within a short drive. Peacock's Grove offers inducements for camping and clam baking. There are many other beautiful villages easy of access; the remarkable "Hog's Back" furnishes a day's diversion; twenty miles away is a wonderful geological attraction known as Panama Rocks, which well deserves and repays attention. In point of fact, the sleepy old place has more than its share of surrounding attractions and only needs a magic touch to waken it, and yet it would be a pity to transform this little Arcadia into a fashionable watering place. One would not care to see its primitive beauty sullied and its peace broken in upon by the world. Rather let it remain one of those places fast dying out before the march of so-called civilization, a dreamy old town.

OUR STEEL HORSE.

If we should try to trace the rise of the bicycle I imagine that the multitude of queer contrivances which would be brought together could hardly be surpassed by a collection of the flying machines of the world, or of the instruments for producing perpetual motion. Since Von Drais' *draisine* of 1817 we have had a series of curious and ingenious inventions, all aiming at the same result—a steel horse which would never tire, which would eat no oats and need no groom, but which, while subject to none of the drawbacks of horseflesh, would carry its owner to his business, on pleasure trips across the country—anywhere and everywhere. Has it been found at last? Truly, it seems so. To our few standard methods of traveling, by steam, by rail, by carriage, by horse, and by foot, we must certainly add by bicycle.

Most people remember the forerunner of the present light and noiseless "wheel," for it was not until 1865 that the first bicycle—we called it a velocipede then—was brought to America. Every one will remember too the velocipede craze that possessed the whole race of boys, young and old, in 1869-'70. Many a town still contains the shattered remnant of a velocipede rink, which in those days was its most popular place of amusement, and in many a wood-shed, garret or barn loft there is still stowed away the remnant of an old-fashioned velocipede which once made happy a now grown-up-and-gone-away son.

Since those days there has been a decided change in the construction of the machine, the almost clumsy velocipede has become the airy "wheel." The general structure has not been changed, but improved mechanical work and greater skill in adapting certain points so that they will do more effective work has brought the vehicle to a very high degree of perfection. The bicycle and tricycle in their improved forms are meeting with remarkable success. It is said that there are 30,000 bicyclers in the United States, nearly all having joined the ranks in the past six years, and that these 30,000 have four hundred organized clubs. The national club, called "The League of American Wheelmen," numbers already 4,000 members, two excellent magazines, *Outing* and *The Wheelman*, and several papers are devoted to its interests, and are spreading everywhere information and enthusiasm.

Tricycles are rapidly gaining the favor among ladies that the bicycle already has won among gentlemen. Hundreds of

them are in use in the cities, where a common sight on the boulevards and in the parks is a tricycle party of ladies and portly men taking a morning constitutional or an afternoon's pleasure ride.

So many of our hobbies have their day and die, are popular because some shrewd fellow has made them fashionable that people of good common sense are becoming a little slow in adopting new things. Many are now inquiring about the validity of the bicycle's claim. Is it as useful, as healthful, as pleasant a steed as avowed? No doubt an unqualified affirmative in answer to this question would be wrong, but that there are many strong points in favor the facts will prove. To fairly test its capabilities one should not take the experience of the first day's riding, or of a would-be wheelman who is yet in the A B Cs of bicycling. It is an art and must be learned. A novice can not mount and ride away without a few tumbles; he can not at first "take" a curb or, in fact, any obstruction. If he try to use the brake in going down hill he will undoubtedly be thrown overboard and roll instead of wheel to the foot. He will ache and groan over long rides, and if easily discouraged, give up his efforts. But are these results any worse, or even so bad as the results of the first experiences on horseback? What is the bicycle or tricycle worth to the one who can handle it? is the question.

We are accustomed to think of it as useful only on a level where the roads are hard and smooth and unobstructed, but he is a poor wheelman indeed, who can ride only on smooth ground. Any ordinary road, though it may be encumbered by ruts, pebbles, or mud, may be safely traveled. Snowy roads, of course, are hard traveling, but it is recorded of an enthusiastic New Hampshire bicyclist that he was on the roads a part of each day during the year 1881. Candidly, it requires an unusual amount of skill and enthusiasm to use a bicycle on snowy or rugged roads for any long distance, although a quite possible task. By far the worst impediment which the "wheel" encounters is a stretch of loose sand, then all momentum is lost by the friction, and to go at all is very hard work; however, there is rarely a road so located that turf or a beaten walk does not lie near, to which the rider may resort. Nor are the hills a disadvantage, unless they are very long and steep. The ordinary grade can be easily mounted, though, as in walking, there is of course a greater degree of exertion required than on the level. The true answer to the question, where the bicycle may be ridden, is: On any road where one can drive safely and pleasantly.

The question of speed is a very important one. Unless something can be gained in point of time it is no advantage to rushing clerks and brokers and students to bicycle their way to business and back; but the fact that something can be gained is a very strong point in favor of the "wheel." The rate of speed compared with walking is three to one, and the exertion on level ground is but one-third of that of walking. On our steel horse, too, we make better time than on horseback. In a day's travel the gain is very noticeable. The bicycle will take you four or five times as far as you can walk and twice as far as you can ride on horseback. The real advantage of a mode of travel which exercises and exhilarates, which is less wearisome than walking and which, while it gives as high speed as a horse, yet causes none of the trouble, the possible risk and no expense, is very apparent. This is no whimsical fancy either, but a fact. Many physicians, clergymen and business men are finding it invaluable in their work. A certain physician of high rank has given it as his opinion, that the "bicycle or tricycle can be practically and profitably used by physicians as an adjunct to, or even in place of, the horse; and that it solves, beyond any question, the problem of exercise for a very large class of our patients." And another writing of its merits, says: "This summer I have turned both my horses out to grass and have trusted to my bicycle alone, doing, on an average, about 50 miles a day. I find I get

through my day's work with less fatigue than on horseback, and without the monotony of driving." If it will serve the purpose of a doctor it will of any and all busy men.

More important than its practical value is its health giving qualities. It is a veritable cure-all. The pleasure of the exercise, the fine play it gives to the muscles of the upper and lower limbs, and the free exposure to sun and air are the best possible medicines. *Ennui*, the wretched, worn-out feeling of so many over-worked students, bookkeepers and professional men, dyspepsia and nervousness can have no better prescription than bicycle or tricycle riding. Indeed, of the latter no less an authority than B. W. Richardson, M. D., a famous English physician, says: "I am of the opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. Young and middle aged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skillful. The tricycle is, in fact, now with me a not uncommon prescription, and is far more useful than many a dry, formal medicinal one which I have had to write on paper."

The real enjoyment of the exercise is wonderfully in its favor. No finer sport can be found than the rapid spinning by green fields, through shady woods and along clear streams, lifted so far above the earth that you half believe you are treading air, so still and smoothly your "wheels" carry you. The bounding life that gentle exercise and abundant air and sunshine bring is yours. You seem almost a creature of the air as you whirl along. It is pure, perfect pleasure—the perfection of motion. One feature of bicycle and tricycle riding that commends it to many is the opportunity it offers for delightful summer trips. The bicycle clubs of many cities make daily morning runs of ten or twelve miles into the country, returning in time for a club breakfast at the home of some member—longer trips which occupy a day are common, and a month's travel through a pleasant country is becoming a very fashionable as well as healthful and inexpensive way of spending a vacation. An English lady and her sister recently made a trip of 470 miles through the pleasant country of South England on tricycles, and declare that they had so pleasant a time they intend to make another tour next year. Indeed, so successful have bicycle and tricycle excursions become that they threaten to rival the railway and steamer.

The expense is of course an important item to most people, and is decidedly in favor of the wheel. As in all goods, the prices vary with quality and finish. The price of a bicycle varies from \$7 to \$175, of a tricycle from \$20 to \$240. The medium prices give as durable and useful an instrument as the higher. When once owned there is little more expense—a trifle will be spent in repairs each year, and if desired, there are certain accessories which can be added. New tires are needed about once in four years, and cost about \$10 for a fifty-inch bicycle. But there is no feeding nor stalling nor grooming. Your steel horse makes no demands upon your purse, your sympathies, or your time.

What is the bicycle coming to? Certainly to be a very important factor in our civilization. We may expect to see it some day in war—already the mounted orderlies in the Italian army use it. In twenty years, maybe less, we shall all be taking our wedding trips by bicycle, and it may not be wild to suppose that the enterprising wheelman will soon have a highway from New York to San Francisco, and that our summer trips to the Golden Gate or the Atlantic will be *via* bicycle.

NEVER, never has one forgotten his pure, right-educating mother. On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, toward which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers, who marked out to us from thence our life; the most blessed age must be forgotten ere we can forget the warmest heart. You wish, O woman! to be ardently loved, and forever, even till death. Be, then, the mothers of your children.—*Richter*.

THE NAVY.

WHY IT SHOULD BE EFFICIENTLY MAINTAINED IN TIME OF PEACE.

By LIEUTENANT G. W. MENTZ, of the U. S. Navy.

Many intelligent people in our country know nothing whatever of the navy.

We are not a warlike nation, and our people are engaged in peaceful pursuits. The majority are so busied with matters which have no connection with nautical affairs that they have no time for reflection upon any such subject.

A great many of our fellow countrymen have never seen the ocean, have never seen anything in the shape of a ship except a river steamboat.

Not seeing the navy, not hearing of it in these piping times of peace, having no dealings with it or with ships, never coming in contact with it in any way, and not understanding anything about it, they never trouble themselves with it, and care nothing for it, just as almost every one naturally does with any subject in which he is not personally interested.

But how can our people in the interior be influenced to interest themselves in a subject which really is of vital importance to them, and almost as much so as to those living on the sea-board?

They are told, year after year, that our coasts and our lakes are undefended, that a navy is absolutely necessary, that in its present state it could not stand a chance with the navy of even a fourth-rate power; yet they never care enough about it to instruct their representatives in Congress to put the country in a secure state of defense, and unless so instructed by the people, our politicians will never do anything but dilly-dally with every subject of national importance.

We are slapped in the face, first on one side then on the other, and kicked about by nations which are picayunish in their resources in comparison with ourselves, and yet we take it all with indifference or a faint protest.

We are a strange combination as a nation; the same men who would resent an insult individually, or so provide themselves with weapons that no one would *dare* insult them, when taken collectively as a nation pitifully ask to be "let off" the moment the British lion shows his teeth, or the Prussian eagle raises his claws.

But it is not intended to appeal to the sentiment of the people of the United States, or to their sense of honor to rouse their interest in the navy. That has been tried too often, and has failed in every case, until truly patriotic men (and thank God there are a few such men left) have almost given up in despair, if not in disgust. This article will, it is hoped, prove, on other grounds than sentiment, the absolute necessity of a navy in time of peace by showing what it does when we are not at war.

Every one knows the navy has something to do with the defenses of the country, but—

What is the use of a navy in time of peace?

What does it do?

What does it consist of?

Who manages it?

How much does it cost us taxpayers?

Do we get any return for our money? and the like, are questions which every one, in his capacity of an American citizen, has a right to ask, and which should be answered in such a way that every school boy could understand.

It is easily understood by those of our countrymen living even in those parts of our land most remote from either ocean washing our shores, that a navy is necessary in time of war with a foreign country, and that then it would protect our coasts and prevent an invasion of our soil, and keep the enemy's war ships from destroying our cities, or from blockading our ports, and thus give the grain and beef—"the production of which is the very

life and soul of the West"—an opportunity to get out of the country, and to their markets; for it requires no great reasoning powers to understand that with the enemy hovering around our ports with his ships of war, no shipment of grain and beef could take place.

But the navy protects those same interests in time of peace, and in this way:

Suppose *no* nation had a navy, and that *no* armed force existed on the sea, what would be the result?

We would want to export our surplus grain and beef, and hundreds of other articles which we raise in excess of our needs in this country and exchange them for tea and coffee and other articles which we can not raise. We can not send them by rail across the ocean, we have to employ ships. *We can not get along without ships.*

Even in this age of steam and telegraph, can any one doubt that with no armed force to protect the ships with their valuable cargoes and small crews of two dozen or more men, that the pirate would not again infest the seas and prey upon commerce? Steam and the telegraph would aid him just as much as they would the merchant. But, it might be argued, arm the crews of the merchant ship, put guns and gunners on board. If you do that you have a navy, and a much more expensive and inefficient one than by the present methods.

The navies of the world drove the pirate from the seas. He became a universal enemy, and was hunted down by the war ships of all civilized nations, and there was no dissenting voice among them upon this one question of piracy. To prevent his return the existence of a naval force was necessary *and the display of such a force is all that prevents his return now.*

Of those who believe there would be no piracy did no navies exist in this age of enlightenment and of rapid communication, it might be asked if they thought property would at all be safe in any of our cities if the police were withdrawn from its protection. What is it that prevents many a thief from robbing property when he finds it apparently unprotected, *sees* no policemen as he looks up and down the street? It is his knowledge that the city *has* a police force, and that a policeman may be in the near vicinity, though not in sight.

It is this moral effect of the existence of an armed force which prevents many robberies being committed on shore, and it is the same with the ocean.

Without an armed force on the ocean to protect cargoes in time of peace the temptation to become suddenly rich, and without any one knowing how, would be too great to be resisted. The navy is the police of the seas, and one class of property should be protected just as much as another. Shipping is entitled to the same treatment and care as any other form of invested capital.

Acknowledging then that it is the existence of war vessels on the seas that prevents piracy and insures the safety of our cargoes of grain and beef, and other articles in their transit across the ocean, and that a navy in this way protects commerce in time of peace, *then, is it just that ONE nation should bear all the expense of keeping up a sufficient show of force in the shape of a navy to prevent the return of the pirates? All nations who have property on the ocean, or ships carrying cargoes from port to port, must aid in thus protecting the seas in proportion to the value of property sailing the ocean. And the maritime powers of the world must assist each other against the common enemy, just as the police of one country assist those of another in procuring and bringing to justice the extraditorial criminals.*

It is not right or just for a country to have a merchant marine without a corresponding navy to protect it; it is unjust to other nations, and we have the second largest merchant marine in the world, and hardly rank as *fifth* as a naval power.

The country in time of peace, in the early stages of its existence, when our navy was as large in proportion to the inhabitants as it is now, had practically merchant ship after merchant

ship seized, not by individuals, but by nations which possessed more powerful navies, and the number of ships so seized by France alone counts up in the hundreds, and France is a friend of the United States if we have one in Europe.

It seems to be natural that the unprotected should be imposed upon. Wherever we glance throughout nature we find the mighty preying upon the weak, and even in the very plants the weaker are crowded out and must give way to the stronger. This is true of men, and it is likewise true of nations. For a proof consider the number of nations England has crowded out. We, too, have crowded out the Indian.

I suppose the Bey of Tunis would still be imposing upon our merchants in the Mediterranean if we had not aroused ourselves and shown him what a naval force could do, and made him respect it.

Many Americans engaged in commerce are temporarily resident abroad, and although they may be most law abiding, there still occur times when they are imposed upon, and in some cases incarcerated or maltreated, even murdered. The government owes these men protection. It is the solemn duty of the government to see that they are justly treated; and this can be done, in many cases, in no better way than by a show of force. One small gunboat in a port where one of our fellow citizens has been imposed upon will do more toward setting him right than thousands of appealing or of threatening words from a distance. There are hundreds of instances on record in the Navy and State Departments which might be cited in illustration of this, but the following will serve the purpose. They are taken from recent editions of the *Washington National Republican*:

In the spring of 1858 the United States steamer "Fulton," mounting six guns, was cruising in the West Indies. Information reached the commander that a revolution had broken out at Tampico; that the town was besieged, and that American merchant vessels were detained in the river. The "Fulton" proceeded with all despatch to Tampico, and found affairs as had been reported.

Tampico is situated six miles up the river of that name. The revolutionary and besieging party was within three miles of the city, and had established a custom house at the mouth of the river. Five American merchant vessels were in the river at the time. They had paid the necessary custom house dues at Tampico, and started down the river to proceed to sea. Upon approaching the mouth of the river they were directed to anchor until they had paid additional custom house dues. To this, of course, the American captains positively refused, as they had already paid the necessary legal dues. Consequently the vessels were detained under the guns of the besieging party, and had not the United States steamer "Fulton" made her appearance they would continue to have been detained. The commander of the "Fulton" demanded their instant release, which was complied with, and the vessels proceeded to sea accordingly.

One of the captains was very spunky, and gave those Mexicans a piece of his mind. For this he was taken out of his vessel and put in prison. The excuse for this which the Mexicans gave was that a small signal gun, which a man could easily carry, was found on board, and this was considered contraband. The commander of the "Fulton" went in person, demanded the release of this captain, took him off in his gig, and restored him to his vessel.

Gen. Gaza, of the besieging forces, hadn't an idea that there was an American man-of-war within a thousand miles of Tampico when he committed these high-handed proceedings, and he was greatly astonished when the "Fulton" made her appearance. It does not always matter so much about the size of a man-of-war on hand upon these occasions. A six or eight gun vessel may suffice, and will often effect the service required quite as well as a frigate. What is necessary is the sight of the American ensign and pennant backed by a few guns.

In September, 1873, a revolution of a violent character broke out at Panama, and the city was besieged. Whenever there is trouble on the Isthmus they make a "dead set" at the railroad. In case of war the government of Colombia guarantees to protect and preserve neutrality upon the Panama railroad. Upon this occasion the governor of Panama

declared his inability to protect the railroad. The commander-in-chief of the United States naval forces in the Pacific happened to be at Panama just in the "nick of time," with two good sized men of war, the "Pensacola" and "Benicia," and upon his own responsibility landed 250 men—seamen and marines—divided between the Panama railroad station and the custom house. The city of Panama and the Panama railroad were in imminent danger of being destroyed. The show of forces had the desired effect, without the necessity of firing a shot. Once the revolutionary party approached, with an attempt, apparently, to come upon the railroad, but a bold front shown by the United States forces evidently caused them to change their minds.

Four lines of steamers of four different nations were then running and connecting with the Panama railroad, viz.: American, English, French, and German. Passengers, freights, and specials continually passed over the road in safety and without interruption. These troubles lasted for a fortnight, when the insurrectionary forces retired and broke up, and the United States naval forces were withdrawn to their ships.

For these services the United States naval commander-in-chief received the thanks of the Panama Railroad Company, the several Pacific Mail Steamship Companies, and all the consuls and foreign merchants.

These are a few instances of which the writer is cognizant of what the navy does in time of peace. Scarcely a naval officer of moderate experience and length of service but has witnessed similar scenes in different parts of the world. They do not attract the attention of the public, and naval officers are not apt to blow their own trumpets.—*March 13, 1884.*

Under the Napoleon dynasty, when Murat was king of Naples, several American merchant vessels, with valuable cargoes, were captured and confiscated under protest, and taken into Neapolitan ports. The entire proceedings were pronounced arbitrary and thoroughly illegal. In course of time Napoleon and all his dynasties went under, and Naples and the Neapolitans were restored to their possessions and the government of their country once more. But the government of Naples was held responsible for the seizure and consequent loss to their owners of these vessels and cargoes, although these flagrant acts were committed under the French.

After a lapse of time a thorough investigation and an estimate of losses were made. A demand for indemnity was made and positively refused. Several years elapsed when Gen. Jackson became President of the United States, and he, with his accustomed emphasis, repeated the demand, which was again refused. In the year 1832 Gen. Jackson appointed a special minister (Hon. John Nelson, of Maryland) to Naples to press this demand. Commodore Daniel T. Patterson (who commanded the naval forces and coöperated with Gen. Jackson at New Orleans) was at this time commander-in-chief of the United States Mediterranean squadron, consisting of three fifty-gun frigates and three twenty-two-gun corvettes. The writer of this was a midshipman in the squadron.

It was arranged that one ship at a time should make her appearance at Naples. The commodore went in first, and a week after another ship arrived. Mr. Nelson then made the demand as directed by his government. It was refused. At the end of a week a third ship appeared, and so continued. The Neapolitan government became alarmed, began to look at the condition of the forts, mounted additional guns, built sand bag batteries, and kept up a constant drilling of their troops. When the fifth ship arrived the government gave in, acknowledged the claim, and ordered it to be paid just as the sixth ship entered the harbor.

The amount was not so large—about \$350,000—but there was a great principle involved. This money was owing to owners, captains, and crews of American merchant vessels, whose property had been illegally and unjustly taken from them.

And it may be asked when and whether they would ever have received it had it not been for the United States navy. This fully illustrates one of Nelson's maxims: "To negotiate with effect a naval force should always be at hand."—*About April 4, 1884.*

VIGOROUS, BUT TARDY.

The House committee on foreign affairs yesterday directed Representative Lamb to report to the House the following:

Resolved, That the President be directed to bring to the attention of the government of Venezuela the claim of John E. Wheelock, a citizen of the United States, for indemnity for gross outrages and tortures inflicted upon him by an officer of said Venezuelan government, and to demand and enforce in such manner as he may deem best an immediate settlement of said claim.

The report accompanying the resolution says: "Your committee is of the opinion that more vigorous measures than diplomatic correspondence are necessary to secure justice for the citizen of the United States thus grievously wronged." Mr. Wheelock's claim is for \$50,000.—*April 18, 1884.*

Even the missionary, the peaceful man of God, in his commendable work of extending the teachings of the Bible to semi-civilized people, often carries his life in his hand, and many have asked for the protection of a man-of-war.

Numbers of American missionaries in China can tell with what joy they have hailed "the good old flag backed by a few guns."

Since the massacre of foreigners (mostly missionaries) in Tientsin, China, in June, 1870, that place has scarcely ever been without the presence of an American war vessel, and missionaries resident there will not hesitate to acknowledge the feeling of security such a vessel brings with her, and the necessity of such a show of force.

While England is very prompt in redressing the wrongs of those of her subjects resident abroad, the United States is very derelict, and the difference in the respect shown by foreigners to Americans and Englishmen is very marked in consequence.

But there are other reasons than those of policing the sea and protecting our citizens abroad, why a navy is necessary in time of peace.

It requires time to build ships and guns, and to train men to handle them, and we must be prepared with suitable weapons to meet any enemy who may declare war against us.

Wars come upon us when least expected, and even we, who are advocates of settling all difficulties with foreign nations by arbitration, and who pride ourselves upon maintaining only a small army and navy, cannot escape the horrors of war.

If there is any truth in the saying that "History repeats itself," then the time for us to be at war is close at hand.

We are young as a nation, and although our tendencies have been peaceful, and although we have almost, *have* sacrificed our honor, yet, in spite of all that, we have never had a reign of peace for a longer period than thirty-five years, and in the one hundred and odd years of our existence, we, the "peaceful nation," have had *four foreign wars*. Two with Great Britain, one with France, and one with Mexico. Can any one believe we will never have another foreign war?

We are not prepared for war, and in time of peace we should prepare for war.

As stated above, we rank as a fifth-rate naval power, and our next war is going to be a foreign war—for we will hardly fight among ourselves again—and then the navy will have to do most, if not all, of the fighting.

Our resources are not as great as our people in their fancied security believe. For instance, the whole number of deep-sea sailor men from whom we could draw recruits, is only 60,000, including foreigners sailing under the American flag. These men are untrained for war purposes, and as much so as any man you might pick up in the streets is untrained as a cavalry man or artillery man, although he may have had some experience in riding a horse or in shooting birds with a shot gun.

The tendencies of the present age are to wars of short duration, and in our next war we will be "knocked out" in as comparatively short a time as Mr. Sullivan "knocks out" his opponents, unless we are better prepared than we are at present.

"At present England could bring, in thirty days, the greater part of her immense iron clad fleet to operate upon our coast, and the damage which this force could inflict upon the seaboard, and indirectly upon the whole country would be incal-

culable. In thirty days we would have paid in the way of ransom money and in the value of property destroyed the value of a dozen navies, to say nothing of the national disgrace, and a complete cessation of foreign and coastwise trade. In thirty days we could do nothing, *absolutely nothing* in the way of improvising a coast defense. Our naval vessels could not be recalled from foreign stations, and if they could their weakness and small number would only insure certain defeat."

It takes a year to build even a simple unarmored ship, whose thin sides of 10-16 of an inch can be penetrated by modern guns at a distance of several miles;

And three years to build such iron clads as most of the South American states even, possess;

And a year to build a modern steel gun of any power;

When all the skilled labor and appliances for manufacturing the material are at hand.

But our workmen, though skilled in other things, are not skilled in making the requisite kind of metal either for guns or armor, and in putting it together when it is obtained. We have not the immense steam hammers and plant for such colossal work.

Our country is exposed on all sides—Pacific, Atlantic, and lakes.

The country that goes to war with us is not going to treat us as the militia did the rioters in Cincinnati the other day, remain inactive until we can arm ourselves.

If England is to be our enemy (and there is no reason why she should not be, for she has never shown her friendship for us except by words. In her actions she has proved an enemy, and we must never forget the blockade runners and the "Alabama," and the fact that is largely due to her, that our civil war lasted so long), she will attack us both on the Atlantic coast and on the great lakes.

In the latter region she is much better prepared to injure us now, and we in a worse condition to prevent it, than in 1812.

Profiting by her experience, she is preparing a waterway that will admit her gunboats to the very heart of our country. It requires no close observation to realize that other motives than those of commerce induced England to purchase and expend millions of money upon the Welland Canal, and that it gives her a great strategic advantage.

That is one advantage she has over us, should the war be carried to the lakes.

Another is, the mouth of the St. Lawrence River—the route from the sea to the lakes—lies wholly within British territory.

Still another is, we have signed an agreement with England not to maintain more than one small gunboat on the lakes, and not to build any war vessels on the lakes.

In the interests of economy we have practically cut ourselves off from the right or privilege to construct what we please in our own territory. Next, it may be presumed, we will be asking permission to sneeze.

With the Welland Canal and the agreement not to build war vessels on the lakes, we have placed ourselves at great disadvantage.

That agreement does not affect England, for she possesses a waterway for her gunboats from the sea to the lakes. Our only waterway from the sea to the lakes, the Erie Canal, is not deep enough, nor are its locks large enough, for gunboats. England has one hundred such vessels which she could assemble at Montreal upon the *slightest* suspicion of war, and when the time came for action, they would proceed via the Welland Canal, and destroy Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, and all the other great cities on the lakes before we could improvise an effective defense, and certainly before we could build *one* ship to oppose her fleet. The "Michigan" would not be effective, the English fleet would soon sink her. It might be argued that Buffalo and the other ports would furnish merchant steamers in an emergency, which could serve as improvised gunboats. But even if such vessels could successfully

oppose a fleet of vessels built specially for war purposes, the guns, equipments and ammunition are not on hand to be put on board such ships, even if they were to be found conveniently moored to the docks at Buffalo, nor are the trained crews to be found at a moment's notice, and those men who are trained would be needed to move the regular ships of the navy on the seaboard, where the enemy would be even more vigorous in his operations.

Many people have a misconception of the effectiveness of the torpedo.

The torpedo is certainly a powerful and destructive weapon when it works all right, but you might plant torpedoes all over some of our harbors, and still they would not protect the cities from destruction, nor prevent the enemy from landing and capturing the city, in spite of the torpedoes.

At New York there is no necessity for a fleet to *enter* the harbor to destroy the city. There is a place south of Long Island, nine miles distant from the City Hall in New York, where there is plenty of water for a fleet of the largest ironclads to take up its position, from which it could batter down Brooklyn and New York. Some of the modern guns send shot weighing 2,000 lbs. (one ton) eleven miles.

Then too, there might appear a foreign Farragut to pass the torpedoes, losing perhaps some of his vessels, but still having enough left to accomplish his object.

The torpedo is by no means a *sure* weapon. During the war of the Rebellion the ship "Ironsides" was stationary for one hour directly over a torpedo which had a 5,000 lb. charge of powder, at Charleston. It failed to explode despite every effort of the operator on shore to get it to do its work.

If a ship happens to pass directly over a torpedo, and

If the operator touches the firing key at exactly the right moment, and

If the connection between the electrical battery and the torpedo fuse is all right, and

If the fuse itself is in good condition, and

If the charge in the torpedo has not deteriorated, the torpedo *may* explode and blow up the ship.

Too many "ifs" to make this a reliable weapon, and one to be solely depended upon.

Torpedoes, or submarine mines, unless protected by batteries, to prevent the enemy from quietly picking them up, are of no use whatever except to cause delay.

It is the custom in modern wars for the victor to demand of the vanquished large war indemnities, so that the people who are whipped not only suffer great losses incident to war itself, but must pay the expenses both they and their conquerors have incurred, and the people have to pay this in the shape of taxes.

Now, no one believes we are going to be conquered, but this is how an enemy's fleet off New York, for instance, will affect all the people in the United States.

They would send a shot or two in the vicinity of the city, from their position south of Long Island, just to show what they *could* do, and threaten to destroy the city if a tribute of anywhere from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 is not forthcoming in twenty-four hours. It would be paid, as that amount does not anywhere near represent the value of property in New York City. The United States government would have to return this amount to the citizens who advanced it, for according to the constitution the government must provide for the common defense of the country. Then it would fall back on the taxpayers again, and *they* would have to pay it.

All that could be prevented by having the proper defense always ready.

The other important cities on the coasts are as vulnerable to attack as New York.

Just think of the billions of property which in this way is at the mercy of an enemy.

We forget that English soldiers once destroyed our capitol.

They could do it now, and think of the vast amount of money in the treasury at Washington which would fall into their hands, and the value of the property that would be destroyed, and of the valuable papers that would be lost.

"There is no insurance, against the great evils of war so certain and CHEAP as the preparations for defense and offense."

We are less likely to be attacked if our great seaboard and lake cities are defended by heavy rifled guns, by ironclads and torpedoes, and if we have enough cruisers to threaten an enemy's commerce, and can take the offensive at once.

Offense, with the proper weapons, is the best kind of defense.

We must have a suitable navy to attack our enemy before he can get to our coast, and before he can either destroy or blockade our ports.

Our policy being a peaceful one, we are not going to engage in war except in self defense, and we do not need to keep up a large naval establishment in time of peace, *but what we have should be the very best that can be obtained, and each individual ship and gun, and the personnel, should be of the most effective kind.*

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR JUNE.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN.

In the northern hemisphere the longest day of this year is the 20th of this month; though in many places it would be difficult to notice that there was really any difference between the length of this day and that of a few of those preceding and succeeding. The sun has reached his farthest point northward, and, although he travels about his usual distance each day, he moves in a part of his orbit which is, for all practical purposes, parallel to the equator, and hence must rise about the same place and hour each morning, and set at the same place and hour every evening. About the 21st of December of each year we have the shortest day, with several of the neighboring days but very little longer; for the reason that at that date the sun reaches its southern limit and moves almost parallel to the equator.

It may be interesting to see how our neighbors fare in regard to longest days. By the working of a few problems in spherical trigonometry we find that our friends living on the equator have all their days the same length, namely, twelve hours. So that there is in that region no looking forward to the long winter evenings, nor any hoping for the shortening of summer's sultry days. They have, however, this advantage: If the sun's rays do sometimes "come down by a straight road," they do not continue so long at a time as with us. As we proceed north, we find in latitude $30^{\circ} 48'$ that the longest day is fourteen hours; in latitude $49^{\circ} 2'$, sixteen hours; in $58^{\circ} 27'$, eighteen hours; in $63^{\circ} 23'$, twenty hours; in $65^{\circ} 48'$, twenty-two hours; in $66^{\circ} 32'$, twenty-four hours, no night at all; and $51'$ further north, that is, in latitude $67^{\circ} 23'$, the longest day begins about the fifth of June, and lasts till about the fourth of July, and is about thirty days long; in $73^{\circ} 40'$, it is three months long; in $84^{\circ} 5'$, it is five months; and at the north pole six months. Practically the days are longer than here represented; for we have natural light enough to pursue most vocations both before sunrise and after sunset. In latitude $63^{\circ} 23'$, for example, where the day's extreme length is twenty hours, on account of the twilight the remaining four hours might as well be called daylight, for the sun descends only a few degrees below the horizon, and though hidden from sight, still through the medium of the atmosphere affords almost the usual light of day.

Of course our friends in the corresponding latitudes of the southern hemisphere are enjoying correspondingly short days and long nights. In $63^{\circ} 23'$ south latitude the day is only four

hours long, and the night twenty hours. No wonder people sometimes say, "This is a queer world." Its mechanism is certainly very wonderful. If we wished to be somewhat exact, we would say that the sun enters *Cancer* and summer begins on June 20th, at 7:51 p. m., Washington mean time, and continues ninety-three days, fourteen hours twenty-two minutes. Other items are as follows: On the 1st, 15th, and 30th, the sun rises at 4:31, 4:28, and 4:29 a. m.; and on the same dates sets at 7:24, 7:32, and 7:34 p. m. During the month our days vary in length from fourteen hours fifty-three minutes to fifteen hours five minutes; and on the 20th, the time from early dawn till the end of twilight is nineteen hours thirty minutes. On the 3rd, at 4:00 p. m., the sun is in conjunction with Saturn; on the 14th, at 3:00 p. m., 90° west of Uranus; on the 30th, at midnight, farthest from the earth; greatest elevation, in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$ north, $71^{\circ} 57'$. Diameter decreases from $31' 36''$ on the 1st, to $31' 32''$ on the 30th.

THE MOON'S

Phases occur in the following order: Full moon on the 8th, at 2:41 p. m.; last quarter, on 16th, at 9:26 a. m.; new moon, on 23rd, at 12:25 a. m.; first quarter, on 30th, at 1:06 a. m. On the 1st, the moon sets at 12:38 a. m.; on the 15th, rises at 11:45 p. m.; and on the 29th, sets at 11:42 p. m. Is farthest from the earth on the 16th, at 10:18 p. m.; nearest to earth on 21st, at 10:30 p. m. Least meridian altitude on 9th, $29^{\circ} 41'$; greatest altitude on the 22nd, amounting to $67^{\circ} 18\frac{1}{3}''$.

MERCURY.

A pair of good sharp eyes looking out sufficiently early in the morning, can almost any day during the month get a view of this planet; especially will this be the case near the 12th, the day on which it reaches its greatest western elongation, amounting to $23^{\circ} 19'$. On the 1st, 15th, and 30th, the time of rising is 3:51, 3:23, and 3:37 a. m. On the 21st, at 12:41 p. m., it will be $1^{\circ} 39'$ north of the moon, and on the 26th, at 6:00 p. m., one minute of arc north of Saturn.

VENUS.

This planet which has for several months been so conspicuous in the western sky, reaches its greatest brilliancy on the 3rd, after which it will decrease in interest, and continue to appear each day smaller, until its light is again obscured by the sun, and after remaining for a short time hidden from view, again appears in the eastern horizon as the *Lucifer* (light-bearer) of the ancients. It will set at 10:24, 9:40, and 8:21 p. m., respectively, on the evenings of the 1st, 15th, and 30th. Its diameter will increase from $35.8''$ to $55.2''$; but as it "turns its back upon us," its increasing diameter will not add to the amount of light furnished the earth.

MARS.

On the 1st Mars will be found quite close to, and a little to the east of the star Regulus, in the constellation *Leo*, and will move east somewhat rapidly, making a direct movement of $14^{\circ} 31' 55.5''$ from the 1st to the 30th. His diameter decreases from $6.6''$ to $5.8''$, indicating his continually increasing distance from the earth. He rises during the day and sets at the following hours: On the 2nd at 12:07 a. m.; on the 15th at 11:30 p. m.; and on the 30th at 10:49 p. m.

JUPITER

During the month moves about six degrees eastwardly from a point a little west of *Præsepe*, in *Cancer*, leaving the Nebula a little to the north, and reaching, on the 30th, a point a little north-east of *Delta Cancri*. He comes to the meridian on the 1st, 15th, and 30th, at 3:34.6, 2:50.2, and 2:03.5, p. m., and sets on the same days at 10:49, 10:01, and 9:12 p. m., respectively.

SATURN,

Who has for several months been making of himself such a fine display, exhibiting to those who were fortunate enough to possess a moderately good telescope, a splendid view of his rings, now retires abashed before the "King of Day;" during the first of the month, not even deigning "to put in an appear-

ance." But he only "bides his time." For during the succeeding months he will be cheerfully "at home" to early risers. It will be observed that on the 1st he rises after and sets before the sun, namely, at 4:51 a. m. and 7:23 p. m.; on the 15th, rises at 4:02, twenty-six minutes before the sun, and sets at 6:36 p. m., some fifty-six minutes earlier than the sun; and on the 30th rises at 3:11 a. m., and sets 5:47 p. m. On the 3rd, at 4:00 p. m. he is in conjunction with and about $1^{\circ} 23'$ south of the sun; and on the 21st, at 10:30 p. m., $2^{\circ} 46'$ north of the moon. Diameter, $15.6''$.

URANUS

Makes an advance movement of $22' 30''$, presenting a diameter of $3.7''$. Is evening star during the month, setting at the following times: On the 2nd at 1:07 a. m.; on the 16th at 12:12 a. m.; and on the 30th at 11:14 p. m. On the 14th at 3:00 p. m., is 90° east of the sun; on the 1st at 3:54 p. m., is $3^{\circ} 21'$ north of the moon, and again on the 28th at 11:42 p. m., $3^{\circ} 21'$ north of the moon.

One of the odd things in astronomy is the story of the satellites of Uranus. In a work published as recently as 1852, we are gravely told that Uranus "is attended by six moons or satellites, which revolve about him in different periods, and at various distances. Four of them were discovered by Dr. Herschel and two by his sister, Caroline Herschel, with the promise of more to be discovered;" and then we are given their distances from the planet, and also their times of revolution, which vary from 224,000 to 1,556,000 miles as to distance, and from five days, twenty-one hours, twenty-five minutes, twenty seconds to one hundred and seven days, sixteen hours, thirty-nine minutes, fifty-six seconds, as to times of revolution. But now we are told Herschel's "satellites have been sought for in vain, both with Mr. Lassell's great reflectors and with the Washington twenty-six inch refractor, all of which are optically more powerful than the telescopes of Herschel. There may be additional satellites which have not yet been discovered; but if so, they must have been too faint to have been recognized by Herschel." Our latest information on this subject gives four satellites named Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, Oberon, in order outwardly from the planet, and their periodic times, respectively, 2.52, 4.14, 8.7, and 13.46 days; the credit of discovering the two outer ones being given to Herschel and that of the two inner being divided between Mr. Lassell and Mr. Struve.

NEPTUNE

Will be one of our morning stars, rising at 3:35, 2:45, and 1:48 a. m., on the 1st, 15th, and 30th, respectively. His motion, $58' 39''$ direct; diameter, $2.5''$.

TO BLOSSOMS.

By R. HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

By OLIVER W. LONGAN,
Adjutant General's Office, War Department.

Visitors to Washington, whether for the purpose of meeting friends, or, as strangers to "see the sights," are moved by common impulse to find their greatest gratification in all day tours from building to building, and from point to point, where the wonders of the place are to be found, and no ordinary matter can distract the attention from the one object which is the topic for discussion and arrangement through all the indoor hours of morning and evening while the visit lasts. Even the dreary drizzling rain which fairly divides the time with the sunshine of this weather-wise day can not dampen the ardor of the tourist, and on foot or on wheel the round is pursued regardless of fatigue and discomfort. Indeed, there is something of heroism both in the appearance and feeling manifest in the mien and move of the travelers as they walk about the streets or "climb to the dome," and after the wearied guest has departed and the family physician is called in to prescribe a tonic or stimulant for an exhausted nature upon which the duty of guide has been imposed in the days just past, he will invariably remark with exasperating irony which almost makes the patient determine never again to truthfully reveal the cause of infirmity, "of course you climbed to the dome."

The purpose being to invite the reader to the "dome" as the first point of view, a few words of description are offered. The dome of the capitol building is a conspicuous object from all parts of the city and affords a standpoint from which to obtain the best prospect of all the city and surrounding country. This fact, and because it fills a picture of beauty in a vista from a particular spot in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, introduces it into this article.

From a balcony on the top of the dome, two hundred and sixteen feet from the ground, on the eastern front of the capitol, the eye takes in a scene of which Humboldt remarked, "I have not seen a more charming panorama in all my travels." West at a distance of nearly three miles is Arlington. The mansion, which was once the home of Robert E. Lee, resembles, in the distance, the "Hall in the Grove." Behind it is the city of the dead, a home for the remains of about 15,000 soldiers. North a little more than three miles is the home of the living soldier. The clock tower appears to be the only sign of habitation upon a well wooded hill.

As one of the many places of interest which receives the attention and merits the praise of visitors as a spot "beautiful for situation," a brief history and description is offered to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but in neither will there be found any of the mellowness of age which is possessed by old-world places nor of the power which belongs to

"Things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling; and where he hath lent
His hand, but broke his scythe.

* * * * *
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

The credit of the origin of the movement to establish a retreat for the old and disabled soldiers of the United States army, appears to be due to Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams. In a report dated November 26, 1827, he suggests the founding of an army asylum. A report was made upon the subject by the Committee on Military Affairs in the House of Representatives May 21, 1828, and another February 27, 1829. Except the collection of some data upon the subject nothing further appears to have been done until in 1839 General Robert Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter," reviewed the work and submitted his plans and views to a number of older and more experienced officers of the army. Their responses indicate the high degree of favor with which they looked upon the project, but their words of

foreboding in pointing out the difficulties to be surmounted in bringing a measure through the Congress to give it a legal status gave evidence that their estimate of strategy did not confine its use to the military department. Receiving but little more than good wishes for his encouragement, the dauntless captain (such was the rank then held by General Anderson) went knocking at the doors of Congress, and a communication addressed by him February 12, 1840, to Hon. John Reynolds, M. C., embodying the details of his plan became the basis of a favorable report by the House Military Committee January 7, 1841, in which, after setting forth the usage of the service and the improvement which would follow an act which should give the faithful soldier "the confidence of comfortable provision for his old age when he shall be worn out in his country's service," the committee declare it to be a "high gratification" to recommend to the "favorable consideration of Congress the admirable plan submitted by Captain Anderson—a plan which imposes no additional burden on the community, but merely provides that the savings of the soldier, in the vigor of his age, may afford him a shelter in the times of his infirmity or old age."

Never did an apple afloat more provokingly elude a youth, as with hands resolutely clasped behind him, he bent over the tub of water and endeavored to take it with his teeth, than did the object of Captain Anderson play away from successful accomplishment. The experience of people who have sought the favor of the law-making or executive powers to obtain an object of personal good for themselves or others has taught them that, as old people look over their spectacles to see the movement on the other side, so do the servants of the public over the object presented to measure the strength of the impelling power, and that attitude is apt to remain unchanged until the impulsion becomes dynamic when the direction of view is turned into, and through the matter urged upon them. Something of this character must have been the experience of those pleading the cause of the "old soldier" for about twelve years. General Winfield Scott made special mention of the subject and strongly recommended it in his annual report dated November 20, 1845, and again in a report dated November 3, 1849, he says:

"While the army under my command lay at Pueblo a part of the summer of 1847, an humble petition to Congress in favor of an asylum * * * for the benefit of *enlisted* men was drawn up and signed by, I believe, every commissioned officer. * * * In connection with that petition I beg to add the following facts: On the capture of the city of Mexico, by the same army, I levied a contribution upon the inhabitants of \$150,000, in lieu of pillage, to which the city, by the usages of war, was, under the circumstances, liable." The disposition of this money was accounted for in a letter to the Secretary of War, dated at Mexico February 6, 1848, in which was enclosed a draft for \$100,000, concerning which the letter says: "I hope you will allow the draft to go to the credit of an *army asylum*, and make the subject known, in the way you deem best, to the military committee of Congress. That sum is, in small part, the price of the American blood so gallantly shed in this vicinity." Quoting again from the report of November 3, 1849: "The draft was made payable to me; and, in order to place the deposit beyond the control of any individual functionary whatever, I endorsed it, 'The Bank of America will place the within amount to the credit of *army asylum*, subject to the order of Congress.'" The remainder of the report is an earnest protest against the disposition of the draft (which the Secretary of War had caused to be turned into the United States treasury), and a renewed "petition that Congress may appropriate the whole to an *army asylum* for the worn out or decayed *enlisted* men (regulars and volunteers) yet in service, or who may have been honorably discharged therefrom." Thus, all along the line the history shows the difficulties which confronted the friends of the soldier, while

within the citadel the feeling of opposition was strong enough to evoke the following from a member of the House of Representatives, in a letter to General Anderson, dated January 31, 1851:

"The prejudices of the House against the army are strong, and stupid and indiscriminating opposition is made to all changes which do not propose to cut down the army. I am not hopeful of the success of any measure—of the number in contemplation—that looks to the improvement of the army." This language was descriptive of a most remarkable state of feeling, else the honorable member erred greatly in thinking that in the face of the recent achievements in Mexico the national legislature would strike down the bruised and broken battalions which had brought untold wealth to the people, as well as glory to the national standard. The action of a few weeks later indicated that however strong was the prejudice against the army there was a power somewhere which operated to protect and advance the interests so long and faithfully urged upon Congress in favor of the "army asylum," and on the 3d of March, 1851, the approval of the President was given to "An Act to found a military asylum for the relief and support of invalid and disabled soldiers of the army of the United States." The law constituted the general-in-chief commanding the army and seven other general officers a board of commissioners with the necessary powers for carrying out the purposes of the act, and provided for the detail of officers from the army for the position of governor, deputy governor, and secretary and treasurer, for each site which should be established. It gave the right of admission to benefit in the asylum to all discharged soldiers of twenty years' service, and all disqualified by wounds received or disease contracted in the service and in the line of military duty—excepting deserters, mutineers, habitual drunkards and convicted felons—and required the discharge from the asylum of those who, being under fifty years of age, should recover their health so as to be fit again for military duty. By the same act a specific appropriation of money (including the levy made by General Scott upon Mexico), amounting to \$183,110.42, was made to establish the asylum, and for its future maintenance provision was made to devote all monies derived from stoppages and fines by courts-martial, from pay forfeited by deserters, and from the effects of deceased soldiers unclaimed for three years—the latter to be subject to demand of legal heirs at any time—also from a deduction of twenty-five cents per month from each enlisted soldier, giving the volunteers or those belonging to organizations raised for a limited period the option of permitting the deduction from their pay to be made or not, as they chose, but making it obligatory in effect upon the *regular* soldier. An amendment to this law was made March 3, 1859, which changed the name of the institution to the "Soldiers' Home," reduced the number of commissioners to *three*, reduced the monthly deduction from the pay of the soldiers to twelve and one-half cents per month, and required pensioners to surrender their pensions to the Home while they should remain in and receive its benefits. Another amendment was made March 3, 1883, which made the Board of Commissioners to consist of the general-in-chief commanding the army, the commissary general, the adjutant general, the judge advocate general, the quartermaster general, the surgeon general, and the governor of the Home (all *ex-officio*), and provided for the pensions of inmate pensioners to be held in trust for their benefit, or to be paid to their parents, wives or children. With the exception of these amendments the provisions of the original law remain in force.

The first commissioners, with General Scott as the senior officer, lost no time in selecting a location for the "asylum." Parcels of ground on every side in the immediate vicinity of Washington City were offered at prices varying from \$50 to \$350 per acre. A portion of Mount Vernon was also offered at \$1,333.33 per acre. Two tracts north of the city, containing a

total of 256 acres, were purchased for \$57,500. On one of these tracts were good buildings, one of which, "the mansion," is now a summer residence for the President of the United States. Additions of ground since made to the original purchase have increased the number of acres to 500. The tract is nearly seven-eighths of a mile wide for about half its length from the southern boundary, which is irregular. The north half is reduced in width by a change of direction of the eastern boundary running westward about 400 yards. The western boundary nearly opposite the same point changes its course and runs northeast until it meets the eastern boundary at a point about one mile and three-eighths from the south line. In this north point nearly all of the buildings are situated. The ground is nearly level, being the broad top of a ridge which, upon the east side just outside the Home grounds, is of quite abrupt descent. A public road cuts off about fifteen acres, a portion of which is devoted to a national cemetery, while the remaining portion is a hillside grove in which, within a year past, a platform and seats have been erected for use on "decoration day." Within the main grounds a pear orchard covers the "point," and the first building near it is the library. The building was originally intended for a billiard room and bowling alley, and is the only building upon the grounds upon which the genius of the architect "run to waste." The main building a few yards south of the library was the first one erected after the purchase of the grounds for an asylum. It was commenced in 1852 and completed in 1857. It is of white marble, the front structure 151½ feet long by 57 feet wide, four stories high, with a clock tower in the center of the south front. A rear wing from the center covers nearly equal ground with the front. In the basement are the kitchens, store rooms, offices, smoking rooms, etc. Upon the first floor is the dining room, large enough to seat 340 men. The remainder of this floor, and all the other floors, is devoted to sleeping rooms, and of these—except in the matter of ventilation of a few of the upper rooms—it may be said that they are as nearly perfect for the uses intended as can well be made. Single beds, wire and hair mattresses, clean and comfortable clothing of woolen and linen, clean uncarpeted floors and pure air, a box or locker for each man, make up a sum of comfort for the lodging of one accustomed only to the blanket and the bunk, which is well nigh perfect, and not to be found for the same person in the most luxurious bed-chamber wealth could provide. On the east of the main building is the annex used principally as a dormitory. On the same side are the stables and shops, the former too close for a well regulated institution. Upon the west and next the main building is the mansion, the dwelling of the former proprietor, and now the summer residence of the President. It has been remodeled, and very little of the original appearance of the building which a few years since was almost buried in vines, is left. Directly south from the mansion and main building the ground falls off gradually for half a mile, while on either side the ridge extends in a graceful sweep for about five hundred yards to bluffs somewhat abrupt, but not enough so to mar the beauty of rounded form. Upon the western ridge going southward from the mansion are the following objects in their order: The office building, a one story brick structure, where the commissioners meet at least once every month; the governor's residence, and next the deputy governor's residence, both large, roomy, and comfortable double houses of the same material as the "main building," and of design in harmony with it. Next is a double building of brick occupied by the treasurer and the attending surgeon. These buildings all have a back-ground of woods which extends with the gradually sloping hill to the highway which here forms the western boundary of the grounds. The next object upon the western avenue is a portrait statue of General Scott, which was erected in 1874 upon a point of the ridge, which here extends to the east so as to make one side of a basin formed with the lower ground south of the mansion.

The statue is bronze, ten feet high, upon a granite pedestal placed in the center of a mound, around which is a circular drive for carriages. The figure is represented in uniform, with a military cloak, fastened at the throat and thrown back from the right shoulder; head uncovered, left arm slightly bent and the hand resting on the thigh, the right hand upon the breast and thrust under the partly open coat. The position is one of dignified repose. No strain of feeling is aroused in the observer, such as is felt in looking upon the various equine figures in the city, upon which is perpetuated in the figure of the officer, the tension of nerve and alertness which almost prompts an effort to break the spell and give the dead their rest.

Standing beside the statue, or seated upon the rustic bench close by, a view may be obtained which the visitor who has leisure may enjoy for an indefinite time. The city lies not far below. The eye can cover it all at one gaze. The dome of the capitol stands high above every other object—except that shaft of marble which bids fair to soon become the Washington monument—and far beyond is the broad Potomac, whose course is in the direction of view, and carries the eye on and on until objects become indistinct. Perhaps an officer close by may be observed lazily reclining upon the grass, while a soldier stands near him waving in various directions a white flag with a square block of color in the center. Presently the officer takes a small telescope from the earth beside him, and leveling it in a direction west of the city, looks steadily for a minute or two, lowers the glass and apparently writes down the result of his observation in a memorandum book. Looking in the same direction as did the officer the sight will be just strong enough to discern a flag-staff upon the top of the hills on the other side of the Potomac, perhaps five or six miles away. Curiosity may be gratified by a few questions, and from the answers it will be learned that the flag-staff marks the spot known as Fort Meyer, Virginia, the station of the United States signal corps, and the operation just witnessed was simply a practice lesson in transmitting a message by the use of the small flag, the motions of which to right, to left, to front, or by circle, indicated the letters or words of the message. A practice day upon this spot, by the signal men, is a diversion for many an old soldier whose monotonous life is greatly relieved even by a pantomime. A little east of south from the statue, about 400 yards distant, is Barnes' Hospital, named for General Joseph K. Barnes, deceased, late surgeon-general of the army, who was the senior officer of the commissioners of the Home, when the hospital was built nearly eight years ago. It is a model hospital in every respect, and has received unqualified approval from the foremost medical men of Europe, as well as of America. It is full of patients all the time. It was intended to accommodate sixty, but the average number is about eighty. Some are ailing, some are waiting, some of sight or limb are wanting, all are forever done with the fullness of physical life, and the surgeon looks upon them as his children, whose every want he must attend. Three hundred yards farther south is the portion of the grounds known as "Harewood," an estate of 191 acres added to the Home by purchase in 1872. A good portion of it is woods, through which are beautiful drives winding into labyrinths for one unaccustomed to them, for at three different points a stranger will be bewildered by following a well-worn track which returns upon itself, and may be traversed many times before some objects begin to have a familiar look. One of these places is bounded by a drive which is as irregular as would be the loop of a lasso thrown from the hand and permitted to drop upon the ground, an oblong irregular figure, from the northern end of which is the capitol "vista." Through the woods for a distance of 500 or 600 yards an opening has been cut just wide enough, and trimmed just high enough to admit a view of the dome of the capitol, which is invisible from points a step or two on either side of a particular spot. With the aid of very little imagina-

tion one may think the eye rests upon the temple in the new city which has been pictured in misty glory by so many artists.

Upon the "Harewood" grounds are the principal farm and dairy buildings. The cottage now occupied by the farmer was, in some of the years of war, the summer home of the "great war secretary," Edwin M. Stanton, the man who in the war times inspired more fear amongst his subordinates by the promptness and severity of his punishments for delinquencies than ever visited the same persons in the presence of an active foe. And yet when he stood upon the steps of the north front of the old War Department building, now gone down with him to the dust, and tried on that memorable 3d of April, 1865, to speak congratulatory words concerning the news which had come over the wires from the hand of President Lincoln, at City Point, Va., of a broken Rebellion and an evacuated Confederate capitol, his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see that the crowd which stood about and before him was composed of his apparently demoralized officers and clerks who had abandoned their desks and swarmed from the building by the windows as well as the doors; or, if he did see them, his voice was too much broken with the emotions, which were stronger than his stout heart, to permit him to administer a rebuke to those who almost without exception, at some time in the months and years just past, contributed their share to the result, and many had brought away the marks of the sacrifice.

The work of farming is confined to the products of a market garden, which can not be purchased for the purposes of the Home in as good condition as they can be raised upon the ground. The dairy is the most important institution of the Home, and the herd of from forty to fifty Alderney and Holstein cattle is by no means the least amongst the matters of interest to be seen upon the grounds. The work of the dairy is done by men. The cooking for the inmates, nursing the sick, and indeed all the indoor work usually done by women is done by men. Some of the employees are "civilians," so called to distinguish them from inmates who are employed upon light work.

There are five principal gates or entrances to the Home grounds; two upon the east side and three upon the west side. At each is a lodge and a gate-keeper. The first on the east is the Harewood gate, entering upon the grounds already mentioned, of the same name. From it the "East drive," after a serpentine course westward for about 500 yards up a pretty sharp grade, turns northward, and as it passes along east of the central portion of the grounds affords the finest view of the open country, the drive being upon high ground and the view unobstructed across the entire place. From the same gate "Corcoran Avenue," flanked on both sides by magnificent rows of shade trees, leads into the woods. "Sherman" gate is near the north point opposite the cemetery; "Scott" gate, or as familiarly known, "Eagle" gate because of the immense iron eagles upon the gate pillars, is directly opposite "Sherman" gate, and both lead to the buildings only a few steps distant. There is a large gate a few steps west of the Scott statue so little used as not to be dignified with a name. The most important gate is one nearest the city upon the west side. It is reached by an avenue from "Seventh Street Road," a continuation of the most important street running north and south in Washington. The avenue is the property of the Home, although the land on either side is owned by private parties. It is called "Whitney Avenue," and the gate bears the same name. The ornaments upon the gate pillars or piers, which are of brick capped with stone, are large vases said to be copies of a vase designed by Thorwaldsen. The first view upon entering this gate is the one which may properly be called the "prettiest" when the word is used as meaning an appearance which gives momentary pleasure, but may not be remembered as one would remember the scenery and lake at Chautauqua. About two hundred feet from the gate are two little lakes which serve to assure the visitor that there really

is real water on the place. By artificial means one of these lakes is held at a level about ten feet above the other, and by pipes carried to the center of the lower, a pretty, single jet fountain is formed. The north end of the upper lake is crossed by a substantial iron bridge, and the south end of the lower one is covered by a short granite span. Between the two all effort to find any satisfaction in the waste (?) of water is futile. But for miniatures they are really pretty, and with the three swans bumping up against the green shore as they float backward and swim forward, the half dozen white ducks with their heads in the mud and their dozen red legs and feet in the air in active effort to kick themselves farther into the mud, and the two wild geese, domesticated by the loss of part of a pinion each, as they stand sullenly by looking like fettered savages, all combine to afford a diversion which may not be found anywhere else by the visitor.

The drives throughout the grounds will afford a ride of ten or eleven miles without going twice over the same spot, except at crossings. They are beautiful, hard, well kept, graveled courses. The gutters are models, and of themselves works of beauty, as they are paved with selected stone, nearly white, nearly of a size, and none much larger than a large egg, all in their natural form or shape. But it all affords but little genuine good to the old soldier. If he ventures out upon the road his walk is beset with dangers, and a sudden fright from a dashing team almost upon him drives away all gratification he might receive by looking from a place of safety upon the handsome equipages whirling by. Except the "short cuts" through the grass—and these are few and under prohibition—there is but one foot-path of any length in the grounds, and that is of brick, between the main building and the hospital. In most cases, to traverse this, is not even a matter of melancholy pleasure. The many privileges ready made for the citizens of Washington, without care or cost to them, are no doubt appreciated by them, but if a due weight of appreciation could be given to the cost, both original in money and cumulative in deprivation to those whose right it is to use them, the use of extended drives in a beautiful park away from the heat and dust of the streets, and yet so near as to be at the door, would lead all the rest.

The Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia is unquestionably a grand institution, and in providing creature comforts, can probably not be improved upon, but it fails to meet a want which is known and recognized by the authorities having it in charge. Perhaps the one word which will best express it is *diversion*, not in the sense of amusement, but to take one away from his melancholies and permit no reaction. The inmates are men who have formed habits which grew under circumstances of constantly recurring excitement.

They are able to understand that the best years of their lives have passed, and that the best powers of their bodies have been used, while nearly half of the allotted time of life, as measured by the number of their years, ought to still be to their credit, but they feel in some way that their hands are empty. True, they have every comfort for animal life, and in the little red stone chapel, the three services every Sunday are more than they ever knew before as a provision for their spiritual welfare, and they have the same freedom from care to which they have been accustomed through their military life, but each one sees that all he has is shared by five hundred others, and in it all he has no single part over which he can exercise individual control, not even himself. Everything tells him his work is done, and there is no more in the give and take of life over which he can plan and work. Discontent is inevitable, and until some plan is devised for bringing the military service, or most of its features, to the Home, and having there a counterpart of the camp and its duties, not to be imposed as set tasks, but to be taken up and directed by the men who all their lives have been under direction, and ought now to enjoy the privilege of apparent control, a remedy will probably not

be found. It took years to overcome in a measure the dislike and suspicion with which the old soldier regarded the Home. It was a manifestation of interest in him which was new and unusual, and by him untried. Progress has been made in the past years toward overcoming the matters which may be mentioned as difficulties in the problem of how to take care of men who ought to be simply aided in taking care of themselves by supplying them to a proper extent with means or material, and throwing upon them sufficient responsibility to create the *occupation*, which is the greatest need of the institution. This will gradually be worked out, and then the Home will be what it should, a place for work and life, and less of a place for waiting and death.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

It has been truly said that Walter Scott's novels have done more to warm the hearts of the English people toward their northern brethren than any other influence during the last century. The two races, unlike in national traditions and social characteristics, differing as to climatic influence and formation of country, with a blood-stained record since the days of Kenneth Mac Alpine, were not naturally allied, or well prepared for immediate and lasting friendship. To borrow the language of surgery: It was not a national break to be easily "knitted," but a sort of compound fracture.

For thirty generations English and Scot had literally "glowered" across the border. Constrained in the narrow island of Britain, they had struggled like Roman gladiators in a wave-washed Coliseum, from which there was no escape. In the world's history there is no other record of two races, with so many divergent points, and so much ancestral hatred, solidifying into one harmonious nation; and it is to the glory of Scott to have contributed to so grand a consummation. "All war," Bulwer says, "is a misunderstanding." It seemed to be the mission of our novelist to introduce England and Scotland to each other, and to make future misunderstanding impossible. Some of the volumes and characters, which we are to consider in this and in the following paper, emphasize and illustrate this conclusion.

"The Pirate," next in historic sequence, has little to do with the history of reigns and dynasties. With the exception of a single paragraph, which refers incidentally to the commotion between Highlanders and Lowlanders, between Williamites and Jacobites, one would not dream that there was such a thing as a government in the world. The reader, in spite of the warlike title, finds himself in a northern Arcadia. In the hospitable home of Magnus Troil we have a picture of a Norwegian Udaller—one of the last survivors, who kept alive the customs of Scandinavia in the Orkney and Zetland Islands. What Cedric, the Saxon, was to his people, as a prototype of antique manners in the reign of Richard, the Lion Hearted, Magnus Troil is to the few surviving Norwegians at the close of the last century in the stormy islands of the north. We sit at his board, and hear Sagas rehearsed by fishermen, who preserved among themselves the ancient Norse tongue. We listen to the dark romance of other days when the black raven banner ruled the seas. We are taken back in fancy to moonlit bays, where mermaids mingle their voices with the moaning waves. The monstrous leviathans of the deep again seem real, and the sea-snake, with towering head, girdles with its green folds the misty islands of Shetland. We find captains negotiating for favorable voyages with weird hags and insane witches—antique insurance brokers, who were willing to take payment without giving indemnity. We find in Norna—the wild prophetess—who half believed her own divinations, a legitimate descendant of the Voluspæ, or divining women,

who, from Hebraic and Dephic times, have wielded power through centuries of superstition. We find Christian inhabitants of well governed and hospitable villages, who regard the spoils of the sea, and castaway wrecks, as kindly dispensations of Providence. We are introduced to a primitive people still clinging to the belief that a supernatural race, allied to the fairies, sometimes propitious to mortals, but more frequently capricious and malevolent, worked below the earth as artificers of iron and precious metals. We see lovers still pledging their troth and taking the Promise of Oden at the Standing Stones of Stennis, and note the patriotism and proud spirit of Minna Troil, as she responds to her lover's description of other lands of palm and cocoa,

Fair realms of continual summer,
And fields ever fragrant with flowers.

"No," she answers, "my own rude country has charms for me, even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can offer to me. I endeavor in vain to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves, which my eye never saw; but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime than these waves, when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful, than when they come, as they now do, rolling in calm tranquility to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land—not the brightest sunbeam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would win my thoughts for a moment from that lofty rock, misty hill and wide rolling ocean. Haitland is the land of my deceased ancestors, and of my living father, and in Haitland will I live and die."

The *Bride of Lammermoor* reveals the iniquitous administration of law in Scotland during the closing years of King William's reign. The Scottish vicegerents, raised to power by the strength of faction, had friends to reward and enemies to humble. The old adage was literally verified: "Show me the man, and I will show you the law." It is said that officers in high stations affected little scruple concerning bribery. "Pieces of plate, and bags of money, were sent in presents to the King's counsel, to influence their conduct, and poured forth," says a contemporary writer, "like billets of wood upon the floors, without even the decency of concealment." The story opens with a burial and its attendant ceremony; and this key-note of sadness gives the tone or concert pitch to the sorrowful drama. The ready wit and crafty subterfuges of the old butler, Caleb Balderstone, somewhat relieve and lighten up the somberness of the tragedy. But it is not our purpose to trace the plot, or to point the moral of the swift and awful punishment which follows pride and injustice.

As in "The Pirate," we find but one paragraph relating to concurrent history, so in the "*Bride of Lammermoor*" we have but one historic glimpse of passing events, when the Tory party obtained, in the Scottish, as in the English councils of Queen Anne, a short lived ascendancy. There were at this time three parties in Scotland: the Unionists, who were destined providentially to triumph; the Jacobites, who desired the national independence of the kingdom; the third party, who were waiting to see the course of events. The reign of William, just completed, was not favorably regarded by the Scottish nation. His memory was justly honored in England, and revered by the Protestants of Ireland as a deliverer from civil and religious servitude. In Scotland he had likewise rendered great service to the right of worshiping God according to the dictates of one's own conscience, but in civil matters he had infringed upon the prerogatives of the people—an infringement not speedily to be forgotten. Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," calls attention to this long cherished national resentment in the following paragraph: "On the fifth of November, 1788, when a full century had elapsed after the Revolution, some friends to constitutional liberty proposed that the return of the day should be solemnized by an agreement to erect a monument to the memory of King William, and the services which he had rendered to the British kingdoms. At

this period an anonymous letter appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers, ironically applauding the undertaking, and proposing as two subjects of the entablature, for the base of the projected column, the massacre of Glencoe; and the distresses of the Scottish colonies at Darien. The proposal was abandoned as soon as the insinuation was made public."

When Queen Anne came to the throne it was thought prudent to make some provision which would insure a Protestant government for all time to Britain. The English Parliament therefore passed an Act of Succession in June, 1700: "Settling the crown, on the failure of Queen Anne and her issue, upon the grand-daughter of King James the First, of England—Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, and her descendants. Queen Anne, and her statesmanlike adviser, Godolphin, saw the necessity of uniting Scotland in this agreement; but the Scottish people complained that they were not only required to surrender their public rights, according to the terms proposed, but also to yield them up to the very nation who had been most malevolent to them in all respects; who had been their constant enemies during a thousand years of almost continual war; and who, even since they had been united under the same crown, had shown in the massacre of Glencoe, and the disasters of Darien, at what a slight price they held the lives and rights of their northern neighbors."

"The Tale of the Black Dwarf" is related to the time of this fierce discussion in Scotland, as to the adoption or rejection of this proposed union; when mobs and rabbles crowded High Street; when the hall of meeting, contrary to the privileges of Edinburgh, was surrounded by guards and soldiery; when the debaters were often "in the form of a Polish Diet, with their swords in their hands, or at least their hands on their swords." After a vain struggle the Scottish commissioners were compelled to submit to an incorporating union, and on the twenty-second of April the Parliament of Scotland adjourned forever. For the moment all parties were indignant. Papists, Prelatists, and Presbyterians were united in the common feeling that the country had been treated with injustice. Lord Belhaven, in a celebrated speech, which made the strongest impression on the people, declared that he saw, in prophetic vision, "The peers of Scotland, whose ancestors had raised tribute in England, now walking in the Courts of Requests, like so many English attorneys, laying aside their swords, lest self-defense should be called murder—he saw the Scottish barons with their lips padlocked to avoid the penalties of unknown laws—he saw the Scottish lawyers struck mute and confounded at being subjected to the intricacies and technical jargon of an unknown jurisprudence—he saw the merchants excluded from trade by the English monopolies—the artisans ruined for want of custom—the gentry reduced to indigence—the lower ranks to starvation and beggary. 'But above all, my lord,' he continued, 'I think I see our ancient mother Caledonia, like Cæsar, sitting in the midst of our senate, ruefully looking around her, covering herself with her royal mantle, awaiting the fatal blow, and breathing out her last with the exclamation, "And thou too, my son."'" These prophetic words made the deepest impression, until the effect was in some degree dispelled by Lord Marchmont, who rising to reply, said: "I have been much struck with the noble lord's vision, but I conceive that the exposition of it might be given in a few words: I woke, and behold it was a dream."

If in these critical times the King of France had kept his promise to the son of James the Second, or if his Scottish friends had been more united or possessed a leader of distinguished talent, the House of Stuart might have repossessed their ancient throne of Scotland. The French fleet indeed brought the Pretender with an army of five thousand men to the Frith of Forth, but, frightened by the English fleet, returned to France without landing. It was an enterprise entirely devoid of spirit, and the closing chapters of the "Black Dwarf" re-

veal a pitiful picture of the apathy of the movement, and the indecision and incapacity of the Pretender's adherents.

"Rob Roy" introduces us to the wild fastnesses which lie between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. The state of the country is still unsettled. The Highlanders have been kept comparatively quiet since the days of King William by giving pensions to the leading chiefs, upon the principle of feeding the wilder and fiercer animals in order to keep them tractable; but, like a rock poised on a precipice, the clans seem ready at an instant to break loose and precipitate themselves upon the lowlands; the Jacobites still retain hope of restoring the Stuart line. The Whigs, continually on the alert, anticipate every movement; the slightest whisper in Paris is heard at the London Court; it also appeared that Louis the Fourteenth was now disposed to encourage any plot to disturb the reigning monarch of England; the Pretender hastened to Paris upon receiving tidings of the death of Queen Anne, but his reception was so unfavorable that he returned to Lorraine, "with the sad assurance that the monarch of France was determined to adhere to the treaty of Utrecht, by an important article of which he had recognized the succession of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain."

George the First landed at Greenwich, September seventeenth, 1714, and quietly assumed the government; but the seething plot of Macbeth's witches was not yet skimmed. The rebellion known as "The Affair of 1715" was organized and guided by the Earl of Mar. The clans were again in arms, and the Pretender again hailed as king. In the battle of Sheriffmuir, which followed soon afterward, an outlawed clan whose name for generations was only mentioned in whisper, "nameless by day" and fierce through oppression, remained inactive upon the field. They were ordered by the Earl of Mar to charge the enemy, but the bold chieftain answered with haughty indifference: "If you can not win without us you will not, with us." The speaker was Robert MacGregor, more generally known as Rob Roy. Like Robin Hood of England he is said to have been a kind and gentle robber, who harried the rich and relieved the poor. As Scott says in his introduction to the romance: "He maintained through good report and bad report a wonderful degree of importance in popular recollection. He owed his fame in a great measure to his residing on the very verge of the Highlands, and playing such pranks in the beginning of the eighteenth century as are usually ascribed to the freebooters of the middle ages—and that within forty miles of Glasgow, a great commercial city, the seat of a learned university. Thus a character like his, blending the wild virtues, the subtle policy, and unrestrained license of an American Indian, was flourishing in Scotland during the Augustan age of Queen Anne and George the First—the sept of MacGregor claimed a descent from Alpin, King of Scots, who ruled about 787. Hence their original patronymic is Mac Alpine. They occupied at one period very extensive possessions in Perthshire and Argyleshire, which they imprudently continued to hold by the right of the sword. Their neighbors, the Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane, managed to have this property engrossed in deeds and charters, which they easily obtained from the crown." In plain English, they stole it, and obtained a commission by an Act of Privy Council in 1563 to pursue the claim with fire and sword. No wonder that the Mac Gregors came to have little regard for the law which had little regard for them. In sympathy for the oppressed outlaw, Wordsworth breaks out in enthusiastic tribute:

Say then that he was wise as brave,
As wise in thought as bold in deed;
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves!
They stir us up against our kind,
And worse, against ourselves.

The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind;
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace and peace of mind.

For why? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Blackstone would probably have regarded this as a feeble tenure of property, and Scott was too good a lawyer to excuse the robber and blackmailer on such primitive and poetic principles. He puts a more natural and sensible excuse in the mouth of the honest bailie, Nicol Jarvie: "Robin was anes a weel-doing, pains-taking drover, as ye wad see amang ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings; and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he would gie him back five shillings out o' the pund sterling. But the times came hard, and Rob was venturesome, and the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbors o' his, grippit to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hillside, and sair misguided to the boot. Weel, Rob cam hame, and fand desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, north, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither beild nor shelter, sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet over his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man."

He had indeed suffered, and the harsh treatment which his wife had received from the soldiery was enough to have roused a less ferocious man to revenge. Her spirit seems to have been cast in the same mould, and Scott presents her in heroic guise, assuming the command of the clan in her husband's absence. "Stand," she said, with a commanding tone to the English soldiers, "and tell me what ye seek in Mac Gregor's country?" "She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body, as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle."

"What seek ye here?" she asked again of Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoiter. "We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy Mac Gregor Campbell," answered the officer, "and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment."

"Ay," retorted the Amazon, "I am no stranger to your tender mercies. You have left me neither name nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them—ye have left me neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us—ye have taken from us all—all! The very names of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives."

There is another character which lives long and pleasantly in the reader's memory—the warm hearted bumptious bailie, Nicol Jarvie, a Scotchman profoundly impressed with a sense of his own extraordinary ability, who never forgot to quote from his father, the deacon, and never lost his appreciation of the "siller." Scott has drawn this character with marvelous art. It stands out like a living portrait, and the reader loves him because he is as brave as he is canny. The scene in the Highland inn, where he found his sword rusted fast in the scabbard, and seized the red hot poker for a weapon, is at once dramatic and humorous.

The shifting of the scene of the story from the north of England to Glasgow, and thence to the Highlands, is naturally done, and without creaking of machinery. We have just enough of the villain Rashley and his nefarious plotting to give the continuous interest of uncertainty; and Die Vernon (pardon me, reader, for compressing her in a closing paragraph),

with ready wit and sterling sense, flits about like a hoydenish angel—but in spite of eccentricities a ministering angel of peace and comfort. In the happiness of Frank Osbaldistone, who wins her hand in the closing chapter, we forget the defeat of the Jacobite party, or the fact that the Pretender is again an exile from the throne of his fathers.

"The Heart of Midlothian" opens with a description of the celebrated Porteous Mob at Edinburgh, in 1736. Two smugglers, Wilson and Robertson, who were reduced to poverty, robbed the collector to make good their own loss. They were arrested, tried, and condemned to death. As the Parliament was endeavoring to make the income of Scotland a source of revenue to the common exchequer, smuggling was not looked upon by the people as a very heinous offense. In fact, it was almost universal in every port north of the Tweed during the reigns of George the First and George the Second. The people, unaccustomed to duties, considered them in the light of national oppression; and the sentence of death pronounced against Wilson and Robertson was considered severe and unjust. The prisoners attempted an escape, but were discovered. The day of execution came. It was customary for persons sentenced to death to attend preparatory service at the kirk. On this occasion the church was thronged. Wilson, who was a very powerful man, at the conclusion of the exercises seized two of the guards with his hands, at the same time catching the collar of the third with his teeth. He cried to his companion to run, and the crowd, whose sympathies were with the prisoners, allowed Robertson to mix with the people and escape. Wilson was executed. The City Guard, under the command of Porteous, was insulted by the citizens. The Guard fired upon them with deadly aim. Porteous was tried and condemned for murder. King George at this time was on the Continent, and Queen Caroline, acting in his absence, sent a reprieve to Porteous. Edinburgh was now thoroughly aroused. They asked if a poor smuggler, accused of stealing, should hang without a reprieve, while a hard hearted and despised man, who shot down the people of their chief city without mercy, should go scathless. A mob, apparently of the better class of citizens, too orderly to need even a leader, attacked the Tolbooth. Porteous was taken by force and hung at night in the Grassmarket.

The Queen was incensed. "A bill was prepared and brought into Parliament for the punishment of the city of Edinburgh, in a very vindictive spirit, proposing to abolish the city charter, demolish the city walls, take away the town guard, and declare the provost incapable of holding any office of public trust." Scotland was fortunate at that time in possessing a great leader, John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted; he was not without ambition, but "without the illness that attends it"—that irregularity of thought and aim which often excites great men to grasp the means of raising themselves to power, at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. Pope has distinguished him as

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised, whether in office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His independent and haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament, and acting in public, were ill calculated to attract royal favor; but his high military talents enabled him, during the memorable year 1715, to render such services to the House of Hanover, as, perhaps, were too great to be either acknowledged or repaid. His spirited and witty reply to the queen was quoted and chuckled over from Berwick to Inverness: "Sooner than submit to such an insult as this Porteous Mob," said the Queen to the Duke, "I will make Scotland a hunting field." "In that case," answered Argyle, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready."

His speech in Parliament in reference to the dismantling of Edinburgh reveals the straightforward character of the man. He retorted upon the Chancellor, Lord Hardwick, the insinuation that he had stated himself in this case rather as a party than as a judge: "I appeal," said Argyle, "to the House—to the nation, if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber or a partisan. Have I been a briber of votes? a buyer of boroughs? the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party? Consider my life, examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honor. I have shown myself the friend of my country—the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either. I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively, to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest. Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified—shall such a city, for the fault of an unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honors and privileges—its gates and its guards? And shall a native Scotsman tamely behold the havoc? I glory, my lords, in opposing such unjust rigor, and reckon it my dearest pride and honor to stand up in defense of my native country, while thus laid open to undeserved shame and unjust spoliation." In this tribute of Scott, and this speech, which he has recorded in one of his best known novels, Argyle stands out as a noble representative of a family powerful through centuries; ay, so thoroughly revered to-day in Scotland that an old Scotch woman on a comparatively recent wedding morn remarked that the Queen must be a happy woman noo, since her daughter has married the son of Argyle.

So much for the historic setting of this well known story, which makes the reader acquainted with Arthur's Seat, with High Street, the Old Tolbooth, the Grassmarket and the Church of St. Giles. We see in the unbending and uncompromising character of David Deans a descendant of the Covenanters, who could hardly understand how a Presbyterian could acknowledge a government that did not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. We see his house made desolate by the misfortune and misguidance of his daughter Effie. We trace the unswerving rectitude of Jeanie's character, destined to triumph at last over all obstacles. We witness the dramatic scene in the court room, and read her eloquent appeal before the Queen in the great park of Richmond. We go with her through strange villages, and over solitary heaths. But through insult and disaster we find her serenely relying upon that Providence which she knew was all-kind and all-powerful.

She accomplished her mission and lived to enjoy the blessedness of well doing. And Effie, ah! poor Effie! she inherited wealth and possession, but lived to see her husband shot by a Gypsy band; while her son, reared among outlaws, became a wanderer, lost to the view of herself and the world. In the contrast of these sisters' lives we recognize the truth of the oft-quoted lines:

"'Tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than wear a golden sorrow."

Scott closes this dramatic story with these words: "This tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."

SOME LONDON PREACHERS.

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two first preachers of the Established Church of England. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money?" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent Canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay—and very liberally—to get seats near the pulpit. On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the Cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave and aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resounds well under the dome; though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bows the head in a marked manner when he utters the holy name; but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at a little distance off, the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects beside these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought and lucidity in reasoning, could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember, in particular, a sermon of his on the text: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophesy the gradual progress of the world toward a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by Him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

Optimism—which is nothing but great faith—pervades Dr. Liddon's preaching. He never leaves his hearers under the apprehension that in any struggle between the good and the bad forces of this world, the bad are going to get the best of it. He knows human nature too well, however, to exaggerate what can be done by any single human being. "The first lesson in true wisdom"—he said in one of his most recent sermons—"is the limited nature of our faculties, the reality and extent of our ignorance;" and there is a curious mixture of religious and mundane philosophy in the following remarks about the presumption of St. Peter, a few minutes before he denied his Master:

We only weaken ourselves by dwelling upon mischiefs which we can not hope to remedy. We have only a certain amount of thought, of feeling, of resolve, each one of us, to dispose of. And when this has been expended unavailingly on the abstract, on the intangible, it is expended; it is no longer ours, and we can not employ it when and where we need it close at home. * * * Peter failed as he did, because he had expended his moral strength in words, and had no sufficient force to dispose of when the time came for action and for suffering.

These observations made in a grand sermon, "The Lord was not in the fire," may also be quoted:

Religious passion carried to the highest point of enthusiasm is a great agency in human life; but religious passion may easily be too inconsiderate, too truculent, too entirely wanting in tenderness and in charity, to be in any sense divine. Christendom has been ablaze again and again with fires: and those fires are not extinct in our own day and country, of which it may certainly be said that the Lord is not in them.

The Bishop of Peterborough has not often been heard in London of late years, but whenever he is advertised to preach, crowds flock to hear him. He need not be compared with Liddon, for the personal appearance, style, and opinions of the two men are quite different. But whereas the Canon sometimes preaches above the understanding of dull men, the Bishop's eloquence never soars much above earth. It is a rousing eloquence, spirited, combative, often sarcastic and always directed against some evil which is preoccupying public attention at the time being. Dr. Magee is not merely a hater, but an aggressive enemy of "humbug," clothe itself in what garb it may. With his animated Celtic features, long upper lip, large mouth, energetic nose and shaggy eyebrows, with his gruffness and broad smile which breaks up the whole of his face into comical lines, he has all the look of a humorist. The glance all round which he takes at his congregation when he has got into the pulpit, is that of a master. His first words arrest attention, and if some unlucky man drops a book during his exordium, that man will stare hard at the pulpit and pretend to have no connection whatever with the book, lest his lordship's eyes should suddenly be turned upon him like two fiery points of interrogation. Presently, when the Bishop warms to his work, his arms hit out from the shoulder like piston-rods wrapped in lawn; down come his large hands with great slaps on his book or cushion, and if he is preaching in a church where the beadle has not heard of his little ways and has not been careful to give the cushions a beating, enough dust will be raised to make a fine powdering for the heads of the people in the pew beneath.

Plainspoken and shrewd, discussing all questions with easy arguments, never stooping to subtleties, clear in his delivery, happy in the choice of words, he keeps his hearers bound like Ogmios, that god of eloquence among the Gauls who used to be represented with chains flowing out of his mouth. On occasions he rises to the highest flights of oratory, but never loses sight of his congregation, who have always been carried along by him through the successive degrees of his own enthusiasm. He should be heard delivering a charity sermon, for this is a duty which he discharges in no perfunctory fashion. He masters his subject thoroughly; speaks of the poor or afflicted for whom he is pleading like one who knows them; and his advice as to supplying their wants is never dictated by eccentric philanthropy, but springs from that true benevolence which has common sense for its source. He was being asked to interest himself in a carpenter's clever young apprentice whom some good people wanted to send to college. "Let him first graduate as a good carpenter," said the Bishop; "when he has become a skilled craftsman, so that he is proud of his trade and can fall back upon it if others fail, then will be the time to see if he is fit for anything better."

A popular vote would probably give the position of third amongst the best preachers of the day to Archdeacon Farrar. In his own church of St. Margaret, the Archdeacon shines with a subdued light. Those who have chatted with him by his own fireside, and know him to be the most amiable, unaffected of *causeurs*, those who remember him at Harrow as a most genial boy-loving master, will miss nothing of the good-natured simplicity which they liked in him, if they hear him in his own church discoursing about matters that concern his parish. But in the Abbey he is different. There, his massive face settles into a hard, expressionless look; his voice, which is loud and roughish, is pitched in a monotonous key; and his manner altogether lacks animation, even when his subject imperatively demands it. To illustrate any common reflection on the vicissitudes of life, the Archdeacon drags in the destruction of Pompeii with the latest mining accident; the overthrow of Darius with that of Osman Digna, the rainbow that appeared to Noah with Mr. Norman Lockyer's explanations of recent glorious sunsets; and all these juxtapositions come down so pat as to suggest the irreverent idea that the book which the

venerable preacher was studying during the prayers must have been an annotated copy of Maunders's "Treasury of Knowledge."

Mr. Spurgeon stands head and shoulders above all the Non-conformist preachers. Somebody once expressed a regret that the great Baptist minister was not a member of the Establishment, to which the late Bishop of Winchester answered by quoting a portion of the tenth commandment. But Mr. Spurgeon was much more aggressive in those days than he is now; he has softened much of late years, and churchmen can go to hear him without fear of being offended. On the days when he preaches his Tabernacle holds a multitude. It is a huge hall, and to see gallery upon gallery crowded with eager faces—some six thousand—all turned toward the pastor whose voice has the power of troubling men to the depths of their hearts, is a stirring sight. Mr. Spurgeon's is not a high-class congregation, and the preacher knows that its understanding can best be opened by metaphors and parables borrowed from the customs of the retail trade, and with similes taken from the colloquialisms of the streets. Laughter is not forbidden at the Tabernacle, and the congregation often breaks into titters, but the merriment is always directed against some piece of hypocrisy which the preacher has exposed, and it does one good to hear. He says:

"You are always for giving God short measure, just as if He had not made the pint pot."

"You don't expect the Queen to carry your letters for nothing, but when you are pesting a letter heavenward you won't trouble to stick a little bit of Christian faith on the right-hand corner of the envelope, and you won't put a correct address on either, and then you wonder the letter isn't delivered, so that you don't get your remittance by next post."

"You trust Mr. Jones to pay you your wages regularly, and you say he's a good master, but you don't think God can be trusted like Mr. Jones; you won't serve him because you don't believe in the pay."

"You have heard of the man who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could live, till he came to half a biscuit and then died; but, I tell you, most of you have tried on how little religion you could live, and many of you have got to the half-biscuit dose."

These whimsicalities, always effective, constitute but the foam of Mr. Spurgeon's oratory; the torrent which casts them up is broad, deep and of overwhelming power. Mr. Spurgeon is among preachers as Mr. Bright among parliamentary orators. All desire to criticise vanishes, every faculty is subdued into admiration, when he has concluded a sermon with a burst of his truly inspired eloquence, leaving the whole of his congregation amazed and the vast majority of its members anxious or hopeful, but in any case roused as if they had seen the heavens open. We are compelled to add that Mr. Spurgeon has in the Baptist communion no co-minister wielding a tenth of his power, and that those who, having gone to the Tabernacle to hear him, have to listen to some other man, will be disappointed in more ways than one.—*Temple Bar*.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Grant, O Olympian gods supreme,
Not my wish, and not my dream;
Grant me neither gold that shines,
Nor ruddy copper in the mines,
Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod
And be a fool, and seem a god,
Nor precious robe with jeweled fringe
Splendid with sea-born purple tinge,
Nor silken vest on downy pillow,
Nor hammock hard on heaving billow;
But give all goodly things that be
Good for the whole and best for me.
My thoughts are foolish, blind and crude;
Thou only knowest what is good.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

To a correspondent who forwards some poetry for personal examination and criticism, and who wants to know how she can get her production before the public. *Answer:*

One of the most difficult things in literature is to give a fair judgment of poetry. There is one invaluable test by which a writer may know concerning the estimate of competent critics, and that is by sending poems or other contributions to such magazines as *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, etc., or to such weekly papers as the *New York Independent*, the *Christian Advocate*, *The Christian Union*, the *Evangelist*, etc. If the editors of these publications approve sufficiently to publish and pay for a poem, the writer may congratulate herself. The commendations of friends who hear a thing read, or who have a bias in favor of the author, or who, as in my case, have sympathy with young persons who are attempting to make fame and financial compensation for themselves, are not always entirely trustworthy, and I therefore commend you to one of the most invaluable tests of real poetic ability: Submit your productions to the severest critics.

Phœbe S. Parker, of Roscoe, Ill., has recently joined the C. L. S. C. She will be 89 years old May 30, 1884. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the year 1810, is a great reader, and has no difficulty in keeping up with the class, and she enjoys the work heartily. May she live to graduate.

A lady from the West, residing in a city where there is "a public library, in which is an excellent collection of standard works of all kinds, the current literature of the day and all the leading periodicals, reviews," etc., finds it difficult "to read all the other good things she would like to read and, at the same time, keep up the C. L. S. C. course." For example, she "cares nothing about 'Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology,' and would rather spend her time reading something she enjoys, such as Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' Mackenzie's 'Nineteenth Century,' Kingsley's 'Life and Letters.'" She says: "Having begun this work, I do not want to turn back, yet I am very much inclined sometimes to drop a book I am reading, and take up one I would much rather read, not in the course."

In answer to this devoted friend of the C. L. S. C., a member of the class of 1887, I desire to say:

(1.) That the greater range of literature with which one is familiar, the greater the desire to read widely, and one may be tempted, while reading anything, to wish that she had undertaken something else, and it will be a good discipline of the will, having begun a course, to carry it through, since there is nothing in the course that can be pronounced "trash," or be considered useless.

(2.) The aim of the C. L. S. C. is not merely to give pleasant or classic reading, although the style or character of the reading should be worthy of commendation by the most cultivated taste. The object of the C. L. S. C. is to give the "college student's outlook"—to present in a series of brief readings the whole world of history, literature, science and art. This is for the benefit of college graduates, who in college spent so much time with the languages and mathematics, for purposes of mental discipline, that they failed to enjoy the charms of the literature itself. It is also for the benefit of others, who, having studied the physical sciences years before, desire now to review, seeing that so many changes are continually taking place in the hypotheses and settled conclusions of the scientists. The course is also designed for people who have never enjoyed college training, that they may have the benefit of the outlook which is to be enjoyed by their children later on.

(3.) A course so wide-reaching will embrace many topics about which certain people care nothing; but one of the greatest advantages of reading is the training of one to read because he ought to know rather than because he has a particular aptitude or delight in that direction.

I hope that my genial, candid, "enthusiastic" Chautauquan of the class of 1887, from beyond the Mississippi, will continue in the ranks of the C. L. S. C.

"Has any plan been devised by which graduates may go on with the regular classes as long as they wish, reading new and re-reading old subjects?" *Answer:* We give a seal for the re-reading of former years, and also a special seal for those who continue year after year to read.

Our excellent Canadian friend, Mr. James L. Hughes, writes: In answer to your query respecting the origin of the name "Canada," I have the honor to state that the best authorities agree in deriving it from an Indian word "Kan-na-ta," meaning a village. It is certain that Stadacona (Quebec) was spoken of as "Kan-na-ta," and Champlain found it to be a common name applied to Indian villages. This is the received origin of the name. Some attribute its origin to the Spaniards, who first visited the country in search of mines, but finding none frequently exclaimed, "Aca Node," "here is nothing." This is not now accepted as reliable. Several others have been given, only one of which may be mentioned to show its absurdity. Some one claimed that the French supplied their workmen in the colony with canned food, and that each man was allowed a can a day! Hence the name.

A QUESTION.—"Some of our class reject the pronunciation of Goethe's name as given by Prof. Wilkinson in the Latin Course. Please confirm—in the next number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN—the Professor, or give us the correct pronunciation according to the highest standard."

An Answer:—The Rev. Dr. Jos. A. Seiss, of Philadelphia, pastor of the leading Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, gives the following clear and satisfactory answer to the question, "How shall we pronounce the word GOETHE?"

"There can be no doubt about the pronunciation of the name of Goethe to those familiar with the sounds and powers of the German alphabet, which are always and in all relations the same. The diphthong *oe*, often written *ö*, has the sound and force of *a* in *gate*. The remainder of the name, *the*, has the sound of *teh*, pronounced nearly the same as the English *ty*, with a slight vergence toward *ta* as in *take*. Giving to the letters these sounds, the pronunciation of Goethe would be represented by *Gateh* in English phonography, or *Gayty*. It is hard for any other than a German tongue to give exactly the sound of *oe*; the above is as nearly as it can be represented in English letters.

Yours truly,

"JOS. A. SEISS."

"45 East 68th St., NEW YORK, 17th April, '84.

"DEAR SIR:—In the name of Goethe the *oe* is pronounced like the *u* in the words "but," "hut," "rut," only long. You stretch the *u* in those words and you will have the vowel of the German *oe* as nearly as you can get it. The *th* is pronounced like *t*, and the *e* at the close has the sound of the *e* in "let," "get," etc., but is half swallowed. You see that it is very difficult to express in English letters the pronunciation of the name of Goethe.

Very truly yours,

"J. H. VINCENT, ESQ.

C. SCHURZ."

If members of the C. L. S. C. fail to receive prompt reply to their letters addressed to the Superintendent of Instruction, they will please remember the multitude of duties which crowd upon him, especially at this time. He will, as soon as practicable, reply to every letter on his table.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

JUNE, 1884.

The Required Readings for June include the second part of "Pictures from English History," Chautauqua Text-Books—No. 4, English History, and No. 43, Good Manners, and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending June 9).—1. Pictures from English History, from chapter xxi, page 139 to page 175.

2. Readings in Roman History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 1.

4. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 8.

Second Week (ending June 16).—1. Pictures from English History, from page 175 to page 207.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 15.

Third Week (ending June 23).—1. Pictures from English History, from page 207 to page 241.

2. Criticisms on American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June 22.

Fourth Week (ending June 30).—1. Pictures from English History, from page 241 to page 273.

2. Readings in United States History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for June 30.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Letter-writing, that is genuine letter-writing, where one fills a half-dozen sheets with happy thoughts, spicy comments and fresh ideas has become, if not a lost art, at least an old-fashioned accomplishment. We lose much, both of culture and pleasure, when we neglect our letters. Animated, interested, breezy letter-writing produces almost the same feeling of sympathy and good fellowship as a face-to-face visit, and no means of social intercourse quicker brings into activity our best mental gifts. We fancy that among the many good works of the C. L. S. C. must be included as one of the first, the incentive which it has given to letter-writing in its "Correspondence Circle." It may surprise some of our readers to know that already this circle numbers several hundred members. Our first report from a local circle of correspondents comes from Jersey City, N. J., and is very suggestive of what may be done. The secretary writes: "Our little circle thinks it time to claim a place in the family. We are septangular, perfect in number if in no other respect. We can not strictly be called 'local,' as our angles are far reaching. Three of our members live on Staten Island, one at Spring Valley, one at Tappan, one in New York City, and one in Jersey City. Our communication is maintained by correspondence. We commenced our reading in October, 1882, and for one year plodded along without the help to be gained from association. Then it was agreed to carry on the work of a circle by correspondence. This plan has been in successful operation for six months, and it has proved of great benefit and interest to us all. The object of the circle is to awaken a more active interest in and incite to a more thorough study of the course of readings prescribed by the C. L. S. C., therefore it is resolved: First, that on the first day of every month each member shall prepare a list of questions (containing not less than ten nor more than twenty) on the prescribed readings of the preceding month, and forward as many copies of the list as there are members in the circle to the secretary, who shall distribute them to the members. These questions must be answered and returned to the secretary within two weeks of the time of reception, after which the collection of answered questions must be passed from one member to another throughout the entire circle. Second—The questions must be such as will admit of answers which can be written on two lines of common note paper. We are seven busy people, our president is an active business man, three of our members are teachers, and we have all to use the cor-

ners of time to keep up with our studies. The preparation and answering of our lists of questions and answers adds greatly to our labor, but we all agree that *it pays*. We are all loyal Chautauquans. Please count us in."

The wonderful class of '87 is doing a great deal of enthusiastic work, if one is to judge from the throngs of reports that come to us. We have never had as many new circles to report as we have this month, and at no time have the reports been more enthusiastic and suggestive. Biddeford, Me., starts the list with a circle of nearly fifty. They have a capital idea in their "German evening," in which the history, literature and music of the "Fatherland" was honored by carefully selected exercises. Very similar to this must have been the "Tour through Germany" which the Knoxville, Tenn., circle took one evening not long ago. They had a delightful time, as their letter shows: "One member conducted the party from Knoxville to New York, across the ocean to Bremen, and then to Frankfort. Another member took us to a German hotel, then sightseeing in Frankfort, and to a German home, where our hostess kindly showed us over her house and explained many of their customs. This member of the circle was also our guide on all our journeys, and pointed out many of the peculiarities of the customs and people, and called our attention to many amusing incidents. Other members of the circle described the principal cities which we visited, government buildings, art galleries, pictures, etc. Altogether, the evening we spent in Germany was one of the most delightful of the year."

From the hill town of East Barrington, N. H., a friend sends a most interesting account of the founding of their circle. "This is a scattered farming community," she writes, "containing an unusual number—for its population—of people desirous of more intellectual advantages than have heretofore been within their reach. We are too far from the cities to derive much benefit from lectures, libraries, etc., and are not rich enough to have them at home. Chautauqua offers just what we need. My oldest son is a member of the class of 1886. The other children are 'picking up' a great deal, and will join as soon as they are old enough. I did not join with him—for I feared with my many cares I should not find the requisite time; but I can not let the books alone, and have kept step with him so far. He read alone the first year. Every one to whom he recommended the course—and that was every acquaintance—shook their heads doubtfully. 'Greek, Russian History, Geology? O, no! we are not "up" to that.' I did not like that. I knew better, and procured a copy of 'Hall in the Grove' and sent it on its mission. Result—a C. L. S. C. organized January 1, 1884. Four regular members, and a number of local ones, which increased with every meeting, and who all announced their determination to 'begin squarely next October.' Many of our members are in my Bible class, and I can see the fruits of their reading every week. At home I see it every day. I would not have dared to report our little band as a circle, were it not for the notice in the March number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN—'If there are but two members associated in study, report as a circle.' You may judge of our enthusiasm when I say that some members drive four miles in a New Hampshire winter to attend the meetings." It takes a great deal of pluck, as well as enthusiasm, for people to brave New Hampshire winters, but no more, perhaps, than the little circle at North Weymouth, Mass., has to exercise in carrying out all the work of a full-grown circle while numbering but *two*. In spite of numbers they meet on Monday evening of each week, and look forward with great deal of pleasure to those meetings. They generally question each other on the studies of the previous week, and sometimes read essays on what has been studied. On the memorial nights they invite in some of their friends, varying the order of exercises, and doing their best to entertain. What a lesson to some of us who adjourn if the leader is absent, and who enforce but one

parliamentary rule—that of requiring a quorum to have a meeting!

From Brighton, Beverly, Melrose and Shirley, Mass., we hear of new classes. At Roxbury a circle of twenty-three was organized in November last. One of their members declares that he never enjoyed anything more. Twelve busy people form the "Pansy" Circle, of Chelsea, the second circle of that city, organized last October. They write that they are obliged to plan a great deal to find time to accomplish their readings, but that they are so interested that they do not often fail.

The "Raymond Circle" formed on January 1st, and composed of eighteen members, is the third class now in active operation at Lynn. Eight new circles from Massachusetts in one report!

At Greenwich, Conn., the members of the class of '87 have organized the "Sappho Circle."

Babylon, R. I., has a circle of over thirty, which has been in operation since last October. It is said that a dozen circles were formed in Providence, R. I., last fall; if this be true they have not all reported, although we have three reports of new organizations before us: The "Clio Circle" numbering forty-two, the "Whittier Circle" of thirteen, and the "Milton Circle" with twenty-two members. These circles all mention as one of their greatest social pleasures, the interchange of courtesies by the circles on Memorial Days. On Longfellow's Day, "Milton Circle" entertained their C. L. S. C. friends in the city.

To the already goodly list of New York circles we have six new ones to add from the following towns: Bath, Cicero, Manchester, Pultney, West Galway, and Gouverneur. The circle at Bath has a membership of thirty, a full corps of officers, and a prepared program, which they find both pleasant and profitable. At Cicero the circle was not formed until January 1, but the reading has been so enjoyable that they have done double work to "catch up." The circle of fourteen at Manchester have honored themselves by giving their class the name of the "Mary A. Lathbury Circle." Miss Lathbury's birthplace and early home was Manchester. At Gouverneur the circle has increased to thirty-eight members since its organization, and they seem particularly interested. The work has been done so willingly that the secretary writes: "It has been pleasant to note how ready the members are to respond when called upon to prepare articles for the society, and what thorough work they are willing to do, though they are all busy people." In the report of their Longfellow memorial we were pleased to notice that they had a paper on "Longfellow's prose-writings," a subject which was almost entirely neglected in most of the programs. There are many fine things in Longfellow's prose. An evening spent with the poet is hardly complete if it neglects "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," and "Kavanagh." The experience of the Gouverneur circle is that of many others when it writes: "One of the chief benefits which we derive from our meetings is that which comes from knowing each other better. Our circle is made up of people who would not often be called together by other interests, so that beside the benefit that comes from the reading and study, we have each added to our list of friends many whom we can not lose."

The secretary writes from the circle of fifteen at Tunkhannock, Pa.: "I can say, not boastingly, but confidently, that but few, if any, circles are more wide awake or thorough in the course;" while from West Middlesex, of the same state, they send word that they are trying by careful study to hail their fellow students from the top round of the ladder.

A vigorous, growing circle exists at Reading, Pa. In March they held a public meeting which did much to extend public interest in the C. L. S. C. They prepared an excellent program, taking care to select subjects which would show the scope of the Chautauqua work, and presented it so entertainingly that many were aroused to interest in the work.

From Corry, Pa., the "Omega" is reported, and from Troy

Center, of the same state, a member of the new circle organized there in January, 1884, writes of the influence of their reading: "Though we are country people we find both enjoyment and improvement in our reading. The meager knowledge of the farmer has widened into that of their more fortunate brethren. I doubt if some of the hopes, inspirations and longings that have been kindled by this winter's studies will be satisfied by the old ways of spending the few leisure moments that come to us."

Lancaster, Pa., organized a circle in December, the first in the city, and so called "No. 1."

The Asbury C. L. S. C. in Wilmington, Del., numbering about twenty-five members, was organized September last. They write: "Our meetings, held semi-monthly, are exceedingly interesting, being conducted on the conversational plan, affording us an opportunity of hearing the opinions and ideas of the different members, giving us new thoughts, as well as impressing what we have read more indelibly upon our memories; we also have questions prepared by different members on some particular branch of our studies."

We are always glad to hear of new circles in the South. This month we have an excellent item from Richmond, Va. A circle was formed there last November with a membership of six, and it has steadily increased, until they now have a membership of thirty, which comprises nearly all of the male teachers in the city and three of the principals. They have given two public entertainments, both of which met with marked success.

At Media, Ohio, there is a C. L. S. C. "Olive Branch" of ten members, which so arranges its programs that each member has something to do at each meeting—a most excellent plan to insure interest and attention. At Springboro, Ohio, is another new circle of four members, but so zealous that in spite of numbers they have observed all the "Days." Saint Paris, Ohio, reports a class of fourteen, organized in October last, most of whom, they write, are reading the White Seal Course in addition to their regular work. At Franklin, Ohio, is a quartette of readers, brought together by one lady's visit last summer to the Monteagle Assembly, and she now writes of their circle: "We meet once a week. Read and talk, and query and give information most informally, and always have delightful times. We have decided that outside of our Chautauqua work we are the four *busiest people in town*, yet we find time to do our work. Not so thoroughly as we would like, but in such a way as to derive much benefit from it."

At both Franklin and Crawfordsville, Ind., there are new circles, each numbering twenty-eight members. The circle at Marion (a beautiful town of about 5,000 inhabitants in central Indiana), is the result of the efforts of a few ladies who, after much thought, and many misgivings, started out one afternoon to try and interest the ladies of their town in the good work. The time was surely just right for such an enterprise, for they met with a success beyond their most sanguine expectations. Fortunately they succeeded in enlisting many of their friends, who were ladies of influence, and now have a flourishing organization known as the "Marion C. C." They have a membership of twenty-three, an average attendance of about twenty, and all so deeply interested, that they write that there is not one but anticipates the four years' course.

Preston, Carbondale and Tuscola, towns of Illinois, have each formed new circles this year. The Tuscola circle rejoices in a member who, having traveled through Europe, delights them by picturing St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Appian Way, the Coliseum, Westminster Abbey, and many other places of historic interest.

A new circle which was formed last October at Kalamazoo, Mich., reports a very promising outlook in the growth of the work there; while the circle at Erie, Mich., organized in the fall, and now numbering twenty-eight members, says: "We have every reason to hope for a large addition to our member-

ship in October next." Perhaps the secret is to be found in the interest they are taking in their work, for they write: "We congratulate ourselves on the pleasure afforded us by our studies, and on the improvement from month to month in the work of individual members."

We like that sort of interest in the C. L. S. C. which leads members to do everything in their power to follow the methods outlined by the leaders. It is such interest that makes the Circle grow—a case to the point comes from Winfield, Mich., from a member, who writes: "I have secured a student to join in the studies of the C. L. S. C. for the class of '87, and so am able to report as a circle from this place, though only two of us." Too often "only two of us" is made an excuse for not joining the Plainfield office.

"We are doing very thorough work, not only reading, but studying," writes the secretary of the Litchfield, Mich., circle. Howell, Mich., has a circle of thirty-five '87s. They had the privilege of welcoming the president of the class of '87, the Rev. Frank Russell, on the 20th of February last, on the evening of which day he delivered his popular lecture on the "Man Invisible," there under the auspices of their local circle. They took occasion to celebrate his coming with a reunion of the Chautauqua circles of the county. A most excellent idea, and one that evidently did both the fortunate hosts and guests much good, for they declare that they feel sure that all present were encouraged to press on to help swell the "Pansy" class of '87 to 20,000.

The "Flour City," Minneapolis, Minn., circle, commenced work the first of November. "Our number," they write, "does not exceed twenty. We meet every Monday night for two hours, even when the thermometer has been on its way from twenty-five to thirty-five below zero. There is a great deal of pressure upon our lives in this thriving city, and we have not attempted to follow out attractive lines of study suggested, but have followed the course carefully, varying our exercises from time to time. We get up maps and charts, and exhibit pictures of places that we study about. Recently we spent the evening with the German authors from whose pens extracts have appeared. Each member present had a character, and all were well prepared. It proved one of our most delightful evenings."

A "Chautauqua Triangle" meets weekly at Grinnell, Iowa. From Brighton, Iowa, a class of nine is reported, and from Ackley, of the same state, a lady writes: "Our circle of about a dozen members has just been organized, what it lacks in numbers being made up in enthusiasm. We are to meet weekly. We have considerable variety among our members, some being college graduates, and others wishing they were; some being C. L. S. C. graduates, and others hoping to become such in '86 or '87, and still others, knowing that they can not pass through the 'beautiful golden gate' before '88. For the sake of such we unite in reading the 'Bryant Course' for the rest of this C. L. S. C. year, the old C. L. S. C.ists taking that work in addition to the regular reading, on which all will enter in the fall."

A little company of readers have formed a new circle atavenport, Iowa. The interest in the C. L. S. C. course is increasing constantly, there being now over fifty persons who are taking the whole or parts of the course.

Our friends at Corydon, Iowa, have been experiencing the effects of being too social. Their club of fifteen was organized last fall. Their meetings were always pleasant, but as they had no plan in their work they often found themselves unwittingly off the topic. Fortunately they discovered their mistake, and voted to reform. They write: "The two most profitable meetings we have yet had, were the two since 'the change.' Now we think we have the 'Chautauqua Idea.'"

Kansas sends word of two new clubs; one at Elk Falls, of nine members, and another at Andover, of seven.

From New Market, Platt County, Mo., we have received the

program of the exercises held on Longfellow's Day by the circle of four there.

The teachers of the Natchez union schools, at Natchez, Missouri, were formed into a circle in December.

In Southern Dakota, at Bijou Hills, the circle of '87 has been holding weekly meetings all winter, and writes that notwithstanding the limited advantages on the frontier they are not discouraged, but live in hopes of having a larger circle next year.

In January there was formed a circle at McGregor, Texas. Two of the members are of the class of '82, and until recently lived in New York state, having spent nine happy summers at Chautauqua. One of the beautiful things about Chautauqua is that you can carry it with you—even as far as Texas, and that, as these two friends have done, you can impart its strength and inspiration to others.

The first report which THE CHAUTAUQUAN has received from Wyoming Territory comes from Cheyenne, where, in February, a circle was organized consisting of eight active members, who pledged themselves to complete the four years' course of study. With true Western vim they write: "Although small in numbers, we are earnest in purpose, and are determined to be in the front ranks among the classes of 1887."

Canon City, Col., has organized a circle of ten busy housekeepers, who, though they have long been away from the discipline of the school room, yet find that it becomes continually easier to master the readings.

Linden, California, has a class of seven regular members, with a few "socials."

There is a great deal of genuine, healthy, social life in the C. L. S. C., and a great many pleasant plans followed by different circles, which can not fail to be suggestive to others. The "Alpha" circle, of Lewiston, Maine, closed the year of 1882-3 with a social at the home of one of the members. While making merry over cake and ice cream, the writing of a book by the circle, each member contributing one chapter, was proposed. The idea was at once accepted by all. The plan of the book, subject, etc., was decided upon, two of the members volunteering to write a poem. The first meeting of the circle this Chautauqua year was a lakeside picnic, at which the party added to the usual picnic sports the election of officers for this year, and the reading of the first chapter of their book. We hope that book will be finished and reported. They are not alone in their "Chautauqua picnic." The Galesburg, Ill. circle kept alive their enthusiasm last summer by holding one in the vacation, to which all Chautauquans of the city were invited, whether graduates or not.

Perhaps the chief social event in the C. L. S. C. world so far this year has been the Alumni banquet held by the classes of '82 and '83, in Boston, on February 23d, in honor of Dr. Vincent, and Dr. Hurlbut. The *Boston Journal* gave a full account of the event, and from it we quote: "The ladies and gentlemen who by virtue of their diplomas became members of the 'Hall in the Grove'—so the menu announced—were presided over for the day by Rev. O. S. Baketel. Prof. W. F. Sherwin acted as toast-master, and never did a more humorous or genial master call for responses. He wanted a short, pleasant, instructive, amusing, cheerful, delightful, jocose, scientific speech from every one, and thought that five or six minutes' speaking would surely not take ten minutes' time. The class representatives called upon endeavored to follow out this request, the first one, Rev. George Benedict, of Hanson class, of '87, condensing his short, pleasant, etc., oration to half a dozen words uttered in one minute. As soon as the toastmaster realized that '87's speech was disposed of, he called upon him 'who had been under the snow so long,' Rev. B. P. Snow, of Biddeford, Me., class of '86, and Mr. Snow described in glowing colors the work of the C. L. S. C. in popularizing culture for older people, declaring that it was not a college of universal smatter, but one of real work and progress. Rev. J. E. Fullerton, of Hopkinton,

who responded for the class of '85, spoke of the Chautauqua movement as Christian, popular, progressive and peculiarly American. For the classes of '84 and '83, Rev. W. N. Richardson, of East Saugus, and Rev. Alexander Dight, of Holliston, respectively, responded. Each speaker had naturally spoken in immeasurably high terms of the ability and wisdom of his own particular class, but it remained for the final class representative, Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, of '82, to put the climax on humorous mock modesty and class exaltation by eulogizing the first graduating class of the Circle to the very highest skies, declaring that it possessed so much knowledge that there was scarcely enough left to go around among the other classes, and, moreover, it had laid the foundation of the great people's college. A few hearty words laudatory of the founder of the Chautauqua movement, Dr. Vincent, and then the speaker announced that henceforth that day, February 23d, the anniversary of the birthday of the beloved Superintendent of Instruction, was to be recognized and celebrated as 'Founder's Day.' When the applause which greeted this announcement had subsided, toastmaster Sherwin bade the assembly 'do just as I do,' and then taught them the 'Chautauqua salute' with variations, consisting of fifteen waves of the handkerchief in front and above the head. Dr. Vincent arose after this salute, and having expressed his appreciation and thanks, spoke to his pupils on the distinctive character of the C. L. S. C. 'A short dialogue,' announced toastmaster Sherwin, 'will now be given,' and in accordance with this instruction Rev. Mr. Full, of South Framingham, recited his prepared part, which closed with a presentation to the Superintendent of two valuable sets of books, the works of Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes, as a slight token of the admiration of the alumni. The second part of the dialogue came from Dr. Vincent, who, although entirely unprepared and taken completely by surprise, yet acknowledged in graceful terms the gift of his friends. A final prayer, and then the alumni of C. L. S. C. separated for their homes."

The class of '82 has set an excellent example to all succeeding classes by the way in which they have kept up their "class feeling"—especially has the New England Branch been faithful in paying allegiance to their Alma Mater, and in holding fast to the class bonds. Last August, at Framingham, they held a very pleasant reunion. The president of the N. E. branch of class of '86, Mr. Pike, presided. Speeches were made by many gentlemen, well-known workers in the C. L. S. C. Songs were sung and a class poem read. A delightful affair in every respect, and one that the yshould try to repeat each summer.

We do not often find new Memorial Days being added to the list, but the "Merrimac" C. L. S. C. of Newburyport, Mass., has added one. "Although Whittier's birthday is not a 'Memorial,' yet we felt we must observe it, as he belongs almost to us, living just across 'Our River,' which he has enshrined in verse, and from which we receive our title." This class is enjoying some excellent "helps" in their work. Quite recently a gentleman, well fitted for the work, kindly favored them with an address on Biology, supplementing his words with microscopic views. They have now, in prospectus, a whole evening with the microscope, through the courtesy of an educated German resident, and also hope from him a "Talk" on his nation's customs and ceremonies.

From the list of special occasions we must not omit the entertainment which the circle of Hampshire, Ill., held at the close of their last year of study. They had a Chautauqua banquet, each member having the privilege of inviting one guest. A very interesting literary program was prepared by the members, consisting of essays, recitations and music, followed by toasts. All present declared the evening delightful. The circle has increased this year from twelve to twenty-three.

Not many lectures have been reported as yet. Under the auspices of the C. L. S. C. of Nashville, Tenn., Dr. J. H. Worman, the well known German professor in the C. S. L., lec-

tured March 3rd, at the Nashville College for Young Ladies, on "Modern Art." The society is to be congratulated on securing so able a speaker as Prof. Worman. At Milwaukee, Wis., the six circles, Alpha, Beta, Grand Avenue, Delta, Iota, and Bay View, had a delightful entertainment the 29th of March, when President Farrar, of the Milwaukee College, devoted an hour and a half to "Views of Architecture" from the earliest Egyptians down to the present time, given with the fine stereopticon which he uses every week in the Ladies' Art Class of over two hundred members.

The old circles seem to be doing splendid work. Richford, N. Y., reports a steadily increasing interest and determination. A member of the "Harlem" Circle, New York City, describes in an entertaining letter their method of quizzing. It is good. The quizzing forms a regular feature of the program, and is limited to fifteen minutes. It is conducted by some one previously appointed. After that any member may question the quizzer for a few minutes longer. Our correspondent has been doing some useful C. L. S. C. work. He sent one of his old copies of THE CHAUTAUQUAN home, and the people there were so much pleased with its plan, that they are planning for some similar organization in their midst.

At Ithaca, N. Y., the circle is fortunate enough to be in reach of Cornell University and its professors. They are improving their opportunities, too, having recently had lectures on "Architecture" and "Political Economy."

We like the ring of the report from South Lansing, N. J. It is worth while to belong to a circle of two if it can be as pleasant as this one: "In number we are but two (sisters)—the only C. L. S. C. in this place. The duties of the usual officers of circles are borne by either member, as opportunity seems to favor. Examinations, reviews, exercises in pronunciation and definition are held at the most unconscionable hours by a self-constituted leader. Suddenly a member, inspired by some new reading, or a suggested thought, resolves into an animated question box; or perhaps, presumes to criticise some notable book. In this systemless manner we conduct our unadorned meeting, and though our method, or rather, lack of method, may not be commendable to other circles, it certainly helps to meet the exigencies of ours. As we take leave of the regular course—for we are '84s—we would join our voices to the chorus of Chautauqua enthusiasts."

Naples, N. Y., has a circle of twelve, of the class of '86, the fruit of the zealous work of one lady. This same friend was instrumental in arousing interest in the reading at West Bloomfield, where now there is a class of thirty. She accomplished this, she writes, while visiting the town, by introducing the C. L. S. C. into every tea party she attended while there.

A two-year-old club exists at New Wilmington, Pa., from which we have never before heard. There are twenty-four members. "As a rule," writes the secretary, "our members are teachers and business men and women who have little spare time, but that little is enthusiastically and profitably employed. We are fortunate in possessing several members who are graduates of Westminster and other colleges. The studies are made interesting by a thorough recitation in each study. Obscure points are brought out and discussed freely and searchingly. The exercises are spiced by essays on, and recitations from favorite authors and subjects. Also by question box, debates, and music."

The pleasant circle at Hillsboro, O., is enjoying the reading and doing very thorough work.

There are two excellent features in the report received from the society at South Toledo, O. The members hand in a list of words to the vice president to be corrected—including mispronounced words, or those about whose pronunciation they are undecided, and they are at once corrected—the discussion over points doing much toward fixing the correct forms in their minds. Their city, on the banks of the Maumee River,

historical ground, with old Fort Miami and Meigs standing sentinel over their respective charges, South Toledo and Perrysburg, and these enterprising students have wisely made the most of their location. They write: "In connection with our reading of Canadian and American History, in which the greatest interest was taken, 'we dived down deep' into the subject, had the history of this memorable spot written by our secretary, who gave an account of the battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, fought between General Wayne, accompanied by General Scott and their forces, and Indians under command of Blue Jacket and Little Turtle, with their Canadian allies. The points of interest mentioned being so familiar to us; also gave the history of the settlement of Maumee (now South Toledo), 'with the progress of the place, and difficulties encountered, mentioning old pioneers, interesting events, etc. A newspaper sketch of a celebration held here in 1840 in honor of 'Old Tippecanoe' was read by our vice president. On this occasion we had an informal meeting, inviting guests to participate in our pleasure."

The Alpha and Beta circles of Quincy, Ill., are doing enthusiastic work. On Longfellow's day they joined their forces, carrying out an appropriate program.

An effort to increase the membership has resulted in nearly doubling the numbers at Petersburg, Ill. The circle is in its second year, and rejoices in a wide awake president, who does his best to make this circle a success, and to extend its influence.

Nashville, Tenn., boasts a live circle of thirty-seven members and many friends under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Recently at their regular session in the parlors of the Association they executed a series of exercises which were as thoroughly produced as they were appreciatively listened to. Roman literature was the theme of the hour, and most luminous lights were glanced at in essays short, concise and pointed. Fifteen essays were read, and reports were read on facts, on pronunciation of names, and on general pronunciation.

We have already heard good things of the C. L. S. C. at Niles, Mich. There are some zealous members in the circle, one of whom, a teacher, has been utilizing her reading very successfully in her school room. Hawthorne's biographical stories have been adopted for the Friday reading, and each pupil is expected to reproduce orally, if called upon, the whole sketch. The reading has been found very attractive to the pupils.

At Sheboygan, Wis., the circle still flourishes. They have been having delightful evenings this year over their studies. The secretary writes: "At our last meeting we had for our lesson the first half of French History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and the first part of the Latin Preparatory Course in English. One of the ladies furnished a paper on the 'Siege of Calais,' and another gave a talk upon the 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew.' One of our members who spent last year abroad brought a most excellent map of Rome and many fine photographs of the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and other places of interest, which helped us greatly in our study of the seven-hilled city. We spent several delightful evenings upon Political Economy, one of the gentlemen who has given much study to the subject acting as leader."

At Faribault, Minn., they are dividing their time between Art and American Literature. Though there are many letters before us still untouched, we must close the box, taking just a glance from a letter lately received from far away Honolulu, in which a lady writes: "After enjoying five months' reading with Dr. Wythe's circle, of Oakland, California, I found I had become quite a Chautauqua enthusiast. So after moving here I sought out a few to start a circle. I succeeded in finding four willing to try, and so we begun; we have now doubled in numbers, but have not succeeded in finding a permanent leader, but for all our drawbacks we enjoy it immensely, and intend to keep on, hoping some one will come to the rescue."

CHAUTAUQUA FOR 1884.

Many of our friends, planning for their summer trips just now, are wondering, no doubt, what good things Chautauqua will have to offer this season. For their sakes we give just a glimpse of what is being prepared for the Chautauqua School of Languages and Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat. With the July number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, we shall forward to each of our subscribers a copy of the Advance Number of the *Assembly Herald*, which will contain full information about Chautauqua for 1884.

The Chautauqua School of Languages will open on Saturday, July 12th, and continue for six weeks. It is the aim of the school to illustrate the best methods of teaching languages and to furnish instruction in languages for students.

The Teachers' Retreat will open Saturday, July 12th, and continue three weeks. It is the aim of the Retreat to benefit secular teachers by combining with the recreative delights of the summer vacation, the stimulating and quickening influence of the summer school.

Following are the departments of the C. S. L. for 1884:

1. *German.* Prof. J. H. Worman, Ph.D., Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. Three classes: Beginners, Middle and Advanced.

2. *French.* Prof. A. Lalande, Louisville, Ky. Three classes: Beginners, Intermediate and Advanced.

3. *Spanish.* Prof. J. H. Worman, Ph.D., Nashville, Tenn. Beginners class only.

4. *Greek.* Henry Lummis, A.M., Stoneham, Mass. Three classes: Beginners, Intermediate and Advanced.

5. *Latin.* E. S. Shumway, A.M., Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. Five classes: Teachers' Method class, College class, Preparatory, Beginners, Circles and Colloquia.

6. *English Language and Literature.* W. D. MacClintock, 3 Winthrop Place, New York City. Anglo-Saxon, Shakspeare and Chaucer.

7. *The Chautauqua School of Hebrew.* William R. Harper, Ph.D., Morgan Park, near Chicago, Ill. Four classes: Elementary, Intermediate, Progressive and Exegetical. Four weeks—July 21st, August 16th.

8. *New Testament Greek.* Rev. A. A. Wright, Boston, Mass. Two divisions: 1. Grammatical; 2, Lexicographical and Exegetical. Four weeks—July 25th, August 22nd.

The rate of admission to all the exercises of the C. S. L. and C. T. R. for the session of six weeks will be \$12.00. Arrangements have been made for special classes in several branches. We give a list of these classes and their cost:

Elocution, fifteen lessons, \$5.00; Elocution, ten lessons, \$4.00; Elocution, five lessons, \$3.00; Elocution, private, per hour, \$3.00. Clay Modeling, per hour, \$0.40. Drawing, fifteen lessons, \$5.00; Drawing, ten lessons, \$4.00; Drawing, five lessons, \$3.00. Phonography, twenty lessons, \$10.00. Voice culture, ten lessons, \$10.00. Harmony, ten lessons, \$10.00. Music in day school eight lessons free to C. S. L. and C. T. R. Mineralogy and Lithology, ten lessons, \$2.00. Botany, ten lessons, \$2.00.

The rate of admission to the grounds will be, in July, twenty-five cents a day; in August, forty cents a day. A week ticket in July, \$1.00; a week ticket in August, \$2.00. Tickets for the entire term in July, \$2.00; tickets for the August Assembly meetings, \$3.00. An arrangement is made by which full course tickets may be secured for July and August for \$4.00.

It is incredible how important it is that the corporeal frame should be kept under the influence of constant, continuous, and unbroken order, and free from the impressions of vicissitude, which always more or less derange the corporeal functions. After all, it is continued temperance which sustains the body for the longest period of time, and which most surely preserves it free from sickness.—*Von Humboldt.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—FROM PAGE 145 TO THE END OF THE BOOK.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. What were the "Wars of the Roses"? A. They were civil conflicts between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, the former having for their emblem a white rose and the latter a red rose.

2. Q. How many kings had the House of York and how many the House of Lancaster? A. Each House had three kings.

3. Q. During the reign of Henry VII. who led the French to victory against the English, and was afterward burned at the stake on a charge of heresy? A. Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans."

4. Q. Who were the three sovereigns of the House of York? A. Edward IV., Edward V., and Richard III.

5. Q. Who was the first sovereign of the House of Tudor? A. Henry VII., who descended from Edward III. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and so the Houses of York and Lancaster were united.

6. Q. During the reign of Henry VII. what great geographical discovery was made? A. The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

7. Q. How has Henry VIII., the successor of Henry VII., been characterized? A. As "the most tyrannical of kings, and the most bloodthirsty of husbands."

8. Q. How many wives did Henry VIII. marry? A. Six.

9. Q. What two great events in England mark the reign of Henry VIII.? A. The beginning of the English Reformation, and the publication of the Bible in English.

10. Q. What three children of Henry VIII. succeeded him in succession to the English throne? A. Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth.

11. Q. How is the character of Mary described by Motley? A. "As bloody Queen Mary she will ever be remembered with horror and detestation in Great Britain."

12. Q. What religion did Mary attempt to restore in England? A. The Roman Catholic religion.

13. Q. What are the names of three prominent Protestant martyrs who were burned at the stake during Mary's reign? A. Latimer, Cranmer and John Rogers.

14. Q. What religion did Elizabeth reestablish upon her accession to the throne? A. The Protestant religion.

15. Q. What rival to the throne was executed during Elizabeth's reign? A. Mary, Queen of Scots.

16. Q. What great fleet sent by Spain to establish Catholicism in England, during Elizabeth's sovereignty, met with a disastrous defeat? A. The Spanish Armada.

17. Q. How many years did Elizabeth reign? A. Forty-five years.

18. Q. What great English dramatist lived during her reign? A. William Shakspeare.

19. Q. What noted poet wrote during her reign? A. Edmund Spenser.

20. Q. What prominent favorite of the Queen was executed during the reign of Elizabeth? A. Lord Essex.

21. Q. Who succeeded Elizabeth to the throne? A. James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots.

22. Q. Of what House was the first sovereign? A. The House of Stuart.

23. Q. From the time of the accession of James I., what two crowns were united? A. Those of England and Scotland.

24. Q. What great conspiracy was discovered during the reign of James I.? A. The gunpowder plot, a conspiracy to destroy both Houses of Parliament, the king and the royal family.

25. Q. What noted publication occurred during the reign of James I.? A. The authorized version of the Bible.

26. Q. Name four prominent men of letters who lived during the reign of James I.? A. Ben Jonson, poet; Beaumont and Fletcher, dramatists; and Francis Bacon, jurist, statesman and philosopher.

27. Q. Who was the successor to James I. on the throne of England? A. His son, Charles I.

28. Q. What noted Parliament was summoned by King Charles? A. The Long Parliament.

29. Q. How long did this Parliament continue in session? A. Thirteen years.

30. Q. What was the fate of Charles I.? A. He was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason in levying war against the Parliament.

31. Q. After the execution of Charles what form of government was proclaimed in England? A. A Commonwealth.

32. Q. Who was made the first Lord Protector of the Commonwealth? A. Oliver Cromwell.

33. Q. Give the names of three illustrious persons who lived about this time. A. Milton, Bunyan and Dryden.

34. Q. Upon the death of Oliver Cromwell, who was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth? A. His son, Richard Cromwell.

35. Q. Eight months afterward, upon Richard Cromwell resigning the Protectorate, who became king of England? A. Charles II., son of Charles I.

36. Q. What two great calamities occurred in London during the reign of Charles II.? A. The great plague and the great fire. By the former a hundred thousand people perished, and by the latter the greater part of the city was burned.

37. Q. Who was the successor of Charles II.? A. His brother, James II.

38. Q. What was the result of the revolution of 1688. A. James II. abdicated the throne, and William and Mary jointly reigned.

39. Q. What historic battle occurred in 1609? A. The battle of the Boyne.

40. Q. Mention the names of three great persons who lived during this reign? A. John Locke, Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Christopher Wren.

41. Q. Who was the next English sovereign on the throne? A. Anne, daughter of James II.

42. Q. What age of literature is the reign of Anne called? A. The Augustan age of English literature.

43. Q. What are five of the illustrious names of this age? A. Addison, Steele, Swift, Watts and Pope.

44. Q. With the reign of George I., grandson of James I., and successor of Anne, what House acceded to the throne? A. The House of Hanover.

45. Q. What great speculation impoverished thousands during this reign? A. "The South Sea Bubble."

46. Q. What are the names of the three sovereigns who successively reigned after George I.? A. George II., George III., and George IV.

47. Q. Whose reign was the longest in English history? A. That of George IV., extending over sixty years.

48. Q. What colonies revolted during the reign of George IV. and obtained their independence? A. The American colonies.

49. Q. What two great statesmen lived during the reign of George IV.? A. Pitt and Fox.

50. Q. Who is the present sovereign of England? A. Queen Victoria, granddaughter of George III.

DEATH is a mighty mediator. There all the flames of rage are extinguished, hatred is appeased, and angelic pity, like a weeping sister, bends with gentle and close embrace over the funeral urn.—*Schiller*.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON X.—BIBLE SECTION.

The Doctrines of the Bible.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

Doceo means I teach. *Doctum*, a teaching. *Doctrina*, the result of teaching—*learning*. The doctrines of the Bible are simply its teachings. They are the teachings of God to the race, contained in the record of his dealings with the race. These dealings of God produced a supernatural history, in the course of which man originated and fell, the nature and character of the Creator appeared, the presence, power and effects of sin were made known, and the original and ultimate purposes of God with the race were declared. The outline of these teachings or doctrines is not designed to be exhaustive, nor is it formed on the model of any treatise on systematic theology. It aims to prompt to further study in the classics of theology, and to plainly state a few essential truths. These doctrines of the Bible are:

1. *The Doctrine Concerning Beginnings.* (a) God was without beginning—Genesis 1:1. First fact—"The Eternal God." (b) The Holy Spirit was without beginning—Gen. 1:2. Second fact—"The Eternal Spirit." (c) The Word was without beginning—John 1:1. Third fact—"The Eternal Son." Essential doctrine: the Triune God; unbegun, coequal, eternal. (d) All else, the whole vast universe, began by the power of God—Gen. 1:1—through the Son—John 1:3. Fourth fact—"Man God's offspring." Essential doctrine: The Fatherhood of God; his sovereignty and right to demand obedience of his creatures.

2. *The Doctrine Concerning Relations.* (a) God is Creator: hence *powerful*; a *spirit*—John 4:24—hence unseen; *without beginning or ending, hence infinite and eternal*—Ps. 90:1. Formula: "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." (b) *Man is the creature.* Essentially a thing created; he dies daily, to be recreated daily. What of himself man destroys, the Creator by daily sustenance replaces. He is therefore the bread-giver, *Hlaf-ford—Lord*. The gifts of the Creator are beneficent; so he is the Good-One, God. The Creator is also guardian, protector—that is, *Father*.

Relation restated. The Creator, Lord, God, Father. The creature—a dependent child. The law of paternity—like produces like. Essential doctrine—man was originally like God, in harmony with him and at peace with him—Gen. 1:27.

3. *The Doctrine Concerning Positions.* (a) Man supreme in creation. God calls himself Father of no other created thing. *Man a thinker, hence supreme.* (b) *Man free in the midst of creation.* No other power to dispute his right. In fellowship with God, his Father. In a place of his Father's choice, under rules of his Father's making; with a work of his Father's planning—Gen. 2:15-16—with power to follow his own will—(Gen. 2:17, last clause)—answerable to no one but his Father. Essential Doctrines—The sovereignty of God—the freedom of man. (c) *Man confronted by a foe*—Gen. 3:1—A sinful power in the universe: sin before man—2 Peter 2:4, 1 John 3:8. *Picture*—The Almighty Father—the boundless earth—the wide permission; the single restraint; the only child; the tempter; the fall; sin's victory—Romans 5:12. Essential doctrine: By man sin entered the world, and death by sin, imparting to man a sinful nature, and separating man from God.

4. *The Doctrine Concerning Results.* (a) Separation from God; Eden lost; toil, pain and death—Gen. 3:17—19:23. (b) The kingdom of death—Romans 5:14; its prince, Satan; its subjects unclean—Job 15:14-16; its history a record of "sin, schism, and the clash of personalities." (c) Eternal pun-

ishment probable from analogy, reasonable, just. Let the student carefully examine the testimony.

5. *The Doctrine Concerning Rescue.* (a) Promised early in history—Gen. 3:15. (b) *Divine*—John 3:16. (c) Yet *human*—Gen. 3:15; Romans 5:18; Luke 3:23 and ff. Central fact of history, the God-man. (d) Restoration to God's likeness—1 John 3:2. (e) A life-giving rescue—Romans 6:23. (f) A cleansing rescue; find the symbolic use of water in Bible. (g) Obtained through suffering and propitiatory death—Isaiah 53. (h) Established by resurrection—Ps. 16:10, 49:15; Hosea 13:14. Essential doctrine: Salvation from God as a free gift of his grace for all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

6. *The Doctrine Concerning Instruction.* (a) God himself the teacher of the race. *Adam—Abel*—the Altar and Sacrifice. Note: *service and sacrifice*, man's first lesson; the ark and Noah; rescue from sin's penalty through obedience, man's second lesson; Abraham—reckoned as righteous, because believing, man's third lesson. (b) Moses the teacher of the race; the tabernacle in the wilderness; the same lessons repeated; God using his servant by direct instruction and communion. (c) The prophets the teachers of the race—Samuel—Malachi—the same lesson repeated; God teaching by inspiration; the home; the church; holy men speaking as moved by the Holy Ghost. (d) God by his Son the teacher of the race; Jesus Christ, Galilee, Samaria, Judea, the manger, the desert, the cross, the Easter morn, lessons, service, obedience, sacrifice, victory. (e) God by his teacher of the race.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON X.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—ILLUSTRATION.

[This lesson is adapted from the outline of Dr. Vincent, in the Chautauqua Normal Guide.]

I. *There are four Uses of Illustrations.*

1. They win and hold *attention*. The ear is quickened to interest by a story; the eye is arrested by the picture or the chalk mark. Nothing awakens and retains the interest more than the illustration, whether heard or seen.

2. They aid the *apprehension*. The statement of a truth is made plain where it is illustrated, as the rule in arithmetic is seen more clearly in the light of an example; and the definition of a scientific word in the dictionary by the picture accompanying it.

3. They aid the *memory*. It is not the text, nor the line of thought, but the illustrations, which keep the sermon or the lesson from being forgotten.

4. They awaken the *conscience*. How many have been aroused to conviction of sin by the parable of the Prodigal Son; and what is that but an illustration? So, many, like Zinzendorf, have been awakened by some picture of a Bible scene. Mr. Moody's stories have sent the truth home as deeply as his exhortations.

II. *There are four Classes of Illustrations.*

1. Those which depend upon the *sight*, and derive their interest from the pupil's delight in seeing. Such are maps, pictures, diagrams, etc., and when drawn in presence of the scholar, though ever so rudely, they have an increased interest and power.

2. Those which depend upon the *imagination*. At no period in life is the imagination as strong as in childhood, when a rag doll can be a baby and a picture has real life. Thence come "word-pictures," fairy stories, imaginary scenes, etc., as illustrations of the lesson.

3. Those which depend upon *comparison*. To see resemblance in things different, or the correspondence between the outward and the spiritual, is as old as the parable of the sower, and the miracle of the loaves. "The likes of the lesson" form a fruitful field for the use of illustration.

4. Those which depend upon *knowledge*. More than for anything else children are eager to know; and the story has

an added value which is true. History, science, art, and indeed every department of knowledge will furnish illustrations of spiritual truth.

III. *How to obtain Illustrations.*

1. By gaining knowledge, especially Bible knowledge. The wider the teacher's range of thought, the more readily will he find illustrations to fit his thought. Particularly will the incidents of Bible story be found to furnish the frame for his thoughts in the class. Know the stories of the Bible, and you will have an encyclopædia of illustration in your mind.

2. By the habit of observation. People find what they are seeking for, and the teacher who is looking for illustrations will find them everywhere, in books, among men, on the railway train, and in the forest.

3. *By the preservation of illustrations.* The scrap book for clippings, the blank book for stray suggestions, the envelope, will all have their uses. Plans innumerable have been given, but each worker's own plan is the best for himself.

4. *By practice in the use of illustrations.* The way to use them is to use them, and use will give ease. The teacher who

has once made the experiment will repeat it, and find that his rough drawing, or his map, or his story will always attract the eager attention of his scholars.

IV. *A few hints as to the use of Illustrations.*

1. Have a clear idea of the subject to be taught. Learn the lesson first of all, and know what you are to teach, before you seek for your illustration.

2. Use illustrations only in the line of the teaching. Never tell a story for the sake of the story, but always to impress a truth; and let the truth be so plain that the story must carry its own application.

3. Obtain the help of the scholar in illustration. Let the pupils suggest Bible incidents or Bible characters which present the traits of character which the lesson enforces. Never add a feature to the portrait which the scholar can himself give from his own knowledge.

4. Do not use too many illustrations. Let not the lesson serve merely as a vehicle for story-telling, or picture drawing, or blackboarding; but keep *the truth* at all times in the foreground.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

TO THE CLASS OF 1884—GREETING.

The completing of a course of study affords one of the few unalloyed satisfactions of life. It is an end reached—and it has been reached by personal effort. The class is at the goal, and it is there because it chose to be there, and resolutely and persistently labored to be there. We get many good things without effort, but they give us less satisfaction than meaner things which we have earned. There is a charm in winning a race, which does not consist either in being at the end of it, or in getting a prize. The victory is "our very own," as the children say. But in a course of study completed one feels that the prize is worth his pains. He may feel discontented with the imperfections of his knowledge, but he would not for the world be put back where he began. We hold many things only with our hands; the fruits of a course of study are more secure—they are in our minds and hearts, and therefore can not fall out of our possession, or be wrested from us.

It is a good thing for the student to take the refreshment of looking back to the place of beginning. "What was I when I began?" This sense of gain is apt to be supplanted by discontent and looking forward; but the student should give himself the comfort of the backward glance. No one has pursued our course of reading and study to the end without very great improvement in mental power and method, or without large additions to his knowledge. "Look to the hole of the pit." Take a long look at your old self and do not hesitate to prefer the new self. You are wiser, stronger, better. Allow yourself the luxury of fully realizing that. And how little it has cost you! A piecing together of fragments of time that would otherwise have been wasted, that is the greater part of the cost of your course. Whatever else you have spent you would have spent less wisely if you had not been in the course. You have sacrificed nothing of any moment to this object. All else that you had you keep still; this fruit of patient study you have as a clean and pure gain. It is a matter to be happy about. A good hour of self-complacency will do you no harm. Indulge your self-respect a little. All might do what you have done; most of them have not done it. Your graduation is of itself a proof that you have pluck, constancy, and self-control.

It is worth while to consider the elements of this victory. You have mixed time and method with reading and study. Hap-hazard study would not yield the fruit; it could not be

ripened in a day. "Four months—and harvest." Nor could method be left out. There is method in any work; method distinguishes work from play. There is method on the farm, in the mill, in the store. There must be method in gaining knowledge. Method makes tasks easy and combines many strokes into one result. In this combination of time and method lies the power of a course of study. All the mental effort is probably put forth by others spasmodically and unmethodically. You are at the end simply because you harnessed your efforts with years and system. Only stable and earnest characters are capable of the patient continuance in well-doing which is necessary to the completion of a course of study. College men say that the majority of those who begin a course fall out by the way; and they add that, whatever pretexts are used, the real reason is usually defective character. It is a rule in all undertakings of mankind; holdfast is the master quality. The men and women who complete the C. L. S. C. course do so on purpose and because they are capable of tenacity of purpose, and it is an education in tenacity. The man who has run such a race *through* is capable of running other races. He has learned how to "keep pegging away," as Lincoln put it. He knows how to run—how to study. He likes to study. He has only begun in the great museum of knowledge, but he will go on searching its shelves until he is graduated into the large university of immortality. Ingratitude to our past selves is a human frailty which is often displayed, even ostentatiously, by men and women. Many there are who boast that they learned nothing at school; there are more who complain that they were taught nothing. Dr. Samuel Johnson was truer to himself in saying that he had learned nothing since. We hope that C. L. S. C. graduates will never fall into this cant. Be just now and always to yourselves and to those who have guided you through this journey. You have not learned everything, but you have learned how to learn. What you build yourself into hereafter will be built on this foundation. If you come to more wisdom do not be guilty of the meanness of despising these foundations. If the building rises high and stands firm, the glory of it will be these well-laid stones. If the building does not rise, yours the fault, for you will have neglected the solid base which invites you to build. Go on with the building; but do not forget now and again to bless the years when you were laying the first blocks of a studious life. In short,

we have read you a little homily on self-respect. Take an honest satisfaction in your course; keep a just respect for your tenacity and application; cherish your love for those who have helped and inspired you in the good work.

THE DECLINE OF OUR WORKMAN.

The manufacturing classes of this country doubtless present a much more favorable condition of the workmen than prevails in other countries. The men who are generally described as laborers—whether they work isolated or in bodies—occupy a higher level of life than the same class in the old world. We may pass by, as being, in dispute, the question of the protective system's relation to this fact. The higher condition of workmen is partly a result of democratic institutions and the absence of social grades in society; partly also of the youth of this country and its abundance of natural bounties. We have had the unexampled good fortune to be a young country rapidly developing wealth. A democratic level, a republican simplicity, vast stores of undeveloped natural wealth, and a system of free schools and free churches, have probably conspired to produce a high grade of workmen. We naturally desire to keep this feature of American society and industry. We note with alarm any sign that workmen are dropping to a lower level. It is not exclusively a humanitarian feeling which prompts us to maintain our workmen on a high level. We have all come to be interested in the prosperity of this section of the community. The economic usefulness of a man may be as conveniently measured by what he consumes as by what he does. In fact, his consuming power is the more accurate measure of his value. It is not so much a question of the number of strokes per day of which he is capable, as of the power he has to buy and use what his fellows produce. In this country the workman's consuming power is probably at least twice as great as it is in Europe. This means that forty per cent. of our people buy twice as much as the corresponding forty per cent. buy in Europe. The effect is to greatly enlarge the market which we are all supplying with various kinds of goods. The reduction of this growing section of our population to the European condition would cause a contraction of the market, and an arrest of our industrial development, such as we have never experienced. We should be able to *make* just as many goods as now, but the people who now buy them would be obliged to reduce their buying, and this reduction would make an appalling aggregate. If twenty millions of people should at once reduce their annual purchases by one-half, the effect would be a more complete bankruptcy of us all than we have ever dreamed of. The reduction might come about slowly and with less peril; but even then the stagnation would be fatal to a large portion of the community. The truth is that we have a new factor in our industrial life, a new economic co-efficient. It is the well-paid workman, who is a relatively large consumer. Relatively to population the market we are all engaged in supplying is a much larger market than exists in Europe. We are built upon a foundation of which this well-paid laborer is an important part. We added an immense mass to this foundation when we emancipated the slaves. We increased the demand for goods by the difference between the cost of supporting a slave and that of supporting a free man. The new factor is a sum to be estimated only by the study of our own country. It never before existed in any country. It is a fact without a precedent; and it is so large that the whole fabric of our prosperity rests upon it. Gradgrind may persuade himself that he does not care whether poor men can buy goods or not; but his persuasion to that indifference will give way just as soon as the poor cease to buy his goods. In short, Gradgrind can not afford to see the buying power of workmen reduced with complacency. It means, whenever it becomes a *general* fact, ruin for Gradgrind. Whoever has anything or produces anything has given bonds for the maintenance of workmen's wages.

Well, then, the alarm has already been sounded. We do not refer to the "tariff reform"—though that *may* be fatal—but to more certain matters over which the tariff laws have no power. It is affirmed that the character, social status, aspirations and self-respect of workmen in this country has already fallen. An observer in a manufacturing center recently said: "The change in ten years is frightful. The old hands have risen in life or gone west. The new hands live in smaller quarters, care less for the comfort of their families, and buy fewer goods of any kind. They read less, take newspapers more rarely, are less careful to dress well on Sunday, and see their children in rags with a complacency which was unknown ten years ago. The new people are from Europe, and nine in ten of them have brought their old habits with them. Higher wages mean to them only more rum and more idleness."

We hope that this is an exaggeration. But even if it be only very partially true, it opens an unexpected vista, and an alarming one. The only way to maintain workmen's wages is to keep up workmen's characters. If the character grows debased the wages will drop to that lower level. A higher grade of living is the only possible security for higher wages. Workmen can not long get high wages to spend in rum shops. Wages will sink to the level of their life. But if the common market is to suffer so great a loss as this fall in wages and consuming power would occasion, then we must all suffer. Nor is this all. The failure would be that of our civilization. We are, every way, in all sources, most deeply interested in arresting the threatened decline of the American workman.

EFFICIENCY AND TENURE.

The tenure of office in this country will be the subject of animated discussion for some years. Civil Service Reform aims to correct an abuse, and will probably achieve that end; but it is not certain that the right method of reform has been found. The ideal of good service is presented by a bank in which men serve indefinitely, and yet must serve efficiently. They are removed if they fail; they are not removed if they succeed. The difficulty in applying this rule to any form of public service lies in removals for cause. How to secure the removal of the man who fails? In the bank it is a simple thing to discharge a clerk. In public life it is not at all simple or easy. The clerk has no vested right to his place in the bank; in a department at Washington, a clerk has a vested right to his place. The bank removes because it chooses to do so. The government must invent some pretext or *prove* inefficiency. Tenure during good behavior makes a *quasi* property of the office.

The ministry presents a good example of the workings of office tenure. Thousands of churches are without installed pastors, and one of the reasons given is that churches find it easier to install a man than to dismiss him. In the Methodist Church a hot discussion over the rule which limits continuous service in one church to three years has afforded good observers a fine opportunity to see the play of feeling and motive around the tenure principle. The change proposed has met with a crushing defeat, because Methodists are more anxious to keep the power to get rid of a poor pastor than they are to get the power to keep a good one. Why? Because they have much more experience of inefficient men than of efficient men. In short, the church says to itself: "Pastors usually fail; they rarely succeed; it is best to be able to send them away quietly." This is not complimentary to the ministry, but it is the substance of the argument which has defeated a plan which had the sympathy of the best men in Methodism. The fact that in other denominations changes of pastors are about as frequent as among Methodists has the same explanation. For some reason the inefficient ministers are believed to be more numerous than the efficient. There is a suspicion in the general mind that this is true all round the circle of salaried life, and that we need swift and easy and decorous means of removing our public and semi-public servants more than we need to

fortify the good men in their positions. In the large view, what ails us is poor work; and people in general think that the poor work is already tied fast to us. The human nature of the public has been too much overlooked. The human nature of the employed has hardly ever received appropriate attention. There are two kinds of persons to be considered in estimating the effect of time limits in any service. To one kind of man security of tenure is a means of increased efficiency. He is zealous and enterprising in his vocation. He is acutely conscientious toward his employers, the more so the less they are visible and near to him. To be secure in his place is to this man freedom to do good work and conduct his career to fruitful issues. Any other tenure means to him a harassing uncertainty in all plans and wearying anxieties about bread and butter questions. Such a man can not serve a cause of any kind well on an uncertain or limited tenure of office. The only possible uncertainty for him—the only one consistent with good work—is that which concerns the quality of his work. That species of uncertainty is one which he feels to be in his power. He will do his work so well that no uncertainty shall exist. But at the other extreme is a man to whose success the sense of security is fatal. He works best under the whip of uncertainty. He becomes lazy when the fear of removal does not exist. Between the two extremes—conscientious enthusiasm at one end and place-keeping inefficiency at the other—are men of a variety of tendencies to one or the other character. Colleges probably present the best view of the effect of security of tenure. The general public does not possess intimate knowledge of the results of the system in seats of learning; but now and then an intestine broil uncovers the college life, and invariably discloses an unsatisfactory condition. For a good professor fixed tenure is most wholesome; for a poor one it is unwhole-

some in its effects on his character and work. A man of wide experience in colleges tells us that there is not a college in the country but is lugging inefficient men; and he expresses the opinion that less than half of the college men are the best men for their places. In short, even in the college, unfit men get places and keep them, to the great detriment of the college. In an average institution four thoroughly good men carry six other men. A few give the college its character; the majority are a burden, and some men in this majority, gloat over their supposed right to be lugged by the college. Any rule which should rid colleges of mere place-holders, of men weak in character, negligent in work, and far behind the times in scholarship would double the usefulness and the patronage of colleges in ten years. But if certainty of tenure is bad in college, it must be worse elsewhere.

What is generally desired in the matter of tenure in service of any sort is to cut off the chances for the purchase and sale of places, and for the capricious and interested removal of good men. The scandals growing up in public life from this base caprice in the appointing power have sickened the popular stomach. Take, for example, the forced resignation of a stenographer, at the end of a session, in order that the speaker of the House of Representatives might appoint his own nephew to the place *for the vacation*, during which there were no duties. The filthiness of the proceeding surpasses belief; and yet it seems not to have provoked any proper indignation in Congress. But fixed tenure has more evils than it cures, and some middle way should be found. We can not afford to ignore the fact that average men need the spur. The highly conscientious and enterprising servant is yet too rare in the world for it to be safe to adjust the terms of service to his character and to leave the majority free from the whip.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

An English magazine writer on Egypt points out the difficulty which is encountered in all the public life of the Nile country—it is the habit of submission to personal despotic authority. The only system of government which is possible is the old, old one—for it has unfitted the people for any other. An enlightened despotism might give the country rest and prosperity. But western Europe, now master in Egypt, has outgrown the capacity to administer a despotism.

Professor Goldwin Smith has recently stated that Canada is becoming more French. The French not only gain in population faster than the English in what was once called New France, but they are spreading out into the Canadian New England. In Quebec there are only 7,000 British people. The Canadian Frenchmen are cultivating, he says, the relations to France with increasing zeal. The sober truth is, we believe, that the English in Canada never had a chance of salvation except through annexation to the United States. We were never anxious about that; but they ought to have been.

Smuggling is not altogether a lost art. It is said that it is practiced for a livelihood on the Maine coast with some success. The fishermen are said to be experts in the business. But it is not a large business, and our government does not lose much, nor does any one get rich by breaking the revenue laws.

Somebody says that a ranch in Texas has 25,000 more acres than the state of Rhode Island. But don't infer that this country is going to be a land of large farms. We have always had some such farms; but the number of them is decreasing. They

never pay, and no social distinction attaches to their proprietors.

In Boston, Easter morning, Dr. Withrow dwelt upon the overwhelming evidence of the fact of Christ's resurrection. Rev. Minot J. Savage said, at the same hour in the same city, that we have not the slightest evidence that any Apostle ever saw Christ after he was crucified and buried. It seems that there is at least one theological difference of creed extant in our harmonious time. Mr. Savage might profitably read Paul's testimony on this subject.

Mr. W. S. Hallock, the editor of the *Christian at Work*, has been in Bermuda this season, and in a letter to his paper recalls the fact that the first settlers of that island were a drove of hogs who escaped thither from a wrecked vessel. They thrived so well that the next comers found the land filled with swine. Mr. Hallock adds: "It is probably the only successful instance of the commune to be found in all history." The point scored is that communism is good for hogs.

This spring the West Indian war is in Cuba. It is commonly held in Hayti. An expedition headed by one Agüero escaped from Key West in April and, being joined in Cuba by many dissatisfied persons, made some headway as a revolution. Our government promptly issued orders to prevent the reinforcement of Agüero from this country. The hot weather will suppress the revolutionists—if they are natives of the United States.

Waiters on roller-skates is a novelty introduced into an Omaha hotel. Labor-saving contrivances in the household

seem to have stopped with the sewing machine—and it is denied by husbands that this machine saves labor. It is rather a means of putting more work on a dress with the same amount of labor of the hand.

Herbert Spencer has been trying to prove that slavery is little different from our ordinary social freedom. A man must work, he says, most of the time for another person in either case. Yes, but it is a great satisfaction to select the man you will work for. And, in freedom, the workman is always working for himself. Mr. Spencer should try being a slave for a length of time sufficient to teach him the moral distinction between that state and freedom.

One of the papers, noticing the death of a fast trotting horse, says that he was ill only fifteen minutes. Similar statements are frequently made respecting distinguished men; and the prayer book contains a petition to be delivered from sudden death. We note the facts for the sake of remarking that sudden death by disease, either in horses or men, never happens. Diseases act much more slowly, and the man who dies of a fever has probably been ill for months. The moral is, attend to the first symptoms of illness.

The United States recently transferred a prisoner from the north to the south *for the benefit of his health*. He was a "moonshiner," and had killed several men who had attempted to arrest him. The solicitude for his health shows that we are not wanting in philanthropy toward prisoners.

The native Christians of India are taking the intellectual lead in that country. At the University examinations in Madras there were 2,702 Brahmans, 1,303 non-Brahman-Hindoos, 107 Mohammedans, and 332 Christians. Forty-five per cent. of the Christians passed, and only thirty-five per cent. of the Brahmans, while the other classes were still lower. In India there are seventeen million Brahmans and two million Christians. The former increase at the rate of six per cent. in ten years, and the latter at the rate of eighty-five per cent. These facts furnish a very striking proof of Christian progress in India.

Reminiscences of Anthony Trollope continue to appear in English periodicals. Two manly traits of his character are dwelt upon. He was punctual in keeping his literary engagements, and he never pretended to be indifferent about his pay for work. He made a bargain and kept his promise—and did both like a man. The traditional literary man did neither; he was always behind with his copy, and always pretended that he did not care for remuneration. Trollope's example deserves all the good things that are said of it.

The *Edinburgh Review* expresses the opinion that the novels written by girls must be unreal and insubstantial. The girls *ought* not, it thinks, to know anything about life, and probably do not know anything about it. The girl knows less of the world than the boy of her own age, and nobody expects the boy to write a novel. Yes, but then the girl often does produce a good story and the boy never does.

Art is *sti'v* long. Steam has not yet been successfully applied to it. A parent said to a teacher of music: "How long will it require to fit my daughter to appear in public? Will nine months do?" The teacher replied: "Nine years, madam. Even a boot-maker takes seven." Hurrying to the front inflicts upon society a great deal of very poor art.

The vexed question has set in with great vigor in the coal country. Some very "heathenish and filthy" people, called Hungarians, have come in and are competing with low wages. They use no soap, and save all the cost of cleanliness. The question we refer to is whether American labor is to keep its high level of decency, comfort and education. It is noticeable that the Chinese are rapidly climbing to that level. Perhaps these Hungarians will.

Russia finds it increasingly difficult to live in the same house with modern civilization. Count Ignatief killed five newspapers during a year when he was Minister of the Interior. Count Tolstoi has killed nine in two years. Nihilist plots have made some sympathy for Russia; but the fatal disease of that country is despotism.

Our medical colleges, in some sections if not everywhere, need an improvement in the standard of requirements. A story is told of a western one at whose examinations a student answered correctly only three out of twenty-five questions, and was affably informed that his examination was "entirely satisfactory." It is intimated, too, that the questions were very easy.

Dr. James A. H. Murray, the editor of the new English Dictionary, is a hard worked teacher in a non-conformist school in the suburbs of London. His good work on the first part of the dictionary, recently published, has attracted attention, and it is said that Oxford will give him a good place, and that Mr. Gladstone will add a government pension. The British eye is very quick to detect rare merit.

The British press is dealing severely with this country for tolerating dynamite conspirators. But up to this date no proof is furnished that there is any dynamite conspiracy here. Some indolent gentlemen in New York raise money for use against England and profess to be at the bottom of the dynamite business. But it is plain enough that they would not boast of it if they were really guilty, and that they collect the money for their own use. "Liberating Ireland" by taking up collections is an easy mode of gaining a livelihood.

The French have won another victory over the Black Flags in Tonquin. A very gratifying fact is that thus far the Chinese have not turned upon and maltreated the foreigners within their gates. A general massacre of traders, travelers and missionaries was feared when this trouble began; but it would seem that contact with Europeans has modified the Chinese feeling toward foreigners. It is reported that high officials have lost their offices, perhaps also their heads, but the foreign population has not been disturbed.

The political cauldrons are boiling. But an acute observer still sees that the general public is less partisan than it was ten years ago, or even four years ago. It is a wholesome state of things. Good men will stand the best chance of election, provided that they have some capacity to win popular affection. In politics, at least, there are no good icebergs.

A city marshal was shot dead in Dakota last month by a liquor dealer resisting an attempt to close his place at midnight. Lawlessness and recklessness are becoming more and more prominent characteristics of the liquor traffic; and this is a good sign in a bad situation. The decent men got out of the traffic some time ago; the semi-decent men followed them. The class remaining in the business can not have many friends, and will be disposed of by and by as nuisances.

It is said that the educated Chinese are rapidly becoming materialists. They have lost their old religion and are taking refuge in European scientific materialism. The meaning of this fact is that in Japan, as in America, the fight is between Christianity and materialistic dogmas. It is the same the world over, where enlightenment exists. These two struggle for the dominion of the world.

Actors and actresses have made a scandalous record on the question of marriage during the last four years. Any newspaper reader can make his own catalogue. That theater life is a terrible one for a virtuous woman. The horrible surroundings of an actress—the trial by fire which she undergoes, and so rarely survives, is a crushing argument against the stage.

One of the striking things to an American traveling in Europe is the cheap cab. After many trials and failures that great convenience has been introduced into New York under very promising conditions. A new company has organized the system and seems to be on a solid foundation. The cheap cab is a sign of civilization which has hitherto been wanting in our large cities. The world moves.

A relic of the battle of the Boyne appeared in Newfoundland last month. Orangemen were fired upon by Catholics. It is a pity that the battle of the Boyne can not be confined to Ireland. There seems to be no propriety in transporting it to this continent every year.

New York and Brooklyn are to be the Chinese center in this country. The yellow men are not persecuted there. The number of them now in those cities is estimated at from 3,500 to 5,000. Christian schools among them are growing rapidly. There are now twenty-two schools, with 910 scholars. Most of these schools were organized last year; only three of them are more than four years old.

Prince Bismarck recently said: "The telegraph fearfully multiplies my work." Does it not multiply the work of all men in public positions? The telegraph travels fast and helps to make us work fast.

A correspondent asks us to make an itinerary for six months' travel in Europe. Such a plan of travel would require too much space. Write to a New York publisher for a small book on the subject. There are many such books. To "read up" for the journey, procure two or three of the best books on the subject of European travel. Harper & Brothers publish a good one; there are several others. If you are about to invest from \$600 to \$1,000 in such a journey, you will do well to begin with an outlay of from ten to twenty dollars for special books.

The French have spent four years and \$20,000,000 on the Panama Canal, and have not made great progress. An American who worked for a year on the canal, and got off with his life, reports that fever is the great enemy of the undertaking. He says that five thousand deaths of workmen occurred in three months. The company kept fifteen thousand men at work by bringing in shiploads of new men as fast as death destroyed its workmen. If the canal is ever finished it will have cost a hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and as many thousand lives.

General Gordon is at this writing still shut up in Khartoum, and England seems to be doing nothing to save him. Egypt is politically and financially bankrupt, and Mr. Gladstone's ministry is threatened with overthrow because it has not managed the unmanageable Nile question. There is only one easy settlement of Egyptian affairs, and that is an English government of Egypt.

The drunken man is an increasing nuisance. Recently, in a Brooklyn, N. Y., theater he cried "fire," and caused a frightful panic. In a New York City theater he was an alderman, and interrupted the performance long enough to get arrested and marched off to the lock-up. He is always engaged in quarrels in which blood is drawn. In a western city, last month, he killed his best friend. We all have other business, but we ought not to neglect this drunken man, or the places where he is manufactured.

Something new in the matter of mixed metaphor appears in the *New York Times*. A correspondent, writing of a political organization, described some elements of it as "cancerous bar-nacles." We notice, too, a new verb in politics. A dreary and egoistic speaker at a convention is said to have "pepperauced himself over an impatient audience."

A wealthy New Yorker, recently deceased, disposed by will of some two millions of property which he had gained chiefly through the rewards and opportunities of public position. He bequeathed only \$15,000 to benevolent causes. A man has the right to dispose of his estate as he will; but then the public has a judgment as to whether he disposes of it in the right way. And less than one per cent. to benevolence is not the right proportion.

There is a bad type of independence in politics. It is that whose shape is made by personal malignity, and whose method is slander and vituperation. Just at this season this sort of independence is noisy. It is a kind of politics which should have little influence.

A recent writing criticises the wealthy men of the country for negligence in the matter of making their wealth minister to philanthropy. Probably most of our millionaires are too busy to see the point, but the point is sharp and will stick in the world's remembrance of many of them. The only moral justification for holding a large property is philanthropic use of it. Neglect of the kind mentioned breeds socialists and weakens the moral safeguards of all private property.

Fortwo years, Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, a lady holding a diploma as bachelor of laws, granted her by the University of Pennsylvania, has been endeavoring to gain admittance to the bar, but has been refused, on the ground that the law was out of woman's sphere, that it had been put there by custom, and that the aforesaid "sphere" could only be enlarged by action of the legislature. A Pennsylvania judge with a different idea has, however, been found. He declares, and very correctly: "If there is any longer any such thing as what old-fashioned philosophers and essayists used to call the sphere of woman, it must now be admitted to be a sphere with an infinite and indeterminable radius." Mrs. Kilgore can, at last, use her hard-earned right to practice.

The late A. F. Bellows excelled in landscape, and the value of his productions has doubled since his lamented death last year. Four charming landscapes from his brush are among Prang's forthcoming publications. They are in his happiest manner, with the tender poetic treatment that especially distinguished his work. Essentially American in feeling, his choice of subjects was always of quiet home scenes, and he is without a rival in the delineation of landscape, seeking his theme among quiet meadows and in pastoral districts, in preference to the wilder mountain views which tempt so many of our American artists. The house which is sending out this artist's work has given us this year a large amount of very valuable productions. Their Easter cards, we remember, were unusually fine; among them the mediæval cards printed in red and black, and the prints and cards on old hand-made paper, encased in parchment paper, were the most attractive novelties.

Mr. Matthew Arnold had some unpleasant journalistic experiences in his late American trip. Flippant newspaper men punned and joked and told malicious stories about this dignified and scholarly gentleman until he has been driven to the opinion—and perhaps it is a correct one—that "mendacious personal gossip is the bane of American journalism."

An unavoidable delay prevented our getting the following names into the list of graduates of the class of '83. We are glad to be able to insert them now: Mrs. Sarah McElwain, Martin, Kansas; John R. Bowman, Iowa; Mrs. Matilda J. Hay, Pennsylvania; Mary S. Fish, California; Lucyannah Morrill Clark, Wisconsin; Annie M. Botsford, New York; Frances W. Judd, New York.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JUNE.

PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

P. 141.—“Erpingham.” An English general, distinguished for personal courage, a chief excellence in feudal times.

“Truncheon,” trún’shun. A baton or military staff, employed in directing the movements of troops.

P. 143. “Three French Dukes.” Since the fourteenth century the eldest son of the king of France, and heir apparent to the crown, is sur-named Dauphin. “Count” (from which comes companion) is one of the imperial court, a nobleman in rank, about equal to an English earl. Dukes (from *dux*, leader, or *duco* to lead) were princes in peace, and leaders of clans in war.

P. 145.—“Jack Cade.” A man of low condition; Irish by birth; once an exile because of his crimes, but having returned to England he became the successful leader in riotous demonstrations of most disastrous consequences. He had great power of control over a turbulent crowd, but the rioters became insubordinate, and the injuries were such that a price was offered for the leader’s head, and Jack was assassinated.

“Cheapside.” Part of a principal thoroughfare in London, north of the Thames, and nearly parallel with it. If the name, as is supposed, at first marked the locality where shop-keepers, content with small profits, sold their goods cheap, it is less appropriate now. As the city extended new names were given to the same street passing through the successive additions to the city. Going west on Cheapside the avenue widens, and is in succession called New Gate, Holborn Viaduct, New Oxford, Uxbridge and High Street.

P. 146.—“Duke of Somerset,” süm’ür-sét. Edward Seymour, Lord Protector of England, was uncle to Edward VI., during whose minority he acted as regent of the realm—a most powerful nobleman. His brilliant victory over the Scots at Pinkey greatly strengthened his influence. There was much in his administration to be commended, but the execution of his own brother, and that of the accomplished Earl of Surrey, left a stain on his otherwise fair record. Through the machinations of his rival, he was deprived of his high office, and perished, on Tower Hill in 1552.

“Earl of Warwick,” wór’ick. Richard Neville, a powerful chief at that time, and a cousin of King Edward IV. He was a most remarkable man, and his character and methods are a study. A powerful antagonist, and brave in battle, he was also a shrewd politician, and was much concerned with the affairs of the government. He does not seem to have coveted civic honors for himself, or to have had any aspirations for regal authority. His ambition was rather to make kings, and to unmake them when their character or policy did not suit. By marriage he succeeded to the earldom, and the vast estates of Warwick. He fell at the battle of Barnet.

P. 149.—“Margaret of Anjou,” án’joo. Daughter of a French count, and Queen of England—a woman of fine talents, well educated, and full of energy. She became unpopular with the English and was forced to flee from the country. She may have lacked womanly delicacy, but did not deserve the adverse criticism received. Her circumstances justified many of her seeming improprieties.

P. 150.—“Towton,” often written Touton. The scene of the bloodiest battle of English history. A hundred thousand were engaged, and the carnage was terrible.

“Vimeira,” ve-mi’rā. A town in Portugal where, during the same campaign, the French were again repulsed with great loss.

“Talavera,” tā-lā’vā-rā. In the province of Toledo, Spain. The battle referred to took place in 1809, when Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French.

“Albuera,” āl-boo-ā’rā. A small town in the province of Estremadura, Spain, where the English were victorious in 1811. This victory cost them nearly four fifths of the men engaged.

“Salamanca,” sal-ā-manc’ā. The capital of a province of the same name in Spain, on the river Tormes, 120 miles northwest from Madrid. Wellington defeated the French here in 1812—a victory which put southern Spain into England’s power.

“Vittoria,” ve-to’-re-ā. On the road from Bayonne to Madrid, where Wellesley defeated Joseph Bonaparte, in 1813, capturing 150 guns and

\$5,000,000 of military and other stores, the accumulations of five years’ occupation of the place.

P. 152.—“Montagu,” mōn’ta-gū’. The orthography is not uniform. He was of the powerful family of Nevilles, and brother of the Earl of Warwick. They fell together on the bloody field at Barnet.

“Gloucester,” glōs’ter. This was Richard, brother of the king.

“Coniers,” kon’i-ers.

P. 153.—“Cognizance,” kōg’ni-zans. A badge to indicate a person of distinction, or the party to which he belongs. Flags are used for the same purpose on modern battlefields.

P. 154.—“D’Eyncourt,” da’in-cour’.

“Cromwell.” Not Oliver, of course, but one of his ancestors, probably Thomas, who afterward became widely known as a statesman and politician in the service of Henry VIII.

P. 155.—“Redoubted.” Regarded with fear, dreaded.

P. 156.—“Exeter,” Earl of. The Earl was brother-in-law to Edward, and fought with the Lancastrians in the civil war.

P. 157.—“The Destrier’s Breast,” dās’tre-ā’. A French word meaning charger or war horse.

P. 158.—“Victorious Touton.” On the bloody field of Towton, or Touton, at a crisis in the battle, Warwick had killed his favorite steed in the sight of his soldiers, kissing and swearing by the cross on the hilt of his sword to share with them a common fate, whether of life or death. He was victorious then.

P. 160.—“Casque,” cāsk. A piece of defensive armor to protect the head and neck in battle.

P. 162.—“Tewksbury,” tukes/bēr-e. A town in Gloucestershire, on the Avon and Severn. Edward there defeated the Lancastrians.

“Mirwall Abbey.” A quiet retreat not far from Leicester, north-northwest from London.

P. 163.—“Fleshed,” flesht. Used murderously on human flesh, especially for the first time.

“Harquebuse,” hār’kwe-būse. An old-fashioned gun resembling a musket, and supported, when in use, upon a forked stick.

“Morris pike.” An obsolete expression for a Moorish pike.

P. 164.—“Frushed,” frusht. Trimmed, adjusted.

P. 166.—“Tournay,” toor’nā’. A city of some historic importance in Belgium, on the river Scheldt, near the French border. It was the birthplace of Perkin Warbeck.

P. 169.—“Beaulieu,” bū-lī. A secluded place, sought for refuge.

P. 171.—“Ardres,” ardr; “Francois,” frōn’swā’.

“St. Michael,” mī’kal. Jews, Mahomedans, and Romanists reverence St. Michael as their guardian angel. A favorite symbol of protection was an image of the saint, with drawn sword in hand, conquering the dragon.

P. 172.—“Duprat,” du-prā’. A French minister of state, and a diplomat of ability.

“Louise of Savoy,” sav’oy or sa-voi’. Once a sovereign duchy, since a department of France, south of Switzerland, and west of Italy.

P. 173.—“Sieur de Fleuranges,” se’ur’ deh fluh’rōng’.

P. 174.—“Guisnes,” gheen. In France, not far from Ardres.

P. 175.—“Almoner.” An officer connected with religious houses, intrusted principally with the distribution of alms, and also serving as chaplain to the sick, or those condemned to die.

P. 181.—“Prebendary,” preb’end-a-ry. A clergyman attached to a collegiate or cathedral church, who has his prebend or maintenance in consideration of his officiating at stated times in the church services.

“Caermarthen,” kar-mar’ten. The chief town in Caermarthenshire, South Wales, a beautifully situated parliamentary borough, on the river Towy, a few miles from the bay. Caermarthen was the scene of the final struggle for Welsh independence under Llewellyn, the last of the princes.

P. 187. “Babington conspiracy.” Anthony Babington, a gentleman of ancient and opulent family, when young became a leader of a band of zealous Catholics who were smarting under the persecutions to which the members of that communion were exposed in the days of Elizabeth. Their primary object was to promote the Catholic cause. When Mary, Queen of Scots, was forced to flee to England as a suppliant, Babing-

ton and his associates became interested in her. They conspired to rescue Mary and assassinate Elizabeth. The conspirators, when arrested, rather gloried in the undertaking; as to the fate intended for Elizabeth, Babington declared it no crime, in his estimation, to take the life of a sovereign "who had stript him and his brethren of all their political rights and reduced them to the condition of helots in the land of their fathers." They were sentenced and executed.

P. 192.—"In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam," Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit.

P. 193.—"Fotheringay." A town in Northamptonshire. Its famous castle was the birthplace of Richard III. Here Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned and executed. The Dukes of York, Richard and Edward, are buried at Fotheringay.

P. 194.—"The Lizard." The extreme southern point of land in England, on the British Channel.

"Looe." A town of the Cornish mining region in the southern part of Cornwall.

P. 195.—"Drake," Sir Francis. A most daring and efficient naval officer, and one of the founders of the naval greatness of England. In 1587 he was sent in command of a fleet to Cadiz, where, by a bold dash, he destroyed one hundred ships destined for the invasion of England, and the next year he commanded as vice-admiral in the victory obtained over the Spanish Armada.

"Frobisher," frōb'ish-er, Sir Martin. An English navigator of the fifteenth century, who made many discoveries in the arctic regions, and was the first explorer for a northwest passage. He had a command in the great sea fight against the Spaniards in 1588.

"Hawkins," Sir John. He was previously associated with Drake in several important expeditions, and served as rear-admiral in the fight that, together with the elements, destroyed the Armada.

"Weatherage." The position of a ship to the windward of another. Hence a favorable position for making an attack with sailing vessels.

"Medina Sidonia," ma-de'nā se-do'ne-ā. Shortly before the time fixed for the sailing of the fleet and army for the invasion of England, owing to the death of the admiral Santa Cruz, and also his rear-admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the extreme southern province of Spain, a man unacquainted with naval matters, was made captain-general of the fleet. He had, however, for his rear-admiral, Martinez Recalde, an expert seaman.

"Recalde," ra-kāl'da.

P. 196.—"Oquendo," o-kān'do; "Pedro de Valdez," pe'dro da vāl-déth'.

"Andalusian," an'da-lu'sh-an. The southern part of Spain. It was formerly called Vandalusia, because of the Vandals who settled there. It is a delightful country, having a mild climate, and generally a fertile soil. Cadiz is the principal seaport and commercial city.

P. 197.—"Guipuzcoan," ge-poos'ko-an. The smallest but most densely populated of what are known as the Basque provinces; three Spanish provinces distinguished from all other divisions, in the character, language, and manners of the people. They have few of the characteristics of Spaniards; and acquired political privileges not enjoyed by others, and a form of government nearly republican.

P. 198.—"Gravelines," grāv'len'. A small fortified and seaport town of France, in a marshy region at the mouth of the river Aa.

"Galleons." Ships of three or four decks, used by the Spaniards both for war and commerce.

"Galleasses." A kind of combination of the galleon and the galley; propelled both by sails and oars.

"Sir Henry Palmer;" "Sir William Winter." English officers who were active in the attack on the Spanish fleet.

P. 199.—"Alonso de Leyra," a-lon'zo da lei'rā; "Diego Flores de Valdez," de-a'go flo'rēth da vāl'deth; "Bertendona," bērt'an-do'nā; "Don Francisco de Toledo," don fran-ches'ko da to-la'do; "Pimental," pe-man'tāl; "Telles Enriquez," tel'leth ān-re'keth.

"Luzon," loo-thon'; "Garibay," gā-re-bi'.

P. 200.—"Borlase," bor-laz'. A captain in the fleet of Van der Does.

"Admiral Van der Does," doos. A Hollander.

P. 201.—"Ribadavia," re-bā-dā've-ā. A kind of Spanish wine.

"Lepanto." A seaport town of Greece, on the Gulf of Lepanto. In 1571 it was the scene of one of the greatest and most important naval battles ever fought. The Turkish sultan, Selim, with two hundred

and fifty royal galleys and many smaller vessels, engaged the allied forces of Spain, Italy and the Venetian Republic, and was defeated with loss in killed and prisoners of thirty thousand men. The decline of the Turkish empire dates from the battle of Lepanto.

P. 203.—"Essex." (1567-1601.) Essex's career had been a romantic one. From his first appearance at court at 17, he captivated Elizabeth. He was present at the battle of Zutphen, and joined an expedition against Portugal in 1596. His position as court favorite caused many intrigues to be formed against him, but he kept the queen's favor, although often offending her. Elizabeth had ordered him imprisoned after the Ireland expedition, more to correct than to destroy him, but upon being dismissed he attempted to compel the queen to dismiss his enemies by raising a force against her. This led to his execution.

P. 207.—"Walter Raleigh." (1552-1618.) Navigator, author, courtier and commander. His first public services were his explorations in North America, during which he occupied the region named Virginia. Having given up his patent for exploration in the New World, he became interested in a project for the conquest of El Dorado. In pursuit of this he sailed in 1595 to South America, but soon returned. He assisted at the capture of Cadiz in 1596. After the death of Elizabeth he lost favor with the throne and was accused of treason and convicted. For thirteen years he was confined in the Tower, where he wrote his "History of the World." In 1615 he obtained his release to open a gold mine in Guinea. The search was unsuccessful. Having encountered in battle at St. Thomas a party of Spaniards, on his return the Spanish court demanded that he be punished, and the king, James I., resolved to execute the sentence passed on him fifteen years before.

"Coke," kōók. (1549-1634.) An eminent English judge and jurist. At the trial of Raleigh in 1603 his position was that of attorney-general. During the trial he showed the greatest insolence to Raleigh.

"Yelverton," yel'ver-ton. (1566-1630.) An English statesman and jurist.

P. 208.—"Distich," dis'tik. A couple of verses or poetic lines making complete sense.

P. 209.—"St. Giles." A favorite saint in France, England and Scotland. Many localities and public places were named from the saints. The reference here is to a drinking place named in honor of St. Giles. It was situated near Tyburn, which, until 1783, was the chief place of execution in London. Since that date Old Bailey, or Newgate, has been the place of execution.

"Oldys," ol'dis. (1687-1761.) An English biographer and bibliographer. He wrote a life of Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to Raleigh's "History of the World."

P. 210.—"Arundel," ar'un-del. (1540?-1639.) The first Lord Arundel. He had served in the war against the Turks under the German emperor, and from him had received the title of Count of the Roman Empire.

P. 211.—"Naunton," naun'ton. An English statesman, who died in 1635. He was secretary of state under James I., and the author of an account of the court of Queen Elizabeth.

"Paul's Walk," Bond Street, London, was known as St. Paul's, before the commonwealth. Here crowds of loungers used to collect to gossip. They soon became known as *Paul's Walkers*; now they are called *Bond Street Loungers*.

"Mantle." According to this old story, as the queen was going from the royal barge to the palace she came to a spot where the ground was so wet that she stopped. Raleigh immediately covered the spot with his rich cloak, on which she stepped. For his gallantry he is said to have received his knighthood and a grant of 12,000 acres of forfeited land in Ireland.

P. 212.—"Spanish Main." The circular bank of islands forming the northern and eastern boundaries of the Caribbean Sea. It is not the sea that is meant, but the bank of islands.

P. 213.—"Roundheads." The Puritans, so called because they wore their hair short, while the Royalists wore long hair covering their shoulders.

"Cavaliers." The adherents of Charles I. were members of the royal party, knights or gentlemen, to whom the name cavaliers was ordinarily applied.

P. 214.—"Janizaries," jän'i-za-ries. A Turkish word. "A soldier

of a privileged military class which formed the nucleus of the Turkish infantry, but was suppressed in 1826."

P. 215.—"Turenne," tū-rén'. (1611-1675.) A famous general and marshal of France, who during his whole life was actively engaged in the French wars.

"Counterscarp," coun'ter-scārp. The exterior slope of a ditch, made for preventing an approach to a town or fortress.

P. 216.—"Pelagian." Holding the doctrines of Pelagius, who denied the received tenets in regard to free will, original sin, grace, and the merit of good works.

"Bulstrode," bul'strode. (1588-1659.) An English jurist.

P. 217.—"Sidney." (1622-1683.) An eminent English patriot. He belonged to the army of parliament, but held no office under Cromwell. When Charles II. was restored he was on the continent, where he remained. In 1666 he solicited Louis XIV. to aid him in establishing a republic in England, and having returned to England he joined the leaders of the popular party. In 1683 he was tried as an accomplice in the Rye House plot, and executed.

"Ludlow." (1620-1693.) A republican general who assisted in founding the English republic, but was opposed to Cromwell's ambition. He had been commander of the army, but his opposition to Cromwell lost him the position. On Oliver's death he was replaced, but at the Restoration escaped to France, where he spent the remainder of his life.

P. 227.—"O. S." Dates reckoned according to the calendar of Julius Caesar, who first attempted to make the calendar year coincide with the motions of the sun, are said to be *Old Style* as contrasted with the dates of the Gregorian calendar. This latter corrected the mistake of the former, and was adopted by Catholic countries about 1582, but Protestant England did not accept it until 1752.

P. 228.—"Shomberg," shom'berg. (1616-1690.)

P. 233.—"Jeffreys." (1648-1689.) A lawyer of great ferocity. In 1685 he caused 320 of Monmouth's adherents to be hung, and 841 to be sold as slaves.

P. 234.—"South Sea Bubble." This scheme was proposed in 1711, by the Earl of Oxford, in order to provide for the national debt. The debt was taken by prominent merchants, to whom the government agreed to pay for a certain time six per cent. interest, and to whom they gave a monopoly of the trade of the South Seas. From 1711 to 1718 the scheme was honestly carried out, but after that time all scruples were thrown aside, and the rage of speculation here described followed.

P. 235.—"The Rue Quincampoix." A street of Paris where John Law developed his South Sea Bubble. He was a Scottish financier (1671-1729), who had won a place in London society, and supported himself by gaming. In 1715 he persuaded the Regent of France to favor his schemes, obtained a charter for a bank, and in connection with it formed this company, which had the exclusive right of trade between France and Louisiana, China, India, etc. The stock rose to twenty times its original value. He was appointed minister of finance in 1720, but confidence was soon lost in his plan, and notes on his bank rapidly fell. Law was obliged to leave France, and finally died poor.

P. 236.—"Scire Facias." Cause it to be known.

P. 237.—"Walpole." (1676-1745.) Walpole had been prominent in politics since the accession of George I., and in 1715 was made first lord of the treasury.

P. 241.—"Lord Mahon." The fifth Earl of Stanhope. He was prominent in public affairs during his life, but his fame rests upon his historical works, of which he published several. "A History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles," is the best known.

"Maxima rerum Roma." Rome greatest of all things.

P. 242.—"Newcastle." (1693-1768.) An English Whig.

P. 243.—"Pelham." (1694-1754.) A brother of the above, who in 1742 succeeded Walpole as chancellor of the exchequer. He was one of the chief ministers of state 1743-1744.

"Godolphin," go-dol'phin. An eminent English statesman, in the service of Charles II., afterward retained in office under James II., and made first lord of the treasury under William and Mary. Under Queen Anne he was again put in this position, from which he had been removed in 1697, and retained it until 1710. He died in 1712.

P. 244.—"Aix," aks; "Rochefort," roch'fort, or rosh'for; "St.

Malos," or St. Malo, mā'lo'; "Cherbourg," sher'burg, or sher'boor'. See map of France in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March.

"Kensington." A palace at Kensington, a western suburb of London, the birthplace of Queen Victoria.

"Grand Alliance." An alliance formed in 1689 by England; Germany, the States-General, and afterward by Spain and Savoy, to prevent the union of Spain and France.

"Goree," go'ra'. An island on the west coast of Africa belonging to France.

"Guadaloupe," gwād-loop. The most important island of the French West Indies.

"Toulon," too'lon'. A seaport of southern France, at the head of a bay of the Mediterranean. It is the largest fort on the Sea, covering 240 acres.

"Boscawen," bos'ca-wen. (1711-1761.) An English admiral.

"Lagos," lá'goce. On the coast of Portugal.

P. 245.—"Confians," kon-flon'. (1690-1777.) At this time marshal of France.

"Hawke," hawk. (1715-1781.) An English admiral. In 1765 he became first lord of the admiralty, and in 1776 was raised to the peerage.

"Chandernagore," chan'der-na-gōre'; "Pondicherry," pon'desh'er'ree.

"Clive." The founder of the British empire in India.

"Coote." A British general who distinguished himself in wars of India.

"Bengal," ben-gal'; "Bahar," ba-har'; "Orissa," o-ris'sa; "Carnatic," car-nat'ic. Divisions of India at the time of the struggle of the English for possession.

"Acbar," ac-bar'; "Aurangzebe," ō'rūng-zab'. Emperors of Hindoostan.

P. 247.—"Guildhall," guild'hall. A public building of London which serves as a town hall. All important public meetings, elections and city feasts are held here. Monuments of several statesmen adorn the hall.

P. 248.—"Sackville." The offense referred to was [this]: At the battle of Minden, in 1759, Lord Sackville commanded the British troops under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, but refused to obey orders. On return to England he was tried for this and dismissed from service.

P. 251.—"Mecklenburg Strelitz," meck'len-burg strel'itz. The eastern division of the two parts into which the territory of Mecklenburg is divided.

P. 254.—"Landgravine," länd'gra-vīne. The wife of a landgrave, a German nobleman holding about the rank of an English earl or French count.

"Hesse Homburg," hess hom'burg. A former German landgraviate now belonging to Prussia.

P. 255.—"Les Misérables," the poor. A popular novel by Victor Hugo.

"Austerlitz," aus'ter-lits. A town of Moravia, where in 1805 Napoleon had gained a brilliant victory over the Prussian and Russian forces.

"Waterloo." A village of Belgium, about eight miles southeast of Brussels.

"Blucher," bloo'ker. (1742-1819.) A Prussian field-marshal, sent to the aid of Wellington.

P. 256.—"Nivelles," ne'vél'. A road running to Nivelles, a town about seventeen miles south of Brussels.

"Genappe," ja'nāp'; "Ohaine," ō'hān'; "Braine l'Alleud," bran lāl-leu'.

"Mont St. Jean." A village near Waterloo.

"Hougomont," oo'gō-mōn'. A château and wood.

"Reille," rāl. (1775-1860.) A French general, who was at this time an aid-de-camp of Napoleon. In 1847 he was made marshal of France.

"La Belle Alliance," lā bel āl'le'ōns'. A farm near Waterloo.

"La Haye Sainte," lā ai sānt. A farm house.

P. 258.—"Milhaud," mil'ho'.

"Lefebvre Desnouettes," lēh'favr' dā'noo-ēt'. (1773-1822.) A French general.

"Gendarme," zhōng-dārm'. An obsolete name for heavy cavalry.

"Chasseurs," shās'sūr. Light cavalry.

"Veillons au Sainte," etc. Guard the welfare of the empire.

"Ney," na. (1769-1815.) One of the most prominent of Napoleon's generals. After Napoleon's abdication Ney joined Louis XVIII., but on the return of Napoleon, rejoined him. After the battle of Waterloo he was arrested, condemned, and shot.

P. 259.—"Moskova," mos-ko'va. A river of Russia, on which the French defeated the Russians.

"Hippanthropist," hip-pan'thro-pist. A fabulous animal whose body was partly like a man and partly like a horse.

P. 262.—"Pibroch," pi'brock. Bagpipe.

P. 263.—"Chevau-legers." The French for light cavalry.

"Badajoz," bad-a-hos'. A fortified town, capital of a province of the same name in Spain. Wellington carried it by assault in 1812, and sacked the city.

P. 264.—"Alava," a'la-vā. (1771-1843.) A Spanish general and statesman.

"Frischemont," fresh'a-mōn'.

"Grouchy," groo'she'. (1766-1847.) A French general and marshal.

P. 265.—"Denouement," de-nōō'mong. The discovery of the end of a story, the catastrophe of a drama or romance.

"Friant," fre'ōng; "Michel," me'shēl'; "Roguet," rō'gu-a'; "Mallet," mā'la'; "Pont de Morvan," pon deh mor'von'.

P. 266.—"Sauve qui peut." Let each save himself.

"Vive l'Empereur." Long live the emperor.

"Drouet d' Erlon," droo'a'dēr'lōn'. (1765-1844.) Marshal of France and governor-general of Algeria.

P. 267.—"Guyot," ge'o'; "Ziethen," tsee'ten. A Prussian general.

P. 268.—"Menschikoff," men'shi'koff. (1789-1869)

"Raglan." (1788-1855.) Served in the Peninsula War under Wellington, and lost his arm at Waterloo; was afterward Wellington's military secretary. He commanded the British army in the Crimean War, and died in camp in 1855.

P. 271.—"Tumbrel," tūm'bril. A two-wheeled cart which accompanies artillery, for carrying tools, etc.

P. 272.—"Punctilio," punc-til'yo. Exactness in forms or ceremony.

"Ouglitz," oug'litz; "Kourgané," kour-gā-nā'.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

P. 497, c. 1.—"Cisalpine." On the hither side of the Alps, with reference to Rome, that is, on the south side of the Alps, opposed to *transalpine*.

"Dorea Baltea," do'ri-a bal-te'a. Formerly called the *Duria*. It is a river which rises in the south of the Alps, and flows through the country to the Salassi, into the Po. It is said to bring gold dust with it.

"Salassians," sa-las'si-ans. A brave, fierce people, formerly living at the foot of the Pennine Alps.

P. 497, c. 2.—"Insubrians," in-su'bri-ans. A Gallic people who had crossed the Alps and settled in the north of Italy. They had become one of the most powerful and warlike of the Gallic tribes in Cisalpine Gaul.

"Leptis," lep'tis. An important place on the coast of northern Africa, now in ruins.

"Adrumetum," ad'ri-me'tum. A large city founded by the Phœnicians in northern Africa. It is now called *Hammeim*.

"Polybius," po-lyb'i-us. A Greek historian, born about 206 B. C.

P. 498, c. 1.—"Masinissa," mas-i-nis'sa. The Numidians were divided into two tribes, of the easternmost of which the father of Masinissa was king. He was an ally of the Carthaginians, and for many years warred with them against Syphax, the king of the other Numidian tribe. Masinissa remained friendly to the Carthaginians until Hasdrubal, who had betrothed his daughter to him, broke his promise, marrying her to Syphax. Masinissa then joined the Romans, to whom he rendered valuable service both before and at this battle. He was rewarded with much territory, which he ruled in peace until the breaking out of war between him and Carthage in 150. This outbreak led to the Third Punic War. Masinissa died, however, soon after the beginning of the trouble.

"Lælius," læ'li-us. Sometimes called *Sapiens* (the wise). Was an intimate friend of Scipio Africanus, the younger, while his father had been the companion of the elder Scipio. Polybius was his friend, and probably gained much help from him in writing his history. Lælius had a fine reputation as a philosopher and statesman, and it was Seneca's advice to a friend "to live like Lælius."

"Maniples," man'i-ples. Literally a handful, from the Latin words for hand and full. A name given to a small company of Roman soldiers.

"Ligurians," li-gu'ri-ans. Inhabitants of Liguria. A name given to a district of Italy which at that time lay south of the river Po.

P. 498, c. 2.—"Metaurus," me-tau'rus. A small river of northern Italy flowing into the Adriatic Sea, made memorable by the defeat and death of Hannibal on its banks in 207 B. C.

"Euboic." Pertaining to Eubœa. An island east of Greece, the largest of the archipelago, lying in the Ægean Sea.

SUNDAY READINGS.

P. 500, c. 1.—"Savonarola," sā-vo-nā-ro'lā. (1452-1468.) A celebrated Italian reformer. In his early ministry he effected important reforms and gained great political influence. Being sent to Florence he became the leader of the liberal party which succeeded the expulsion of the Medici. Having refused to submit to papal authority he was excommunicated, and popular favor leaving him he was executed. Savonarola published several works in Latin and Italian, among which was the one here quoted from, *De Simplicitate Christiana Vita*, "On the Simplicity of the Christian Life."

READINGS IN ART.

P. 500, c. 2.—"St. Bees." A college in the village of Cumberland. St. Bees was so called from a nunnery founded here in 650, and dedicated to the Irish saint, Bega.

"Ship Court." A part of the district known as Old Bailey, near Ludgate Hill, in London. The house in which Hogarth was born was torn down in 1862.

P. 501, c. 1.—"Hudibras." See page 306 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, note on Samuel Butler.

"Thornhill." (1676-1734.) He was a historical painter of some celebrity. His chief productions are the cupola of St. Paul's cathedral, which Queen Anne commissioned him to paint, and the decoration of several palaces. He was the first English artist to be knighted, and he sat in Parliament several years. No doubt his greatest honor was to be Hogarth's father-in-law.

"Watteau," wāt'tō. (1684-1721.) A French painter of much original power, who holds about the same place in the French schools as Hogarth in the English. His subjects were usually landscapes, with gay court scenes, balls, masquerades, and the like, in the foreground. The brilliancy of his coloring and the grace of his figures are particularly fine.

"Chardin," shar'dān'. (1701-1779.) An eminent French painter. His pictures were mainly domestic scenes, executed with beauty and truth.

"Walpole," Horace. (1717-1797.) A famous literary gossip and wit of Hogarth's time. Although highly educated and given an opportunity for a political career, he preferred his pictures, books, and curiosities. Among his many works were "A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," and "Anecdotes of Painting in England." Walpole was no admirer of Hogarth, for he says of him: "As a painter he has slender merit."

"Churchill." Called "The Great Churchill." (1731-1764.) A popular English poet and satirist. In youth he was fitted for a curate's place, but after ordination and two years of the profession he abandoned his position and began his career as a writer, producing several popular

poems and satires. He was accused of profligacy, but Macaulay says: "His vices were not so great as his virtues."

"Wilkes," John. (1727-1797.) A friend of the former, and a celebrated English politician. Well educated, clever, bold and unscrupulous. In his second term in Parliament he was obliged to resign from his indiscreet attack on Lord Bute, in a journal which he had founded. The next year he accused the king of an "infamous fallacy," which so enraged the administration that Wilkes was finally outlawed. Returning to England he was elected to Parliament, but arrested. He was repeatedly expelled from the House, a persecution which secured the favor of the people. In 1774 he was made lord mayor of London, and was afterward a member of Parliament for many years.

"Sigismunda." Daughter of Tancred, prince of Salerno. She fell in love with a page, to whom she was secretly married. Tancred discovering this put Guiscardo, the husband, to death, and sent his heart in a golden cup to his daughter.

"Pinegas," pin'e-gas.

"Zuccarelli," dzook-ā-rēl'ee. (1702-1788.) An eminent landscape painter of Tuscany. His scenery is pleasing and pictures well finished. He visited England in 1752, where he was very popular, being one of the original members of the Royal Academy. It is said that all his pictures are marked with a pumpkin growing on a vine or stuck with a stick on a rustic's shoulder as the rebus of his name, which means in Italian *little pumpkin*.

P. 501, c. 2.—"Royal Academy." The most influential and oldest institution in London connected with painting and sculpture. It was founded in 1768. It consists of 40 academicians, 18 associates, 6 associate engravers, and 3 or 4 honorary members. It holds annual exhibitions of modern and ancient art, and has organized classes for art instruction.

"Llanberis," llan'be-ris.

"Carnarvon." A northwest county of Wales, bordering on Menai Straits, famous for its slate.

"Avernus." A lake of Italy, near Naples, which fills the crater of an extinct volcano. Near its banks was the cave of the Cumæan Sybil, through which Æneas descended to the lower world.

"Barry." (1741-1806.) A British historical painter. He was a pupil of West. His best pictures are a series in the Adelphi theater, London.

"Richardson." (1665?-1745.) An English portrait painter and writer on art. His reputation is founded on his "Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting."

P. 502, c. 1.—"Ramsay." (1713-1784.) Son of the poet, Allan Ramsay. He was one of the best portrait painters of his time. Walpole praises highly some of his portraits. He was also a man of literary tastes and of great accomplishments.

"Giorgione," jor-jo'na. (1477-1511.) The founder of the Venetian school of painting. A pupil of Bellini, and a rival of Titian. Before him, it is said that no one possessed so rich a coloring and so free a touch. His pictures are rare.

"Correggio," kor-éd'jo. (1494-1534.) An illustrious Italian painter. His real name was Antonio Allegri, his popular name being taken from his birthplace—Correggio. The chief charms of his pictures were their exquisite harmony and grace. His principal work is the great fresco painting in the cupola of the Cathedral at Parma.

"Tintoretto," Il, el tin-to-rēt'o. (1512-1594.) His real name was Giacomo Robusti. The name of Tintoretto, by which he is generally known, was derived from the fact that he was the son of a dyer. A pupil of Titian, who was said to have been so jealous of him that he turned him from his studio. He conceived the idea of forming a new school of art, which should unite the beauties of Titian's style with the dignity of Michael Angelo's. His plan was never carried out fully because of his lack of patience. The "Martyrdom" at Venice is one of his best known paintings.

"Gainsborough," gānz'b'ro.

"Gravelot," grāv'lo'. (1699-1773.)

"Hayman." (1708-1776.) An English artist who acquired considerable reputation as a landscape painter. He was one of the first members of the Royal Academy.

"Kew." A pleasant village of Surrey, about 7 miles from London,

distinguished for its botanical gardens, said to be the richest in the world. They extend over 75 acres, are beautifully laid out, and contain many rare and exotic plants and trees.

P. 502, c. 2.—"Girtin." (1773-1802.) He had found a friend in Dr. Monro, who helped him in many ways. Girtin is said to have revolutionized the technical practice of his forerunners. Most of his pictures were landscapes. A panorama of London was one of his most admired works.

"Somerset House." Now occupied as public offices. The present building was erected in 1786, on the site of the palace of the protector Somerset. Nine hundred officials are employed in the various public offices in the building.

"Lambeth." Lambeth palace, the London residence of the archbishops of Canterbury, is on the Surrey bank of the Thames. It has been in the possession of the archbishops since 1197. Several portions of the palace are of historical interest.

"Ramsgate," rams'gate; "Margate," mar'gate. Seaports of Kent, England, on the island of Thanet. Both are fashionable watering places.

"A. R. A." Associate of the Royal Academy.

"Liber Studiorum." Book of studies. A series of prints or drawings issued by Turner, and which became very popular.

"School of Water-color Painting." That school of painting in which thin and delicate colors are applied to paper, on which a drawing of the picture has been made. It is a style carried to a greater perfection in England than any other country.

"Charterhouse." Formerly a Carthusian monastery. In 1611 it was turned into a school for forty boys, and an "asylum for eighty indigent and deserving gentlemen." In 1872 this school was removed into the country.

P. 503, c. 1.—"Dentatus." A favorite hero of the Roman republic, living in the third century, and celebrated for his valor and virtue.

"Anno Santo." In the sacred year.

"New Palace of Westminster." Was finished in 1867 for the Houses of Parliament. It cost £3,000,000, and was built on the site of the old palace burned in 1835. The palace covers about eight acres.

"Shee." (1769-1850.) An eminent British portrait painter, a pupil of West. It was customary for the honor of knighthood to be conferred on the party elected to the presidency of the Academy.

"Kugler," köög'ler. (1808-1858.) An eminent German critic and writer on art.

"St. Gothard," got'hard. The central group of all the Alpine chains.

"Haydon." (1786-1846.) An English historical painter who painted without success in his lifetime, and died broken-hearted. He is now considered to have been an artist of ability.

"Chevy Chase." The hunting of Chevy Chase is the account of a raid which Percy of Northumberland made on the territory of his rival Douglas, vowing to hunt there three days without asking leave. Chevy Chase means the hunt or chase among the Cheviot Hills.

P. 503, c. 2.—"Sheepshanks Collection." A large collection of the pictures of British artists made by John Sheepshanks, a collector of books and pictures, and presented by him to the English nation in 1857.

CRITICISMS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 504.—"Shakerism." The principles of the Shakers, a sect taking their name from the peculiar motions which characterize their worship. They call themselves "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," and believe in an eternal Father and Mother in the Deity, in a dual Christ, a community of property, and celibacy. Sometimes called *Shaking Quakers*.

"Pantagamy." Plural marriage.

P. 505, c. 1.—"Malebranche, māl'brōnsh'." (1638-1715.) A French philosopher.

P. 505, c. 2.—"Peter Plymley." The *nom de plume* under which Sidney Smith published a pamphlet entitled "Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham who lives in the Country."

"Anti-Jacobin," an'te jac'o-bin. Opposed to the Jacobins, a society of French revolutionists who in 1789 held secret meetings to direct the National Assembly.

"Canning," kân'ing. (1770-1827.) An English statesman.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The new "Epitome of Universal History,"* by Dr. Carl Ploetz, the veteran German scholar and teacher, is just what it proposes to be—an "epitome," giving no descriptions or detailed accounts, but a summary of the more important facts of ancient, mediæval and modern history. The facts are grouped in a comprehensive manner, yet so skilfully as to indicate their relationship. For the teacher it will be a valuable help; and students will find it a hand-book very serviceable in their reviews. The compressed statements are as clear and intelligible as can be desired, and may serve as models for notes to be taken in the lecture room; such facts as an attentive listener can jot down without loss of interest in the animated discourse. The attempt to report a lecture in full may so engross the attention that the impressions naturally received from the voice and manner of an earnest instructor are nearly lost. The learned author, as class lecturer, deprecates a too free use of the pencils in his lecture room, and when as epitomist he conducts us over fields once familiar he does not multiply landmarks beyond what are needed, or burden us with details when a word is sufficient.

The translator's work is valuable not only for his faithful rendering of the original, but for the additions made; none the less valuable because, as he modestly tells us, "they are only compilations from reliable sources." A very full index gives the book somewhat the character of a historical dictionary, and increases its value.

We commend this "epitome" to those pursuing, or having occasion to review historical studies, as a *vide mecum* that they will not likely part with, if it is once possessed.

A most interesting series of "Health Primers"† has just come to our notice. There are twelve manuals in the series, each of about 150 pages. They have been written by as many different authors, all well qualified to discuss the subjects treated by them severally. Some of them, as specialists, have attained much celebrity in their profession, and in these admirable monographs show familiarity both with the elementary principles of their science, and with the results of the latest researches having a bearing on the topics discussed. Here is certainly much knowledge, important for the masses, and the writers, avoiding technical terms, have presented it in a manner intelligible to all classes. The twelve volumes, carefully edited, are now published in four. The first contains "Winter and Its Dangers," by Hamilton Osgood, M.D.; "Summer and Its Diseases," by Jas. C. Wilson, M.D.; and "Sea Air and Sea Bathing," by J. H. Packard, M.D.

Many publishers are wisely putting some of their best books, as well as reprints of standard works, into cheap editions. To be sure they are paper bound, the covers will tear, will come off, will grow limp, if wet, but still they are almost without exception well printed. They contain the much desired *book* in a shape that suits even the shallowest purses. Among the most valuable which have reached us is "The Intellectual Life."‡ It is a genuine public benefaction for a publisher to put such a book at twenty-five cents. Mr. Hamerton has so many true and strong thoughts on the training and habits of the intellect expressed plainly and pleasantly in it, that it is a matter for congratulation that anybody may own a copy of "The Intellectual Life."

Two cheap editions of Edward Everett Hale's "In His Name,"|| have recently appeared. The story gives a chapter of the fascinating history of the Waldenses? seven hundred years ago.

In an unpretentious but well written and neatly published little volume, W. C. Wilkinson, already known to Chautauquans, discusses with becoming earnestness one of the living questions of the day, "The

Dance."* The dance confessedly has many apologists among reputable people, who think it a harmless amusement, but it is here arraigned and held to answer sundry charges of most damaging character. The author writes with the vigor of his convictions, but is calm—does not dogmatise or indulge in ranting invectives. The arguments, in themselves strong and convincing, gain in force because free from violent or indiscriminate abuse of those who see neither danger nor impropriety in the amusement condemned. The book will do good. Most persons who read it with candor, and dispassionately examine the case as presented, will feel that the several counts in the indictment are sustained, and unite in the verdict, "The dance of modern society should be dropped from our list of innocent or harmless amusements."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Tip Lewis and His Lamp." By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

"An Hour with Miss Streater." By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.

"The Riverside Literature Series," "Studies in Longfellow," "Outlines for Schools, Conversation Classes, and Home Study." By W. C. Gannett. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1884.

"Methods of Teaching Geography," "Notes of Lessons." By Lucretia Crocker, member of the Board of Supervisors of Boston Public Schools. Boston, Mass.: Boston School Supply Company. 1884.

"Intellectual Arithmetic upon the Inductive Method of Instruction." By Warren Colburn, A.M. Revised and enlarged edition with an appendix. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"Light Ahead." By Cecelia A. Gardiner. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1884.

A series of excellent low priced books comes from Funk & Wagnalls, New York:

"Christianity Triumphant; Its Defensive and Aggressive Victories." By John P. Newman, D.D., LL.D. Price, 15 cents.

"The Clew of the Maze and The Spare Half-Hour." By Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon. Price, 15 cents.

"My Musical Memories." By H. R. Haweis. Price, 25 cents.

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"Mumu and The Diary of a Superfluous Man." By Ivan Turgenieff. Price, 15 cents.

"Archibald Malmaison." By Julian Hawthorne. Price, 15 cents.

"In the Heart of Africa." Condensed from the works of Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. Price, 25 cents.

"Memorie and Rime." By Joaquin Miller. Price, 25 cents.

* The Dance of Modern Society. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

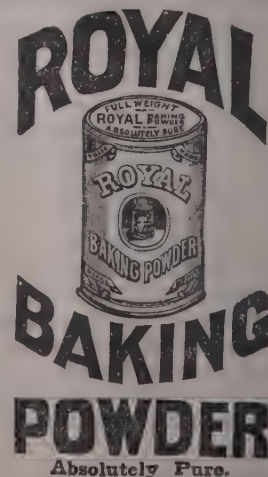
*Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval and Modern History. By Carl Ploetz. Translated with extensive additions by William H. Tillinghast. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1884.

† The American Health Primers. Health Manuals. Edited by W. W. Keen, D.D., Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.

‡ The Intellectual Life. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Author's edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

|| In His Name. By E. E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884. Price, 30c.

? A Story of the Waldenses, seven hundred years ago. In His Name. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Co. 1884. Price, 25c.



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THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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THE WHITE HOUSE.

By MRS. PATTIE L. COLLINS.

When Washington was in its infancy, and the patriots of that early day bethought themselves of the propriety of building a residence for the President, it was with some difficulty that they could decide what it should be called. In truth, this seemed a more serious question than location, expense, or architecture. Anything that suggested monarchies or kingdoms, such as the word "palace," could not be entertained; not a trace of the effete despotisms of the Old World should be tolerated, even in our nomenclature. At last "Executive Mansion" was settled upon as a proper title. Any gentleman, provided it was sufficiently pretentious, might style his house a "mansion," and the chosen executor of laws for the nation was not therefore set apart and above his fellow countrymen, when installed as chief magistrate. In the course of a few years, when only its blackened walls were left standing as mute witnesses that our British cousins still loved us, so much paint was required to efface the marks of the destroyer, when it was restored, that it gleamed white as snow in the distance, and naturally, nay almost inevitably, came to be called the "White House" by popular consent. And by this pretty, simple name the home of the Presidents will doubtless continue to be known as long as republican institutions endure. It is as different as possible in external appearance from the habitations of royalty in European cities; no iron-barred windows, better fitted for a fortress than ordinary outlook, no gloomy, gray walls, chilly and forbidding, frowning down upon you, no squalid tenements thronged with degraded specimens of humanity press upon its outskirts to accentuate the beauties of the one and the miseries of the other. Instead of this, the White House rises fair and inviting from an elevation which seems just sufficient to bring it into relief as a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Its north front looks toward Pennsylvania Avenue, commanding a view of Lafayette Square—itsself a most interesting spot, containing the celebrated equestrian statue of Jackson, by Clark Mills, and grouped about it the cannon captured at the battle of New Orleans—while around it stand some of the many historic residences of the capitol. To the east and west of the President's grounds, respectively, may be seen the Treasury, and the War, State and Navy Departments; the southern aspect is the most charming of all; flowers, trees and emerald lawn, with the music of falling water make up a picture as bewildering in loveliness as it is

arcadian in simplicity, its boundary line being the Potomac, shining in the distance like a bit of blue sea, but disfigured by no great iron hulks or other sea monsters; only a modest little excursion steamer, now and then a tall three-masted schooner lazily rocking and glancing skyward, impatient to set sail.

With these surroundings a President must be singularly oblivious to the voices of nature, art and patriotism if he does not find about his temporary abode everything to minister to his higher nature.

At present, on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the President usually receives from twelve to one o'clock; Tuesday and Friday are Cabinet days, and Monday he claims as absolutely his own. Of course if a Secretary, Senator or Representative should present himself upon urgent business, that would not admit of delay, the rule would be violated, but not otherwise.

The official etiquette of the White House remains about the same from generation to generation, but the social regime varies very much, according to the tastes of the temporary occupants. If, by a combination of fortuitous circumstances, an unpretending woman of limited education and provincial habits finds herself suddenly thrust into a position for which she is wholly unprepared by previous training, she fills it more or less acceptably, as she has tact and adaptability. These seem qualities which have not of late years been conspicuously characteristic of the "first ladies" of the land, no matter what their previous station; unless, indeed, an exception be made in favor of a certain beautiful woman, who was herself a more priceless treasure than any the White House contained.

A visitor going for the first time to the White House would suppose at a casual glance that it was a gala day, and all the world was thronging thither. It is rather surprising to learn that it is always the same. There are fine ladies and gentlemen who come in great state, foreigners of all nations, rustics from the depths of the forest, the perfectly blasé, the ignorant clown, the ubiquitous, irrepressible American child—all running rampant over the President's house. Perhaps it would be just as well to go back to the very beginning, when this surging crowd presents itself at the main entrance. Few, fortunately, make the mistake of the intoxicated straggler who found his way into the grounds, and perceiving the three harmless gilded shells used in the way of very questionable ornamentation in front of the mansion, thus accosted a doorkeeper: "Old man in?" Receiving only a look of dazed inquiry by way of reply, he continued, "Old ten per cent. money bags, I say?" At this juncture it dawned upon the official, so far as his sense of shocked dignity permitted him to receive any impression, that this besotted wretch actually supposed himself at a pawnbroker's shop! But a much prettier story than this can be told of these empty shells: Formerly the birds built their nests in them, and now that the holes have been filled so that they can not, they yet come and perch and twitter and circle around their former dwelling-place.

Eight persons are required to stand guard at the entrance;

not all at once, but to alternate and keep a sufficient number on duty. An imperative necessity has drawn the line of demarcation for White House sight-seers. Entering the hall they are ushered at once into the East Room, and having inspected it to their heart's content, return by the same way they came, unless choosing to ascend to the waiting room on the second floor, and risk an opportunity of seeing the President. In this case, to a student of human nature a rare opportunity for study is presented. Hardened, chronic office-seekers, schemers, conscienceless plotters, shabby women, forlorn, dismal, nay, often heart-broken, pert, self-assured youth, and even the small boy, with ragged jacket, one illy-adjusted suspender and rusty shoes walks in with an air that could only have been begotten by the consciousness that he was a part of the republic. Much patience brings the vigil of each to a close, and if the business be simply to shake hands with the President, that ceremony is speedily accomplished. At present it would be something like this: Entering as other people go out (for the other people are always there, going out before you, and coming in after you), a tall gentleman, very grand and very dignified, quite like a gigantic icicle—but no, that comparison is derogatory—let us say like Pompey's Pillar—stands Chester A. Arthur. He glances at your card mechanically, he takes you by the hand most indifferently, and in an inexpressible broad voice, without a single inflection, he says, "It is a very pleasant day." You may say that you are charmed to have an opportunity to pay your respects to Mr. President, or any such nonsense that comes uppermost, but it is not of the least consequence what you say, or whether you say anything at all. That is all, and you may salaam yourself out of the side door.

The East Room is used for all public receptions. It is of noble proportions, eighty feet in length by forty in width, and twenty-two in height. It was originally intended as a banqueting hall, but the first authentic account of its use was that Dolly Madison found it an excellent place for drying clothes. Under its present aspect it would scarcely appear to be well adapted to that purpose. A rich carpet of those soft tints that seem to melt into each other covers the floor. The walls and ceiling are all white and gold; glancing into the immense mirror you find it reproduces an endless vista of panels and columns lost in space. The windows are draped with lace curtains, and in warm weather the breeze comes up fresh and sweet direct from the river, blowing them about at will—just as it does the curtains of other people! But something else happens to these curtains, too, that is not so pleasant, and from which other people's, as a rule, are exempt. But a short time since an employe of the White House called my attention to the fact that here and there a figure had been entirely cut out by a souvenir-thief. This apartment, as well as several others in the mansion, has been recently done over by Tiffany, and greatly improved; it has now very much the appearance in general effect of the "Gold Salon" of the Grand Opera House in Paris. It contains only two pictures; one of Washington, purchased as the original, by Gilbert Stuart, but of doubtful authenticity, and the Martha Washington painted in 1878 by Andrews, an Ohio artist. This latter shows the same refined, high-bred features that even the crudest representation of her portrays, and the flowing train and satin petticoat are quite regal. The dress was copied from a Parisian costume made for a New York lady to wear at the Centennial tea party in Philadelphia in 1876, and purports to be an exact reproduction, but with a not unusual nineteenth century skepticism, I confess that I boldly decline the sleeve as an anachronism, and leaving the queenly robe out of the question, do not hesitate to say that in my opinion the hand was borrowed—perhaps from a Greek statue. Certainly it is not the strong right hand which accomplished the prodigious amounts of spinning, weaving, and the like, usually ascribed to this wonderful matron; but it is a tiny, symmetrical, extremely pretty hand, in the delineation of which the artist was probably true to his in-

stincts rather than history, and in consideration of the happy result, the departure from fact to fancy deserves to be condoned.

The Green Room, which derives its name from the prevailing color of its decoration, is next in order to the East Room. It contains a portrait of Mrs. Hayes, by Hunt, in an elaborate wooden frame, carved and presented by young ladies from the Cincinnati School of Design; it represents luscious bunches of grapes and graceful foliage, a design which, it has been sarcastically observed, in this connection is singularly inappropriate—since it wreathes the very high priestess of temperance like the fabled bacchanalian god. There are also crystal vase of exquisite workmanship, selected by Mrs. Lincoln, a grand piano, costly cabinets and candelabra, and a bronze clock which is said to be a little childish about keeping time. That is to say, it will do well enough for presidential and diplomatic time, but not for running trains on single track. It was presented by Napoleon to Lafayette, and by him to Washington. Another much-prized antique is a claw-footed round table of mahogany, inlaid with brass, and known to be at least one hundred and seventy years old. A cover almost envelops it quite hiding its rich color and fine polish; the reason for this being that once upon a time a vandal borrowed some of the brass ornamentation and forgot to return it.

The Blue Room is very much prettier than its title is suggestive. It is here that foreign ministers present their credentials. The furniture, with its gilded framework, and upholstered in a silk damask of blue and gold, is in harmony with the curtains, the carpets, and the decorated ceiling. It is oval in form and the general effect is very beautiful, especially by gas-light.

The Red Parlor is used for general receptions, both by the President and the ladies of the household. This was the last room occupied by Lincoln in the White House. He left it on that fateful 14th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and Speaker Colfax. The tiled mantel represents the style of 1200; this also is some of the high art—Tiffany decoration. And in truth the entire furnishing shows a singular, but not inharmonious, conglomeration. The candlesticks, dating back to Monroe's time, the gold pitcher and bowl presented by Elkington & Co., of London, after the Centennial, a wonderful screen embroidered in silk and beads, from the Austrian Government during Grant's administration, vases from France, upon whose delicate surface are portrayed the conviction and sentence of Charlotte Corday, a curious cabinet, of which the entire front is formed of brass tacks and pin heads, and many other things, but the most interesting and probably the most highly prized is the clock used by Lincoln in his private office during the war. A portfolio of engravings, a pot of flowers, and a single book occupy a small table. It is a refreshing oasis, a glimpse of something real and altogether home-like, that rests one after so much overpowering richness and antiquity combined.

The State Dining Room is furnished in green. The heavy curtains with bright borders and lambrequins are themselves pretty enough to excuse their shutting off the river view. The table will seat forty persons as it is, but when arranged in the form of a cross, fifty-four. Only three state dinners are ordinarily given during a season, but nine were interspersed through the last. A sideboard contains wine glasses of every shape, size and description. Some one laughingly explained his by saying: "You know when the little friends of the President's daughter come to see her, he likes for them to have a real good time, and these are for their dolls' tables."

Apocryphal of the wine question, a colored employe, seeing a visitor taking a copious draught of ice-water just within the vestibule, and return from his explorations through the East Room soon after, complaining of being sick, exclaimed in a triumphant voice: "Boss, I tole you dat stuff wuz only fit to wash clothes in." Turning to me he added, "Dat's so, missus, 'cept to cool your head when you got a ra'al bad headache, and can't git no cabbage leaves to wrap 'round it."

It is said to be quite a general impression that the expense of state dinners is borne by the government. This is not true, and President Arthur keeps his own horses, coachman, and cook.

The table is ornamented by a center-piece for flowers, the bottom of which represents a miniature lake, and mirrors the floral beauties above and around it. The President's chair is on one side, at the middle. In speaking of this I am reminded of a young American girl, who, like myself, was upon a certain occasion being shown through one of the numerous abodes of a crowned head. Entering the *salon* in which foreign ambassadors were received, we perceived that the throne chair stood upon a sort of dais which was entirely covered with superb crimson velvet. This adventurous little spirit inadvertently let fall a profane footstep upon the sacred fabric, when she was immediately reprimanded in an awful voice and solemnly admonished to keep a respectful distance. Proceeding further in this princely residence, we reached the dining room. The king's chair, like our President's, stood in the middle, and unlike it was of entirely different and of more elaborate workmanship than the others. Whilst the extremely loyal and obsequious attendant was looking in another direction, young America silently and swiftly drew out the chair from its place and seated herself with a comical assumption of dignity that was very amusing, a perilous position, which even she was not audacious enough to maintain more than a few seconds.

A door from the dining room leads directly to the conservatory, a perfect wonderland of perfume and color. It seems as if all the wealth of Flora had been gathered here; forests of ferns, banks of azaleas, roses in endless profusion and variety, and priceless exotic children of the tropics without number. One stands almost breathless with admiration before the exquisite orchids; and here is a plant with thick, polished leaves, heavy clusters of scentless blossoms, from the southern coast of Africa, named for its discoverer, Prof. Rudgea, while not far off the medinella waves slowly and sadly its long red clusters, as if sighing for its native Japan. Ensnared here and there are receptacles for goldfish, and even a coral bank is to be discovered among the drooping ferns and falling water. It is difficult to come away from these fairy regions to prosaic places, but there is another nook near by into which prying eyes must peep, and after all the transition is not so very trying, since it is into the family dining room, which is a charming picture in itself.

There is something so attractive in this warm, bright looking spot, that I must confess to a fascination here stronger than that inspired by the tiles, mosaics and bric-a-brac found elsewhere. Perhaps every feminine heart is sensitive to the dainty beauty of china, cut glass, and richly chased vessels of silver and gold, but the most unsusceptible would be moved to warmer enthusiasm over the set of Limoges faience, manufactured by the order of Mrs. Hayes. It consists of five hundred pieces, representing the fauna and flora of America, and each is a delicious study, bearing the impress of true artistic skill. The designs were all made by Mr. Theodore Davis, whose studio is upon one of the most romantic portions of the New Jersey coast. There, in his happy home, surrounded by wife, children and mother, far removed from the turmoil of the outer world, and borrowing inspiration from sea, sky and air, he labors, and sends forth the admirable results to an appreciative people. This china is a rich legacy to the White House families.

The grand corridor is hung with portraits of former Presidents; that portion of it from which the private stairway ascends is cut off for the exclusive use of the household. A marvelous light falls through the western window upon the cabinets with their treasures, the many flowering plants and inviting easy chairs. But even here history must intrude; a marble table of hexagon shape is said to have been the property of General Jackson, and tradition asserts that broken places here

and there in the smooth surface are the traces of his seal ring when his hand was brought down with that terrible emphasis peculiar to him on certain occasions.

The elevator which was put in for "Grandma Garfield," she never returned to the White House to use. The dreariest place, perhaps, under the roof, is the shabby, forlorn little cloak room, in which Minister Allen fell dead last January a year ago, at the New Year's reception.

It is not an uninteresting spectacle, to stand just within the vestibule on Cabinet day, and observe the arrival of the nation's arbiters, sandwiched between the throng. Perhaps a slight murmur is heard, and strangers turn toward the entrance. It might be a pleasant-faced countryman in his plain black clothes, but instead it is the Honorable Secretary of the Interior. Next, a stylish coupé, with an iron-gray horse, from which Postmaster-General Gresham and his chief clerk alight. The Postmaster-General is in the stalwart prime of life. He is tall and comman ding, with strongly marked features. Immediately following him is a British tourist, with a glass screwed in his eye, who pauses to ask, before entering the East Room, "What do you call that cold-looking place there?" Then the Spanish Minister enters and passes so slowly up the stairway that one is involuntarily reminded of the inevitable *manana* (to-morrow) of his people, not one of whom has ever been in a hurry since the beginning of time. No matter what the service required of these children of the sun, unless a compelling power supplements the order, "*Manana, manana*," is the response.

Another carriage rattles over the pavement, and a pale, spare man, with a white fringe under his chin, and close cropped hair, with a mysterious gloom upon his countenance, and bent, as if, like Atlas, he upbore the world upon his shoulders—passes with such an air as has never been known outside of the State Department. There they all have it in greater or less degree, messengers, clerks, and assistant secretaries. It is indescribable, but it is admirable. Even the high-stepping bay horses appear to be distinctly conscious of their position.

Next in order comes Attorney-General Brewster, who is without doubt the most gorgeous man in Washington. I say gorgeous advisedly. He wears an immense expanse of buff vest, a dark necktie, illuminated by a pin of diamonds clustering around a ruby center, light drab pantaloons, and lace ruffles about his wrists.

Secretary Folger has the aristocratic appearance which is the legitimate birthright of those wonderful old Nantucket families and their descendants. I need not ask you to pause longer at the entrance; the other notabilities are out of town to-day.

But after all its artistic finish, its rich decoration, the luxury apparent at a glance, there is a sense of something lacking in this grand habitation. All of these fine apartments leave the impression that they are mere show-places, not the habitual resorts of a family. One of my pet theories is that people's houses always look like them—they transfer a portion of their personality to everything with which they come habitually into contact. Well, this is nobody's home; it belongs to the government, and is illustrative of the national wealth and taste, but of no individual peculiarities. The question has often been debated of erecting another residence, which shall literally be the President's home, while the present mansion shall be devoted exclusively to public receptions and official affairs. Then, and not till then, will the Chief Magistrate taste occasional immunity from outside trespassers, and enjoy a well earned repose.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!—Whittier.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[July 6.]

It is true that the task which God lays upon us all is the same—the unceasing surrender of their own wishes to the higher aims which he successively sets before them. But with men of passionate temperament and selfish habits, who are therefore at every turn exposed by circumstances to violent temptation, their natural wishes are, for the most part, so obviously sinful that, though the struggle of renouncing them may be hard, the duty of doing so is clear and pressing. And when such turn to God, their falls in attempting the Christian walk are often frequent enough, or at least their battles with temptation severe enough, to teach them the evil and weakness of their own heart. With men, on the other hand, of calm, pure and affectionate disposition, and trained in conscientious habits, so many of their wishes are for things harmless, or even good in themselves, that it is less easy to see why and how they are to be given up. Such men, just, kindly, and finding much of their own happiness in that of others, live, for the most part, in harmonious relations with those around them, and have little to disturb their consciences beyond the fear of falling short in the path of duty on which they have already entered. But they are exposed to many perils, more insidious, because less startling, than those which beset their more fiercely tempted brethren. They are in danger of depending too much on the respect and love which others so readily yield them; of valuing themselves on a purity which, if ever one of struggle, has come to be one of taste; of prizing intellectual clearness above moral insight and vigor; of mistaking the pleasure they feel in the performance of duty, for real submission to the will of God; and above all, of shrinking from new truths which would, for the time, confuse their belief, and break up the calm symmetry of their lives.

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For * * * different natures require and receive a very different discipline from God. Sometimes it is by outward affliction that God speaks to souls, thus sinking into the lethargy of formalism; and the loss of friends, or health, or influence suddenly seems to cut off, as it were, half the means of serving him, and to rouse long-forgotten temptations to rise up against his will. Sometimes, on the other hand, he speaks to them inwardly, by opening their eyes to heights of holiness which they had never before steadily contemplated. They now suddenly perceive that many of the fancied duties which have till now occupied their lives and satisfied their consciences, have long ceased to be duties, and have come to be mere habits or pleasures; and that while they have been thus living in self love, unseen and unrepented of, they might have been coming to the knowledge of the higher obligations to which they have been so blind, but which were all implied in their first belief if they had but continued to read it with a single eye.—*From Susanna Winkworth, in "Tauler's Life and Times."*

[July 13.]

Especially, too, if they be distracted and disheartened (as such are wont to be) by the sin and confusion of the world; by the amount of God's work which still remains undone, and by their own seeming incapacity to do it, they will take heart from the history of John Tauler and his fellows, who, in a far darker and more confused time than the present, found a work to do and strength to do it; who, the more they retired into the recesses of their own inner life, found there that fully to know themselves was to know all men, and to have a message for all men; and who by their unceasing labors of love proved that the highest spiritual attainments, instead of shutting a man up in lazy and Pharisaic self-contemplation, drive him forth to

work as his Master worked before him, among the poor, the suffering, and the fallen.

Let such take heart, and toil on in faith at the duty which lies nearest to them. Five hundred years have passed since Tauler and his fellows did their simple work, and looked for no fruit from it, but the saving of one here and there from the nether pit. That was enough for which to labor; but without knowing it, they did more than that. Their work lives, and will live forever, though in forms from which they would have perhaps shrunk had they foreseen them. Let all such therefore take heart. They may know their own weakness; but they know not the power of God in them. They may think sadly that they are only palliating the outward symptoms of social and moral disease; but God may be striking, by some unconscious chance blow of theirs, at a sort of evil which they never suspected. They may mourn over the failure of some seemingly useful plan of their own; but God may be, by their influence, sowing the seed of some plan of his own, of which they little dream. For every good deed comes from God. His is the idea, his the inspiration, and his its fulfillment in time; and therefore no good deed but lives and grows with the everlasting life of God himself. And as the acorn, because God has given it "a forming form," and life after its kind, bears within it not only the builder oak, but shade for many a herd; food for countless animals, and last, the gallant ship itself, and the materials of every use to which nature or art can put it and its descendants after it throughout all time; so does every good deed contain within itself endless and unexpected possibilities of other good, which may and will grow and multiply forever, in the genial light of him whose eternal mind conceived it, and whose eternal spirit will forever quicken it, with that life of which he is the giver and the Lord.—*From Rev. Charles Kingsley, in "Preface to Tauler's Sermons."*

[July 20.]

It astonishes all thought to observe the minuteness of God's government, and of the natural and common processes which he carries on from day to day. His dominions are spread out, system above system, filling all height and latitude, but he is never lost in the magnificent. He descends to an infinite detail, and builds a little universe in the smallest things. He carries on a process of growth in every tree and flower and living thing; accomplishes in each an internal organization, and works the functions of an internal laboratory, too delicate all for eye or instrument to trace. He articulates the members and impels the instincts of every living mote that shines in the sunbeam. As when we ascend toward the distant and the vast, so when we descend toward the minute, we see his attention acumined and his skill concentrated on his object; and the last discernible particle dies out of our sight with the same divine glory on it, as on the last orb that glimmers in the skirt of the universe.

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The works of Christ are, if possible, a still brighter illustration of the same truth. Notwithstanding the vast stretch and compass of the work of redemption, it is a work of the most humble detail in its style of execution. The Savior could have preached a sermon on the mount every morning. Each night he could have stilled the sea, before his astonished disciples, and shown the conscious waves lulling into peace under his feet. He could have transfigured himself before Pilate and the astonished multitudes of the temple. He could have made visible ascensions in the noon of every day, and revealed his form standing in the sun, like the angel of the apocalypse. But this was not his mind. The incidents of which his work is principally made up, are, humanly speaking, very humble and unpretending. The most faithful pastor in the world was never able, in any degree, to approach the Savior, in the lowliness of his manner and his attention to humble things. His teachings

were in retired places, and his illustrations drawn from ordinary affairs. If the finger of faith touched him in the crowd, he knew the touch and distinguished also the faith. He re-proved the ambitious housewifery of an humble woman. After he had healed a poor being, blind from his birth—a work transcending all but divine power—he returned and sought him out, as the most humble Sabbath-school teacher might have done; and when he had found him, cast out and persecuted by men, he taught him privately the highest secrets of his Messiahship. When the world around hung darkened in sympathy with his cross, and the earth was shaking with inward amazement, he himself was remembering his mother, and discharging the filial cares of a good son. And when he burst the bars of death, its first and final conqueror, he folded the linen clothes and the napkin, and laid them in order apart, showing that in the greatest things he had a set purpose also concerning the smallest. And thus, when perfectly scanned, the work of Christ's redemption, like the material universe, is seen to be a vast orb of glory, wrought up out of finished particles.—*Horace Bushnell.*

[July 27.]

He who would sympathize must be content to be tried and tempted. There is a hard and boisterous rudeness in our hearts by nature, which requires to be softened down. We pass by suffering gaily, carelessly; not in cruelty, but unfeelingly, because we do not know what suffering is. We wound men by our looks and our abrupt expressions without intending it, because we have not been taught the delicacy, and the tact, and the gentleness, which can only be learned by the wounding of our own sensibilities. There is a haughty feeling of uprightness which has never been on the verge of falling, that requires humbling. There is an inability to enter into difficulties of thought which marks the mind to which all things have been presented superficially, and which has never experienced the horror of feeling the ice of doubt crashing beneath the feet. Therefore, if you aspire to be a son of consolation; if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy; if you would pour something beyond commonplace consolation into a tempted heart; if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact which never inflicts pain; if to that most acute of human ailments, mental doubt, you are ever to give effectual succor—you must be content to pay the price of the costly education. Like him, you must suffer—being tempted.

But remember it is being tempted in all points, *yet without sin*, that makes sympathy real, manly, perfect, instead of a mere sentimental tenderness. Sin will teach you to *feel* for trials. It will not enable you to judge them; nor to help them in time of need with any certainty.

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Lastly, it is this same human sympathy which qualifies Christ for judgment. It is written that the Father hath committed all judgment to him, *because* he is the Son of Man.

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The sympathy of Christ is a comforting subject. It is, besides, a tremendous subject; for on sympathy the awards of heaven will be built. * * * A sympathy for that which is pure implies a repulsion of that which is impure. Hatred of evil is in proportion to the strength of love for good. To love intensely good is to hate intensely evil. * * * Win the mind of Christ now, or else his sympathy for human nature will not save you from, but only insure, a recoil of abhorrence at last.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Hast thou not learned what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?—*Cowper.*

GROWTH.

By EMILY J. BUGBEE.

Grow as the trees grow,
Your head lifted straight to the sky,
Your roots holding fast where they lie,
In the richness below,
Your branches outspread
To the sun pouring down, and the dew,
With the glorious infinite blue
Stretching over your head.

Receiving the storms,
That may writhe you, and bend, but not break,
While your roots the more sturdily take
A strength in their forms.
God means *us*, the growth of His trees,
Alike thro' the shadow and shine,
Receiving as freely the life-giving wine
Of the air and the breeze.

Not sunshine alone,
The soft summer dew and the breeze
Hath fashioned these wonderful trees,
The tempest hath moaned.
They have tossed their strong arms in despair,
At the blast of the terrible there,
In the thunder's loud tone.

But under it all
Were the roots clasping closer the sod,
The top still aspiring to God,
Who prevented their fall.

Come out from the gloom
And open your heart to the light
That is flooding God's world with delight,
And unfolding its bloom.
His kingdom of Grace
Is symbolized in all that we see,
In budding and leafing of tree
And fruit in its place.

TENEMENT HOUSE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

By GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

New York City, which is the soul and center of a series of cities which may be called the Metropolitan District, has not far from a million and a half of people, nearly all of whom reside upon an island of rocky formation, surrounded by deep water. Within recent years a district to the north of the island has been annexed to the city, and city protection and privileges partly extended to it, and new parks have just been legalized there, but little that has yet been done in the outlying districts and cities has been effectual to thin out the population of the great central city, whose inhabitants are gathered from all races.

The island of New York extends over thirteen miles along the North River, and it is densely built up as far as 70th Street, on that river, and on the East River it is almost solidly built up to Harlem, which is six or seven miles from the point of the city at the Battery. The middle of the island, to the extent of nine hundred acres, is occupied by the Central Park and other parks, and broad driveways or boulevards take up considerable of the unoccupied or partially occupied portion, so that the time is admitted to be near at hand when all this island will be covered with houses. The character of these houses is already indicated by the tall flats, apartment houses, or ten-

ement houses which are rising, apparently in the country parts, out of the green fields, and some of these are six, seven and eight stories high. Extensive apartment houses, in which the floors are rented or sold, are also being constructed in the vicinity of the park, sometimes to the height of nine, ten and even twelve stories.

It would therefore appear that the future residence of the New Yorker is to be some kind of a tenement structure after the fashion prevailing on the continent of Europe. For some of these costly tenements the rent is as high as six thousand to eight thousand dollars per annum. The cheapest tenements on New York island probably cost twenty dollars a month. Although a bridge has been built at enormous expense to connect New York and Brooklyn, it is a mere convenience, and has exercised no influence on the general character of New York island. While Brooklyn is growing, Harlem relatively is growing faster, at the northern end of New York island. The elevated railroads, of which there are four parallel to each other up and down the length of the island as far as the park, and three the whole length of the island, or to Harlem River, have rather exercised a recalling influence to the city from the suburbs, and the tendency is to extend New York across the Harlem River rather than across the Hudson or the East rivers and the bay, which are often embarrassed by fog, ice, and storm.

The New York manufactures have so expanded that the operatives do not go from the city to the country parts to do a day's labor, but come from the country parts into New York to earn a living. The protective tariff has transferred the foreign commerce of New York to foreign nations, while it has made New York City our largest manufacturing city. These manufacturing factories compressed on that small island necessarily partake of the tenement house character, and it has been necessary for the legislature to pass laws prohibiting the making of cigars in the tenement houses where the people live. A few years ago I was requested to visit some of these cigar tenements in the vicinity of Tompkins Square, and further uptown, and I found an extraordinary condition of things which has not yet been checked by legislation, because after the prohibitory law was passed it was found to be defective in phraseology, and has to be reenacted. In these tenements could be seen a whole family, men, women and children, living and working their tobacco, and at the same time cooking, sleeping, eating and entertaining, with the tobacco spread over the floor to be dried at night, the children walking on it, and the vapors of the tobacco filling the lungs of the sleepers. In the morning the man got up and began to cut, trim and fill cigars, and put them on the bench before him, and there he sat all day, for at least six days in the week, seldom going out to let the rooms be aired, and some of these buildings, from four to six stories high, were nothing but pigeon cases of such tobacco tenements.

It is to be doubted whether the law can reach such cases, because detection would always involve an intrusion into the living apartments of families, and would make in time such hostility that the law itself would have to be repealed. As in Lyons, France, and in Belgium, where the silk weavers, the lace makers, etc., take their work home, there is no doubt a tendency in New York City to live and toil on the same premises. The population of New York is made up from most of the laboring nations, and each of these brings its own habits, and expects to exercise them freely in this free country. The vices of European laboring society have been imported with the virtues. The city electing its officials by suffrage modifies its usages and government in the direction of these new elements, and the foreigner soon picks up from his demagogues and the small newspapers published in his own language aggressive ideas, which some think are rapidly becoming a great defensive system, some day to plague the metropolis.

Whatever we native Americans think about the foreign

methods of living in New York, those methods are as natural to the immigrants as it is for us to occupy a whole house. Indeed, the American in such cities as New York is becoming of necessity the imitator of the foreigner, because the rent of a whole establishment on that cramped island is out of the reach of any but the well employed and independently prosperous.

As this article may come to eyes which have never seen the great city, I will convey to you some slight notion of the structure of New York island. This island is made of gneiss rock, or hard granite, which apparently extended in ribs or ridges, sometimes depressed, sometimes high, and in places like islands, and between these ridges and islands sand and gravel have been deposited, so that when you come to lay out a street, to lay pipes under the street, or to excavate for a house, you may strike solid rock, or you may find quicksand, and therefore the cost of building on the island is greater than almost anywhere on the globe. Probably the steam drills employed to blast on New York island exceed in number all the steam drills in the entire United States. Most of our cities are built on clay or sandy soil, and a cellar can be excavated in two or three days, whereas I have seen building lots in New York, only a hundred feet by twenty to twenty-five feet wide, which took months, or indeed a whole building season, to get the rock out, and when the cellar is excavated it is like a great trough or hole made in solid stone. Naturally, a man who has been at such expense to start his house looks into the air for his recompense. With that solid foundation in the stone he has procured from the cellar he begins to build a tower instead of a house, and to let it out in floors, and for each of these floors he expects to receive higher rent than is elsewhere paid for a large and complete house.

A friend of mine who recently failed disastrously, showed me one of these new flat houses he had put up. It was three lots broad, each lot one hundred feet deep, making a front of seventy-five feet. Each of these lots he held to be worth \$30,000, making \$90,000 for the situation, though it was not on a fashionable street, but rather up a side street. He then raised one upon another seven apartments on each side of the entrance, and over the entrance were six bachelor apartments, each consisting of only one room, a bed alcove, and a bath closet. Consequently, there would be in such a building twenty tenants, of whom fourteen would be families. These fourteen paid from \$1,800 to \$1,300 apiece. Each had the same number of rooms, in the same space, the rents only being modified by the position of the floor. The lower floors of course rented higher than the upper floors. Generally speaking, each living place consisted of a parlor and a side room, either library or sitting room, a bath room, and a servant's bath also, about three bed rooms, beside a servant's bed room, a dining room, a kitchen, pantries and wardrobes. The only economy in such living lies in the reduction of the number of servants, and in the less expense of furnishing. The proprietor has to keep an engineer, an assistant engineer, a porter and assistant, and perhaps a housekeeper, and of course a watchman. Elevators front and rear accommodate the landlords and the servants. Such a building, exclusive of the ground, probably cost \$150,000, and therefore it would be hard work to make ten per cent. upon it after paying salaries, taxes, etc. The bachelor apartments rented from \$50 to \$30 per month.

Now this stylish apartment house looks out at the rear upon a series of common tenement houses, where in old brick or frame buildings a dense mass of people look out of the back windows on their more aristocratic neighbors. These latter houses perhaps have a pole erected in the back yard which is as high as the house, and from every floor proceed to this pole clothes lines, attached there by pulleys, and whatever is washed is affixed to the line and run out by the pulley to dry. Most of the people in these back apartments live in one room, or at most in two, and there the good man arises in the morning, takes his early breakfast and goes out with his truck or

dray, or hies him off to work and does not return again till night. The wife arises and sends the children off to school, and then she proceeds to wash or iron, or do other work, cooking her meals meantime, and supplying the children at noon, and the old man at night. Perhaps in that room or two live half a dozen people. They may even have a sub-tenant. There must be more or less exposure, more or less bad air, more or less indifference to the decencies of life, and yet it is surprising, on the whole, how much cleaner and better these people live than might be expected. This to some extent arises from the happy construction of the blocks in the new or uptown quarter of New York. Many of our American cities have deep blocks and alleys, or inferior streets, running up between them. The ground is too precious in New York to be sacrificed in such lanes, so the back yards touch each other, and the houses are built high stooped, the basement being the first story, and through the basement hall the slops, ashes, etc., are carried to the front street and there left for the scavenger and the ash-man to come and remove them. Consequently, each of these uptown blocks is one great court, open to the sun and to the sky. New York streets across town are only two hundred feet apart, and therefore the lots are of uniform depth.

The old Dutch city and its English successor in the lower part of the island covered a triangular space not a mile long, and about a mile wide. In the course of time Broadway was opened right up the center of this triangle, and streets called East Broadway and West Broadway were thrown in a course generally parallel to the two rivers, and the attempt was continued to make a more or less rectangular city, and finally, at the distance of more than two miles up, a real rectangular metropolis was secured by opening broad avenues, of which there are about twelve lengthwise of the whole island, and these are crossed by streets running in number up to 220th, and in the course of time in the annexed portion they will run to something like 300th Street. Although the city is thus expanded, business and population are very tenacious of the old and crowded situations. As it is impossible to draw the money and finance out of Wall Street, so it is next to impossible to alter the situation of the market houses, the railroad freight depots, the express offices, the steamboat piers, the ferries, and even the manufactories. As an immense portion of what is manufactured in New York is not sold to the people of the city, but for export, it remains a consideration to manufacture, prepare and pack goods down in the dense, lance-shaped point of the island. Consequently business, tenements, folly, manufactories, everything grow denser as you go down town, and the east side of the city is especially given up to the Germanic races. At that point there is a protuberance of the city into the East River, overlapping the city of Brooklyn, and the avenues here are not numbered, but being to the east of First Avenue they take the names of Avenues A, B, C and D.

Here you find the tenement houses in their glory. Grand Street is the great artery of that side of the town.

Fifty years ago there were but 200,000 inhabitants on this island; thirty-five years ago there were but 500,000; twenty-five years ago there were but 800,000 people; fifteen years ago there were 950,000. By the census of 1880 the population of the island was put down at over 1,200,000. It will not be far wrong to call it in general terms a million and a half. But the stable population of New York bears no comparison with its transient and daily population. It is immediately surrounded by two millions more of people who depend upon the city, and who can leave it at all hours of the night by ferries. It is the resort of sixty per cent. of all the ocean vessels in the country, with their crews. It contains the offices of nearly every corporation in the United States, all of which, after they have attained a certain stability or prominence, keep a commission house or branch office on New York island.

The morals of New York City are therefore to a great extent beyond the reach of mere administration, and have to be len-

ient according to the temptation and the concourse. Marriage itself is subordinate in such a hive, to society and necessity. The American elements of the population generally adhere to their traditions and decencies, but there is a native American generation in New York, begotten of foreign parents, which knows no other country than this, but is as different from Americans of the old time as we differ from the American Indians. From this secondary growth New York derives most of its mechanical, laboring, and artisan class. These, like their forefathers, adhere to the tenement house method of life. They do not understand the necessity of a whole house, which has to be furnished, cleaned and warmed, when they spend so much of the day and night elsewhere, either at work or pleasure. So does the American element, which goes from the country to New York, content itself with a room. As for the poor, as their families increase they have no resort but the tenement house.

The latest history of New York City says that 500,000 people in New York, or more than one-third, live in tenement houses, and that the densest blocks in London do not compare, in the number of inhabitants, with the same space in the dense quarters of New York. A single block is referred to on Avenue B, which has fifty-two tenement houses, the population of them amounting to nearly 2,400 persons. One single house in New York is said to have 1,500 inhabitants, and often a house with twenty-five feet front accommodates 100 souls. Of course height is the great point to give such area. If you enter New York and walk toward the east side through the streets which run so close together, but which are all happily of fair width, and all straight, you will see row after row of red brick houses, generally built to the height of five or six stories. In themselves they are rather neat to look at, except for the signs of population at every window, where on a hot and steaming day everybody seems to press to get the air. You can see the baby at the breast, the hunchback elder child, the man rolling cigars, the Chinaman washing, the woman running her sewing machine, the musician practicing on the bugle, the dentist, perhaps, filling teeth in a tenement house at modest rates to suit. You may also see some quiet old German smoking his pipe and reading science, unaware that anything is much worse than it generally is in the world. These houses have a common entrance below, sometimes in the middle, generally at the side. Through this entrance pours in and out the population going above; the stairways are generally narrow, the steps worn almost through, sometimes loungers and children are playing in the halls, and our fastidious habits are much shocked at the necessary familiarity engendered.

Yet it is to be remembered that as one's day is, so is his strength, even in the matter of smells, and while there are tenement evils there are also tenement house virtues. The close sociability engenders another species of Christianity. The policeman is near at hand to correct any evils. While the summers are dreadfully hot, the winters are also long and cold, and the two things most needed in a tenement-house are coal and sunlight.

The tenement house laws have been made at Albany by the landlords of these houses, many of whom are rapacious and merciless. Not a single day is given by law, I understand, to a tenant who does not pay the rent. The landlord is permitted to put his agent or constable in any apartment and set the things on the sidewalk, whatever may be the disaster or the disease within. Many of these tenement houses have been built up by the sales of liquor and beer, and probably the majority of our Irish saloon-keepers project a corner in which they do business into a tenement house above, and they both provide the rum and collect the rent. Possibly the men above stairs drink away their wages in the saloon below, while the women work at something to keep the rent up.

In some cases, especially among the more rural Irish, the shanty in the suburbs is substituted for tenement house life.

As you walk along some of the newly filled streets, composed of great rocks which have been blasted in one spot to fill up another spot, you will look down into a former meadow, now a mere hole surrounded by four dungeon walls of stone, and there you will see three or four shanties pitched together on suffrance, made of old boards taken out of some fence or from dry goods boxes. Unaware of anybody being about, you can sit there and hear the whole domestic menage going on; see Patrick, very drunk, sociably quarreling with his wife, who is not far behind him in her potatoes. They perhaps keep a cow somewhere down there under the planks, and this cow is being milked more or less all the time, and if the milk can not be sold it helps to support the life of the squatters.

Again, you will go into some far quarter of this island, many miles from the business centers, and to your surprise you will there find another species of tenement house, showing that this system of herding together and economizing room is the fate of this city at least. There seems to be no future for the tenement house system. The laws passed by our state legislature with reference to this city are more apt to be in favor of the tenement house proprietor than of the tenant. The tenants hardly know where the legislature is, while the tenement house owner is informed by his lawyer or lobbyist of what is going on. As far as philanthropy goes, it despairs of accomplishing anything in the midst of such a dense population. Of course, when things become outrageous, the police report them to the Board of Health, or the tenants take the law into their own hands.

This gregarious life leads to great independence of character among the women; the average survivor of the tenement house is no puny, frightened creature, but a very active animal, ready to scratch, retort, appeal to law, and loves and marries as she wishes. There is some natural deviation from virtue, as from cleanliness, yet the recuperative principle in women, as in men, is at least redeeming, and it is to be doubted whether the vices in the tenement houses exceed those in the fashionable streets.

It is believed here that the worst class of people New York possesses are the Bohemians from northern Austria. This degraded race was at one time, or until the emperors destroyed it politically, the repository of most of the vices of Europe. Among the Bohemians you find the domestic virtues at the lowest ebb, and socialism at its lowest. A manufacturer was recently telling me of two Bohemians in his employment who grew weary of their wives, and without any other marriage, and without quarrel, they agreed, men and women, to change partners, and continue to live and work together. At a recent strike of cigar makers in this city, a working woman who stripped tobacco was set upon by three men and knocked down because she preferred to take lower wages rather than keep idle and support some of the demagogue patrols.

New York, however, has no such dens to-day as it had forty years ago, when the Five Points was in the height of its orgies. Through that old swampy quarter of the city broad streets have been cut, and manufactories have been established. I have my doubts whether, at this moment, the worst features of New York's population are not to be found in some of the rougher suburbs off the island. The draft riots of 1863 assisted the peace and order of New York by bringing about a collision between the very bad elements and the law. The police, who are generally hated by the vicious as the visible representatives of the law, received from that moment a degree of discipline which has ever since been kept up, and the militia regiments of New York City have been provided with large armories, and are in a fair state of discipline.

Of course, in such a rank soil as this island, the gentler virtues do not grow, but my observation of some rural districts, many hundred miles from this city, is that they are far below the tenement house quarter in intelligence, and not above it in morals. The matter of virtue is to a large extent involved in the race; it will take a long time to debauch, utterly, people de-

scended from the British and Germanic races. Fortunately, we have not had much immigration from the south of Europe, but the Italian quarter is attracting some attention, as possibly the worst we possess. The Chinese in New York are self-reliant, and a good many of them have shown a decided bias to be Christianized. I lived near a church, two or three years ago, where I one day observed a large number of Chinese, and glancing up at the church I saw that it was a Baptist one. On inquiry I found that a Chinaman who attended the Sunday-school of that church had been murdered by some semi-American roughs, and his classmates had come to pay the last honors to him. Like Americans, they came in cabs, and came filing out of that church quiet, uncomplaining, injured specimens of our common brotherhood.

Legally, a tenement house in New York is one house occupied by more than three families living independently of each other, and doing their cooking on the premises. All tenement houses are compelled to have fire-escapes built outside of the house, of iron. There is one quarter of New York City where 300,000 persons are said to live on a square mile. Observers now say that not one-third, but one-half of the population of New York City lives on the tenement house plan.

A superficial observer here would think that the greatest misery on the globe was to be found in this tenement house quarter, yet I think that much of this sympathy will be thrown away, because in the large majority of cases the people who live under this system would not exchange it for any other.

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.*

The lecturer at the outset stated that the valley of the Columbia River might be divided into two portions; the lower third lying but little above the sea level, the other two-thirds of the valley area drained by the Colorado and its tributaries being five to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

On the summit and sides of the mountain were thousands of lakes of clear water, which received their supply from the masses of snow which are collecting throughout the winter on the mountain ranges, filling the gorges and half burying the forests. In summer the snow melted and poured down the mountain sides in millions of cascades, eventually forming the Colorado River, which grew into a mad torrent ere it reached the Gulf of California. Eventful indeed would be the history of these waters if traced from their starting point. Some of these streams ran across arid plateaus, being fed in their course by intermittent showers. Each year their channels became deeper and deeper, cutting their way out of solid rock. Every river, brook, creek and rill ran into a cañon, so that these vast areas were traversed by a labyrinth of deep gorges hewn out of the rock by the ever-flowing streams. If the Colorado plateau had been in such a country as the District of Columbia, the land lying adjacent to the river courses would have been washed down by the rains and streams, and instead of cañons there would now be a broad system of valleys. It was an error to regard that Colorado plateau as a region of great erosion or degradation. It was a vast system of cañons, caused by the water eating its way through the hard rock, with lofty stone walls on either side.

Major Powell said that in 1867 and 1868 he had explored the Grand River and other tributaries of the Colorado, and these expeditions thrilled him with a desire to explore the vast cañons of the Colorado River itself. Accordingly in May, 1869, he started for this purpose with a small party of men and four boats from a point a few miles below where now the Union and Pacific Railroad crosses Yukon River. The first forty or fifty miles of their course was through low cañons, cut through the green and alcove lands of that region. Their course was

*A lecture delivered on Saturday, April 26, in the National Museum, Washington, D. C., by Major J. W. Powell, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey.

southward. As they descended the river, a mountain seemed to stand athwart their path, and into this mountain the river penetrated. They followed around the base for a hundred miles or so, meeting the river beyond. Now, why had not the river flowed *round* the mountain instead of cutting its way *through*? The answer was exceedingly simple. Because the river was there before the mountain, and had the right of way, keeping steadfastly on its southward course, across which the lands had been gradually elevated. These land upheavals had taken place very slowly, enabling the river to force its passage as the land rose inch by inch.

At last they reached the junction of the Grand and the Green rivers—the head of the Colorado River—some three thousand feet below the general surface of the country. At that point the cañon was about three thousand feet in depth. One of the boats had been lost, and one of the men had left them before reaching this point. The walls of the cañon here were about half a mile high. One of these they determined to scale at a point a little below their camp, where there was a gorge—a natural break in the wall. Half way up further progress seemed impossible, but by crawling round a narrow ledge of rock they were enabled to resume their toilsome climb. From this point they could see the river fifteen hundred feet below them, wildly rushing and tossing, and at the same distance above them was the cañon's brink that seemed to blend with the sky. Again the wall was found to have broken down, but by crawling up a fissure so narrow that they could press against the hinder side with their backs, while forcing with hands and feet their steep and dangerous path upward, they finally emerged into the upper world, where they could look out at the broad expanse of landscape. Away to the north were orange and azure cliffs, two and three thousand feet high; to the west were the Wasatch Mountains, and a plateau with a hundred dead volcanoes on its back, while to the east was another group of dead volcanoes. Thirty or forty miles away in the same direction were seen forests of green and masses of gray volcanic rock clothed with patches of snow; green, gray and silver, resplendent in that noon-day sun. To the south was a labyrinth of cañons.

On the following day they commenced the exploration of the Colorado River. From this starting point it was about seven hundred miles to the foot of the Grand Cañon. Through the entire series of cañons the river tumbled down more than 5,000 feet. The lecturer here stated that the fall of the Mississippi from Cairo down was about four inches to the mile, and of the Ohio some eight inches, and that the Colorado carried about as much water as the Ohio at Louisville. In some places the river was wide, and here its fall did not exceed that of the Ohio or Upper Mississippi. The fall in Marble Cañon, however, was from ten to three hundred feet to the mile! The boats, with the exception of the one in which he and Major Powell traveled, were about twenty-two feet long and decked, so that there were three water-tight compartments in each boat. His boat, in which were two other men, was only sixteen feet in length. This led the way, while the other boats, laden with provisions, etc., followed. The roar of the water in the cañon could be heard a long way off. The chief difficulty in navigating was riding the waves, which differed greatly from that of the sea. In the case of the latter the water remained, simply rising and falling, while the *form* alone rolled on; but in the former the water of the wave rolled on, the form being fixed. As long as the boat could be kept on the waves, all was well, but the great tendency was to drift into the whirlpool in the center. Three miles below the junction of the Grand and the Green rivers appeared a series of rapids and falls, and nearly two weeks were spent in running through this difficult portion of the river. Having passed through Cataract Cañon, they encountered Narrow Cañon, where the river for seven miles rushed down a steep declivity. Seven miles again below a stream came in on the right side. Up this the leading boat

went, and one of the men, in reply to a query from another in one of the boats following, as to the nature of the water in this new stream, called out, "A dirty devil," and by that name it was designated on the maps. It was a stream of red mud, having along its course hot mineral springs. The odor was fetid and foul, resembling, as the lecturer graphically described it, "One of those alabaster boxes of ointment with which they used to anoint abolitionists in the brazen days of yore." Below Narrow Cañon was Glen Cañon, stretching for a hundred and fifty miles through homogeneous sandstone of a beautiful color, its walls often perpendicular and indented with glens, alcoves and caves. The latter were formed by the rain-showers running down the sides of the wall, and slowly eating them away. At the foot of the homogeneous sandstone was a soft, friable, crumbling sandstone, and through this the river had cut some fifty miles of its course. In the next cañon—Marble Cañon—was a series of cataracts and rapids which made progress very difficult. Here the falls were too steep to be "run," and the boats were therefore let down by a line. First one was lowered, then the second passed down to and beyond the first, and then the third past the first and second.

When these falls had been passed, they found themselves at the head of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which was about two hundred and seventy miles long, varying from five to six thousand feet in depth. Here they stopped several days to examine the cañon before entering it. Where the rocks were sandstone the river was comparatively quiet, but where limestone prevailed it presented a much more threatening appearance. In some places the river was very narrow, the entire volume of water being compressed into a width of not more than fifty feet. For a distance of twenty or thirty miles a curious set of buttresses stood out from the wall of the cañon, and between each two of these was a bay where the waters would sweep around seething and boiling. Sometimes lofty pinnacles of rock rose from the river's bed, past which the boats darted with fearful rapidity. Many days were spent in traversing this part of the cañon. The weather was gloomy and much rain fell in showers, which in that region had a very different effect from those which fall in our own districts. There every drop was precipitated—as it were—into one vast rain trough, soon causing the waters to swell. At first was heard in the distance the patter of the drops on the rocks; then came the noise caused by the rills and brooks hurrying their streams to the main river, and louder yet the larger creeks and rivulets hurled their foaming waters, soon swelling the river itself into a furious and maddening torrent. The black clouds overhead appeared to be miles above them, mingling with the very skies. Through this dark cañon they worked their way, examining the rocks, toiling from daylight to dark. They were now living on half rations, as the supplies of food were fast decreasing. Suddenly was seen a fearful rapid, only three or four hundred yards below. A landing was effected and the camp pitched on a projecting rock some fifty feet above the water. The boats had to be hauled up out of the way of the torrent. In continuing the journey on the following morning, great difficulty was experienced in rounding this rock. The boats were pitched almost against it, and instantly rebounded on the retiring water. A few days later Diamond Cañon was reached. Here two streams came in, one from either side. A fearful "fall" was in sight, which, after long and careful consideration, it was determined to "run." Here three of the men grew faint-hearted and left the party. It was afterward learned that they had fallen in with Indians and been killed.

The anxiety attending the resolution to "run" this "fall" was fearful. The lecturer said that he paced up and down a little sand-plot all night without sleeping or resting. In the morning rations were given to the deserters, who determined to watch the fate of the rest of the party. The "run" was successfully made, and it was hoped that the other three would then be induced to follow. This, however, they would not do. On

the next day the most difficult point in the entire journey was reached, owing to obstructions caused by lava rocks. In one place a dam was found, the waters rushing over in a cataract. This it was also decided to "run," on the right hand side. The decision was however reversed when the fearful danger of the attempt was realized. But already one of the boats had been let down to the very head of the fall, where the men were attempting to hold it by winding the rope around a great block of lava. There was one man who had been a whaler—named Bradley—in the boat. The roar of the waters was so deafening that no voice could be heard. At length he was seen to take out his knife with perfect composure, and in an instant he cut the rope, knowing that otherwise the boat would have been dashed to pieces by striking heavily against the wall of the cañon. A moment later, and he and the boat were hurled over the cataract, probably never to be seen again. But a few moments later he appeared a few hundred yards below, waving his hand. All haste was made to reach him, fearing he might be severely bruised, but in the hurry to reach him one of the party (the lecturer) fell overboard and was picked up by this invulnerable old whaler.

On the next day the foot of the Grand Cañon was reached. Thence they went to Virgin River, and from that point to Salt Lake, after which they hastened home.

In conclusion, the lecturer said that if all the sands that had been eroded by the rivers of that region, and washed into the ocean, could be brought into one mass, they would form a rock one mile and a half thick, and bigger than New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania put together.

THE COURTS OF THREE PRESIDENTS.

THIERS, MACMAHON, GRÉVY.

We all read in the newspapers how, on the day when the Duke of Albany's lamentable death occurred, M. Jules Ferry, the French Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, gave a dinner party. An Englishman having expressed astonishment that this dinner had not been put off, a Frenchman answered by asking whether Lord Granville would countermand a banquet in case M. Wilson, M. Grévy's son-in-law, were to die? Our countryman seems to have concluded that Lord Granville would not let his hospitalities be interfered with by M. Wilson's decease; and perhaps he was right. M. Daniel Wilson holds more effective power than was ever possessed by a Dauphin of France; but his father-in-law is only the chief of a government, not the head of a court, and M. Wilson's existence has therefore never been brought officially to the cognizance of foreign rulers. It does not follow, however, that because M. Wilson is a private person, the French government is bound to look upon the relations of foreign monarchs as being exactly in the same position as this gentleman. It is more than probable that if Marshal MacMahon were still president, the foreign secretary would not have given a dinner on the day when a child of the Queen of England had died suddenly on French soil. It is equally probable that there would have been no such dinner if M. Thiers or M. Gambetta had been president.

Presidents are not all alike. In their views as to the functions of a republic—in their opinions as to the amount of authority which a republican ruler may exercise over his ministers, as to the more or less pomp in which he should live, as to the etiquette which he should enforce, and as to the relations which he should personally maintain with the rulers of other countries, M. Grévy and his predecessors have all differed from one another. The three presidents who have governed France since 1871 have in fact been so dissimilar in their characters, tastes, principles, and objects, that it is really curious to compare their various methods of living and ruling.

M. Thiers was seventy-four years old when he became su-

preme ruler of France, after the siege of Paris. After the first vote of the Assembly, which appointed him chief of the executive, M. Thiers took up his residence at the Préfecture, in the apartments which M. Gambetta had vacated.

"Pah! what a smell of tobacco!" he exclaimed, when he strutted into the ex-dictator's study; and presently Madame Thiers, her sister Mdle. Dosne, and the solemn M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, added their lamentations to his. They had been going the round of the house, and found all the rooms tenanted by hangers-on of M. Gambetta's government, who had not yet received notice to quit, and who hoped perhaps that they might retain their posts under the new administration. All these gentlemen smoked, read radical newspapers, refreshed themselves with absinthe, or beer, while transacting the business of the state; and played billiards in their leisure moments. They were dismissed in a pack before the day was over; but Madame Thiers decided that it would require several days to set the house straight; and so M. Thiers' removal to the Archbishop's palace, where Monseigneur Guibert (now Cardinal), whom he afterward raised to the see of Paris, offered him hospitality. M. Thiers would, no doubt, have liked very much to sleep in Louis XIV.'s bed, and to have for his study that fine room with the balcony, on which the heralds used to announce the death of one king and the accession of another in the same breath. His secretary and faithful admirer, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, went about saying that it was fitting the "national historian" should be lodged in the apartments of the greatest of the kings; but this idea did not make its way at all. M. Thiers ended by saying that the rooms were too large, while Madame Thiers despised them for being full of draughts and having chimneys which smoked. Nevertheless, M. Thiers was nettled at seeing that the Republicans objected quite as much as the Royalists to see him occupy the royal apartments. "Stupid fellows!" he exclaimed on seeing a caricature which represented him as a ridiculous pigmy, crowned with a cotton nightcap, and lying in an enormous bed surrounded by the majestic ghosts of the Bourbon kings. Then half-angry, half-amused, he ejaculated with his usual vivacity: "Louis XIV. was not taller than I, and as to his other greatness I doubt whether he would ever have had a chance of sleeping in the best bed of Versailles if he had begun life as I did." Shortly after this, M. Mignet meeting Victor Hugo spoke to him in a deprecating way about the fuss which had been made over this question of the royal apartments. "I don't know," answered the poet. "Ideas of dictatorship would be likely to sprout under that tester." This was reported to Thiers, who at once cried: "I like that! If Victor Hugo were in my place, he would sleep in the king's bed, but he would think the dais too low, and have it raised."

It was quite impossible for Thiers to submit to any of the restraints of etiquette. He was a *bourgeois* to the finger-tips. His character was a curious effervescing mixture of talent, learning, vanity, childish petulance, inquisitiveness, sagacity, ecstatic patriotism, and self-seeking ambition. He was a splendid orator, with the shrill voice of an old costerwoman; a *savant*, with the presumption of a schoolboy; a kind-hearted man, with the irritability of a monkey; a masterly administrator, with that irrepressible tendency to meddle with everything, which worries subordinates, and makes good administration impossible. He was a shrewd judge of men, and knew well how they were to be handled, but his impatience prevented him from acting up to his knowledge. He had a sincere love of liberty, with all the instincts of a despot. He was most charming with women, understood their power, and yet took so little account of it in his serious calculations that he often offended, by his Napoleonic brusqueness, ladies who were in a position to do him harm, and did it.

M. Feuille de Conches had to give up M. Thiers as hopeless. What was to be done with a president who, at a ceremonious dinner to Ambassadors and Ministers, would get up

from table after the first course and walk round the room, discussing politics, pictures, the art of war, or the dishes on the *menu*? Mr. Thiers' own dinner always consisted of a little clear soup, a plate of roast meat—veal was that which he preferred—some white beans, peas, or lentils, and a glass saucer of jam—generally apricot. He got through this repast, with two glasses of Bordeaux, in about a quarter of an hour, and then would grow fidgety. "Is that good that you are eating?" he would say to one of his guests, and thence start off on to a disquisition about cookery. Telegrams were brought to him at table, and he would open them, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but the affairs of France must pass before everything." If he got disquieting news he would sit pensive for a few moments, then call for a sheet of paper and scribble off instructions to somebody, whispering directions to his major-domo about the destination of the missive.

But if he received glad tidings, he would start from his chair and frisk about, making jokes, his bright gray eyes twinkling merrily as lamps through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After dinner there was always a discussion, *coram hospitibus*, between him and Madame Thiers as to whether he might take some black coffee. Permission to excite his nerves being invariably refused, he would wink, laughing, to his friends, to call their attention to the state of uxorious bondage in which he lived, and then retire to a high arm-chair near the fire, where he soon dropped off to sleep. Upon this, Madame Thiers would lay a forefinger on her lips, saying, "Monsieur Thiers sleeps;" and with the help of her sister she would clear the guests into the next room, where they conversed in whispers while the President dozed—a droll little figure with his chin resting on the broad red ribbon of his Legion of Honor, and his short legs dangling about an inch above the floor. It was always very touching to see the care with which M. Thiers' wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has been often told of how M. Thiers having been forbidden by doctors to eat his favorite Provençal dish of fish cooked with garlic, M. Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess enclosed in a tin box into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected these two countrymen enjoying the contraband dainty together.

M. Thiers had naturally a great notion of his dignity as president of the republic, and he was anxious to appear impressively on all state occasions; but the arrangements made to hedge him about with majesty were always being disconcerted by his doing whatever it came into his head to do. His servants were dressed in black, and he had a major-domo who wore a silver chain and tried to usher morning visitors into the president's room in the order of their rank; but every now and then M. Thiers used to pop out of his room, take stock of his visitors for himself, and make his choice of those whom he wished to see first. Then the most astonishing and uncourtly dialogues would ensue:

"Monsieur le Président, this is the third time I have come here, and I have waited two hours each time."

"My friend, if you had come to see me about the affairs of France, and not about your own business, we should have had a conversation long ago."

Precedence was always given by M. Thiers to journalists, however obscure they might be. Ambassadors had to wait while these favored ones walked in. A journalist himself, the quondam leader-writer of the *National* extended the most generous recognition to the brethren of his craft, but he also did this because he was wide awake to the power of the press, and had generally some service to ask of those whom he addressed as "my dear companions." He had such a facility for writing that when a journalist came to him "for inspiration" he would often sit down and dash off in a quarter of an hour the essential paragraph of a leader which he wished to see inserted. At the time of the Paris election of April, 1873, when his friend

the Comte de Rémusat, then foreign secretary, was the Government candidate with the insignificant M. Barodet opposing him, a writer on the *Figaro* called at the Elysée and M. Thiers wrote a whole article of a column's length for him. It was printed as a letter in leaded type with the signature "An old citizen of Paris;" and a very sprightly letter it was, which put the issue lying between M. de Rémusat and his radical adversary in the clearest light. However, the electors of Paris acted with their usual foolishness in preferring an upstart to a man of note, and within a month of this M. Thiers resigned in disgust.

Marshal MacMahon accepted the presidency without any desire to retain it. If anything seemed certain at the time of his accession, it was that Legitimists and Orleanists would soon patch up their differences and that a vote of the Assembly would offer the crown to Henri V. The Ministry formed under the auspices of the Duc de Broglie labored to bring about this consummation, and the Marshal was prepared to enforce the decrees of the Assembly whatever they might be. At the same time he established his household at once on a semi-royal footing, as though he intended there should be at least a temporary court to remind French noblemen of old times, and to give them a foretaste of the pomps that were coming. M. Thiers had been a *bourgeois* president; the Marshal-Duke of Magenta was a *grand seigneur*. Under Madame Thiers' frugal management the £36,000 a year allowed to the president sufficed amply to cover all expenses; under the Duchess de Magenta's management the presidential income did not go half way toward defraying outlay. The Marshal had a comfortable private fortune (not equal to M. Thiers'), but he was only enabled to hold such high estate in his office by means of the assistance pressed upon him by wealthy relatives.

The first signs of returning splendor at the Elysée were seen in the liveries of the new president's servants. Instead of black they wore gray and silver, with scarlet plush, hair powder, and on gala occasions wigs. M. Thiers, when he went to a public ceremony, drove in a substantial landau, with mounted escort of the Republican Guard, and his friends—he never called them a suite—followed behind in vehicles according to their liking or means. Marshal MacMahon with the Duchess and their suite were always enough to fill three dashing landaus. These were painted in three or four shades of green, and lined with pearl gray satin; each would be drawn by four grays with postilions in gray jackets and red velvet caps; and the whole cavalcade was preceded and followed by outriders. Going to reviews, however, the Marshal of course rode, and this enabled him to make a grand display with his staff of *aides de camp*. M. Thiers had a military household of which his cousin General Charlemagne was the head; but this warrior never had much to do, and it was no part of his business to receive visitors. Anybody who had business with M. Thiers could see him without a letter of audience by simply sending up a card to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Marshal MacMahon, on the contrary, was as inaccessible as any king. Visitors to the Elysée in his time were passed from one resplendent officer to another till they entered the smiling presence of Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, the President's secretary, and this was the *ne plus ultra*. Against journalists in particular the Marshal's doors were inexorably locked. So far as a man of his good-natured temper could be said to hate anybody, the Duke of Magenta hated persons connected with the press. For all that, he did not object altogether to newspaper tattle, for whilst he read the *Journal des Débats* every evening from a feeling of duty, he perused the *Figaro* every morning for his own pleasure.

The sumptuous ordinance of Marshal MacMahon's household was rendered necessary in a manner by the Shah of Persia's visit to Paris in 1873. It is a pity that M. Thiers was not in office when this constellated savage came to ravish the courts of civilized Europe by his diamonds and his haughtily

brutish manners, for it would have been curious to see the little man instructing the Shah, through an interpreter, as to Persian history or the etymology of Oriental languages. In the Marshal, however, Nasr-ed-Din found a host who exhibited just the right sort of dignity; and all the hospitalities given to the Shah both at Versailles and Paris—the torchlight procession of soldiers, the gala performance at the opera, the banquet at the Galerie des Glaces—were carried out on a scale that could not have been excelled if there had been an emperor on the throne. In the course of the banquet at Versailles the Shah turned to the Duchess of Magenta and asked her in a few words of French, which he must have carefully rehearsed beforehand, why her husband did not set up as emperor. The Duchess parried the question with a smile; but perhaps the idea was not so far from her thoughts as she would have had people imagine.

It was a really comical freak of fortune that brought M. Jules Grévy to succeed Marshal MacMahon. The story goes that during the street fighting of the Revolution of 1830, a law-student was kicked by one of the king's officers, for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on a wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away and lived to fight another day. For the officer, as it is said, was Patrice de MacMahon, and the law-student Jules Grévy. M. Grévy is a man of talent and great moral courage, but he owes his rise to an uncommon faculty for holding his tongue at the right moment. "I kept silent, and it was grief to me," says the Psalmist. M. Grévy may have felt like other people at times, an almost incomparable longing to say foolish things; but having bridled his tongue he was accounted wiser than many who had spoken wisely. Under the empire he practiced at the bar, continued to make money, was elected in his turn *bâtonnier*, or chief benchman as we might say, to the Order of Advocates, and in 1868 was returned to the *Comps Législatif* by his old electors of the Jura—in which department he had by this time acquired a pretty large landed estate. A neat, creaseless sort of man, with a bald head, a shaven chin and closely-trimmed whiskers, he looked eminently respectable. The only reprehensible things about him were his hat and his hands. He always wore a wide-awake instead of the orthodox chimney-pot, and he eschewed gloves. If his hands were cold he put them into the pockets of his pantaloons. Some pretended to descry astuteness in this contempt for the usages of civilized man, for the wide-awake is more of a radical head-dress than a silk hat. But it never occurred to M. Grévy at any time since he first achieved success, to regulate his apparel, general conduct, or words, in view of pleasing the Radicals.

The Assembly elected after the war at once chose M. Grévy for its speaker, and he took up his abode in the Royal Palace, from which party jealousies had debarred M. Thiers. But he did not alter his manner of life one whit on that account. In Paris and Versailles he was to be seen sauntering about the streets looking in at shop windows, dining in restaurants, or sitting outside a café smoking a cigar and sipping iced coffee out of a glass. He had a brougham, but would only use it when obliged to go long distances. It often happened that setting out for a drive he would alight from his carriage and order his coachman to follow, and for hours the puzzled and disgusted coachman would drive at a walking pace behind his indefatigable master, who took easy strides as if he were not in the slightest hurry.

There is one point of resemblance between M. Grévy and the Marshal, for M. Grévy is a keen sportsman; but in most other things the two differ, though in sum M. Grévy differs more from M. Thiers than he does from the Marshal. His manner of living at the Elysée is dignified without ostentation. His servants do not wear gray and scarlet liveries; but the arrangements of his household are more orderly than those of M. Thiers could ever be. His servants in black know well how to keep intruders at a distance. No mob of journalists,

inventors and place hunters calls to see M. Grévy in the morning. On the other hand, three or four times a week a great number of deputies, artists, journalists and officers may be seen going into the Elysée as freely as if they were entering a club. They do not ask to see the President or the latter's secretary, M. Fournieret, but they make straight for a magnificent room on the ground floor overlooking the garden, which has been converted into a fencing saloon, and there they find M. Daniel Wilson, *le fils de la maison*. All these *habitués*, who form the court of the Third Republic, keep their masks, foils and flannels at the Elysée, and set to work fencing with each other as if they were at Gâtchair's or Paz's. Presently a door opens and the President walks in. For a moment the fencing stops, the combatants all turn and salute with their foils, whilst the visitors stand up. But, with a pleasant smile and a wave of the hand, M. Grévy bids the jousts to go on, and then he walks round the room, saying something to everybody, and inviting about half a dozen of the guests to stay to breakfast.

M. Grévy has allowed his beard to grow of late, and he is almost always attired in evening clothes, with the *moiré* edge of his scarlet *cordons* peeping over his waistcoat. But for the rest he is the same unassuming man as ever, and he takes life very easily. Now and then the Cabinet meets at the Elysée in the Salle des Souverains, and he presides over it. It is worth observing that in this Salle there are the portraits of a dozen sovereigns of the nineteenth century, including Queen Victoria, but not a symbol of any kind to remind one that it is a Republican Government that sits in this room. Even the master of the house has more in him of the Constitutional Monarch than of the President. The Constitution has conferred upon him large powers which he never uses; he seems to keep his eye on the portrait of the English Queen whilst his ministers discourse. Whatever papers are offered for his signature he signs, and then it is *Bon jour, Messieurs; au revoir*, and while the ministers disperse the President makes his way to his private apartments, where he finds his daughter and his grandchild, in whose company he sometimes takes more delight than in that of statesmen.

Now and then there is a dinner at the Elysée, twice a week at least there are evening receptions, and about twice in the winter there are grand balls. On all these occasions everything is done in the best possible style, and the President discharges his functions of host with a serenity which disarms all criticism. He says nothing much to anybody, but he is the same to all. If by chance he falls into deep conversation with any particular guest, nobody need suspect that state matters are being discussed. The probabilities are that the President will be talking about the next performance of his new breech-loader at Mont-sous-Vaudrey. Moreover, what makes M. Grévy more puzzling and interesting at once to those who behold him so simple in his palace, is the knowledge which all have, that when his time comes for leaving the Elysée he will walk out of it as coolly as he went in, without wishing that his tenancy had been longer, and certainly without doing anything to prolong it. His only anxiety will be to see that his gun-case suffer no damage at the door.—*Abridged from Temple Bar.*

Thus God has willed
That man when fully skilled
Still gropes in twilight dim,
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him.
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

—Cardinal Newman.

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

FOR JULY.

THE SUN.

We now enter upon what is usually called the "heated term," in earnest. The "Dog Days" are upon us, that is, we say they are; but the statement is a somewhat doubtful one. We have the story that the ancients regarded the Dog Star, *Sirius*, in the constellation *Canis Major*, as the source of "unnumbered woes," because it rose a short time before the sun about the season of their year that the hot weather set in, and diseases incident to their climate more than usually prevailed. It is said that they estimated this period as continuing for the space of forty consecutive days, beginning twenty days before, and continuing twenty days after what was called the heliacal (that is, rising just long enough before the sun to be visible) rising of the Dog Star. Now, the difficulty we moderns find in fixing the limits of these days is this: The heliacal rising of the star for any one place can readily be found; but when determined for one place, it would not suit for another in a different latitude. Besides, the right ascension of *Sirius*, on account of the precession of the equinoxes, is constantly increasing, and hence for the same place these days fall later each year, in the course of time occurring even in mid-winter. Almanac makers, when they notice them at all, seem to take the liberty of treating them to suit their own convenience. For example, one of this year's publications announces that "Dog Days" begin on the 21st of July, and end on the 30th of August, making, as we see by including one extreme date, altogether the forty days claimed by the ancients. But in this latitude, on the former date, the star rises at 5:43 a. m., one hour and five minutes *after*, and on the latter date at 3:06 a. m., two hours and twenty minutes *before* sunrise. Others fix the time from July 3rd to August 11th (forty days), without any respect to the rising of *Sirius*, which on the former date appears above our horizon at 6:51 a. m., or two hours and seventeen minutes *after*, and on the latter date at 4:18 a. m., forty-nine minutes *before* sunrise. Others, again, making an effort, we presume, to adapt them to our climate, regard them as continuing only thirty-two days, namely, from July 24th to August 24th. Taking it all in all, we may as well leave them to the Egyptians and Ethiopians, among whom the ideas in regard to them seem to have originated, as a superstition of the past ages, taking our "heated term" at its usual time, July and August, and throwing our "Dog Days," as some do physis, "to the dogs."

Whether we account for it by the extreme heat or not, it is nevertheless a fact that the sun lags along behind our clocks during this entire month; on the 1st, not reaching the meridian till 12:03:41 p. m.; on the 15th till 12:05:44 p. m., and on the 30th till six minutes and nine seconds after noon. The time of the sun's rising on the 1st, 15th and 30th, is 4:33, 4:43 and 4:56 a. m.; and the time of setting on the same dates is 7:34, 7:29 and 7:17 p. m., respectively. The 30th day of this month will be about forty minutes shorter than the 1st, the latter being fifteen hours one minute, and the former fourteen hours and twenty-one minutes in length. The time from daybreak to the end of twilight is, on the 1st, 19 hours 24 minutes. Sun is due west on the 30th at 5:29 p. m. Its greatest elevation above the horizon in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$, is $71^{\circ} 33\frac{1}{2}''$.

THE MOON

Exhibits the following phases: Full moon, 5:02 a. m. on the 8th; last quarter, 4:30 p. m. on the 15th; new moon, 7:46 a. m. on the 22nd; first quarter on the 29th, at 4:53 p. m. On the 1st it sets at 12:11 a. m., and on the 30th, at 11:51 p. m. On the 15th, rises at 11:32 p. m. On the 4th, at 7:54 a. m., and again on the 31st at 11:00 p. m. it is at its maximum distance from the earth. On the 20th, at 1:36 a. m. is nearest the earth. Its

greatest elevation, equal $67^{\circ} 13\frac{1}{3}''$, occurs on the 19th; and its least elevation, amounting to $29^{\circ} 42\frac{1}{3}''$ on the 5th.

MERCURY.

This planet will be morning star till the 13th, after which it will be evening star till the end of the month. It rises on the 1st at 3:41 a. m.; sets on the 15th at 7:41 p. m., and on the 30th at 8:07 p. m., on which latter date it is possibly visible to the naked eye. Its motion during the month is direct, and amounts to $62^{\circ} 30' 31.5''$. On the 17th at 6:00 a. m. it is nearest the sun; on the 12th at 1:00 a. m., $6^{\circ} 20'$ north of Venus; on the same date, at midnight, is in superior conjunction with the sun; that is, it is in a line with the earth and sun, and in the order, Earth, Sun, Mercury; on the 23rd, at 3:00 a. m., $1^{\circ} 10'$ north of Jupiter; and on the 23rd, at 7:05 a. m., $6^{\circ} 30'$ north of the moon. Diameter decreases from $5.6''$ to $5.4''$.

VENUS.

A view of Venus during this month through a telescope of moderate power would be an interesting sight, since she now presents the appearance of our moon in its first or last quarter, and thus seems quite different from the simple star that is visible to the naked eye. She will be evening star till the 11th, at which time she reaches her inferior conjunction, that is, reaches a point directly between the earth and the sun; after which she will be morning star, not only to the end of this month, but for several successive months. Of course, for a number of days both before and after conjunction, she will, on account of her proximity to the sun, be invisible. We shall miss her "beaming countenance," but we know that she will appear again. On the 1st she sets at 8:14 p. m., and rises on the 15th at 4:38 a. m., and on the 30th at 3:17 a. m. On the 21st at 6:28 a. m. she is $1^{\circ} 11'$ south of the moon; and on the 29th at 11:00 a. m., farthest from the sun.

MARS

Has from the 1st to 30th a direct motion of $15^{\circ} 36' 32''$, and although much reduced in apparent diameter, is still quite a prominent object in the evening sky, following westward in the wake of Jupiter. His diameter decreases from $5.6''$ to $5.2''$. He rises in the forenoon, and sets as follows, in the evening: On the 1st at 10:47; on the 15th at 10:11; and on the 30th at 9:31. On the 26th at 5:04 p. m. he is $2^{\circ} 5'$ north of the moon.

JUPITER

Will be evening star throughout the entire month, though at its close approaching so near the sun as to be scarcely visible. He sets at the following times: On the 1st at 9:08; on the 15th at 8:22; and on the 30th at 7:33 p. m. His motion is direct, and amounts from the 1st to the 30th, to $6^{\circ} 17' 55''$. Diameter decreases from $30.2''$ to $29.6''$. On the 23rd, at 3:00 a. m. is $1^{\circ} 10'$ south of Mercury; and on the same day at 6:34 a. m. is $5^{\circ} 21'$ north of the moon.

SATURN.

This planet is now one of our morning stars, rising on the 1st at 3:06, on the 15th at 2:17, and on the 30th at 1:25 a. m. Motion direct, amounting to $3^{\circ} 32' 30\frac{1}{4}''$. Diameter increases from $15.6''$ to $16.2''$. On the 19th, at 1:01 p. m. is $3^{\circ} 2'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

Whose direct motion during the month is estimated at $1^{\circ} 3' 26''$, continues its *role* as evening star, setting at the following times: On the 1st at 11:10; on the 15th at 10:16; and on the 30th at 9:17 p. m. On the date last named, *Beta Virginis* will be only two minutes south of and will set at the same time as the planet. On the 19th, at 2:00 p. m., Uranus will be eleven minutes north of Mars; and on the 26th, at 9:57 a. m. will be $2^{\circ} 43'$ north of the moon.

NEPTUNE

Scarcely affords this month material for comment. Its diameter at present appears to be $2.6''$. Its motion is $40' 35''$, and is direct. On the 1st it rises at 1:44 a. m.; on the 15th at 12:49

a. m.; and on the 30th at 11:45 p. m. At 5:27 p. m., on the 17th, it will be $1^{\circ} 11'$ north of the moon.

FOR AUGUST.

The mid-day shadows lengthening northward indicate to us northern folks that "Old Sol" has departed on his annual southern tour. He now cuts off the day at both ends, on the 1st rising 25 minutes later and setting 20 minutes earlier than on the 1st of July. His change in declination since June 20th, beginning of summer, till August 31st, will be a little over 15° , and the decrease in the length of the day for the same time, will be a trifle less than two hours. He will come to the meridian on the 1st, at six minutes and two seconds after 12:00; on the 15th at four minutes and eight seconds after 12:00; and on the 30th at sixteen seconds after 12:00. On the same dates he will rise at 4:58, 5:11, and 5:26 a. m., and set at 7:14, 6:57, and 6:35 p. m. Daybreak will occur at 3:05, 3:23, and 3:44 a. m., and twilight will end at 9:07, 8:45, and 8:16 p. m. Greatest elevation in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$ will be $66^{\circ} 18\frac{3}{4}'$.

THE MOON'S

Phases occur in the following order and time: Full moon on the 6th, at 5:58 p. m.; last quarter on the 13th, at 10:00 p. m.; new moon on the 20th, at 4:46 p. m.; and first quarter on the 28th, at 10:34 a. m. The moon rises on the 15th at 12:39 a. m.; and sets on the 1st and 31st at 12:30 and 12:43 a. m., respectively. On the 16th at 11:00 a. m., nearest the earth; on the 28th, at 5:30 p. m., farthest from the earth. Its greatest elevation, $67^{\circ} 4'$, occurs on the 15th, and its least, $29^{\circ} 50.8'$ on the second day of the month.

MERCURY

Reaches its greatest elongation east ($27^{\circ} 21'$), very nearly its maximum distance from the sun; yet the opportunity for observation is not so favorable as on many occasions when the elongation is several degrees less. And the reason is, that the planet is now moving southward, is in fact on the 23rd, the date of its greatest eastern elongation, $1^{\circ} 16'$ south, while the sun is still $11^{\circ} 9'$ north of the equator, and sets, therefore, only about fifty minutes later than the sun. The time of the planet's setting is for the 1st, 8:07 p. m.; 15th, 7:53 p. m.; 30th, 7:16 p. m. It has a direct motion of $32^{\circ} 49' 39''$. Its diameter increases $2.6''$, namely, from $5.6''$ to $8.2''$. It is farthest from the sun on the 20th, at 6:00 a. m. On the 23d, at 8:00 a. m., $3^{\circ} 5'$ south of Uranus.

VENUS

Again reaches a position of greatest brilliancy on the 17th, and during the entire month will be an object of interest to early risers. On the 2nd she will appear stationary; and on the 17th at 4:37 p. m. will be 23 minutes south of the moon. Her diameter will decrease from $49''$ on the 1st to $31.8''$ on the 30th. Her time of rising will be as follows: On the 1st, at 3:08; on the 15th, at 2:23; and on the 30th, at 2:01 a. m.

MARS

Seems to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," his diameter at the close of the month being only $4.8''$. He sets at 9:25 on the evening of the 1st; at 8:51 p. m. on the 15th, and at 8:13 p. m. on the 30th. On the 24th, at 10:29 a. m. he is only $10'$ south of the moon.

JUPITER

With his huge form and accompanying satellites fare the fate of all "lights" terrestrial and celestial, and his "glory" sinks into insignificance beside that of his "ruling power," as he on the 7th, at 1:00 p. m. comes in conjunction with the sun and changes his relation from that of an evening to that of a morning star. On the 1st he sets at 7:26 p. m.; on the 15th rises at 4:44 a. m.; and on the 30th rises at 4:02 a. m. Is in conjunction with and $5^{\circ} 8'$ north of the moon at 2:36 on the morning of the 20th.

SATURN,

Another of our morning stars, rises on the 1st and 15th at 1:18 and 12:28 a. m., respectively; and on the 29th, at 11:34 p. m. His diameter increases from $16.2''$ to $16.8''$. His motion is direct, amounting to about $2^{\circ} 43'$. He can be found a little north of *Zeta*, the star denoting the extremity of the northern horn of the constellation *Taurus*. On the 16th, at 12:41 a. m. will be $3^{\circ} 17'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

Which on the 30th of last month was so near *Beta Virginis*, has moved about $1^{\circ} 35'$ farther to the east; but can be more readily pointed out by its proximity to this than to that of any other star. Uranus is an evening star, setting at the following dates: 1st, at 9:10 p. m.; 15th, at 8:17 p. m.; 30th, at 7:20 p. m. Diameter, $3.6''$. On the 22nd, at 9:35 p. m. is $2^{\circ} 25'$ north of the moon; and on the 23rd is $3^{\circ} 5'$ north of Mercury, at 8:00 a. m., an hour at which neither planet can be seen by the unaided eye.

NEPTUNE,

Last, but by no means least of the heavenly bodies, gives us this month more than the usual variety, which, however, is not saying much for the spice it affords. But it has a direct motion of $10^{\circ} 42'$, and a retrograde motion of about $1'$. On the 14th, at 11:00 p. m. it is in quadrature (90° west of the sun); on the 26th, at 5:00 a. m. it is stationary, and on the 14th is $1^{\circ} 25'$ north of the moon.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE SUN

"Crosses the line" on the 22nd at 10:13 a. m.; in other words, enters the sign *Libra*, giving us a clearly marked time for the beginning of another season—Autumn—which lasts 89 days, 18 hours, 29 minutes, nearly. His greatest elevation above the horizon in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$ is about $56^{\circ} 28'$, an indication that his time above the horizon is decidedly shorter than it was last June, when his elevation was a little more than $71^{\circ} 57'$. And this also is confirmed by the times of his rising and setting, which are as follows: On the 1st, rises at 5:28 a. m., and sets at 6:32 p. m.; on the 15th, rises at 5:41 a. m., and sets at 6:09 p. m.; on the 30th, rises at 5:56 a. m., and sets at 5:43 p. m. Theoretically, on the 22nd, the day and night should each be exactly 12 hours long; but practically the daylight is longer than the darkness, on account of the refraction of light by the earth's atmosphere, which has the effect of bringing into view the sun before it actually "rises," and of detaining it in sight after it has "set." Twilight also affords us so much additional light that we may safely assert that in any given place on the earth's surface there is much more "daylight" than "night." For example, on the 30th, daybreak occurs at 4:22 a. m., and twilight ends at 7:18 p. m., thus giving three hours and nine minutes in which to lengthen our daily toil, if we choose so to do. In the same latitude, and in different latitudes, as was shown in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for June, the length of twilight varies, so that in some instances the entire night is only twilight. Are these facts any indication that we should be awake longer than we sleep? or that we should labor more hours than we rest? Should we be always

"Up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing"?

THE MOON.

The man who attends to his neighbor's business generally has his hands full. So has the man who attends to the motions of his neighbor, the moon. By the time he investigates her parallax, diameter, distance, revolution on her axis, sidereal and synodic revolutions, the form of her orbit, her phases, discusses her physical properties, determines her heat, height of her mountains, size of her craters, describes her librations,

decides upon the effect she exercises on the weather, and a thousand more or less of other things, he had better settle down and make it the business of his life. And if he does, he may be able to show some good results of his labors. It is well for us that not any single man, but many men, have given our satellite so much attention; for it is only by the uniting of the results of their researches that we are enabled with comparative ease to predict what business our neighbor has on hand, and when and how she will perform her duties. Thus, we find that she will this month present the following phases: On the 5th, at 5:47 a. m., full; on the 12th, at 3:08 a. m., last quarter; on the 19th, at 4:29 a. m., new moon; on the 27th, at 5:13 a. m., first quarter. She will rise on the 15th at 1:39 a. m., and set on the 1st and 30th at 1:36 a. m. and 1:18 a. m., respectively. At 12:54 p. m., on the 10th, will be nearest the earth (in perigee), and on the 25th, at 12:54 (exactly fifteen days later), farthest from the earth, or in apogee. Greatest elevation on the 12th, amounting to $66^{\circ} 54\frac{2}{3}'$; least elevation on the 26th, equaling $30^{\circ} 8'$.

MERCURY

Will be evening star till the time of its inferior conjunction on the 19th, after which it will be morning star. It appears stationary on the 6th, and also again on the 28th. On the 19th it is $1^{\circ} 34'$ south of the moon. Its apparent diameter increases from $8.4''$ to $10.4''$, and then diminishes to $7.4''$ at the close of the month. It sets on the 1st at 7:08 p. m.; on the 15th at 6:05 p. m.; and rises on the 30th at 4:37 a. m.

VENUS

Reaches her greatest distance east of the sun, $46^{\circ} 6'$, on the 29th, at 7:00 a. m. Her diameter decreases from $30.8''$ to $22''$; and her direct motion amounts to $27^{\circ} 40' 55.2''$. On the 15th, at 1:08 p. m., she is $2^{\circ} 26'$ north of the moon. She rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th, at 2:00, 1:59, and 2:11 a. m., respectively.

MARS

Still retains his position as evening star, setting on the evening of the 1st, 15th and 30th in the same order, at 8:08, 7:36 and 7:11. His diameter decreases from $4.8''$ to $4.6''$. Direct motion amounts to about $18^{\circ} 40' 12''$ of arc. He is $2^{\circ} 20'$ south of the moon on the 22nd, at 6:48 a. m.

JUPITER

Is morning star, rising at the following times: 1st, at 3:55 a. m.; 15th, at 3:16 a. m.; 30th, at 2:32 a. m. Its motion is direct, and equals about $5^{\circ} 45' 14''$ of arc. Its diameter increases one second, being on the 30th $31''$. On the 16th, at 8:30 p. m. is $4^{\circ} 55'$ north of the moon.

The satellites of Jupiter, four in number and designated as 1, 2, 3, 4, outwardly from the planet, are frequently used to find the longitude. To do this, however, requires the use of a telescope. By observing the time at which one of these satellites passes into or emerges from the shadow of its primary, and comparing this time with the recorded time of the same event in Washington City, for example, one can determine whether he is east or west of this city, and how many degrees. On the 14th No. 1 enters the shadow of Jupiter at 4:46 a. m., Washington mean time. Suppose the observer at Allegheny Observatory should note the same event as occurring at exactly 57 minutes 50.84 seconds after four, Allegheny Observatory time. He would find the difference of the two times to be 11 m. 50.84s., which reduced to longitude by multiplying by 15 (since one hour of time equals 15° of arc) gives the difference of longitude $2^{\circ} 57' 40.3''$. And since the ingress occurred at Allegheny Observatory at an earlier hour (by its local time) than by Washington local time, it follows that the latter place is $2^{\circ} 57' 40.3''$ east of the former.

SATURN

Continues as in the last two or three months among the morning stars, rising as follows: 1st, at 11:22 p. m.; 15th, at 10:30 p. m.; 30th, at 9:33 p. m. His diameter increases from $16.8''$ to

$17.8''$. His motion is direct, and equal to $1^{\circ} 7' 25''$. On the 12th, at 9:17 a. m. he is $3^{\circ} 28'$ north of the moon; and on the 16th, at 10:00 a. m. 90° west of the sun, that is, in quadrature.

URANUS

Makes a direct motion of $1^{\circ} 43' 22''$ during the month. Its diameter reaches its minimum for the year, $3.48''$, on the 20th. On the 19th, at 4:13 a. m. it is $2^{\circ} 14'$ north of the moon. It begins the month as an evening, but closes it as a morning star. It is, however, most of the time above the horizon in daylight. On the 1st it rises at 6:54 a. m. and sets at 7:06 p. m.; on the 30th it rises at 5:24 a. m., and sets 5:30 p. m.

NEPTUNE,

On the contrary, is above the horizon most of the month during the night, rising on the 1st at 9:37 p. m.; on the 15th at 8:43 p. m.; and on the 30th at 7:44 p. m. Its motion is about $20' 52''$ retrograde, and its diameter nearly constant at $2.6''$. On the 10th, at 5:20 a. m., appears $1^{\circ} 33'$ north of the moon.

RISE HIGHER.

By HELEN G. HAWTHORNE.

Soul of mine,
Would'st thou choose for life a motto half divine?
Let this be thy guard and guide
Through the future, reaching wide;
Whether good or ill betide,
Rise higher!

From the mire
Where the masses blindly grovel, rise higher!
From the slavish love of gold,
From the justice bought and sold,
From the narrow rules of old,
Rise higher!

Art thou vexed
By the rasping world around thee, and perplexed
By the sin and sorrow rife,
By the falsehood and the strife?
To a larger, grander life
Rise higher!

If thou findest
That the friends thy heart had counted truest, kindest,
Have betrayed thee, why should'st thou
Wear for this a frowning brow?
Leave their falsehood far behind;
Rise higher!

Let each care
Lift thee upward to a higher, purer air;
Then let Fortune do her worst;
Whether Fate has blessed or cursed;
Little matter, if thou first
Rise higher!

And at last,
When thy sorrows and temptations all are past,
And the grand Death Angel brings
Summons from the King of Kings,
Thou shalt still, on angels' wings
Rise higher.

I HAVE a friend who wishes me to see that to be right which I know to be wrong. But if friendship is to rob me of my eyes, if it is to darken the day, I will have none of it. It should be expansive and inconceivably liberalizing in its effects. True friendship can afford true knowledge. It does not depend on darkness and ignorance.—*Thoreau.*

LANDMARKS OF BOSTON.

IN SEVEN DAYS.

By E. E. HALE.

The First Day.

"My dear Isabella!"

"My dearest Kate!"

And the two women threw their arms each around the other's neck, and, so embracing, they kissed each other.

"And where are the children?"

The children appeared at once. That tall John, who looked little enough like a child, was lifting his sister Caroline from the carriage. Molly followed, and it was explained that the elder John, Kate's husband, had undertaken to bring Dick up from the train on foot and by the horse cars, that he might explain to him something of the geography of Boston, so that he might be a guide to the rest. Proper fears were expressed that they might be lost. But of course they were not lost, and, in due time, they also joined the jolly breakfast table, where they found the first comers seated.

The reader, if he be bright, already understands what if he be dull shall be now explained to him. Kate and Isabella are two mothers of families, tenderly attached in early life, who have been parted now in many years. Kate's husband is a prosperous wool merchant in Boston, and she and her six children live in Roxbury, one of the pretty suburbs of that old town. Isabella and her husband are among the spirited and wise founders of Greeley, in Colorado. And, though they have not lived in that town now for some years, so that their names will not be found on its enlarging directory, all their four children were born there, and until this summer no one of the four has ever left Colorado. This summer all of them have come eastward, that boys and girls may practice their mountain swimming in the bath, well nigh matchless, of the beach well nigh perfect, at Narragansett Pier. And it has been arranged by great correspondence that, for a week before the hotels at the Pier are open, namely, for the second week of June, the whole family shall make a visit in Roxbury, so that they may come to know "Aunt Kate," as Mrs. Dudley has always called herself, and Aunt Kate's six children, who are to them all every whit as good as cousins.

All this, as has been said, the thoroughly intelligent reader understood as the different characters came forward. It has now been explained to readers less intelligent, so that we all start fairly together.

"George is so sorry to be away. But he had to take an early train to Providence, to be sure to be with you at dinner. He has left no end of love, and you are to do nothing but rest yourselves to-day."

The young people of both clans looked amused at the idea of resting on a fine morning in June. And, in truth, the plans were soon made for a series of expeditions—which the reader will follow or not, just as he chooses—in which John Crehere, the father, with the practical assistance of Nathan Dudley, the oldest of Kate's six children, laid out the seven days of their visit, so that all parties should, with due regard to the demands of pleasure, see in that time, all too narrow, the chief

LANDMARKS OF BOSTON.

First Day.

"You see," said Nathan, who was rather the historical member of the home crowd, and was at home somewhat distinguished for "poking about" in one and another corner—"you see, the absolute original landmarks of Boston are gone, or as much altered as they could be."

"When the first people came here, old John Blackstone, and even Winthrop and Dudley, our Tom. Dudley, our ancestor, of course it was not called Boston. It was called Trimountain,

or Tremont, I suppose by people in the fishing ships, because at the top of Beacon Hill there were three hummocks, like this," and the boy cut a bit of bread into the shape he meant, two protuberances in the side of a hill a little higher.

"And these were Fort Hill, and Copp's Hill, and Beacon Hill," said his Aunt Isabella, as usual willing to show that she also knew something.

"Not quite yet, Aunt Isabella," said the boy, modestly enough. "Most people think so. And I think most Boston people would tell you so, but they would be wrong. The three hummocks were all on Beacon Hill—that's where the State House is now. Oddly enough they are all gone. They dug down the highest, where the Beacon was, part of it when they built the State House, and the rest afterward, to fill up the old mill pond. And the others were so steep that they had to be dug down for streets. But when I take you to the State House, and over Mt. Vernon and Somerset streets you will have tramped over them all."

"I really think, mamma," the boy added, "that at least the boys had better go to the top of the State House with me, first of all. You know Dean Stanley did."

It is true that when Dr. Stanley came to Boston, true to the principles of Arnold's school of history, he was eager first of all, to understand the precise topography of all he was to see. His first visit, therefore, was to the top of the State House, and his last, after his short stay, was to the same observatory, that he might be sure he had rightly placed all that he had seen.

In our case it need not be said that all the children ridiculed any doubts of their ability to climb two hundred and twenty stairs, more or less, and also ridiculed that other idea, that they were tired. Accordingly, though the two mothers took the morning to talk over the events of twenty years by themselves in Mrs. Dudley's room, and while Mr. Crehere went down town to look up some business correspondents, Nathan was permitted, to his solid satisfaction, to take the young people to the top of the State House, to the Common, and anywhere else he chose. "And we will get our lunch where we do our work, mamma," he said.

"Cousin Nathan," said his new friend Caroline, who was no more his cousin than you are, "be sure that I see a ship, a real three-master, before we go away. Steamships I don't care for." And he promised.

This article is written in some hope that it may serve as a handy guide for visitors to Boston this summer, who may have time to make any of the excursions which these young people made during the week of their visit. We shall not, therefore, try so much to tell what they saw, as how they saw it, in the hope and wish that others may see the same. A street car brought the party to the head of Winter Street, and here Nathan brought them out of it upon what he called the Lower Mall, on the eastern side of Boston Common. Here he put all the girls upon a seat, while the boys grouped around him, and with his stick he drew a rough map on the ground.

"We may get parted from each other. But if any one is lost while you are in Boston, the streets are just as easy to understand as those of Philadelphia or Chicago, after you once know the law of the instrument.

"This hill we are on is the east slope of Beacon Hill. If we had followed in the car we could have ridden round it to Cambridge, in this open horse shoe which I draw.

"North of us, quite at the north of the town, is Copp's Hill. We will see that another day. The streets around that are in curves also.

"Off here on the southeast was Fort Hill. The streets there bent to follow the curve. But that is all dug down.

"Then, of course, in a seaboard town, from every wharf or pier, there ran up streets into the town. If you took a fan, and put the center at the Postoffice Square, the sticks would be Water Street, Milk Street, Pearl Street, Federal Street, and so on. Now all this is just as much according to rule as if you

made a checker board. Only you must know what the rule is."

"I think it is a great deal nicer," said Caroline. And Nathan thanked her.

The rule in practice is said to be: "Find out where the place is to which you go, and take a horse car running the other way."

"Now we will go up to the State House." So they slowly pulled up the Park Street walk, up the high steps between the two bronze statues, stopped in the Doric Hall to see the statues and the battle flags, and then slowly mounted the long stairways which lead to the "lantern" above the dome. Fortunately the Legislature had adjourned. When the House is in session visits to the lantern are not permitted, lest the trampling on the stairs above the Representatives' Hall might disturb the hearers.

When they had regained their breath, they looked round on the magnificent panorama which sweeps a circle of forty miles in diameter, and Nathan lectured. His lecture must not be reported here in detail. But the main points of it shall be stated, because they give the clew to the expeditions which the party made on succeeding days.

They were so high that all the rest of the city was quite below them. Nathan was able to point out—almost in a group, they seemed to his western friends, used to large distances—Faneuil Hall, the old State House, and the Old South Meeting House of Revolutionary times.

"We will do those," he said, "to-morrow, and then you can see where the tea was thrown over, and the scene of the Boston Massacre. That will be a good Revolutionary day."

To the north, with a strip of water between, so narrow, and bridged so often that it hardly seemed a deep river, half a mile wide, was the monument on Bunker Hill. The Summit was the only point near them as high as they were. "We will go there on Friday," said Nathan, "day after to-morrow. And that same day we can see Copp's Hill, which is the north headland of Old Boston, and we can go to the Navy Yard, and Carry shall see her ship with three masts.

"Saturday—I don't know what papa will say—but I vote that we go down the harbor. We will see Nahant, which is a rocky peninsula ten miles northeast, or Hull, which is about as far southeast; they make the headlands of Boston Bay." And he tried to make out both these points. He did show them the outer light-house and the great forts between. And all of the Westerners were delighted with their first view of the sea horizon.

"You do not feel the same at Chicago," said John; "though you do not see the other side, you know it is there."

"Then Sunday," said Nathan, husbanding his days prudently, "some of us can go to Christ Church, where the sexton showed the lantern."

"And can we not see the church with the cannon ball?"

"Bears on her bosom as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin that the rebels threw."

This was Caroline's question. She quoted Dr. Holmes.

"No," said John, sadly. "We were barbarians, and pulled that church down." And he added savagely, "and no good came to the society that did it."

"That will leave Monday for a good tramp over Dorchester Heights, and Tuesday, if you are not tired, we will go to Cambridge, and see Harvard College."

And he showed them how high the "Dorchester Heights," now in South Boston, rose, and how completely they commanded the harbor; so that when Washington seized them the English army and navy had to go. He also showed them Cambridge and the college buildings, lying quite near them, westward, but on the other side of the Charles River. John looked with special interest, because he was to take his first examination there for Harvard College, before the month was over.

To this plan, substantially, the party adhered. And travel-

ers who have more or less time than they, may find it worth while to consult this plan, as they lay out their excursions. For in those seven days the visitors did, in fact, have a chance to see all the more important landmarks of the history of Boston.

As Nathan took them home from the State House he led them down Beacon Street. This is a beautiful street, making the north side of Boston Common. Where the Common ends, Charles Street crosses Beacon Street nearly at right angles. Near this corner, on land now built upon, or perhaps crossed by some street, was the cottage of Blackstone, who lived in Boston for six or seven years before Governor Winthrop and the settlers of 1630 arrived.

They made their first settlement at Charlestown on the other side of the river. The records of Charlestown say: "Mr. Blackstone, dwelling on the other side of Charles River, alone, at a place called by the Indians, Shawmut, where he had a cottage at, or not far from the place called Blackstone Point, came and acquainted the Governor of an excellent spring, inviting and soliciting him thither."

Blackstone's house, or cottage, in which he lived, together with the nature of his improvements, was such as to authorize the belief that he had resided there some seven or eight years. How he became possessed of his lands here is not known; but it is certain he held a good title to them, which was acknowledged by the settlers under Winthrop, who, in course of time, bought his lands of him, and he removed out of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts to the valley of the Blackstone River.

Of Blackstone's personal history Nathan afterward read them this note, by Mr. Charles F. Adams:

"He was in no respect an ordinary man. His presence in the peninsula of Shawmut, in 1630, was made additionally inexplicable from the fact that he was about the last person one would ever have expected to find there. He was not a fisherman, nor a trader, nor a refugee: he was a student, an observer, and a recluse. A graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he had received Episcopal ordination in England. In 1630 he was in his thirty-fifth year. All this is extremely suggestive, for it goes to make of him exactly the description of man who would naturally be found in company with the scholarly and unobtrusive Morell. Further, the probabilities would strongly point to him as Winthrop's authority where Winthrop, in 1631, speaks of a species of weather record going back seven years since this bay was planted by Englishmen."

The Second Day.

As the various travelers told their times that evening, a certain plan was laid out for the next day, in which the two ladies agreed to join. And it was finally agreed that they should lunch down town with the gentlemen, and should take the elevator at the "Equitable" Insurance Company, so that the two mothers might have something to substitute for the view the children had had from the State House.

This plan may be recommended to lady travelers. The view is not as sweeping on the west as that from the State House. But, on other sides, it is equally satisfactory. And you can go up by steam—a great matter when you have passed forty years.

But before lunch Nathan took them to the head of State Street, to the "Old State House."

"This," said he, "is what the Philadelphia girl called the State Street Meeting House."

He had brought them in in a Norfolk horse car, so that they saw the building from the southern side. The lion on one side and the unicorn on the other dance on their hind legs at the top, with the roof to part them. Nathan was careful to show John and the rest that as they looked up on the beasts they stood themselves on the very ground of the "Boston Massacre" of March 5, 1770. The English troops were in a little semi-circle on the north side of the street. Attucks, the mulatto, and the rest of the mob who stoned the troops and snow-

balled them were in the street, or on the southern side. There were then no sidewalks.

The lower part of the "Old State House" is now used for public offices. But the upper chambers are restored to much the condition in which they were when Sam Adams defied the Governor there, and when Otis made his plea in the "Writs of Assistants cases."

"Then and there," said John Adams, afterward, "American independence was born."

The "Bostonian Society" occupies these halls, simply that they may be open to all visitors, and here the party found many curious mementoes of Revolutionary and of older days, and were able to prepare themselves for their later excursions.

Before the "Town House" was built this spot was occupied as the market place, being the earliest in the town. The first town house was erected between 1657 and 1659, of wood. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1711. In the following year, 1712, a brick edifice was erected on the same spot. This the fire of 1747 consumed, and with it many valuable records were lost. The present Old State House was erected the following year, 1748, but it has undergone many interior changes, the exterior, however, presenting nearly the same appearance as when first erected. From 1750 to 1830 Faneuil Hall was used as a town house, and the first city government was organized there. In 1830 the city government removed to the Old State House, which was on September 17 dedicated as City Hall. But the City Hall has since been removed to School Street.

Leaving the old State House they passed down State Street, where they had a chance to see the merchants who were "on 'change," and to look in at the Merchants' Exchange, and by a short street leading north, came into the square between Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty," as Boston people like to call it, and Faneuil Hall Market.

Peter Faneuil, a rich merchant of Huguenot origin, told the town that he would build a market house on this spot if they would accept the gift for that purpose, and maintain it forever. "The town," by which is meant the town meeting, looked a gift-horse in the mouth, and made some difficulty. At the end of a stormy meeting, his proposal was accepted by a majority of only seven votes in a vote of seven hundred and twenty-seven.

Mr. Faneuil set to work at once on the building, which, by the original plan, was to be but one-story high. But he added another story for the town hall, which has made his name famous to all New Englanders. The original hall accommodated only 1,000 persons, being but half the size of that now standing. He died, himself, just as the building was completed, on the third of March, 1743; and it was first opened to public use on the fourteenth of March of that year. The whole interior was destroyed by fire in January, 1763, and rebuilt by the town and state. In 1806 it was enlarged to its present size.

Nathan made them look at the grass-hopper which is the weather-cock which is selected in memory of the Athenian cicada. The Athenian people selected this as their emblem because they believed they sprang from the ground, and they supposed the grass-hoppers did.

The people of Boston long since provided themselves with a much larger market house than Peter Faneuil's. When they did so, they gave up the market in Faneuil Hall, and used the basement for other purposes. But their lawyers, after a while, recollected that stirring town meeting, and the promise of the town to maintain the market "forever." Clearly enough, if the town meant to keep the hall, it must maintain the market. So the butchers and fruit men were brought back again, and Mrs. Dudley bade John buy some bananas for the party, in the market, that they might keep Peter Faneuil well in their memory.

The Historic Hall is over the market, and always open to visitors, and here the party spent half an hour in looking at

the pictures. Nathan told them of the last and only time when he heard Wendell Phillips there. It is not the largest hall in Boston, but it is still the favorite hall for any public meeting about some public interest, where people are not expecting to sit down.

The gentlemen joined the party by appointment here, and they all went to lunch together. They then went up the Equitable elevator and mounted the tower, so that the ladies might see the sea view. And they finished the day's excursion by going into the Old South Meeting House.

This old meeting house was twice as big as Faneuil Hall of the Revolution, so that the crowded town meetings of those days often adjourned to the Old South. As the patriots called Faneuil Hall "the cradle of liberty," Gov. Gage called the Old South the "nursery of rebellion." The religious society which formerly occupied it built a few years ago a new church in the western part of Boston, and sold this meeting house to an association which wished to preserve it as a memorial of the history of Boston. The sellers did not wish to have any opposition church established in the old building; they therefore put a provision in the deed that for twenty years it should not be used for public religious purposes. It is probably the only spot in the United States, where, by the expressed wish of a church, public worship is forbidden.

The travelers found a great deal to interest them in the meeting house, which those travelers will find who use this guide. The boys obtained leave to climb up the spire, from which, it is said, that the English governor, Gage, saw the embarkation of his troops for Bunker Hill, and what he could see of the battle.

Third Day.

The next day proved favorable for Nathan's plans, which involved a visit to Bunker Hill monument and the navy yard.

"I had meant," he said to the girls, "to begin by taking you out to Concord, that you might see the bridge over the Concord River, and the scene of what we call 'Concord Fight.' But, if the day prove hot, it would have been tiresome, as we have the monument to climb. For that expedition one needs half a day, or better, a day. You know you would want to see Mr. Emerson's house and Mr. Hawthorne's. We will try that next fall."

They started later, therefore, than the Concord plan would have required. A transfer at Scollary Square, the very heart of active Boston, put them in a Charlestown car. In Scollary Square stands very properly a statue of Winthrop, the founder of Boston, and its first governor; as at the foot of the street stands Sam Adams.

Nathan explained to the girls, when they came to river and bridge, that at the time of Bunker Hill battle there was no bridge. The English army, when it attacked the hill, had to cross in boats, and he showed them on the east, the line the boats took, landing where the navy yard now is. The forces landed there and waited through a hot day before the attack. The battle was fought on a hot June afternoon.

After they came to Charlestown, a short walk brought them to the top of the hill, where a large green park takes in all the ground of the historic Redoubt. A bronze statue of Prescott seems to welcome the visitor.

By an ascent even longer than that they made at the State House, they climbed the monument, and earned their sight of the panorama from its top.

Mr. Dudley had given them a note to introduce them to the commander at the navy yard on their return. It proved that he was absent. But they needed no pass nor introduction. They were very courteously received; and, as there happened to be a ship fitting out with stores for the Mediterranean Station, Caroline had her chance to see "a three-masted ship" nearly ready for sea.

Another ship was in the "dry-dock" for some necessary repairs, and they walked about her with that strange feeling of being beneath the level of the sea, which they had seen above before they descended the stairway.

Fourth Day.

Saturday proved to be a warm day, and Mr. Dudley proposed at breakfast that they should carry out Nathan's plan, and that all hands should go to Nahant, the rocky peninsula which bounds the outer harbor on the northeastern side. His wife put up a substantial luncheon, which was packed in two baskets and carried by the boys.

So equipped, they took the horse car and "transferred" at Sumner Street for the steamboat, which would take them to the Lynn Railroad. They could have taken the Easton Railroad, but the Lynn Road (so called) runs along the water's edge, and the water sail is longer.

So the young people had their first sniff of sea air from the boat which crosses from Old Boston to East Boston, where the railroad begins. Caroline had chances enough to see "ships with three masts," brigs, schooners, sloops, barks, brigantines and barkantines, all which the learned Nathan explained to her. After a voyage of a mile or two they took the narrow guage railway and flew along Chelsea Beach, which gave a fine ocean view, and more of the glory of the infinite sea, than the steamboat had done. At Lynn they found public carriages waiting for the drive to Nahant.

Mr. Willis, in his extravagant way, said that Nahant looked like the open hand of a giant who had been struck down in the sea, and that Nahant Beach was his arm. A very thin arm he had, a mere thread-paper arm, for a big hand. For the beach is only a strip of sand and gravel about two miles long, washed by the ocean on both sides. At the southern end, rise, abrupt and bold, the rocks of Nahant. They are mostly of trap-rock, which has been forced by some volcanic effect of the fiery times, up through the hissing sea. They have a reddish color, with stripes of black stone, even harder than the rest. And the perpetual washing of the sea has worn out clefts and chasms of every strange outline and form.

One of these is the Swallow's Cave, a long passage through wet rocks, covered above by rocks, through which at low tides adventurers can clamber. One is the Spouting Horn, where at half-tide, a sea heavily thrown in by a stiff eastern gale, bounds back in spray and water, as if indeed a sea-god had thrown it up in a great fountain. But the glory of Nahant is not in any one of these sights. It is the glory of the infinite ocean. Southeast and west you have the sea, and it is no wonder that in this perfect sea-climate, so many people are glad to make a summer home.

Mr. Dudley met, by appointment, a Boston friend, after they had crossed the beach, who husbanded their time for them in visiting different points, and before the afternoon closed, asked them to come back to town in his yacht. Their plan had been to take the steamboat, which was waiting ready to take all such children of the public as they.

But in the "Sylph" they were able to vary their voyage. Mr. Cradock showed them from her deck that nearly south of them, a string of little islands shielded the harbor, in a measure, from eastern gales. Of these the three most important are the three Brewsters, on one of which is the outer light-house. The yacht first ran by these. Then she turned inland and he pointed out to them the village of Hull, which on the southeast protects the bay, as Nahant on the northeast. He bade the helmsman bring the vessel up at Fort Warren, and the young people had then a chance to see the arrangements which a great fort makes to repel an enemy. And then, as the sun went down they ran swiftly up to Boston, saw the State House and Bunker Hill monument against the evening glow, and landed after a day of thoroughly satisfactory variety.

The Fifth Day.

Fortunately for the sight seers, as Mrs. Crehere thought, the next day was Sunday, so much chance was there for a day of rest. But she found at breakfast that there were one or two ecclesiastical landmarks which were to be counted in with the others, and that, with perfect gravity and reverence, the young people had arranged to unite their sight seeing with the religious services of the day. To this she made no exception, and in the end she and her husband joined the ten young people, and all together made an addition, not unacceptable as it proved, to summer congregations not crowded.

The first point was King's Chapel.

"The chapel, last of sublunary things

That shocks our senses with the name of King's."

Such is Dr. Holmes's description. It is in the very heart of active Boston. After the Revolution it was long called "The Stone Chapel," for in those early days stone churches were rare, and nothing bore the name of King. Royal biscuit was then called "President's biscuit." But after people were sure that no King George would return, the Chapel people, who were no longer in the habit of praying for the royal family, returned to "King's Chapel" as the historical name of their church, and found again the neglected gilded crown and mitre, which had once adorned the organ, and restored them to the places from which they had been removed. After the service, which interested all the young people, they remained in the church to look at the curious old monuments. They were specially interested in that of Mrs. Shirley, the lovely wife of Governor Shirley. She died just as he was fortifying Boston against the largest fleet which France ever sent across the seas. This is the fleet of Longfellow's ballad:

"For the admiral D'Anville

Had sworn by cross and crown,

To ravage with fire and steel

Our luckless Boston Town."

While Shirley had the whole army of Massachusetts on Boston Common, and was bringing every resource to bear to resist the enemy, his heart was wrung day by day by the sickness and the death of the young bride, whose bust the children saw, and whose epitaph they translated.

Nathan told them that when the King's Chapel was built there had been no quarries of stone opened. The stones for this building were split and hewed from boulders. By the time it was finished it was currently said and believed that there was not stone enough in the province for another church as big! He took them to the back of the church and showed them, on a little green, Franklin statue, placed in what was the yard of the school-house where he studied as a boy.

King's Chapel was not popular with the puritan inhabitants of Boston. And, because the lower windows are square and look like port holes, the street boys of a century and a quarter ago nicknamed it "Christ's Frigate," somewhat irreverently. On the other side the street was once the school-house, where John Hancock and Sam Adams studied. And Nathan showed them where the "coast" was in winter, which was obstructed by the English officer whom the school boys called to account for his violation of their inalienable rights.

They went to church with their friend Mrs. Cradock, whom they had met at Nahant the day before, and from her house, in the afternoon, they went to Christ Church, which is the oldest church building in Boston now standing on the ground where it was built. It was the second Episcopalian church erected in Boston, and was built in 1723, several years before the present Old South. It is a brick edifice, and has long been known as the "North End Church." In its day it was considered one of the chief architectural ornaments of the North End. The old steeple was blown down in the great gale of 1804, falling upon an old wooden building at the corner of Tileston Street, through which it crashed to the consternation of the

tenants, who however escaped injury. The steeple was replaced from a design by Charles Bulfinch, which carefully preserved the proportion of the original. Its chime was the first in New England, and began to play its charming tunes in 1744.

The Bible, prayer books and silver now in use were given in 1733 by King George I. The figures of cherubim in front of the organ were taken from a French vessel by the privateer "Queen of Hungary," and presented to the church in 1746. There is an interesting bust of Washington in the church.

From the steeple of this church the historic sexton hung out the lanterns which warned the patriots on the other side of the river that an expedition was starting from the English camp, against Concord.

"One if by land—two if by sea," says Mr. Longfellow, whose history of those days is more likely to be remembered well than any other. That steeple, as has been said, was blown down in 1804.

As they walked to the Chelsea car, which was to take them home, Nathan led them through the Copp's Hill burying ground. Copp's Hill has never been cut away. Fort Hill is wholly leveled, and Beacon Hill partly so. These were the three hills which were the landmarks of old Boston.

The Sixth Day.

On Monday morning the Roxbury boys took their cousins to see their tennis ground, and it may be believed that all parties there joined in one or two games. Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Crehere went into Boston for some necessary shopping, and came back by the Art Museum, where was a good "Loan Exhibition." The loan exhibition in summer is generally filled with masterpieces from the private galleries of people who are in their country homes. "I would not pay so much for pictures," said one of these noble women, "if the people were not to enjoy them nine-tenths of the time."

But Mrs. Dudley had so arranged her dinner that they might all take a street car for "Dorchester Heights" and see the view of the harbor from that point, and that the boys, who had had no chance to swim at Nahant, might take a sea bath on their return.

Accordingly, about five o'clock they started for South Boston. "Take any car for City Point," was Nathan's final direction as the party separated. "Ask for the Reservoir, and we will meet there."

"Dorchester Heights" is simply the name, which only old fashioned people would understand, of the hills in what is now "South Boston," now surmounted by the "Blind Institution" and a public park, in which is one of the city reservoirs. Visitors to Boston who are at all interested in education will do well to drop a line on arrival, for Mr. Anagnos, the chief of the Blind Institution, to ask what is the proper day for a visit there. Our friends were obliged to defer this interesting visit till the autumn, and they all gathered on the other hill and enjoyed the spectacle of the harbor, white with the sails of hundreds of yachts, and all alive with the movements of the lolling steamers as they went out, just before sunset, on their voyages to every port of the seaboard, not to say of the world.

These high hills completely command the harbor, in a military sense. Why the English generals did not take possession before Washington did no one ever knew. That was the sort of imbecility George III. got by appointing men to office because they were his relations. When, at last, the winter of 1775-1776 broke up, and no ice had formed strong enough for an attack on Boston over the ice, Washington seized these hills. By the road now called Dorchester Avenue, which Nathan Dudley showed our friends, he sent from the camp in Roxbury ("just behind where we live," said Nathan) the men and munitions. It was all done by night. On the morning of the fifth of March the Americans had built a fortification which

surprised the English officers in Boston as that on Bunker Hill had surprised them nine months before. "It was like Aladdin's lamp," wrote one of them.

General Howe's first plan was to assault the works, as Gage had assaulted those at Bunker Hill. Howe sent an attacking force to the fort held by him on the island. But a storm made this attack impossible. Ward, the commander of the American right wing, strengthened his ranks. Thomas, the general in command on the heights, asked nothing better than an attack. But Howe, at the last, saw that the venture was madness. He entered into negotiations with Washington, and, a fortnight after, withdrew fleet and army. For several months there was not an English soldier on American soil.

The next day, when they visited the Historical Society, Nathan showed his cousins the original gold medal which Congress gave to Washington in honor of this victory. It was designed by a French artist, and struck in Paris. It represents Washington seated on his horse, on Dorchester Heights, as the squadron retires. It bears the proud motto:

"Hostibus primo Fugatis,"

which may be translated: "The first Flight of the Enemy."

"Pray how did this medal come here?" said Caroline.

"By the fortune of war," said her cousin. On this Monday evening, before they left the park, which now takes the place of the fortification, they looked at the tablet of stone which commemorates the history. They found the name of the mayor who put it up, but no allusion to General Ward who planned the work, or General Thomas, who carried it out. Such, alas, is fame!

When they left the hill the sun was going down. The elders and the girls took a car across Dover Street, by which they could go directly home. But Nathan led the boys to the public bath house, on one of the beaches; and there his western friends had their first experience of the exquisite luxury of a swim in the salt sea.

The Last Day.

On Wednesday the whole western party was to go to Narragansett Pier, and on Thursday the Roxbury party was to start, bag and baggage, for Quonochontaug, which is not far from that resort. But it was determined that on Tuesday the young people should go to Cambridge, where, at Harvard College, John was to make his home for most of the next four years.

They took a steam train into Boston, and at the station of the Providence road found a street car waiting to take them from Park Square to Harvard Square. The ride takes a short half hour. At Harvard Square you are on one side of the College Yard, as the region is called, which in colleges of more pretense would be named the *Campus*. Buildings of all ages and all aspects fill it, from the venerable brick of old Massachusetts, built near two centuries ago, in fond memory of Pembroke College in Cambridge, down to the last "sweet" devices of modern architecture.

They had an embarrassment of riches before them, that they might rightly use their time and gratify every taste of all the party. First of all, Nathan led them to the Library, and while under his brother's guidance, the young people looked at some of the curiosities there, he took John to the Bursa's office, to attend to some business about his college room. Then they all called on a young gentleman, to whom the Dudleys introduced the Creheres, so that they saw the comfort of the college rooms of the students. Next they went to Memorial Hall, where are the portraits of the old worthies of the state and college, the trophies of many base ball victories, and, most interesting of all, if you go at a meal time, some five hundred of the young men of to-day, eating with a good appetite. From this place they went to the Agassiz Museum, which is so skillfully arranged that they will all date back to that hour's visit a clearer knowledge of the great classifications of natural science.

The young people declared that they were not tired even then. Their student friend had asked them to rest in his room after these bits of sight seeing, and they did so, and then, after a little lunch, went up to the Botanic Garden, stopped at the Observatory, and crossed to see the house which was lately the home of Longfellow, and in the Revolution, that of Washington.

Travelers who have the same lions to "do" in one day may find their order a convenient one to follow. And, though these are not landmarks of Boston properly, it has seemed wise not to conclude their story without telling of their Cambridge expedition.

"And now," said Nathan, as they took at the door of the Longfellow house a car for Boston, "now we have made the beginning, when you come in the fall we can show you Boston."

VANISHING TYPES.

By REV. EDWARD P. SPRAGUE.

Abundant evidence is afforded in nature that, beside the familiar forms of life of the present, there have been earlier forms, such as are now no longer seen. Each great epoch of the earth's history, as, to a less degree, each great continent on the earth's surface, has had certain prevalent and characteristic types; of which some still endure; some have wholly disappeared, and some are just now passing out of sight. And among all these extinct, persistent, vanishing and recent types, there are perhaps none more full of interest, or more worthy of our careful study than the ones that are just now passing away.

Something similar to this is to be recognized also in the varying phases of human life. There are styles of men, habits of life, peculiarities of character, customs, occupations, and conditions which belong almost wholly to the present; others which are common to the present and the past; and still others which are as strictly part of the long ago, as are the megatherium and the plesiosaurus. There are no corresponding forms now, and probably never again will be. There can never more be the old feudal baron, the chivalrous knight errant, or the trouveres and troubadours of mediæval Europe, any more than there can be again the ancient worshipers of Jupiter or devotees of Bacchus. Old forms of government, old ideas of the divine right of kings, old faith in auguries, the old search for the philosopher's stone and for the elixir of life have passed away, never to return.

More recent, however, than these, and more closely related to the present, are certain types of life with which our fathers were daily conversant, but which promise to seem to our children very strange and remote. Not merely does the regular succession of the generations bring us at length to the last Revolutionary soldier, and to the last survivor of the seemingly exhaustless supply of Washington's body servants; but at the same time the changes which transpire in local and social life do serve to make rare, and then wholly to remove, the types of men that were only lately distinctively common and prominent. We do well therefore to stop in the midst of our hurrying, driving, self-glorifying age, and study some of these *Vanishing Types* of life, character, occupation, with varied accompaniments and experiences, which to-day have become or are fast becoming things of the past.

A recent writer in one of our great metropolitan dailies comments in a pleasant strain on the survival in only humorous papers and poor plays of the typical Englishman and typical Yankee, as so long and commonly represented. What has become of the John Bull and the Brother Jonathan of a few years ago? Were they not true characters at all? If not, who will explain the hold they took on the popular fancy, a hold so strong that they are not quite abandoned to-day? They must have been fairly faithful representatives of certain actual types.

Are Englishmen and Americans growing different, then, from what they were, or growing like each other, that now these two illustrious characterizations have largely disappeared?

As the writer remarks: *Punch* still has John Bull as a national type; but shows a great reserve in the use of him, and continually resorts to Britannia as a substitute. Our old friend John, the bluff, stout, honest, red-faced, irascible, rural person, has really been supplanted by a more modern, thinner, nervous, intellectual, astute type. He is, or was a very rude person, and always seemed to take great delight in asserting himself in such a way as to produce as much general annoyance and discomfort as possible. But he is gone, or is going, and the time is coming when we shall regard him as only a survival, a tradition of the past.

And so for English use the Yankee type off Uncle Sam may still serve to represent America, although he belongs to the past as much as slavery does, or the stage coach. He would be a bold man who would attempt to say what our national type is now; but it is safe to say that it is not a long, thin, cute Yankee, dressed in a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, whittling a stick, and interlarding his conversation with "I swan," and "I calc'late." In fact, if Mr. Lowell were to write "Biglow Papers" now, Uncle Sam would hardly serve his purpose as he did during the war.

Not only are differences between national types rapidly vanishing into the past, so that Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen and Americans no longer seem strikingly unlike; but along with these international, the more domestic and home types are disappearing also. The distinctive kinds of men, and the distinctions which attached themselves inseparably to various classes and occupations are passing away.

Take the men to-day of any one town, village or farming district, and I fully believe you will find fewer odd and strange characters among them than was the case among their predecessors or fathers of a generation ago.

Just this was the complaint of an old farmer who used to delight to drop into my study in northern New York, and have, as he called it, "a talk with the parson." He was himself a relic of a past generation, a man of marked face and peculiar manner. He had been a school teacher in his earlier days, and quite a man of letters among his associates of that time, and was very fond of describing in a quaint way that was not without discrimination, the life of his youth. While fully admitting the greater advantages and easier times of the present, he would always add: "But everybody is getting to be just like everybody else now-a-days. Why, when I came into this valley every man on all these farms had something peculiar about him, some way of standing, or talking, or dressing, by which I could have described him so that you would have known him the first time you met him. I don't know," he would add, "but you may think it an improvement, but the men are all alike now, and I miss the differences." And looking at the old man, and feeling that he served as a connecting link, a survival of the past into the present, I was ready to believe that what he said was true; the older men had more marked peculiarities than those of to-day.

Let us look now more particularly at some of the types which were distinctive features of the life of a half century ago, but whose successors have lost much of that prominence to-day by means of that gradual tendency toward uniformity which has since then been working.

First among these and foremost, as distinctive and distinguished, stands the "Country Parson" of fifty or more years ago.

No such men are seen to-day; for although the ministry continue, and are always to continue, constituting a distinct class in the community, they are now in no such ways singular and distinctive as then. Dressed always in his clerical black, and in earlier times in the clerical bands also, he was known on the street and saluted with reverence as a man by

himself, set apart from the rest of the community, higher and holier than they. His position was unequaled, unapproached even by any other person. He was looked up to by all, honored by all, and feared, if not by all, by all the children at least. His opinions on matters local and civil, personal, social, philosophical and religious had almost the weight of absolute and supreme wisdom, which no one might gainsay.

See him enter the plain white "meeting-house" and ascend the lofty pulpit, and you recognize the height of his exaltation. In many places all the congregation were wont to rise when he came in, and remain standing till he had taken his seat; and still more commonly, not one of the congregation ever moved from place till he and his family had passed out of the church.

Listen to one of his long sermons, as the hour-glass at his side is turned possibly for the second time, and in the way the congregation give attention, you see evidence of his authority and of his hold upon them. He discourses on high themes, abstruse doctrines, and obscure points of faith. He discusses his text and subject in a logical and philosophical way; defines the doctrine, first by what it is not, and then by what it is; divides and sub-divides, and divides again, illustrates with analysis and analogies, intersperses with other passages from the Bible, and perhaps with occasional Greek or Latin quotations, draws to the "conclusion," adds the "improvement," goes on as though taking a fresh start to his "finally," and and then ends with his "and now last of all." For a full hour, or perhaps two, the congregation have listened, counting it a precious privilege so to do; and that which he has advanced will be remembered, repeated, talked over, and discussed among them all the week.

Those early clergymen are not by any means to be spoken of slightly. Some of us may know more of science, and be better informed in matters of natural history and of the contemporaneous condition of other lands; but few of us know as much Hebrew and Greek, few of us are as deeply versed in metaphysics, few of us are more vigorous in argument, and none of us certainly have such influence in our communities, or could hold our congregations for so long services. Those country parsons were men of mark; deep theologians; strong in the doctrines; prone, men may think to-day, to a narrow and iron-clad theology; but they were veritable giants also, and in fast, thanksgiving, and election day sermons did not hesitate to handle national themes, point out very specifically and with square condemnation, popular sins, and to discuss, and if necessary, pass open judgment on the courses and actions of public men.

It is often remarked that the fathers builded first the church and then, next and near by, the schoolhouse; and so next to the minister a marked man in those older days was the "Village Schoolmaster."

Occasionally the schoolmaster and the minister were one. Sometimes he was a minister who, from the too prevalent affliction of throat disease—a judgment, possibly, on account of the long sermons—had exchanged preaching for teaching. Oftenest he was a man by himself; and no teacher in any public school of to-day quite perpetuates his likeness.

I can not do better in attempting to describe him than to quote from Prof. McMaster, in his admirable "History of the People of the United States:"

"The master was expected to live with the parents of his pupils, regulating the length of his stay by the number of the boys in the family attending his school. Thus it happened that in the course of his teaching he became an inmate of all the houses of the district, and was not seldom forced to walk five miles, in the worst of weather over the worst of roads, to his school.

"Yet, mendicant though he was, it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was not always a welcome guest. He slept in the best room, sat in the warmest nook by the fire, and had the best food set before him at the table. In the long winter

evenings he helped the boys with their lessons, held yarn for the daughters, or escorted them to spinning matches and quiltings. In return for his miserable pittance and his board, the young student taught what would now be considered as the rudiments of an education. His daily labors were confined to teaching his scholars to read with a moderate degree of fluency, to write legibly, to spell with some regard for the rules of orthography, and to know as much of arithmetic as would enable them to calculate the interest on a debt, to keep the family accounts, and to make change in a shop.

"Nor was this making change a simple matter. Fifty years ago the silver pieces which passed from hand to hand, under the name of small change, were largely made up of foreign coins. They had been in circulation long before the war for independence, had seen much service, and were none the better for the wear and tear they had sustained.

"One of these pieces was known as the four-pence, but passed for six and a quarter cents if, as the result of long hoarding, the inscription was legible, and the stamp easy to make out; but when worn smooth—and the four-pence pieces generally were worn smooth and crossed—no one would take them for more than five cents. A larger coin was the nine-pence, which passed for twelve and a half cents. The pistareen was worth twenty cents. The picayune, a term rarely used north of Mason and Dixon's line, went for six and a quarter cents. But the confusion was yet more increased by the language which merchants used to express the price of their goods.

"The value of the gold pieces expressed in dollars was pretty much the same the country over. But the dollar, and the silver pieces regarded as fractions of a dollar, had no less than five different values. In New England and Virginia a merchant who spoke of a dollar was understood to mean six shillings, or one hundred and eight coppers; but the same merchant would, the moment he set foot in North Carolina or New York, be content with demanding ninety-six coppers, or eight shillings, as the equivalent of a dollar. Sixpence in Massachusetts meant eight and a third cents; a shilling meant sixteen and two-third cents; two-and-three pence was thirty-seven and a half cents; three shillings was fifty cents; four-and-six was seventy five cents; nine shillings was a dollar and a half."

About all these to us strange coins and values the schoolmaster was expected to know, and to be able also to instruct his scholars. He filled, therefore, a very important place in the life of the village, as well as in the experience of the boys under his instruction. Nowhere to-day can you find in village schoolmaster, district or town school teacher, superintendent of instruction, or learned professor, a figure that fills out and continues just the portrait of the typical pedagogue of a generation or more ago.

Next after the village schoolmaster, and perhaps outranking him in prominence and in distinctive traits, and so deserving to have been mentioned sooner, was the "Country Doctor" of the past generation.

Wherever men live, meet with accidents, suffer sickness, grow old and die, there in civilized lands the physician is a necessity, and is always to be found. Favored as we are in the present by all the progress in medical and sanitary science, and attended by the skilled physicians of to-day, we can hardly realize the life of the doctor and of the patient in the time many of the remedies which are now used to relieve pain were unknown, when there were no drug stores except in the larger towns, when only a few simple medicines could be easily obtained at the village store, along with the tea, sugar, calico, twine and garden seeds that made up the stock on the shelves. Then the physician compounded his own drugs, rolled out his own pills, made his own tinctures, weighed or measured out his own prescriptions, and carried with him on his round of calls, and perhaps in his saddle-bags, a most varied and as-

tonishing assortment of medicines, a list of which would be remarkable to-day, alike for the presence of many that are abandoned, and for the absence of still more that are now in common and constant use.

The physician of to-day excels him perhaps in general knowledge, in ability to deal with difficult diseases, and to perform delicate and successful surgery. He is the man of wider reading and more scientific views; he is possibly the better practitioner; but he is by no means the distinct character in his way that the country doctor of fifty years ago was.

"His genial face, his engaging manners, his hearty laugh, the twinkle in his eye, the sincerity with which he asked after the health of the carpenter's daughter, the interest he took in the family of the poorest laborer, the good nature with which he stopped to chat with the farm hands about the prospect of the corn crops and the turnip crops, made him the favorite for miles around. When he rode out he knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmers' lads pulled off their hats, and the girls dropped courtesies to him. Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness were alike to him. He would ride ten miles on the darkest night, over the worst roads, in a pelting storm, to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman, or to attend a child in a fit. He was present at every birth; he attended every burial; he sat with the minister at every death-bed, and put his name with the lawyer to every will."

From the consideration of these vanishing or vanished types, a single illustration of which alone was usually to be found in any ordinary village, we turn now to a class that then, as their successors do now, made up the predominant element in every section—the "Country Farmer"—and I mean the country farmer of fifty years ago.

The farmer of to-day is a man who lives in a comfortable, perhaps handsome house, whose parlor is carpeted and is graced with a piano, whose acres are mowed or reaped by the horse-power machine, and grain threshed by steam, who drives in a good carriage, and his son has a top buggy of his own; whose wife wears silk, and his daughters spend their winters in the city. He wears handsome clothes, takes one or two agricultural papers, keeps fancy stock, Jerseys and Hollands, and occasionally furnishes articles to the press on "Creameries" and "Ensilage."

Not such was the typical farmer of a generation or two ago—a man whose comforts were fewer and helps much less, and also a man of stronger traits of character, more decided convictions, harder working, and probably in proportion fully as successful in accumulating the profits of careful industry.

One such I have in mind, an example of the best of his class. He was a large man, well built, tall and muscular. He had been educated at the common district school of the vicinity, had succeeded his father in ownership of the farm, had married early, and became in time the head of a large family. No chance visitor ever spent the night at the house without being taken out into the kitchen and shown the long line of boots, seven pairs arranged in a regularly diminishing row, and all ready for the morning.

He was not what would be called an educated man to-day, but he had studied the national and the state constitutions; knew all about the politics of the country; looked after the interest of the district school near his home; attended regular in all seasons and weathers the village church, four miles away, and in which also he served as a trustee. He was a firm believer in the stanch Calvinism of his fathers; taught his children the Westminster Catechism on Sunday afternoons; always voted his party ticket straight, and believed with all his heart in his minister and in his favorite political leader.

He toiled hard, rising early and going to bed early also. His food was simple, beef, pork, salt fish, dried apples, beans, and farm vegetables, with milk, butter and eggs in abundance, and bread, if not the whitest, yet always sweet, made from the

wheat of his own growing, ground into flour at his neighbor's grist mill. His work did not present any great variety. In spring there was the regular round of repairing the fences, cleaning out the barnyard, ploughing and sowing; followed in due time by the long and laborious hoeing the corn and potatoes, and then by the mowing the grass with scythes, reaping the grain with sickle or cradle, and afterward the threshing on the barn floor by the well-swung flail, whose sturdy blows filled all the valley with answering echoes.

In winter there was the cutting, hauling, sawing, splitting and piling in the shed the abundant supply of wood that was to keep up the next year's fires in the great fireplace, the huge brick oven, and the kitchen and "living room" stoves.

Pleasures and recreations were few; the huskings in the fall, the squirrel and rabbit hunts, the evening chats with a neighbor along with the apples and mug of cider, the game of checkers by the kitchen fire on a stormy day, the occasional larger gathering for an early supper, the spelling match, and the singing school. Books were not numerous, the weight making up for the lack of variety. There were the Bible, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, "Pilgrim's Progress," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Rollins's "Ancient History," Watts's "Improvement of the Mind," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Young's "Night Thoughts," and a stray volume of *The Spectator*.

Trained by such books, by lessons of hard experience, by intercourse with neighbors, and by the sermons of his minister, such a farmer became, not the polished man, or versatile, or widely informed, but the man of strong character, rugged worth, decided convictions unflinchingly adhered to, true, honest, upright, kindly, careful, close perhaps, but generous also and helpful. To men of to-day he might seem narrow-minded and opinionated. We may smile at some of his ideas and apprehensions, and tell humorous stories illustrating his acknowledged inquisitiveness; but none the less at heart we must do him honor and admit that more men like him were a blessing in the community to-day. Rigid necessity compelled him to be carefully economical and exact in his dealings to a degree even that verged on parsimony, but he was just in it all, and demanded only what was rightfully his own. For the sake of securing that however he would, if necessary, be at the trouble once taken, as it is told, by a certain New England farmer. A United States surveying party had taken a single chestnut rail from his fence, and using it as a signal pole, had neglected either to return it to its place or to compensate him therefor. Discovering this trespass he started after them, walked ten miles in the hot sun, interviewed the chief, informed him that people's property was to be respected, and that he was not a man to be imposed upon or frightened. Pleasantly and respectfully met, and asked to state the damage, he replied: "Well, seein' as no cattle got in, there warn't no damage; chestnut rails ain't of much account anyway, and that one I calc'late wasn't worth more'n ten cents;" and receiving that amount duly paid in legal coin of the country, he returned home amply satisfied.

Sketches of vanishing types, such as these, might be almost indefinitely continued, but we must be content with simply indicating some of the fit subjects.

There was in every village the "Country Shoemaker," whose shop, close by the tavern and the blacksmith's, was the favorite rainy day resort for both boys and men. There the latest news was rehearsed, party slates were made or broken, and matters of local interest, or of state and national politics received impassioned discussion.

There were also the village "Tailor" and "Cooper," persons as indispensable as the village pump. The gossiping dress-maker went her yearly round among the circle of households; and the old-fashioned peddler brought silks and city goods to the farmer's wife, and was always welcomed by the farmer himself for the news he brought from other places, supplying surprisingly well the place of the modern newspaper.

In almost every New England village situated at all near the sea coast a prominent character was the retired Whale Captain, a man of very positive character, accustomed to authority, and not always a comfortable neighbor or amiable citizen.

Very different also from the farmer of the north was the Southern Planter, who was with us only a little while ago, but now as a distinctive type is fast vanishing from sight. The product and the pride of the southern land, prominent in society and politics, ruling as lord over his swarm of dependents, and holding his social, religious, and political opinions by a sort of entail with his estate, he forms a most interesting subject of study, and will perhaps figure largely as a favorite character in the American novel of the future.

Any sketch of olden times ought to make special mention also of the "Old Stage Coach and Driver." The days are not very long passed when a journey from here to New York or Philadelphia was a matter of graver consideration than is now given to a trip to London and return. Not without very serious preparation, fortifying himself for the hardships, considering the possible dangers, and perhaps taking a very formal farewell of his family, did a traveler set out on his journey; and then his progress was painfully slow, and his discomforts painfully many.

The stages, great lumbering vehicles, made perhaps forty miles a day in the summer, and not much more than half as many in the winter. In summer one was choked by the dust, and in cold weather he froze. "If no accident occurred the traveler was put down at the inn about ten o'clock at night. Cramped and weary, he ate a frugal supper, and betook himself to bed with a notice from the landlord that he would be called at three the next morning. Then, whether it rained or snowed, he was forced to rise and make ready by the light of a tallow candle, for another ride of eighteen hours. After a series of mishaps and accidents, such as would suffice for an emigrant train crossing the plains, the stage rolled into New York at the end of the sixth day after leaving Boston." This is not exceptional. It was considered something remarkable when the trip from New York to Philadelphia was first made in less than two full days.

The mails of that time were carried in these same stages, except in the special cases where post-riders hastened through on horseback. So small, however, was the mail service at the beginning of this century, that Prof. McMaster affirms: "More mails are now each day sent out and received in New York, than in Washington's time went from the same city to all parts of the country in the course of half a year. More letters are delivered in that city every twenty-four hours than, when Franklin had office, were distributed in the thirteen states in a whole year."

Along with the varied types of character and of occupation that have vanished, or are vanishing away, there are many articles of use and of ornament, that were once common, but are now hardly to be found.

A pair of old brass andirons that belonged to one's grandmother are to-day an almost priceless heirloom in any family. Old spinning wheels, in daily use fifty or more years ago, but for a generation consigned to the garret or remote store room, are now brought down and, freshly polished and decked with ribbons, made to adorn the parlor or the hall. A genuine old sickle is to-day hard to find; the hand fanning-mills are becoming rare, and a real flail is almost never heard. How many of the young ladies of to-day have ever seen one of the foot-stoves their grandmothers used to carry to church, or one of the warming-pans always put to use for the benefit of the friend that in winter time occupied "the best chamber?" How long is it since the side of every kitchen opened into the cavernous depth of the old "brick oven," the heating of whose great dome was such a labor for the adults, but such a delight for the children? What too have become of the old tin "Dutch ovens" that were used before the open fireplace, and of the

iron "bake kettles," with cover for the burning coals, which were sometimes called by this same name? While for an old tinder box and flint one will search almost in vain unless in some cabinet of carefully guarded relics and antiques.

A very wide question is sometimes raised as to how far the absence of such marked types as those of the past indicates an improved age in the present, and whether indeed the opposite of this may not be the case. It may be argued, and not quite without some show of reason, that the tendency to reduce all characters, stations, and kinds of life to a largely universal correspondence, and the merging of markedly distinctive traits into a general resemblance, is an indication of weakness rather than of strength, and that thereby society suffers a loss instead of securing a gain. One may well hesitate before refusing to admit that there may be some truth in such a view. However, without attempting to argue this question, or to draw any inferences from the whole, it is enough for the present purpose to show that many of the strong traits of the past, like strong features seen in old family portraits, are to be recognized only in reduced and softened characteristics to-day, so that we do well in the midst of the uniformity of the life of the present to pause and recall and honor these vanishing types of the past.

THE COUNCIL OF NICE.*

"There are four things," says Hooker, "which concur to make complete the whole state of our Lord: His Deity, Manhood, the conjunction of both, and the distinction of one from the other."

"Four principal heresies have withstood the truth: Arians, against the deity of Christ (denying that he was co-eternal and co-essential with the Father);

"Apollinarians, maiming his human nature (denying that he had a human soul);

"Nestorians, rending Christ asunder, and dividing him into two persons (one divine and the other human);

"The followers of Eutyches, by confounding in his person those natures which they should distinguish (asserting that his human nature was absorbed in the divine, and objecting to any distinction between the two).

"Against these there have been four most famous councils:

"1. Nice against the Arians, A. D. 325.

"2. Constantinople against the Apollinarians, A. D. 381.

"3. Ephesus against the Nestorians, A. D. 431.

"4. Chalcedon against the Eutychians, A. D. 451."

Upon the theme of the first of these great Ecumenical Councils, the present paper will be a compilation.

A momentous era has arrived in the history of the church and of the world. For the first time a Christian ruler has come to the throne of the Cæsars.

With his chosen standard of the cross, Constantine has subdued the opposing factions—in the Roman empire, and over his vast realm there goes the edict that sets the Christians free from Pagan tyranny and persecution.

The church has grown through three centuries of stern conflict with the error and darkness, the evils and wrongs of the world, to be a mighty power in the earth.

Her course through suffering and toil, along a path tracked with the blood of the martyrs, has been a march of victory and conquest. A long list of eminent names is on her calendar. But now in the period of emancipation and prosperity she is beset by a complication of new dangers. Alliance with the state exposes her to a strain of corrupting influences. In the removal of compacting pressure from without, dissensions spring up within. Factions in the empire having been overcome, Constantine finds himself compelled to deal with factions in the church.

In Alexandria, the most learned see of Christendom, a difference of view and a violent discussion had sprung up on

* An essay read before the University Circle, of San José, California.

the doctrine of the Trinity. The schism extended until the whole church became agitated over the question.

Arius, one of the prime movers in it, reasoning upon the relation of the terms Father and Son, arrived at the conclusion that the Son, though the first born of beings, did not exist from eternity. "The controversy turned," says Dean Stanley, in his "History of the Eastern Church," "on the relations of the divine persons in the Trinity, not only before the incarnation, before creation, before time, but before the first beginnings of time. 'There was,' the Arian doctrine did not venture to say *a time*—but 'there was *when* he was not.' It was the excess of dogmatism upon the most abstract words in the most abstract region of human thought."

But subtle and abstract as the question was, there was thought to be involved in it the root of a perilous departure from sound Christian faith. It touched the most central and fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion. Hence it engaged the profoundest thought and solicitude of the most powerful minds of that age; and the first general council was called, in order to bring the united wisdom of the church to bear upon the settlement of the question.

The council met at Nice in the year 325.

The place selected was not far from Nicomedia, then the capital of the East. The number of bishops from all parts of the empire is supposed to have been about 318, with a retinue of presbyters and attendants amounting to 2,000.

"There were present the learned and the illiterate, courtiers and peasants, old and young, aged bishops on the verge of the grave, and beardless deacons just entering on their office. It was an assembly in which the difference between age and youth was of more than ordinary significance, coinciding with a marked transition in the history of the world. The new generation had been brought up in peace and quiet. They could just remember the joy diffused through the Christian communities by the edict of toleration published in their boyhood. They had themselves suffered nothing. Not so the older and by far the larger part of the assembly. They had lived through the last and worst of the persecutions, and they now came, like a regiment out of some frightful siege or battle, decimated and mutilated by the tortures or the hardships they had undergone. Most of the older members had lost a friend or a brother. Some bore on their backs and sides the wounds inflicted by the instruments of torture. Some had suffered the searing of the sinews of the leg, to prevent their escape from working in the mines, and several had lost the right eye."

It is said that their authority reposed on their character as an army of confessors and martyrs, no less than on that of an ecumenical council.

"In this respect no other council could approach them, and in the proceedings of the assembly the voice of an old confessor was regarded almost as an oracle." Even the emperor himself received them with homage.

They came in groups over the Mediterranean, and along the Roman roads from the different parts of the vast empire, from Alexandria and far up the Nile in Egypt; from Syria, Euphrates, and the distant East; from Greece, and Cyprus and Rome; and from the west as far as Spain.

Of the characters present I will copy sketches of a very few:

"The aged Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, was the only one present known by the title of pope. Papa was the special address given to the head of the Alexandrian church long before the name of Patriarch or Archbishop."

"Close beside Pope Alexander is a small, insignificant young man of hardly twenty-five, of lively manners and speech, and of bright, serene countenance. Though he is but the deacon or archdeacon of Alexandria (at this time), he has closely riveted the attention of the assembly by the vehemence of his arguments. That small, insignificant young man is the great Athanasius," the chief opposer of Arius, and defender of the Nicene creed.

"Next to these" was an important presbyter of Alexandria, the parish priest of its principal church. In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, tall, thin, and apparently unable to support his stature. He would be handsome, but for the deadly pallor of his face and a downcast look caused by weakness of eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint. There is a wild look about him that is at times startling. His dress and demeanor are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long coat with short sleeves, and a scarf of half size, the mark of an austere life, and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into fierce excitement. Yet with all this there is a sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest, fascinating manner. This strange, captivating giant is the heretic Arius." He is described as a man of peculiar loveliness and purity of character from his childhood, of great personal power and influence, and as exerting, at whatever cost of self-sacrifice, an uncompromising resistance to the popular worldly policy which he believed would degrade and enslave the church in its subordination to the temporal power.

Two notable characters, Potammon and Paphnutius, came from the interior of Egypt. They had lived a great part of their lives in the desert. Both had lost the right eye, and suffered otherwise in the persecution. Bishop Paul, from near the Euphrates, had had his hands paralyzed by the searing of the muscles with a red-hot iron.

There was Jacob of Nisibis, who had lived for years as a hermit, on the mountains, in forests and caves, browsing on roots and leaves, and clothed in a rough goat-hair cloak. This dress and manner of life he retained after he became a bishop.

From the distant east came John the Persian, Aristaces, son of Gregory the illuminator, and founder of the Armenian church, and Eusebius the Great, of Nicomedia, were of the number. Also Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, the interpreter, chaplain and confessor of Constantine, and the father of ecclesiastical history. One of the most interesting characters, of whom many remarkable stories are told, was Spyridion, from the island of Cyprus, a shepherd both before and after his elevation to the episcopate. Hosius, Bishop of Cordova in Spain, was one of the most powerful and revered men in the council. He had been a confessor during the persecutions of Maximin. The council was opened by the emperor in person. It continued about twenty days.

A creed was first produced which all could sign—one which would doubtless now be pronounced full and orthodox by Christians generally. The part relating to the Son reads as follows: "I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Word of God, God of God, Light of Light, Life of Life, the only begotten Son, the first born of every creature, begotten of the Father before all worlds, by whom also all things were made," etc.

But full as this was it did not touch the test point in controversy. That point turned upon two Greek words, signifying respectively, "*of the same substance*," and "*of like substance*." The Arians admitted that Christ in his divine nature was of *like substance* with the Father, but denied that he was of the *same substance*.

Athanasius and his party feared that this would lead, not to the denial of the divinity of Christ, but to the belief in two Gods instead of one. "Polytheism, Paganism, Hellenism was the enemy from which the church had just been delivered by Constantine, and this was the error under whose dominion it was feared the teaching of Arius might bring them back." These scarred and maimed veterans of Christianity had suffered because of their steadfast testimony to the truth that *there is one God*; and here in the first great council of the entire church the creed was formulated which has stood through the centuries as a protest and guard against such distinction of persons in the Trinity as shall make a plurality of Gods. The

Nicene creed as adopted had the additional clause inserted regarding the Son—*of the substance of the Father*.

Arius was condemned as a heretic and sentenced to banishment with some other leaders of his party, including Eusebius of Nicomedia. But afterward at the entreaty of the Princess Constantia, sister of the emperor, they were recalled. For 300 years after the date of its origin Arianism was a considerable power, both political and religious, not only in the East where it had its birth, but in western and Teutonic nations. "The Gothic population that descended on the Roman empire, so far as it was Christian at all, held to the faith of Arius. Our first Teutonic version of the Scriptures was by an Arian missionary, Ulphilas. The first conqueror of Rome, Alaric, the first conqueror of Africa, Genseric, were Arians. Theodoric the Great, King of Italy, was an Arian. The Gothic kingdoms of Spain and France were the stronghold of Arianism."

But the orthodox doctrine established at Nice won its way and secured its place in the heart of Christendom, which, as Dean Stanley says, "with but few exceptions receives the confession of the first council, as the earliest, the most solemn, and the most universal expression of Christian theology."

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.—*Byron*.

AN OCEAN MONARCH.

By G. BROWNE GOODE.

The gray old city of Siena, hidden away, almost forgotten amidst the hills of Tuscany, contains one object peculiarly interesting to Americans. Within its walls Christopher Columbus was educated, and hither returning in his days of prosperity, he deposited, doubtless with impressive ceremonies, a memento of his first voyage over the sea. His votive offering hangs within and over the main portal of the old collegiate church, for many years closed, and now rarely visited by tourists. Grouped together in a picturesque and very dusty trophy may be seen the helmet, armor and weapons of the great navigator, and with them the weapon of a warrior who was killed resisting the approach of the strange ships—the sword of an immense sword-fish. A sword-fish was no novelty to seafaring men accustomed to the waters of the Mediterranean, still the beak of this defender of the coast was preserved by the crew of Columbus, and for nearly four centuries has formed a prominent feature in the best preserved monument of the discoverer of America.

A similar though less impressive memorial hangs in the great hall of the Bremen Rathhaus, side by side with the clumsy ship-models, the paintings of stranded whales, and the trophies of armor which illustrate the history of the old Hanse-town (Free City). It is a painting, of the size of life, of a sword-fish, taken by Bremen fishermen in the river Weser, with a legend inscribed beneath in letters of the most angular type:

"ANNO . 1696 . DEN . 18 . JULI . IST . DIESER .

FISCH . EIN . SCHWERTFISCH . GENANNT . VON . DIESER .
 STADT . FISCHERN . IN . DER . WESER . GEFANGEN," ETC.

This swift, mysterious animal seems at a period remote in antiquity to have literally thrust itself into the notice of mankind by means of its attacks upon the boats in the Mediterranean. Pliny knew it and wrote: "The sword-fish, called in Greek Xiphias, that is to say in Latin, Gladius, a sword, hath a beake or bill sharp-pointed, wherewith he will drive through the sides and planks of a ship, and bouge them so that they shall sink withall," and the naturalists of the sixteenth century knew almost as much of its habits as those of the present day. Few fishes are so difficult to observe, and a student may, like the writer of this article, spend summer after summer in the attempt to study them with few results, other than the sight of a few dozen back-fins cutting through the water, a chance to measure and dissect a few specimens, and perhaps the experience of having the side of his boat pierced by one of their ugly swords. Yet, while little is known of their habits, few fishes are so generally known by their external characters.

No one who has seen a sword-fish or a good picture of one, soon forgets the great muscular body, like that of a mackerel, a thousand times magnified, the crescent shaped tail, measuring three feet or more from tip to tip, the scimeter like fins on the back and breasts, the round, hard, protruding eyes, as large as small foot balls, and the sword-like snout, two, three or four feet in length, protruding, caricature like, from between its eyes. This feature has been recognized in almost every European language, and while many other fishes have names by the score, this has in reality but one. The "Sword-fish" of our own tongue, the "Zwaard Fis" of Holland, the Italian "Sifo" and "Pesce-Pada," the Spaniard's "Espada," and the French "Espadin," "Dend" and "Epee de Mer," are variations upon a single theme, repetitions of the "Gladius" of ancient Italy, and "Xiphias," the name by which Aristotle, the father of Zoölogy called the same fish twenty-three hundred years ago. The French "Empereur," and the "Imperador" of the Spanish West Indies carry out the same.

A vessel cruising in search of sword-fish proceeds to the fishing grounds and sails hither and thither, wherever the abundance of small fish indicates that they ought to be found. Vessels which are met are hailed and asked whether sword-fish have been seen, and if tidings are thus obtained the ship's course is at once laid for the locality where they were last noticed. A man is always stationed at the masthead, where, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can readily descry the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles.

The sword-fish has two cousins, the spear-fish and the sail-fish, which bear to it a close family resemblance. Their bodies, however, are lighter, their outlines more graceful, and their swords more round and slender. The latter has an immense sail-like back fin, which it throws out of the water while swimming near the surface. An English naval officer, Sir Stamford Raffles, wrote home from Singapore in 1822: "The only amusing discovery we have recently made is that of a sailing fish, called by the natives *Ikan layer*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. I have sent a set of the sails home, as they are beautifully cut, and form a model for a fast sailing boat. When a school of these are under sail together they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats."

While there is but one species of sword-fish which occurs in the tropical and temperate parts of the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, about New Zealand, and in the eastern Pacific from Cape Horn to California there are several kinds of sail-fishes, and at least eight species of spear-fish. The naturalists of the United States Fish Commission have recently discovered that we have along our Atlantic coast a fine species of sail-fish, and one or two of spear-fishes, in addition to the true sword-fish, which has been known to exist here since the days of the Spanish explorers.

It seems somewhat strange that no reference to the sword-fish is to be found in the narratives of the voyages of Columbus. The earliest allusion in American literature occurs in Josselyn's "Account of two Voyages to New England," printed in 1674, in the following passage:

"The twentieth day we saw a great number of sea-bats or owles, called also flying-fish; they are about the bigness of a whiting, with four tinsel wings, with which they fly as long as they are wet, when pursued by other fishes. In the afternoon we saw a great fish called the Vehuella, or Sword-fish, having a long, strong and sharp fin like a sword-blade on the top of his head, with which he pierced our ship, and broke it off with striving to get loose; one of our sailors dived and brought it aboard."

Although sword-fish were sold in the New York fish market as early as 1817, it was not until 1839 that the writers in ichthyology consented to consider it an American fish.

The sword-fish comes into our waters in pursuit of food. At least this is the most probable explanation of their movements, since the duties of reproduction appear to be performed elsewhere. Like the horse-mackerel, the bonito, the blue-fish and the squeteagus, they pursue and prey upon the schools of menhaden and mackerel which are so abundant in the summer months. "When you see sword-fish, you may know that mackerel are about!" said one old fisherman to the writer. "Where you see the fin-back whale, following food," said another, "there you find sword-fish." They feed chiefly upon fish which swim crowded together in close schools, rising among them from beneath and striking to the right and left with their swords until they have killed a number, which they then proceed to devour. An old fisherman described to the writer a sword-fish in the act of feeding in a dense school of herring, rising perpendicularly out of the water until its sword, with a large portion of its body, was exposed, then falling flat over on its side, striking many fish as it fell, and leaving a bushel of dead ones floating at the surface.

They are most abundant in the region of Cape Cod, or between Montauk Point and the eastern part of George's Banks, and during July and August, though some make their appearance in the latter part of May, and a few linger until snow falls. They are seen at the surface only on quiet summer days, in the morning before ten or eleven, and in the afternoon after four o'clock. Old fishermen say that they rise when the mackerel rise, and follow them down when they go.

A sword-fish, when swimming near the surface, usually allows its dorsal fin and the upper lobe of its caudal fin to be visible, projecting out of the water several inches. It is this habit which enables the fishermen to detect the presence of the fish in the vicinity of their vessel. It moves slowly along, and the schooner, even with a light breeze, finds no difficulty in overtaking it. When excited its movements are very rapid and nervous. Sword-fish are sometimes seen to leap entirely out of the water. Early writers attributed this habit to the tormenting presence of parasites, but such a theory seems unnecessary. The pointed head, the fins of the back and abdomen snugly fitting into grooves, the long, lithe, muscular body, with contour sloping slowly from shoulders to tail, fit it for the most rapid and forcible movement through the water. Prof. Richard Owen, the celebrated English anatomist, testifying in court in regard to its power, said: "It strikes with the accumulated force of fifteen double-handed hammers. Its velocity is equal to that of a swivel shot, and is as dangerous in its effects as a heavy artillery projectile."

Many very curious instances are recorded of their encounters with other fishes, or of their attacks upon ships. It is hard to surmise what may be the inducement to attack objects so much larger than themselves. Every one knows the couplet from Oppian:

"Nature her bounty to his mouth confined,
Gave him a sword, but left unarmed his mind."

It surely seems as if the fish sometimes become possessed with temporary insanity. It is not strange that when harpooned they retaliate upon their assailants. There are, however, numerous instances of entirely unprovoked assaults upon vessels at sea, both by the sword-fish, and still more frequently by the spear-fish (known to American sailors by the name of "boohoo," apparently a corruption of "Guebucu," a word apparently of Indian origin, applied to the same fish in Brazil). The writer's note-book contains notes upon scores of such instances. The ship "Priscilla," from Pernambuco to London had eighteen inches of sword thrust through her planking; the English ship "Queensbury," in 1871, was penetrated to a depth of thirty inches, necessitating the discharge of the cargo; the "Dreadnought," in 1864, when off Colombo, had a round hole, an inch in diameter, bored through the copper sheeting and planking; the schooner "Wyoming," of Gloucester, in 1875, was attacked in the night time by a sword-fish, which pushed his snout two feet into her planking, and then escaped by breaking it off.

One of the traditions of the sea, time honored, believed by all mariners, handed down in varied phrases in a hundred books of ocean travel, relates to the terrific combats between the whale and the sword-fish, aided by the thrasher shark. The sword-fish was said to attack from below, goading his mighty adversary to the surface with his sharp beak, while the shark, at the top of the water, belabors him with strokes of his long lithe tail. Thus wrote a would-be naturalist from Bermuda in 1609: "The sword-fish swimmes under the whale and pricketh him upward. The thrasher keepeth above him, and with a mighty great thing like unto a flaile, hee so bangeth the whale that hee will roare as though it thundered, and doth give him such blows with his weapon that you would think it to be a crake of great shot."

Skeptical modern science is not satisfied with this interpretation of any combat at sea seen at a distance. It recognizes the improbability of aggressive partnership between two animals so different as the sword-fish and a shark, and explains the turbulent encounters occasionally seen at sea by ascribing them to the attacks of the killer whale, *Orca*, upon larger species of the same order.

There can be little doubt that sword-fish sometimes attack whales just as they do ships. This habit is mentioned by Pliny, and furnishes a motive for all of Edmund Spenser's "Visions of the World."

"Toward the sea turning my troubled eye
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep.
The huge Leviathan, dame Nature's wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A Sword-fish small, him from the rest did under,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abysses him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
And all the waves were stained with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes."

Baron Sahartur, in a letter from Quebec in 1783, described a conflict between a whale and a sword-fish which took place within gun shot of his frigate. He remarks: "We were perfectly charmed when we saw the sword-fish jump out of the water in order to dart its spear into the body of the whale when obliged to take breath. This entertaining show lasted at least two hours, sometimes to the starboard and sometimes to the larboard of the ship. The sailors, among whom superstition prevails as much as among the Egyptians, took this for a presage of some mighty storm."

There are two great sword-fisheries in the world, one on the

Sicily. The former gives employment, in different years, to from twenty to forty vessels, and from sixty to one hundred and twenty men; the latter to over three hundred boats and seventeen hundred men. In Italy the annual product of the fishery amounts to about 320,000 pounds, while in New England, counting the fish taken incidentally by halibut and mackerel vessels, the yield is at least 1,000,000 pounds.

The apparatus used in killing sword-fish is very simple. It consists of the "pulpit" or "cresembo," a frame for the support of the harpooner as he stands upon the end of the bowsprit, the "lily iron" or "Indian dart," which is attached by a long line to a keg serving as a buoy, and is thrust into the fish by means of a pole about sixteen feet in length. As the vessel cruises over the schooling grounds a lookout is stationed at the masthead, whose keen eye descries the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles. By voice and gesture he directs the course of the vessel until the skipper can see the fish from his station in the pulpit. There is no difficulty in approaching the fish with a large vessel, although they will not suffer a small boat to come near them. When the fish is from six to ten feet in front of the vessel, it is struck. The harpoon is never thrown, the pole being too long. The dart penetrates the back of the fish, close to the side of the high dorsal fin, and immediately detaches itself from the pole, which is withdrawn. The dart having been fastened, the line is allowed to run out as far as the fish will carry it, and is then passed into a small boat, which is towing at the stern. Two men jump into this and pull in upon the line until the fish is brought in alongside.

The pursuit of the sword-fish is much more exciting than ordinary fishing, for it resembles the pursuit of large animals upon land. There is no slow and careful baiting and patient waiting, and no disappointment caused by the capture of worthless "bait-stealers." The game is seen and followed, outwitted by wary tactics, and killed by strength of arm and skill. The sword-fish sometimes proves a powerful antagonist, and sends his pursuers' vessel into harbor, leaking and almost sinking from injuries which he has inflicted. I have known a vessel to be struck by wounded sword-fish as many as twenty times in one season. There is even the spice of personal danger to give savor to the chase. One of the crew of a Connecticut schooner was severely wounded by a beak thrust through the oak floor of the boat in which he was standing, and penetrating two inches into his naked heel. A strange fascination draws men to this pursuit when they have once learned its charm. An old sword-fisherman, with an experience of twenty years, told me that when he was on the fishing ground he fished all night in his dreams, and that many a time he had bruised his hands and rubbed the skin off his knuckles by striking them against the ceiling of his bunk when he raised his arms to thrust the harpoon into imaginary monster sword-fishes.

THE home and its apartments should not be treated as a dead thing, where we make best arrangement of its fittings, and there leave it. It must grow in range and in expression with our necessities, and diverging, and developing tastes. The best of decorators can not put that last finish which must come from home hands. It is a great canvas always on the easel before us—growing in its power to interest every day and year—never getting its last touches—never quite ready to be taken down and parted with. No home should so far out-top the tastes of its inmates that they can not somewhere and somehow deck it with the record of their love and culture. It is an awful thing to live in a house where no new nail can be driven in the wall, and no tray of wild flowers, or of wood-mosses be set upon a window sill. The ways are endless, in short, in which a house can be endowed with that home atmosphere which shall be redolent of the tastes of its inmates.

—Donald G. Mitchell.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

IX.—A PIONEER ECCENTRIC WOMAN.

This artificial arrangement called society seems to be possible only upon unreal standards of truth and morality; it has a system of "white lies"—as if any lie *could* be white and true. It is because children haven't learned the difference between real truth and the "play truth" of the world that they are such a holy terror in society. We have to squelch their questionings and hide our blushes. Children and fools—distinguished puritans!—always tell the truth, we say, and confess our false lives in the saying; but occasionally one who is not a fool, but who preserves a child's truth, comes into this masquerade of life and insists on recognizing the real persons behind the masks. Heavens, what a disturbance! Put him out! He's an Eccentric.

Give one of these uncomfortable persons the clairvoyant insight into character and motives and the clear-speaking tongue or pen; put him on a higher moral plane than society about him travels, and two things will likely come to pass, viz.: martyrdom for himself and an uplift for his neighbors. Such a touch for truth, such a power to convey it, such a purpose had Jane Grey Swisshelm, and it's safe to say that she has put more people to bed with uncomfortable bed-fellows in the shape of smarting consciences than any other woman of her time.

She was a rare combination of feminine and masculine qualities. Timid and courageous; yielding to kindness, hard as steel on questions of principle; domestic in all her tastes, public in all her life; slight of form and sickly by heredity, for fifty years she "endured hardship as a good soldier." To a fanatical religious nature and a wonderfully analytical mind, she brought that childlikeness of conscience, and with a rare command of language for a weapon, she became a moral blizzard in a half century of upheaval in our political elements.

No one, I think, can read her autobiography without the conviction that this life of controversy was foreign to her nature, that the pugnacious pen was forced into her hand when it would have preferred to wield the pencil of the artist, or even the distaff in a happy home. She was thus forced aside from her natural course by an incompatible theology and an incompatible marriage. Benevolence was her mastering trait, but her hard theology gave no exercise to it. Perhaps better to say in her own words, she "obeyed the higher law of kindness under protest of her Calvinistic conscience." Her religion taught her that everything that she liked to do and enjoyed in the doing, was, by that token, sinful; and her husband and his family by thwarting her in all such enjoyments, unconsciously executing her theology against herself, set her upon expiating her sinfulness by engaging in the most disagreeable and trying work that she could find. Men and women before her have sought "in the world's broad field of battle" relief from disappointment of the heart's wishes, but few have put on the armor to punish themselves for not enjoying that disappointment. It is, therefore, to the crucial tenets of her Calvinistic faith and the exorbitant demands of her conscience that we owe the great work Mrs. Swisshelm did in the cause of humanity. What it cost her only God and herself know; but we are not without evidence that she got some recompense as she went along, in achievements which must have been grateful to the heroic side of her nature.

For in the veins of this slight girl ran the blood of a race of heroes and martyrs—a family which fetched its line direct from signers of The Solemn League and Covenant. "My kith and kin," she says, "had died at the stake, bearing testimony against popery and prelacy; had fought on those fields where Scotchmen charged in solid columns, singing psalms." She hated the devil of her theology, because she considered him a coast of New England, and the other in the waters about

sneak, "but I never was afraid of him," she says—a statement we can well believe of one who at the age of six watched an alleged haunted place by night to catch a ghost. She never knew the time when she did not believe the cast-iron creed of her ancestors; read her Bible, understood all of Dr. Black's metaphysical sermons, and was converted before her third year, and completed her theological education before she completed her twelfth year. Truly she "had no childhood," as she says.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1815, she married at the age of sixteen a too-well-to-do farmer, and spent most of her life in the country. "I spent my best years cooking cabbage," she says. She taught school much of the first ten years of her married life. She found her pen-power and her work in 1844, at the age of twenty-nine. Mrs. Swisshelm was one of the first, if not the very first, American woman to enter the field of political journalism. At this day, when all the avenues of literature throng with gifted women, when no considerable daily paper is without female contributors and staff writers, and some of our best magazines are conducted by women, it is hard to appreciate what it cost a timid, devout woman like Mrs. Swisshelm to take that step in 1844; it was in her mind voluntary consecration to martyrdom. This call came to her during an illness brought on by an attack on her by her husband and his mother, so outrageous that she had fled wildly to the woods, and been taken up and cared for by kindly neighbors. Her afflictions came to her as chastisements for not remembering those in bonds as bound with them; specifically for assisting to build a church for the "Black-gaites." She wrote her first attack in an anti-slavery cause, propped up in bed, and it was in verse. She states the situation:

No woman had ever done such a thing, and I could never again hold up my head under the burden of shame and disgrace which would be brought upon me. But what matter? I had no children to disgrace, and if the Lord wanted some one to throw into that gulf, no one could be spared better than I. No Western Pennsylvania woman had ever broken out of woman's sphere. All lived in the very center of that sacred inclosure, making fires by which husbands, brothers and sons sat reading the news; each one knowing that she had a soul, because the preacher who made his bread and butter by saving it had been careful to inform her of its existence as preliminary to her knowledge of the indispensable nature of his services.

Her articles created a sensation, and no wonder that they did. For, although she had but little literary culture, she had simplicity and intensity. Her style was modeled on the English of the Bible (which she says was for years the only book that she allowed herself to read, in her dread of becoming wiser than her plodding husband), and on this sturdy stem she grafted the simple, homely, direct illustrations of the rural folk around her. Thus, it arrested the attention of learned and unlettered alike. But there was more than phraseology in her power. She was as intensely in earnest as if she were herself in bonds—that is what "remembering them as bound with them" means. She was one of a few who *meant it*; one of the kind of "fools" that "hear His word and do it." McDuffee, when he heard that Andrew Jackson had sworn to hang the first seceder, said: "Yes, and he's just dashed fool enough to do it." She felt that two races, the white and the black, were to be rescued from the curse of slavery; and for such a cause it was with her as "Hosea Bigelow" says, "P'izen-mad, pig-headed fightin'." She had been reared an abolitionist, and that which was bred in the bone had been converted into a clear, blazing passion by a year's residence in Kentucky (1832), where she witnessed scenes, the narration of which make that awful chapter in her biography entitled "Habitations of Horrible Cruelty." She says:

For years there had run through my head the words: "Open thy mouth for the dumb, plead the cause of the poor and needy." From first to last my articles were as direct and personal as Nathan's reproof to David. Every man who went to the war (*i. e.*, against Mexico), or induced others to go, I held as the principal in the whole list of crimes

of which slavery was a synonym. Each one seemed to stand before me, his innermost soul made bare and his idiosyncrasy I was sure to strike with sarcasm, ridicule, odium, solemn denunciation, old truths from the Bible and history, and the opinions of good men. I had a reckless abandon, for had I not thrown myself into the breach to die there, and would I not sell my life at its full value?

I think this keen sense for the weak places in men's character and reasoning, and her reckless assaults thereon were what made her so formidable. She always struck for the heart, and rarely missed her aim. "Exposing the weak part of an argument soon came to be my recognized forte," she says. With what disregard of everything she rode after the oriflamme of humanity let her tell:

Hon. Gabriel Adams had taken me by the hand at father's funeral, led me to a stranger and introduced me as: "The child I told you of, but eight years old, her father's nurse and comforter." He had smoothed my hair and told me not to cry; God would bless me for being a good child. He was a member of the session when I joined the church; his voice in prayer had smoothed mother's hard journey through the dark valley; and now, as mayor of the city he had ordered it illuminated in honor of the battle of Buena Vista, and this, too, on Saturday evening, when the unholy glorification extended into the Sabbath. Measured by the standard of his profession as an elder in the church whose highest judicatory had pronounced slavery and Christianity incompatible, no one was more vulnerable than he, and of none was I so unsparing, yet as I wrote, the letter was blistered with tears; but his oft repeated comment was: "Jane is right," and he went out of his way to take my hand and say: "You were right."

Samuel Black, a son of my pastor, dropped his place as leader of the Pittsburgh bar and rushed to the war. My comments were thought severe, even for me; yet the first intimation I had that I had not been cast aside as a monster, came from his sister, who sent me a message that her father, her husband and herself, approved my criticism. Samuel returned with a colonel's commission, and one day I was about to pass him without recognition, where he stood on the pavement talking to two other lawyers, when he stepped before me and held out his hand. I drew back, and he said:

"Is it possible you will not take my hand?"

I looked at it, then into his manly, handsome face, and answered: "There is blood on it! The blood of women and children slain at their own altars, on their own hearthstones, that you might spread the glorious American institution of woman whipping and baby stealing." "Oh," he exclaimed, "This is too bad! I swear to you I never killed a woman or a child."

"Then you did not fight in Mexico, did not help to bombard Buena Vista."

His friends joined him and insisted that I did the Colonel great wrong, when he looked squarely into my face, and, holding out his hand, said:

"For the sake of the old church, for the sake of the old man, for the sake of the old times, give me your hand."

I laid it in his, and hurried away, unable to speak, for he was the most eloquent man in Pennsylvania. He fell at last at the head of his regiment, while fighting in the battle of Fair Oaks, for the freedom he had betrayed in Mexico.

Her destructive attack on the private character of Daniel Webster, in 1850, also illustrates her reckless courage and her sagacity. She was in Washington pending the fugitive slave bill. Webster was supporting the measure—a damaging defection from the anti-slavery side, because of his supposed moral as well as intellectual greatness. Mrs. S. discovered "that his whole panoply of moral power was a shell—that his life was full of rottenness. Then I knew why I had come to Washington." She put the facts into one short paragraph, and published it in her own paper, against the advice of all her friends, and even of such staunch anti-slavery men as Giddings, Julian, and Dr. Snodgrass. They said it was true, and no one would dare to deny it; yet no one had dared to make it public; the publication would ruin her and her influence. She said: "The cause of the slave hangs on the issue in Congress, and Mr. Webster's

influence is against him; his influence would be less if the public knew just what he is. I will publish it and let God take care of the consequences." Eccentric conduct, surely! It was published, and it did bring ruin—but on Daniel Webster, instead of Jane Grey Swisshelm. It killed Webster's influence with the conscientious part of the Whig party, and probably gave the *coup de grace* to his presidential prospects. She was long known as "the woman who killed Webster."

It was in 1847 that Mrs. Swisshelm took the decisive plunge by founding the *Pittsburgh Saturday Visiter*. The sensation created by this unprecedented appearance of politics in petticoats she characteristically describes:

It was quite an insignificant looking sheet, but no sponer did the American eagle catch sight of it than he swooned and fell off his perch. Democratic roosters straightened out their necks and ran screaming with terror. Whig 'coons scampered up trees and barked furiously. The world was falling, and every one had "heard it, saw it, and felt it."

It appeared that on some inauspicious morning each one of three-fourths of the secular editors from Maine to Georgia had gone to his office suspecting nothing, when from some corner of his exchange list there sprang upon him such a horror as he had little thought to see. A woman had started a political paper! A woman! Could he believe his eyes? A woman! Instantly he sprang to his feet and clutched his pantaloons, shouted to the assistant editor, when he, too, read and grasped frantically at his cassimeres, called to the reporters and pressmen and typos and devils, who all rushed in, heard the news, seized their nether garments and joined the general chorus, "My breeches! oh, my breeches!" Here was a woman resolved to steal their pantaloons, their trousers, and when these were gone they might cry, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" The imminence of the peril called for prompt action, and with one accord they shouted, "On to the breach, in defense of our breeches! Repel the invader or fill the trenches with our noble dead!"

"That woman shall not have *my* pantaloons," cried the editor of the big city daily; "nor my pantaloons," said the editor of the dignified weekly; "nor my pantaloons," said he who issued manifestoes but once a month; "nor mine," "nor mine," "nor mine," chimed in the small fry of the country towns.

Even the religious press could not get past the tailor shop, and "Pantaloons" was the watchword all along the line. George D. Prentice took up the cry, and gave the world a two-third column leader on it, stating explicitly, "She is a man all but the pantaloons." I wrote to him, asking a copy of the article, but received no answer, when I replied in rhyme to suit his case:

"Perhaps you have been busy
Horsewhipping Sal or Lizzie,
Stealing some poor man's baby,
Selling its mother, may be.
You say—and you are witty—
That I—and 'tis a pity—
Of manhood lack but dress;
But you lack manliness,
A body clean and new,
A soul within it, too.
Nature must change her plan
Ere you can be a man."

Mrs. Swisshelm was scourged into the woman's rights agitation as she had been into the anti-slavery struggle, by her own troubles, brought on her again by her husband.

The house left to her by her parents she wished to sell. Under the laws of Pennsylvania a wife could not alone give title, and her husband in this case refused to sign the deed unless the purchase money were given to him to be put into improvements on his mother's estate, where all his wife's earnings had so far been put out of her reach. Upon the death of her mother, whom she idolized and had nursed tenderly for some weeks against the opposition of her husband, the latter filed a claim against the mother's estate for his wife's wages as nurse. Of these applications of the law she writes:

I do not know why I should have been so utterly overwhelmed by this proposal to execute a law passed by Christian legislators for the government of a Christian people, a law which had never been questioned by any nation or state or church, and was in full force all over the world. Why should the discovery of its existence curdle my blood, stop my heart-beats, and send a flush of burning shame from forehead to finger-tips? Why blame him for acting in harmony with the canons of every Christian church? Was it any fault of his that "all that she (the wife) can acquire by her labor, service, or act during coverture belongs to the husband?" Certainly not!

It occurred to me that all the advances made by humanity had been through the pressure of injustice, and that the screws had been turned on me that I might do something to right the great wrong which forbade married women to own property. So, instead of spending my strength quarreling with the hand, I would strike for the heart of that great tyranny. I studied the laws under which I lived and began a series of letters on the subject of married women's rights to hold property.

The result of the agitation thus begun was an amendment to the statute in 1848, securing to married women the right to hold property. The predictions of evils to follow from this introduction of "an apple of discord into every family," made by sage and serious men then, sound marvellously like some of the warnings we hear from objectors to woman suffrage now. But Mrs. Swisshelm refused to join the organized suffrage movement, and had many hot debates with its organs as to method, not as to principles; she herself, curiously enough, predicted evils to flow from woman suffrage, similar to those her critics had predicted would flow from granting property rights.

She opposed the Washingtonian temperance movement, scornfully rejecting the plan of reforming drunkards by coddling them; waged warfare against the encroachments of the Church of Rome; and on more than one occasion successfully resisted the tyranny of trade unions. To defeat the latter she herself learned and taught other women the art typographic, and became independent. It is a notable fact that she was driven into this contention, also, by her own troubles with union printers. She seems to have been generally a conscript, not often a volunteer to fight, but the result always was to advance the interests of oppressed classes more than her own interests. It was to establish a precedent in behalf of other female correspondents that she applied for and secured a seat in the reporter's gallery in the Capitol, Washington, being the first woman who ever sat there. She was then (1850), as for many years before and after, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*.

In 1847, after twenty years of vain efforts to "live up to the lights" of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Swisshelm and her husband parted, she taking their only child and going to Minnesota to live with her sister.

Her Minnesota experience was almost tragic. Before reaching there she was informed that Governor Lowrie allowed no abolition sentiments in St. Cloud. "Then there is not room there for General Lowrie and me," stoutly replied the little crusader. General Lowrie was the territorial governor under Buchanan's administration; he was a Mississippian who kept slaves in Minnesota, and ruled the territory with so high a hand that he was called dictator. When Mrs. Swisshelm started the *St. Cloud Visiter* she invited the governor, among others, to subscribe, and received from him a letter promising it "a support second to that of no paper in the territory, if it will support Buchanan's administration." To the confusion of her friends, Mrs. Swisshelm accepted the terms, and frankly announced in the paper that General Lowrie owned everybody in Minnesota, and so she had sold herself and the paper to him and would support Buchanan's administration—its object being, as she understood it, the subversion of all freedom in the United States, and the placing of a master over every northern "mud-sill" as over the Southern blacks; that Governor Lowrie had promised to support the paper in great power

and glory for this, and she was determined to earn her money. It was simply the unconventional, blunt truth-telling of a child applied to a lying system of politics, and it cut like a knife.

Lowrie swore vengeance. "Let her alone, for God's sake!" said one who knew her career. "Let her alone, or she will kill you. She has killed every man she ever touched. Let her alone." He did not, and she did kill him with the truth. To his threats she returned the promise that she should continue to support Buchanan until she had broken him down in everlasting infamy. Her office was sacked one night and a notice left that if she revived the paper she would be tied to a log and cast into the Mississippi. The issue could not be avoided. An indignation meeting was called, and Mrs. Swisshelm said "I will attend and speak." She made her will, settled her business, wrote a history of the trouble to testify if she could not, and employed a fighting man to attend the meeting by her side, and shoot her square through the brain if there were no other way to prevent her falling into the hands of the mob. Mrs. Sterns, a Yankee woman, held her arm, saying, "We will go into the river together; they can't separate us." So this descendant of the old Covenanters martyrs made her first speech to the, to her, doubtless, sweet music of a howling mob, stones and pistol shots.

The *Visiter* was reestablished on new type, by a stock company, and the first issue brought down on them a libel suit from Governor Lowrie, to compromise which Mrs. Swisshelm published a retraction, which released the owners from \$10,000 bonds. She then bought the material, suspended the bonded *Visiter*, and issued the *St. Cloud Democrat*. Its first issue rang the death-knell of Governor Lowrie and border ruffianism in Minnesota. It was useless to sue her for libel, and she was too well protected to fear force. The state election in 1859, when Governor Lowrie was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, turned on the policy of border ruffianism, press-breaking, and woman mobbing. "The large man who instituted a mob to suppress a woman of my size [*i. e.*, 100 lbs.], and then failed, was not a suitable leader for American men," and Lowrie was snowed under, and not long after was taken to an insane asylum. The next year Mrs. Swisshelm felt honored at being burned in effigy in St. Paul by her enemies, as "the mother of the Republican party in Minnesota." She afterward lectured two years in the northwest.

Then came the terrible civil war. Mrs. Swisshelm engaged in hospital work, bringing to it the consecration, indomitable energy and eccentric gumption that she displayed in politics and business. She walked through the red tape and professional etiquette which were killing more than bullets were, as she had through conventional chains. She says: "It was often so easy to save a life, where there were the means of living, that a little courage or common sense seemed like a miraculous gift to people whose mental powers had been turned in other directions." In one hospital she found gangrene, and to her call for lemons, specific for it, she was gravely told by the surgeon that he had made a requisition a week before for them, and could not get them. She telegraphed the *Tribune*:

Hospital gangrene has broken out in Washington, and we want lemons! LEMONS! LEMONS! No man or woman in health has a right to a glass of lemonade till these men have all they need. Send us lemons!

The next day lemons began to pour into Washington, and soon into every hospital in the country. Governor Andrew sent two hundred boxes, and at one time she had twenty ladies with ambulances distributing lemons. Gangrene disappeared.

She felt about equal anger and contempt for masculine indifference and the mushy inefficiency of women who flocked to Washington to nurse in the hospitals. She sarcastically says the vast majority of the women who succeeded in getting into hospitals were much more willing to "kiss him for his mother" than to render the soldier any solid service; they "were capable of any heroism save wearing a dress suitable for hospital work. The

very, very few who laid aside their hoops—those instruments of dread and torture—generally donned bloomers and gave offense by airs of independence."

Mrs. S. was one of three women who followed Grant's advance upon the Wilderness. Her courage, endurance and good sense never showed to better advantage than during the Petersburg battles.

Mrs. Swisshelm's marital experience was but an episode to her true career—the counter-irritant that brought out her character. Its unhappiness was due to four causes: 1. Religious differences. Both sides were fanatical, and her husband's people felt a call to give her no rest till they had got her "converted and saved" by their theological scales. 2. It was a sad case of mother-in-law, on the husband's side. 3. The brains, character and courage were all on one side. No woman had a higher reverence for strong manly character, and she was married to a male shrew and weakling. But above all she belonged to the last half of the nineteenth century in her ideas of woman's sphere, and he to the last half of the eighteenth, in his. Aside from this, they loved each other, and after their separation each bore high testimony to the right intention and purity of the other.

Few women of this day appreciate how much of their freedom to work and think they owe to such pioneers as Jane Grey Swisshelm. Few men can be made to see how much of the great advance of American life is due to the nobler, broader womanhood made possible by the self-immolation of such pioneers. They made their impression on the point most needing change and strength, if our society and government were to become pure, strong and enduring. For it has become a law of sociology that the condition of its women is the measure of the civilization and possible growth of any people. Mrs. Swisshelm did more than her share to lengthen that measure for this people, and, happily, lived to see the fruits of her work. But it was a desolate life for a woman, for all that.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE IN PEKING.

By REV. GEO. W. SMYTH, President of Fouchow College.

Among the many interesting places to be seen in the old and strange city of Peking, that which must claim the chief attention of every visitor intent on noting the changes which the last twenty-five years have wrought in this ancient empire is the Túng Wên Kuan, or College of United Literatures. It is an imperial college in which Chinese students are taught the principal languages and literatures of modern Europe. Their studies are in Chinese and in one or other of the western languages, and hence doubtless its high-sounding but significant name. The students are government cadets, paid from the public treasury, and preparing to enter the consular and diplomatic service of their country in foreign lands. A short account of the origin, purpose and methods of this school may not be uninteresting, as showing how great a change has come over the high official mind of this country in the last quarter of a century. The change, indeed, was the result of necessity, but it is not on that account any the less real, and the movement it inaugurated can not now be stopped.

The war of 1860, which so nearly destroyed the present dynasty, and showed the ruling classes at Peking the greatly superior power of the West, necessitated a great change in the foreign policy of the empire. Hitherto they had complacently looked upon foreigners, subjects and sovereigns alike, as uncouth barbarians, who were to be excluded from the capital, or allowed to enter it only on admitting their subjection and vassalage to the Celestial ruler. But the war which came so near overthrowing the dynasty and bringing down the whole fabric of government crashing about their ears, convinced even the proudest of the mandarins that further resistance

would be destruction, and that China, whether she would or not, must step out of her seclusion, and take an open place among the nations of the world. She must henceforth enter into treaty relations with the kingdoms of the West, treat them as equals, trade with them on reasonable terms, receive their ambassadors, and submit herself to the public laws of the civilized world. New methods had to be devised to meet these unusual conditions, and the first thing done was to establish the Tsungli Yamên, or office for the transaction of Foreign Affairs. In the following year a school was opened for the training of interpreters, and out of this grew in time the well equipped Imperial College of to-day. In 1865 this school was raised to the rank of a college by adding a scientific department. With this view new buildings were erected, and steps taken toward engaging the services of a competent corps of foreign professors. In a memorial to the throne presented by Prince Kung in 1866, that enlightened statesman thus declares the scope and motives of this undertaking: "What we desire," he says, "is that students shall go to the bottom of these subjects (that is, the astronomical and mathematical sciences), for we are firmly convinced that if we are able to master the mysteries of mathematical calculation, physical investigation, astronomical observation, the construction of engines, the engineering of water courses, this, and this only, will assure the steady growth and power of the empire." The prince had to meet many objections, and after stating that the nations of the West learn from each other, daily producing something new, and that even Japan has recently sent men to England to acquire the language and science of that country, he adds: "Now, when a small nation like Japan knows how to enter on a career of progress, what could be a greater disgrace than for China to adhere to her old traditions, and never think of waking up?"

It was some time before the college was thoroughly organized. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., once a missionary of the American Presbyterian Church at Ningpo, was appointed president. Other appointments followed as speedily as the fitting men could be found, till the plan contemplated was realized.

This, then, is the Imperial College at Peking. What does it do? What is taught there, and what are the influences of its training? While in Peking this summer I was fortunate enough to visit it, to see something of its working, and to gain some familiarity with its purposes and plans. The learned president, Dr. Martin, courteously showed me over the buildings, and told me of the work they were doing. The college buildings adjoin the foreign office or Tsungli Yamên. They are in no sense imposing, being ordinary Chinese structures of one story, without attempt at adornment or splendor of any sort whatever. The rooms are small and plain, containing nothing that is not needed for the immediate work of teaching. The room of the president is a very plain one for so high an officer. The departments of chemistry and physics are well supplied with the instruments and chemicals needed for their work. The professor of astronomy, who is also professor of mathematics, showed me a fine equatorial telescope just arrived from Grubb, one of the most celebrated makers in Europe. The rooms of the language professors are in keeping with the rest, small and bare, but sufficiently well adapted for the purposes to which they are put. The languages taught are four, English, French, German, and Russian, the English receiving far more attention than the others. The full course extends over a period of eight years, and in that time the students are led from "reading, writing and speaking," through all the intermediate departments to "astronomy, geology and mineralogy, political economy and the translation of books." After completing the course, those so disposed may remain in the college or be sent abroad, at the option of the government, for the pursuit of special studies, with a view to professional use. Many so remain. Last year one man left who had been in attendance for eighteen years.

The work done is as thorough as it can be. It can not be said that the students make as much progress as foreign students would make in much less time, but the slowness is due not more to the difficulties of a foreign language than to the utter strangeness of the subjects pursued. I was fortunate in being there on Wednesday, when the students of the higher English classes read essays of their own before the president and the English professor. Some of those I heard were very creditable, especially one on the subject of currency. He seemed to have thought for himself, to have a fair understanding of the subject, and would have delighted the fiscal reformers of America by the soundness of his hard money principles. He expressed great dissatisfaction with the currency of China, and hoped for a speedy and thorough reform. So does every man who travels in this strange country. Inside the walls of Peking there is one way of reckoning money, outside there is another; a few miles off one may find a third, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The currency of China is the most bewildering subject on the face of the earth. The rest of the essays did not impress me so much by the thoughts they expressed (indeed, there was little originality in any of them), as by their fair command of English style. The writers had evidently some mastery of the intricacies of the English idiom. I confess some of the themes disappointed me. They were taken from somewhere or other in the ancient classics, instead of being characteristic of the subjects they were studying. But it is hard to avoid this. The students know very little of the literature of the languages they are studying, and it is almost impossible, I am told, to induce them to take the great foreign works from the library and attempt to read them for themselves. They have not yet reached the state of intelligent enthusiasm which refuses to think a language known before a fair acquaintance is made with its literature. But this, too, will come in time. As to the students personally, a few of them impressed me as intelligent men, and as anxious to do their work well. The great trouble with them, the one which must seriously interfere with their studies, since it can not but narrow and distort their intellectual sympathies, is their seemingly invincible pride. I was told that scarce any but the Cantonese students care to take the slightest notice of their professors when they meet them on the street. Think of the difficulties of teaching such men! They probably look upon their instructors as far beneath themselves, and possibly think of the languages they are studying as the speech of barbarians. With such material, and with such dull and sullen prejudices to fight against, the professors must be regarded as having accomplished much. They could do more were their students men of liberal minds, eager to acquire knowledge for its own sake, and pursuing it with a generous enthusiasm. It is not easy to do your best work where you fail to rouse the sympathies of the student and make him feel something of the ardor which a liberal mind ever feels in the acquisition of knowledge. The Chinese are not an enthusiastic people, and except in a very few cases, it is impossible to make them such in learning of foreign things. They like to know as much as suits their imperative needs, and but few care enough about more to study with eager diligence. This struck me as being true of many of the students of this Peking college.

Beside teaching there is here another department of the first importance—that of translating and publishing foreign books. Several important works have already been translated by the professors of the college, or by the students under their supervision. Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," Woolsey's "International Law," Faucett's "Political Economy," Bluntschli's "Droit International Codifié," the "Code Napoleon," Kerl's "English Grammar," and Tytler's "Universal History;" these are the chief works hitherto translated. In addition, several compilations have been made, such as "Natural Philosophy," "Chemical Analysis," "Mathematical Exercises," and "Mathematical Physics."

The printing office is a commodious building, with several presses, several fonts of movable Chinese, and one of English type. When I was there one great book had just been finished, and another was just being printed. No more remarkable books have ever been issued from the government press, and if they are prophetic of the near future we may look for its coming with no little hope.

The book just published is a report on education in the West, by Dr. Martin. It is the result of a recent examination of the chief schools of learning in America and Europe. The report is quite full, giving an account of the principal classes of schools, elementary and professional, of the two continents, and closing with an exhibit of the present state of our own Michigan University. I wish there were space to speak of it at length, but the mere catalogue of some of the titles of its chapters will show its scope and purpose as well as the most elaborate description. Among the principal headings are such as these: "Elements Common to the Education of all Western Nations;" "Classification of Schools;" "Primary Schools;" "Education of Women;" "Education of the Blind and Deaf;" "Literary and Scientific Associations;" "The Nations Learning from Each Other;" "Rise and Progress of Science;" "Educational Statistics." Beside these there is an account of professional schools of all classes. These will give some conception of the character of this most significant work. It is published with a preface by one of the ministers, by order of the Council for Foreign Affairs.

Who may estimate the influence of such a work as this, published and sanctioned by such high authority? The educational system of the West could have no more favorable introduction, as no foreigner in the empire is more highly esteemed than the learned author. It was fitting that such a book should come from the pen of Dr. Martin. In his translations of Woolsey's and Wheaton's treatises on international law, he had already shown the Chinese the public law of the nations of the West, and in this he describes the educational system on which their intellectual life is based. Others, it is true, have already taught the Chinese much, but it is scarcely injustice to say that from no one could this work come with such weighty authority as from the president of their own highest western school. It may be regarded as destined to play no unimportant part in shaping the intellectual life of the China of the future.

The other book, a much larger one, is an exhaustive treatise on anatomy, in ten volumes, by Dr. Dudgeon, a professor in the college, and a member of the London Missionary Society in Peking. He has been in charge for many years of the London Mission Hospital, and has long been engaged in the preparation of this great work. One of the conditions on which it was published was that the authorities should retain one hundred and fifty copies for their own use. How great a change this indicates, and how eloquently it speaks for the future of medical science in China, none but the older missionaries can adequately appreciate. Twenty years ago, few even of the most sanguine, could have believed that in the ancient capital itself, almost under the very shadow of the Imperial Palace, the work of an English medical missionary would be printed at the public expense, and official sanction be given to this recent innovation of the once universally feared and detested foreigner. Yet so it is. It is needless to speculate on what its influence must be on the future of medical education in this ancient empire.

Such is some of the work done in this most interesting school. It would be a pleasing task to note the changes which its very existence indicates, and speak of what its influence must be on the future. But this paper, being too long already, with a single further remark I will bring it to a close. The president of this great school is a Christian man, once a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, and still interested in all missionary work. In accepting his new position he gave up

neither his faith nor his interest in the evangelization of the land. This is a matter of great moment, and it can not but be a theme for rejoicing that the highest foreign school in the empire is under the presidency of such a man. Of course he is not permitted to teach Christianity directly, but his influence and life are on the side of Christian principles, and Christianity will suffer no injustice at his hands. China is slowly opening her doors to the introduction of Western learning. She cares nothing as yet for our religion, but our science she will have. Is it not then important that it should be given her by Christian men, and not by such as him who, in the Japanese University at Tokio once told his students, that in the West Christianity was the religion of only women and babes? If Christian educators can take a leading part in this movement now, they may be able to hold it when it becomes more general, and thus the Chinese, in receiving science may the more readily accept that best of all gifts, a pure and undefiled Christianity. This must be the hope of all men interested in the future of China, and patiently waiting for the time when the religion of Christ shall cover the whole earth.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

In the providence that regulates human affairs there seems to have been no ordained quiet for the exiled Stuarts, but the quiet of the grave. During the early and unpopular reigns of the imported "House of Hanover" the Jacobite party eagerly watched and weighed every opportunity for restoring the ancient line. The throne of England was too great a prize to be readily abandoned. Some of the attempts to regain the glory and power which had departed from these Ichabod princes seem more like a romance than real history.

The Chevalier de St. George, whom we saw in the story of "Rob Roy," retired to Italy after his unsuccessful enterprise of 1715, "where the sufferings of his father for the Roman Catholic religion gave him the fairest right to expect hospitality." He was at this time thirty years of age, and, following the suggestions of his counselors, fixed his choice of a wife on the Princess Clementina Sobieski, daughter of the Prince of Poland. The romantic history of the Chevalier in pursuit of a throne was now to be paralleled in the getting of a wife. This young lady was accounted one of the greatest fortunes in Europe. She was granddaughter of that King John Sobieski, who defeated the Turks before Vienna. The dazzling expectations of the Pretender gratified the ambition of her parents, and they agreed to conduct her privately to Bologna, with a view to the marriage. The preparation became known to the British Court. The Emperor of Austria, at the request of England, arrested the bride as she passed through Innspruck, and detained her as prisoner in a cloister.

A bold attempt for the release of the Princess was contrived and executed by Charles Wogan—a devoted partisan to the Stuart cause. "He obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador, in the name of Count Cernes and family, stated to be returning from Loretto to the low countries. Major Misset and his wife personated the supposed count and countess; Wogan was to pass for the brother of the count; the Princess Clementina, when she should be liberated, was to represent the Count's sister, which character, in the meantime, was enacted by a smart girl, a domestic of Mrs. Misset. Captain Toole, with two other steady partisans, attended on the party of the supposed Count, in the dress and character of domestics. They arrived at Innspruck on the evening of the 27th of April, 1719, and took lodging near the convent. It appears that a trusty domestic of the princess had secured permission of the porter to bring a female with him into the cloister, and conduct her out at whatever hour he pleased. This was a

great step in favor of their success, and taking advantage of a storm of snow and hail, Mrs. Misset's domestic was safely introduced into the cloister, and the princess, changing clothes with her, came out at the hour by which the stranger was to return. Through bad roads and worse weather the liberated bride and her attendants pushed on until they quitted the Austrian territories, and entered those of Venice. On the second of May, after a journey of great fatigue, and some danger, they arrived at Bologna."

The Jacobites drew many happy omens from the success with which the romantic union of the Chevalier de St. George was achieved, although after all it may be doubted whether the Austrian Emperor, though obliged in appearance to comply with the remonstrances of the British Court, was either seriously anxious to prevent the Princess's escape, or extremely desirous that she should be retaken. By this union the Chevalier transmitted his hereditary claims, and with them his evil luck, to two sons. The first, Charles Edward, born the 31st of December, 1720, was remarkable for the figure he made during the civil war of 1745-6; the second, Henry Benedict, born the 6th of March, 1725, for being the last male heir, in the direct line, of the unfortunate House of Stuart. He bore the title of Duke of York, and, entering the Church of Rome, was promoted to the rank of Cardinal.

This interesting betrothal and marriage, condensed from Scott's picturesque narrative in the "Tales of a Grandfather," serve as a connecting link between our last paper, which dealt historically with the affair of 1715, and the present paper which deals with the affair of 1745. It is, moreover, simple politeness to our readers to introduce the parents, who are passing from the stage, before presenting the son, whose fortunes were destined to be more romantic than his ancestors, and whose name will survive in song and poetry as the "Prince Charlie from over the sea."

"Waverley" reveals the true state of Scotland during the middle of the eighteenth century. In fact, the titles of the chapters present almost a history in themselves. While it reveals in every page the great power of the novelist in portrayal of character, in discerning the motives which influence the actions of individuals, in the poetic description of scenery, in elevated tone and fitting and graceful dialogue, it differs from his greater and later works as the "Hypatia" of Charles Kingsley differs from the "Romola" of George Eliot. It is not so much an inner growth as an algebraic demonstration; each chapter being *plus* to the one that precedes it. In the early part of the story he conducts Waverley step by step through his boyhood to the choice of a profession. He then introduces him to the Highlands, and deals with the customs and manners of the people in a succession of chapter-essays. He gives us a border-raid; he portrays the "Hold of a Highland Robber;" describes the chief and his mansion; introduces us to a Highland feast; treats us to a display of Highland minstrelsy; and thus the story moves on step by step, so many *stadia* a day, like the march of Julius Cæsar through Germany, or the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophen. But in spite of this step-by-step process, which marks the first work of Sir Walter in prose fiction, no volume of the series presents more vividly or graphically the historic features of the times to which it is related.

The wild and fierce Highlanders, who stalked to and fro in pages of the "Fair Maid of Perth," are greatly modified and toned down in "Waverley." Civilization has girdled their mountain fastnesses. They have been taught to acknowledge law, or at least to respect and fear it. The patriarchal system, however, still continues. The chief is the leader in war, and their arbitrator and protector in peace. The whole income of the tribe is paid to the chief, and helps to support his rude hospitality. In the mansion of Fergus MacIvor, Waverley is introduced to the surviving and modified customs of this northern Gaelic people. The description of the feast and the

music of the bard, chanting the deeds of their ancestors, are worthy of special mention. "A huge oaken table extended through the whole length of the hall. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the chief himself, with Waverley, and two or three Highland visitors of neighboring clans; the elders of his own tribe sat next in rank; beneath them their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the chief's household, according to their order, and lowest of all the tenants who cultivated the ground."

"Even beyond the long perspective, Waverley might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who nevertheless were considered as guests, and had their share of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round the extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, terriers and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest in the main action of the piece. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes at the upper end of the table. Lower down stood immense joints of mutton and beef, which resembled the rude festivity of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of the poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of a still coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. After the banquet the chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said aloud, 'Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough can not find it?' The family bard, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant with low and rapid utterance a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardor seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. The ardor of the poet seemed to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward toward the reciter; many sprung up and waved their hands in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords."

It was in such halls as these that the cause of the Pretender was cherished. The Lowlanders were for the most part disposed to peace. The relation of landlord and tenant had gradually lost its feudal character. The payment was in pounds sterling and not in warlike service. The result of the Pretender's adventure might therefore have been foretold at the outset, but it was brilliant while it lasted, and he had the pleasure of giving a few feasts in Holyrood—the palace of his ancestors. It will be remembered that he landed with seven followers in Moidart on the 25th of July, 1745. The place was well chosen for concealment, being on the main land south of the islands of Skye. He opened communication with the clans in the neighborhood, but at first received little encouragement. By wise measures and cordial address his numbers grew slowly. An association was drawn up and signed by the chiefs who had taken the field, in which the subscribers bound themselves never to abandon their prince while he remained in the realm, or to lay down their arms, or make peace with government, without his express consent. He marched to Perth with his little army, where the Chevalier first found the want of money. When he entered that town, he showed one

of his followers a single guinea of the four hundred pounds which he had brought with him from France; but the towns and cities north of the Tay supplied men and money, and for a time his fortune was in the ascendant.

The English troops at that time in Scotland were under a second rate commander, Sir John Cope. He moved north to Inverness and left Edinburgh undefended. The Pretender captured Edinburgh, and entered it the 17th of September. He began his march on foot, but, on account of the crowd who pressed upon him to kiss his hand, he was compelled to call for his horse as he approached the eastern entrance of the palace. His personal appearance was prepossessing. His graceful manners, noble mien and ready courtesy "seemed to mark him no unworthy competitor of the crown. His dress was national. A short tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white rose, and the order and emblem of the thistle, seemed all chosen to identify him with the ancient nation he summoned to arms." It was indeed a proud moment, but the bubble was soon to burst. After a few successful battles, and an ill-timed excursion into England, the army was disbanded, and the unfortunate Wanderer was compelled to flee for his life, disguised as a servant. He sought refuge in a cavern where seven outlaws had taken up their abode. With these men he remained about three weeks, and when the hour of his departure came they said: "Stay with us; the mountains of gold which the government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonor; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we but to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death." On the 20th of September he embarked in a French frigate, and reached Morlaix in Brittany the 29th of September.

If there ever was truth in the words, "there is a divinity that doth hedge a king" it finds illustration in the thirteen months that Charles Edward spent on this expedition in Scotland. No history or romance recounts such perils of flight, concealment and escape. The secret of his concealment was known to persons of every age, sex, and condition, but no individual from the proudest Earl to the meanest outlaw would stoop to give up their leader, even for the promised reward, which would have purchased the half of Scotland north of the Forth. That the Prince was bold and generous, in this campaign, no person can doubt; and if Charles the First had possessed as much humor as his amiable descendant, he might have preserved his head which was an "unco' loss" to the whole Stuart line. After the victory at Preston, the Pretender sent word to the Edinburgh preachers to preach the next day, Sunday, as usual; and the Rev. Neil M'Vicar offered the following prayer: "Bless the king! Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long on his head. As for that young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee to take him to thyself and give him a crown of glory." It is said that when the Prince heard of M'Vicar's prayer he laughed heartily, and expressed himself quite satisfied.

I have spoken of this novel being true to history. It could hardly have been otherwise when we consider the opportunities Scott had for studying all the facts. In the closing chapter of "Waverley" he says: "It was my accidental lot, though not born a Highlander, to reside, during my childhood and youth, among persons who cherished a lingering though hopeless attachment, to the House of Stuart; and now, for the purpose of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which I have witnessed the almost total extinction, I have embodied in imaginary scenes, and ascribed to fictitious characters, a part of the incidents which I then received from those who were actors in them. Indeed, the most romantic parts of this narrative are precisely those which have a foundation in fact. There is scarce a gentleman who was 'in hiding,' after the

battle of Culloden, but could tell a tale of wild and hair-breadth 'scapes, as extraordinary as any which I have ascribed to my heroes. The accounts of the battle at Preston and skirmish at Clifton are taken from the narrative of intelligent eye-witnesses, and corrected from the 'History of the Rebellion' by the late venerable author of 'Douglas.' The Lowland Scottish gentlemen, and the subordinate characters, are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period, of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days, and partly gathered from tradition."

"Guy Mannering," the next in sequence, is rather a portrayal of character than a historic picture. It gives us a glimpse of gipsy-life in Galloway true to fact, and also reveals the traits of the hardy smugglers that invested its shores. The characters stand out by themselves with little or no background. Here is Dandie Dinmot, with his numerous dogs and children; Attorney Pleydell, with his old-time courtesy; Dominie Sampson, a cyclopædia of worthless erudition—a man to be laughed at and loved—possessing a fund of knowledge, but no wisdom; Guy Mannering, a courtly gentleman, deep and undisturbed as a tropic sea; two sweet young ladies and their lovers, who are at last happily married; Meg Merrilies, as generous and sensible a gipsy as ever lived; Dirk Hatterick, as false a sea rover as ever hoisted sail; and Glossin, a fawning scoundrel, whose course through life was like the trail of a serpent. The book is in fact a drama rather than a novel, or rather both in one—a dramatic romance. Coleridge regarded it as one of the greatest of Scott's novels, and mentions it in this connection with "Old Mortality."

In "Redgauntlet" we find a continuation of the smuggler trade, and are also introduced to the Pretender, who has not improved either in appearance or character since we last saw him in "Waverley." His friends and supporters for the most part consist of the very dregs of society. In his blind adoration for a person not to be named with respect, the Prince lost the confidence of friends who had risked their all to support his title. In a cup of dissolute pleasure he dissolves the pearl of his good name. If he had died at the head of his army of adherents in Scotland, or after his return to France, he would have survived in history as a worthier man. "He proved to be one of those personages who distinguish themselves during some singular and brilliant period of their lives, like the course of a shooting star at which men wonder, as well on account of the briefness, as the brilliancy of its splendor. A long trace of darkness overshadowed the subsequent life of a man who, in his youth, shewed himself so capable of great undertakings; the later pursuits and habits of this unhappy Prince are those painfully evincing a broken heart, which finds refuge from its own thoughts in sordid enjoyments."

The man was also in the hands of persons full of wild plots and political impatience. They formed schemes wholly impracticable. They invited him in 1750 to London; but he was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and after a stay of five days he returned to the place from which he came. He died at Rome the 31st of January, 1788, and was royally interred in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother was bishop.

After his death his brother, the last direct male heir of the House of Stuart, made no assertion of his right to the British throne, but had a beautiful medal struck, in which he was represented in kingly garb with the motto in Latin, "King by the grace of God, but not by the will of the people." He finally received an annuity of 4,000 pounds a year given to him by George the Third, and on his death he bequeathed to George the Fourth all the crown jewels, which James the Second had carried along with him to the Continent in 1688. He died at Rome, June 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age. The volumes of "Waverley" and "Redgauntlet," taken in connection with Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," give the most complete history of this unfortunate struggle.

"The Antiquary" and "Saint Ronan's Well" present a post-script of manners and customs, which seems tame from a historic standpoint, after living so many centuries in the company of heroes and princes. Scott speaking of "The Antiquary" says: "It wants the romance of 'Waverley' and the adventure of 'Guy Mannering'; yet there is some salvation about it, for if a man will paint from nature he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it." He also says in his introduction of "The Antiquary": "'Waverley' embraced the age of our fathers, 'Guy Mannering' that of our youth, and 'The Antiquary' refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have in the last two narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among some of the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavored to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have been long familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinged with the oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment." The pathos and eloquence in the homes of the fishermen justify Scott's criticism, and the picture which he has drawn of the old grandmother will survive in our memory as one of the most dramatic in the Waverley series.

There are two references in "The Antiquary" to contemporary history, which ought not to be entirely overlooked; one where the Antiquary describes the excitement of preparation in Edinburgh against the anticipated French invasion, when almost every individual was enrolled either in military or civil capacity. Beacons were erected along the coast to summon the newly organized army of defense when occasion required, and Scott humorously refers, in one of his letters, to the appearance he himself made decked out in regimentals. Near the close of "The Antiquary" the signal light blazes out by mistake the 2d of February, 1804; the person, who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland. The only historical allusion in "St. Ronan's Well" relates to the Reign of Terror and to Napoleon Bonaparte at Acre.

The twenty-six novels and five poems of Sir Walter, therefore, unite the two greatest events of Europe—the wars of the Crusades, and the exploits of Napoleon and the French Revolution. In "Count Robert of Paris" we see Constantinople in her glory, under the rule of the crafty Alexius. We hear the tread of armed hosts passing and repassing along the great highway of the world. In "The Betrothed" we see England aroused by the voice of her eloquent Archbishop. In "The Talisman" we see the craft of Saladin opposed to the discordant army of Richard the Lion-hearted. In "Ivanhoe" we find Saxon and Jew pressed down under the heel of the Norman. We see Scotland rescued from the oppression of England in "Castle Dangerous" and the "Lord of the Isles." We note the state of the Highlands in 1402 in the "Fair Maid of Perth," and trace the wiles and craft of the French Emperor in "Louis the Eleventh," and in "Anne of Geierstein." We visit with "Marmion" the Battle-field of Flodden, we see the light glimmer in the Chancel of Melrose as we turn the pages of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and wander with James the Fifth in disguise through the wild passes of the Trossachs. In the "Monastery" and "Abbot" we read the history of the Catholic and Protestant struggle in Scotland, we weep with the unfortunate Mary, and glory in the triumph of Knox. In "Kenilworth" we see the power and weakness of the Virgin Queen,

and look into the sad eyes of Amy Robsart sacrificed upon the altar of ambition.

We see the London of James the First in the "Fortunes of Nigel;" we hear in "Rokeby" the echo of the battle of Marston Moor; we follow the struggle of Argyle and Montrose in the "Legend;" and talk with the young exile, Charles the Second, in the groves of "Woodstock." In "Peveril of the Peak" we find the King upon his throne, surrounded by Buckingham and the most desolate court of Europe. In "Old Mortality" we sympathize with the Covenanters, a people devout and sincere in their character, as they were impractical in their conduct. In "The Pirate" we note some of the surviving customs of old Scandinavia. In the "Bride of Lammermoor" we see the decay of a noble House. "The Black Dwarf" is related to the fierce discussion in Scotland at the time of the national Union. "Rob Roy" introduces us to the Pretender in the Affair of 1715. "The Heart of Midlothian" gives us a picture of Edinburgh; and so our historic chain, composed of poetic links, brings us down to the beginning of our own century. No wonder that Scott has been styled the Great Magician, when, by the lifting of his wand, he was able to make the heroes of neglected history burst their cerements.

I sat one evening on the banks of the Tweed amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, by a plain monument in St. Mary's Aisle; the soft moonlight, streaming through broken casements, added solemnity and beauty to the peaceful sylvan scene. I recalled the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, far off on another poetic stream, and the pageant of history which there passed before England's Elizabeth; and I thought how much grander the procession of Eight Hundred Years, which passed in long review before the mental vision of the great novelist and poet, now resting beneath the quiet stars. The ivy still rustles in the breeze; the gray ruins again gleam in the moonlight, and, reader, the years can never lift their furrows of care between me and that twilight picture hallowed by the poetic memory of a noble man.

ALASKA—ITS MISSIONS.

By the REV. WM. H. LEWIS.

No one familiar with the spiritual obstacles that missionaries encounter expects that characters that shall be Christian from highest principle, and through and through, will be formed in the first, or even the second generation of converts, as a rule, though every mission field furnishes shining exceptions to this rule. We shall not be disheartened, then, when we come to look into the history of Alaska, if the present state of society there is found to be slightly savage still.

Dall, in his work, "Alaska and its Resources," speaking of the Indian character, says: "They are hospitable, good humored, but not always trustworthy. They will steal, and have sometimes attacked small vessels in the straits. * * * They sometimes have as many as five wives, though one or two is the usual number. Drunkenness is a common vice among them. They have an uncontrollable passion for alcohol, which is plentifully supplied them by the whalers and traders. They hate the Russians, and will not trade with them. * * * Their customs in regard to the treatment of the old and infirm are, from a civilized point of view, brutal and inhuman. * * * When an old person was sick for more than seven days the others put a rope around his body, and dragged him by it around the house over the stones. If this did not kill or cure, the sick person was taken to the place of the dead. * * * Here the individual was stoned or speared, and the body left for the dogs to devour, the latter being themselves eaten by the natives." Of the Aleuts proper he says: "Since the time of their first intercourse with the Russians, their character, habits, mode of life, and even their very name, have been totally changed. Originally they were

active, sprightly, and fond of dances and festivals. Their mode of worship partook more of the character of religion than that of any of the tribes, which still remain unchanged. Ground into the very dust by the oppression of ruthless invaders, their religious rights, gay festivals and determined character have all passed away. A shade of melancholy is now one of their national characteristics. All speak some Russian, and many of them can converse fluently in that language. The Aleuts are light, and nearly the same color as the Innuits of the Northwest. Their features, perhaps from the great admixture of Russian blood, are more intelligent and pleasing. They are all nominally Greek Catholics, but there is very little knowledge of the principles of true Christianity amongst them. While further advanced than any other native American tribe, they are far from civilized, except in dress, and require careful guardianship and improved methods of education to preserve them from the rapacity of the traders. The reality of their devotion to a religion which they do not comprehend may well be doubted." He then quotes Veniaminoff's description of the native character, with the comment that it is marked by partiality confessed, and that it is mainly due to his goodness of heart and love for the people. * * * In another place, speaking of mission work not Russian, he says; "In the evening, the Indians, old and young, gathered in the fort yard and sang several hymns with excellent effect. Altogether, it was a scene which would have delighted the hearts of many very good people who know nothing of Indian character, and as such will doubtless figure in some missionary report. To any one who at all understood the situation, however, the absurdity of the proceeding was so palpable that it appeared almost like blasphemy. Old Sakhuiti, who has at least eighteen wives, whose hands are bloody with repeated and most atrocious murders, who knows nothing of what we understand by right and wrong, by a future state of rewards and punishments, or by a Supreme Being—this old heathen was singing as sweetly as his voice would allow, and with quite as much comprehension of the hymn as the dogs in the yard. Indians are fond of singing; they are also fond of tobacco; and, for a pipeful apiece you may baptize a whole tribe of them. Why will intelligent men still go on, talking three or four times a year to Indians on doctrinal subjects by means of a jargon which can not express an abstract idea, and the use of which only throws ridicule on sacred things, and still call such work spreading the truths of Christianity? When the missionary will leave the trading posts, strike out into the wilderness, live with the Indians, teach them cleanliness first, morality next, and by slow and simple teaching lead their thoughts above the hunt or the camp—then, and not until then, will they be competent to comprehend the simplest principles of right and wrong."

The history of the early dealings of the Russian expeditions with the natives is one of continued outrages and retaliations. Almost every record of voyages for discovery or trading from 1648-1800 tells of atrocities committed by the sailors, and of wholesale massacres by the natives. The sole purpose of these expeditions was gain, and no attempt was made even to conciliate, much less to evangelize, the Indians. It was not until 1793 that a ukase was issued by the Empress of Russia, authorizing the introduction of missionaries into the American colonies, but unfortunately the same ukase ordered the shipment thither of convicts from Russia, and was obeyed in the proportion of a hundred convicts to one missionary. In 1794 (May) Shilikoff brought over 190 emigrant convicts, two overseers and eleven monks, and Ióasaph, elder of the Augustine Friars, was invited to settle in the colony. All the monks were obliged to support themselves by constant work, as no provision was made for them by the government, and Ióasaph complained bitterly of the treatment they received from the Shilikoff Trading Company's officials. At the same time, in 1795, one year after his landing, he reported the conversion of 1,200 natives, thus quite justifying the hard criticisms quoted above.

The census of this colony of Kadiák in the same year gave a population of 3,600 natives. In 1796 Father Ióasaph was made bishop by imperial ukase, and returned to Irkutsk to receive his consecration. Father Iuvenáti was murdered by the natives for attempting to put down polygamy. The first Russo-Greek Church was built at Kadiák during this year. In 1799 Bishop Ióasaph, with a company of clergy, set sail for his new diocese in the ship "Fenie," which was lost at sea with all on board, and from this time to 1810 only one monk was left in the colonies. On the 10th of June, 1810, Captain Golófnin brought one priest to Sitka in his sloop of war "Diana," and in 1816 Father Sòlokoff arrived from Moscow, and took charge of all the mission work in the colonies. There were at the death of Governor Baránoff in 1819 five colonies of the company in the Aleutian Isles, four on Cook's Inlet, two on Chujách Gulf, and one on Baránoff Island, in Sitka Bay, with three priests in charge, three chapels and several schools, where, however, nothing was taught except reading and writing in the ecclesiastical characters. Father Mordóffski reached Kadiák in 1823, and in 1824 the real history of the mission begins with the arrival of the noble and devoted Innocentius Veniaminoff, the Russian Selwyn, at Unaláshka, and the commencement of his life-long labors among the Aleuts. He was made bishop and transferred to Sitka in 1834, and the record of his life gives all that there is to be said about the progress of religious work among the natives, so far as the Russian Church is concerned, up to the time of the transfer of the territory to the United States. Mr. Dall's estimate of his labors is well worth quoting here to counterbalance some other quotations that have been made from his book. He says, "Whatever of good is ingrained in their (the natives') characters may be in great part traced to the persevering efforts of one man. This person was the Rev. Father Innocentius Veniaminoff, of the Irkutsk Seminary, since Bishop of Kamchatka. He alone of the Greek missionaries to Alaska has left behind him an undying record of devotion, self-sacrifice and love, both to God and man, combined with the true missionary fire."

John Veniaminoff was born September 1st, 1797, graduated from the seminary at Irkutsk in 1817, and was ordained in May of that year. He was advanced to the priesthood in 1821, made Bishop of Kamchatka in 1840, and took the title of Innocent. In 1850 his see was made archiepiscopal, and in 1868 he was recalled to Russia and made successor of Philaret as Metropolitan of Moscow. In 1823 he offered himself as a missionary, and was sent by his bishop to Unaláshka. The following extracts from his own published account of his mission ("The Founding of the Orthodox Church in Russian America," St. Petersburg, 1840) will give the best idea of what he had to do, and how well he did it:

Although the Aleuts willingly embraced the Christian religion, and prayed to God as they were taught, it must be confessed that, until a priest was settled amongst them they worshiped one who was almost an unknown God. For Father Macarius, from the shortness of time that he was with them, and from the lack of competent interpreters, was able to give them but very general ideas about religion, such as of God's omnipotence, His goodness, etc. Notwithstanding all of which the Aleutines remained Christians, and after baptism completely renounced Shamanism, and not only destroyed all the masks which they used in their heathen worship, but also allowed the songs which might in any way remind them of their heathen worship to fall into disuse, so that when, on my arrival amongst them, I through curiosity made inquiry after these songs, I could not hear of one. But of all good qualities of the Aleutines, nothing so pleased and delighted my heart as their desire, or to speak more justly, *thirst*, for the Word of God, so that sooner would an indefatigable missionary tire of *preaching* than they of *hearing* the Word.

But Veniaminoff, true missionary that he was, was not content with his quiet, peaceful labors among the Aleuts. There was a fierce tribe that hunted the Russians like wild beasts in the neighborhood of Sitka, and to them he determined to carry

the gospel. He began to get ready for his mission to these Koloshes in 1834, but was detained a year, and at last, ashamed of himself for his cowardice, he resolved that immediately upon the close of the Christmas holidays he would take his life in his hand and go. "Four days before I came to these Koloshes," he says, "the small-pox broke out among them. Had I begun my instruction before the appearance of the small-pox they would certainly have blamed me for all the evil which came upon them, as if I were a Russian Shaman or sorcerer, who sent such plagues amongst them. But glory be to God, who orders all things for good." (Think of thanking God for opening such a *door of entrance*, a door from whose opening in such a place any one but a man of iron nerves and complete self-surrender would have fled away and thanked God for his escape!) "The Koloshes were not what they were two years previously" (when he *meant* to come among them). "Few were baptized then, for, while I proclaimed the truth to them, I never urged upon them, or wished to urge upon them, the immediate reception of holy baptism, but, seeking to convince their judgment, I awaited a request from them. Those who expressed a desire to be baptised I received with full satisfaction." After sixteen years of missionary toil in such a field Veniaminoff was sent to St. Petersburg to plead for help for the mission. The Czar proposed to the Synod to send him back as a bishop, but that body objected, because, though he was an excellent man, he had "no cathedral, no body of clergy, and no episcopal residence." "The more, then, like an apostle," said the Czar, and he was consecrated. No sooner was he consecrated than he was impatient to get back to his see, and on April 30th, 1842, he writes: "At last, thank the Lord God, in America! Our doings since we came to Sitka (September 26th) have not yet been very important. A mission was sent to Noushtau, which will reach its destination not sooner than the *middle of next June*. December 17th a sort of Theological School was opened, containing now twenty-three persons, creoles and natives. The theological student I. T. was sent to Kadiák to learn the language, and in four months has had wonderful success. The monk M. has been preaching to the Koloshes, and — has about eighty candidates for holy baptism, and asks it for them; but I do not care to be over hasty with them. The more and the better they are taught, the more can they be depended upon. I went this spring to Kadiák to examine into the affairs of the Church there, and was comforted beyond expectation. The church is full every holy day, and Lent was kept by more than four hundred of them, some coming from distant places."

April 5, 1844.—"The children here (at Sitka) between the ages of one and eighteen are very numerous. In the Theological School, in the Company's School, and in two girls' schools, there are about one hundred and forty, and yet I gathered about one hundred and fifty others." He reports four hundred children under instruction, and thirty-five adults baptized at their own request. 1845.—The Kwichpak Church numbered two hundred and seventy natives and thirty foreigners. Priests visited the Kenai and Koetchan tribes, staying with them some months and baptizing several converts. And so the good bishop went on from year to year, as the Russian Mouravieff says, "Sailing over the ocean, or driving in reindeer sledges over his vast, but thinly settled diocese, thousands of miles in extent, everywhere baptizing the natives, for whom he has introduced the use of letters and translated the gospel into the tongue of the Aleutines."

"The good bishop has little to say of himself. We are told he became master of six dialects, spoken in the field committed to his charge. He himself translated, or assisted others in translating, large parts of God's Word and the liturgy of his church for the use of the natives. For forty-five years, ten of them as Bishop of Kamchatka, eighteen more as its archbishop, he labored on, in season and out of season." (Hale's "Innocent of Moscow.") And when, in 1867, Philaret died and In-

nocent was chosen Patriarch of Moscow, one of the first works he undertook was the organization of the Orthodox Missionary Society, which was the cause of as much good at home in awakening the spirit of missions in the church as it was abroad in supporting the work in distant fields. This society in 1877 raised and expended 141,698.65¼ roubles in missionary work.

The following statistics are taken from a report in the *Mission Journal* of Irkutsk: "There are in the diocese of the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, including about two hundred Sclaves and Greeks at San Francisco, eleven thousand five hundred and seventy two members of the Eastern Church. The church buildings are nine—viz., at San Francisco, at Sitka (where there are about three hundred orthodox), at Kadiák, at Renai, at Bielkoffsky, at Ounalashka, at Nonschatchak, on the Island of St. Paul, and at the Michaeloffsky Redoubt at Kwichpak. There are two vacancies among the clergy at Sitka and at the Kenai Mission."

Bishop Iohn succeeded Innocent, but soon returned to Russia. Bishop Nestor, a man of ability, went out in 1879. He died in 1880, and has had no successor. The most influential Russians left the country when the territory was ceded, and interest in the missions has largely been withdrawn, so that in the last two reports of the Orthodox Missionary Society no mention whatever is made of Alaskan Missions.

And this brings us to speak of another work going on there, viz., the mission of the Presbyterians. On the 10th of August, 1877, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. McFarland reached Fort Wrangel as the first missionaries of the Presbyterian body to Alaska. Mr. Jackson reports that one of the first sights he saw was an Indian ringing a bell to call the people to school. The Indian was Clah, from Fort Simpson, and about twenty pupils attended. The Lord's Prayer was recited in Chinook jargon (a mixture of French-Canadian, English, and Indian words), and the long meter doxology was sung at closing. The book stock inventoried four Bibles, four hymn books (Moody and Sankey), three primers, thirteen First Readers, and one wall chart. Twelve thousand dollars were raised as a special fund by Mr. Jackson's efforts at home, and two other missionaries were sent out in 1878. In 1880 one missionary and one teacher went to Alaska. In 1879 the mission buildings were erected, and the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Wrangel organized. The mission includes a church building, a Girls' Industrial Home and school houses, with stations among the Chilcats, Hydahs and Hoonyahs, neighboring tribes. There are at present three ministers and five male and female teachers at the different stations.

To provide for the Swedes and Germans in the employ of the Russian American Fur Company, a Lutheran minister was sent to Sitka in 1845 and remained till 1852. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Nintec, preaching in Swedish and German, who remained until the transfer in 1867, when, his support being withdrawn by the Russian government, he returned to Europe.

A Roman Catholic bishop, with one priest, also came to Fort Wrangel in 1879 to establish a mission, but it is believed that the work has now been stopped and the priest withdrawn.

It must be remembered that all that has been cited of the missions so far has only to do with the Indians in the neighborhood of Sitka and Fort Wrangel, along the southern coast, and on the Lower Yukon. So far, the great continent, with its vast and almost unexplored interior, has only been trimmed around the edges. Full 40,000 of the possible 60,000 natives are yet without Christianity, and one might as well establish a mission in Cuba to evangelize Spain, or in the Jerseys to reach the Mahometans, as to sit down in a mission at Sitka and hope to reach the scattered tribes of Alaska. If we should send missionaries to that neighborhood it would only be to make of it a Fort *Wrangel* indeed, but the whole country is open to us, and on the Grand Yukon and its tributaries and among the

Eskimos of the northern coast there is work enough, yet untouched, for all the men the church could send.

Here, then, in as small a compass as possible, is the field, its past history and its present condition; a few Greek priests, whose congregations are decreased by removals and will eventually die out; eight or ten Presbyterians, men and women, who confine their labors to Sitka and Fort Wrangel, and have enough to do there; and one clergyman of the Church of England, on a river 2,500 miles long, whose banks from end to end are his parish; 11,000 members of the Greek Church, 700 or 800 Presbyterians, and between 2,000 and 3,000 Church of England folk familiar with her services and loving her ritual; and at the very least calculation 5,500 natives that might be reached and cared for, and *should* be cared for. Here is a chance to show the people of America that the church does know how to deal with the Indian question. There will be a clear field and no favor for several years to come. A fund of \$15,000 appropriated by Congress in 1878 for educational purposes, but never called for, might be claimed by any party proving to Congress by their works that they meant to educate the people. A government of some sort, military perhaps, will soon be established. Prospectors after everything valuable will overrun the country as soon as it is safe and profitable to do so. What shall be done by Christian people for all these heathen souls?

OUR NAVAL FORCE.

By LIEUTENANT G. W. MENTZ, U. S. Navy.

Beside torpedoes and fortifications there should be always at hand for the defense of our coasts, a sufficient number of as good iron-clads and torpedo boats as any nation in the world possesses, vessels that can go to sea, so that we can meet the enemy with the same kinds of weapons he opposes to us, and with enough of them to prevent the first hard blows. Then with this as a nucleus, and our ship-builders and our mechanics skilled in the work necessary to keep up such an establishment, we could build up a sufficiently large navy as the war progressed.

If we wait until war is upon us before we provide ourselves with such modern weapons, and such as every nation of any importance, except ourselves, possesses, our officers and men would have to fight with weapons with which they are unfamiliar, while their opponents are trained in their management.

It requires time to learn to handle the new weapons of naval warfare, which are very different and much more complicated than those of the days of wooden frigates and smooth-bore guns, such as our navy is still composed of, and that is another reason why we should keep up a navy in time of peace. Torpedo and torpedo-boat attacks, for instance, depend almost entirely upon the *skill* in their management. We have no such things as torpedo-boats and whitehead torpedoes, etc., and our officers have had no experience or practice with such weapons.

Germany, the leading military nation of the world, has the proper idea of preparing her navy for war in time of peace. Beside being provided with the best and most effective weapons, all her naval force, active and reserve, are exercised each summer and the men and officers are trained in their duties on board the vessels, and with the weapons they will have to use in time of war. Then, each article, from a sailmaker's needle to a gun is kept ready at the naval stations, all the articles belonging to one ship being labeled with the ship's name, and all kept together so that they can instantly be put on board. The German Admiralty has recently reported that the whole naval force can be put in effective working order, for offensive or defensive movements, in one week's time. It was only by similar preparations with her army in time of peace, that she was enabled, so promptly, to meet and to conquer France in 1870.

But let us glance at the kind of weapons which would be

used against us in a foreign war, and with which we are unprovided and with which we must supply ourselves. Except the United States, every nation of any maritime importance possesses immense war vessels. There are some vessels which have an average speed of sixteen miles an hour; which have their batteries and their machinery protected by solid iron of a thickness of two feet, or of steel and iron combined of one and a half feet thickness; whose battery, or armament rather, consists of a few *very* heavy guns, capable of sending a mass of metal weighing one ton a distance of eleven miles, several guns of less weight and power, a number of revolving cannon, a dozen or two dozen torpedoes, two torpedo-boats, each of these fitted with four torpedoes and a revolving gun; whose crews are supplied with rapid, accurate and distant-firing small arms (muskets and pistols). In addition to all this, these vessels are rams, and are themselves most powerful weapons of war, and could cut in two and sink any ship they struck. These vessels, when complete, with their guns, ammunition, crews, provisions and coal, everything in fact on board, weigh from 9,000 to 13,000 tons. About twenty-seven feet of the depth of such a vessel while she floats is beneath the surface of the water, and the whole ship is divided into fifty or more water tight compartments, so that if any two compartments are filled with water the ship will still float. These iron-clads (more properly armor-clads) do not have this two feet thickness of iron all around the ship, only the vital parts, the engines and boilers, etc., and that part of the ship where the great guns are fought, are so protected. The armor consists of a belt eight to ten feet wide (deep) and from one to two feet thick; half of its width or depth is below the surface of the water and half is above. The machinery, engines and boilers in a war vessel are put in the ship as low down as possible, the farther below the surface of the water the better, as below the surface of the water a shot is not effective, that is, for a greater depth below the surface than one or two feet.

The machinery then is protected from shot on the sides and underneath. To protect it from shot on top, a steel deck of three inches thickness is built in the ship immediately over the engines and boilers, the deck inclining toward the sides of the ship, so that if a shot did strike the deck it would be deflected upward and away from the engines and boilers. This deck is also placed below the surface of the water, if practicable.

The guns of such a ship are generally placed in a citadel and on the deck underneath the citadel. The citadel is clad with iron or steel, and the guns on the deck beneath are protected by the belt of armor spoken of above.

The amount of metal that the guns can fire from one side of such a ship is anywhere from 6,700 to 8,960 pounds. The shot composing this mass of metal travel through the air with a velocity of 1,800 feet per second, and travel nine miles in about twenty-five seconds. When a shot weighing one ton and traveling with such velocity strikes an object squarely, the object must indeed be strong to withstand the shock.

What resistance to such a force could the walls of a wooden ship give, or even those of ten-sixteenths of an inch of steel or of seven inches of iron? Yet there is no United States war vessel with a greater thickness of side than seven inches of iron. Most of our monitors have only 5" armor.

The people of this country have reason to be proud of the deeds of their navy in the past, and many a time has the "ruler of the seas" lowered his flag to the stars and stripes. But those victories were gained with ships the equal of any in the world, and with guns which had no superiors and with crews and officers well trained and accustomed to the use of their weapons. Is it so now with our navy? No. We would go into battle with the odds all against us. The sides of our ships are as pasteboard to the high-power guns of the present time.

Our guns are as much use against two feet of iron armor, or its equivalent in steel, as a pop-gun is against a stone wall, and would make just about as much impression. And, although

we have just as brave, patriotic and skillful men and officers in our navy to-day as we ever had, they are not skilled or trained in the use of the proper weapons, in the management of modern weapons—such as their opponents will use against them.

The possession of these instruments of war would make all governments very careful and respectful in their treatment of us and increase the probabilities of their never being used in actual warfare. The annual cost would not amount to the one millionth of the amount of damage Brazil, or Italy, or Germany, or France, or England, or Chili even could do us in the same length of time if we are without them.

Our navy costs about \$15,000,000 yearly, about half of that sum is for the pay of officers and men, and it is misapplied, because they are being trained in the use of weapons which are no longer effective, and our people are not getting the proper return for their money. But the fault is their own and the navy is not to blame. The cause of the great change that has taken place in the last twenty years in the weapons of naval warfare is due to the use of iron and steel, instead of wood, in the construction of ships, and, although the navy has asked the country repeatedly for modern ships and guns, the people have not seen fit to grant them.

This is what our navy consists of: Of high-power rifle guns, such as almost every nation possesses, we have one, recently finished, and which, owing to lack of experience, required *one year* to construct.

Of cruising vessels, fit only to destroy merchant vessels of slow speed, we have thirty-six, four of which are of iron, whose sides are about one half inch thick. None of these vessels would be able to engage the battle ships of any maritime nation.

For coast defense, we have nineteen iron-clads; many require extensive repairs, and it would take time to put them in condition. None of them have sides of a greater thickness than seven inches of iron, and they could not withstand the blows of modern guns.

Of guns for the whole fleet, we have, beside the one mentioned above, eighty-seven converted rifle guns worth retaining, but they are only of fair power. The other guns in the navy, 2,577 in number, are, according to a late report of the Secretary of the Navy, "in no real sense suited to the needs of the present day."

Of torpedo-boats such as every other navy has, we have *none* nor have we any torpedo-boats, except the "Alarm."

Of the personnel, there are, all told, officers, seamen, apprentices and marines, 11,918.

Of reserves, we have none but the merchant marine, and merchant sailors require considerable training to fit them for war purposes, and none of them are trained for such a purpose now.

This force is to protect 10,000 miles of sea coast, the lake coast, the second largest merchant marine in the world, the amount of property is incalculable, and the interests of 55,000,000 of people. Our country is rich and prosperous, and the treasury is fairly bursting with the money we have saved. Every year we put away in its vaults \$100,000,000, for which we have no present use. Our resources in metal in the ore, and in everything connected with the material of ship building and gun building is almost beyond comparison with any other country. With one year's surplus of revenue we could build a navy that would cause the most powerful nations to fear and respect us, and which would be the surest harbinger of peace. But our people are beginning in a slow way to realize that we need a reorganization of the navy, and Congress has appropriated the money for the building of four new vessels. These are to be of steel, and are for the purpose of protecting our shipping, our citizens abroad, and to police the seas in time of peace and to prey upon the enemy's commerce in time of war. They will have high speed, about seventeen miles an hour, and (if Congress appropriates the money) they will have high-power modern rifle

guns which will compare favorably with the guns of similar size of other nations. But they will not be *battle ships*, nor coast defense ships. Their sides will be about ten-sixteenths of an inch thick, and, although of steel, that thickness will not resist a shot from a high-powered rifle gun. These four vessels have been named the "Chicago," "Boston," "Atlanta" and "Dolphin." The "Dolphin" is now afloat, having been launched Saturday, April 12th, at Chester, Pa., at the works of John Roach & Co. The same firm is building the other three new vessels. They will all be finished one year from now. The guns for the armament are being constructed, some at the Washington Arsenal, some at Cold Springs, N. Y., and some at South Boston, Mass. They are all to be of steel, and this metal, which is used throughout in the construction of the ships and guns, if possible is to be manufactured in the United States, however, it may be necessary to send to England for the tubes for the larger sized guns. The building of these vessels and guns has given an impetus to the steel industry in our country and has been the means of giving employment and experience to our mechanics, which almost alone repays for the outlay in money.

Building ships and guns in our own country, and of our own metal, and with our own workmen, increases our resources just so much, and adds just so much to our war strength; and adds just so much, too, to the interest the people of the country take in their defenses, in their navy. The employment affects thousands of families; not only are the ship builder, the gun constructor and the skilled mechanics employed by them benefited, but the miners, and all those engaged in transporting the ore and the coal from the mines to the workshops, and *their* families are benefited. We have grown to be a great manufacturing country, and the skill and ingenuity of our mechanics in the manufacture of some articles are recognized by all. Many of our manufactured articles are in use in every part of the world. We are unrivaled in our labor-saving machines, because it requires, to think out and invent the sewing machine, the agricultural machine, etc., etc., something which the mechanics of other countries do not possess, superior mental ability, due to our free institutions and general education. Here is a field for our mechanics, *the manufacture of all war material*. Why should not *we*, instead of Mr. Krupp, supply the world with guns? Why should not *we*, instead of Mr. Yarrow, of England, supply the world with torpedo-boats, etc., etc.?

We have supplied other nations with muskets; an American invented the gun which fires a hailstorm of 1,200 bullets per minute, and which bears his name, the Gatling gun; and our fellow countryman is supplying the world with revolving cannon, but *not* from the United States. Every one of our manufacturing industries has been assisted by the government by high tariff on similar articles of foreign manufacture. But that would not be the kind of assistance the manufacture of war material would need to boom it along. All that would be necessary for the government to do for that industry is to accept and adopt such articles for the use of our army and navy as are proved to be valuable, and to provide itself liberally with them, and cease doing as it did with the Hotchkiss gun, purchase one or two, and drive the inventor to a foreign land, where his invention is better appreciated.

It is humiliating to every patriotic man and to every mechanic in our land, and a disgrace to the American people that we, a manufacturing country, a country full of mechanical genius, a country full of iron ore and of coal, a rich country, should go to other nations to buy steel plates to use as armor for our monitors, and steel for the tubes of our guns. That is what we have recently done, and the "Alert" is now bringing us some steel plates made in England. Why should not our manufacturers get the large profit there is in the manufacture of weapons of war? All they need is a little encouragement from the government, and orders would soon

come in from foreign governments, for it can not be doubted that our superior mechanics in a very short time would produce a superior style of weapon. There is at present no demand by our government for such articles, while in England there is *constant* demand for them; our mechanics are inexperienced, and governments which have a need for such material, and which *do* prepare for war in time of peace, purchase from those skilled and experienced in their make. Our government, by encouraging such an industry, would be but providing itself with the best of weapons, and would be putting the country in a secure state of defense.

Germany, ten years ago, adopted a scheme for the improvement of her navy, which before that time was of little consequence, and part of the policy was, to build her own armorclads, and everything pertaining to the navy in her own country, and she has so far succeeded that her navy, though not the largest, is one of the *best* in the world, and was all created by her own people, and at a small annual expenditure. Now, the private dock-yards in Germany that build some of the new ships of the navy are building war vessels for other countries. It is unnecessary to say that Germany's wealth and natural resources are not nearly as great as our own.

At the opening of Congress in 1872, the President, in his message, called attention to this subject in the following few but apt and unequivocal words:

I can not too strongly urge upon you my conviction that every consideration of national safety, *economy*, and honor imperatively demands a thorough rehabilitation of our navy.

With a full appreciation of the fact that compliance with the suggestions of the head of the Department and of the advisory board must involve a large expenditure of the public money, I earnestly recommend such appropriation as will accomplish an end which seems to me so desirable.

Nothing can be more inconsistent with true public economy than withholding the means necessary to accomplish the object intended by the constitution to the national legislature. One of these objects, and one which is of paramount importance, is declared by our fundamental law to be the provision for the "cannon defense." Surely nothing is more essential to the defense of the United States, and of *all* our people than the efficiency of our navy.

We have for many years maintained with foreign governments the relations of honorable peace, and that such relations may be permanent is desired by every patriotic citizen of the republic.

But if we heed the teachings of history we shall not forget that in the life of *every* nation emergencies may arise when a resort to arms can alone save it from dishonor.

The Secretary of the Navy commences his annual report for the same year with this earnest appeal in behalf of the navy:

The condition of the navy imperatively demands the prompt and earnest attention of Congress. Unless some action be had in its behalf it must soon dwindle into insignificance. From such a state it would be difficult to revive it into efficiency without dangerous delay and *enormous expense*. Emergencies may at any moment arise which would render its aid indispensable to the protection of the lives and property of our citizens abroad and at home, and even to our existence as a nation. * * * The mercantile interests of our country have extended themselves over all quarters of the globe. Our citizens engaged in commerce with foreign nations look to the navy for the supervisory protection of their persons and property. Calls are made upon the Department to send vessels into different parts of the world, in order to prevent threatened aggression upon the rights of American citizens and shield them in time of civil commotion in foreign lands, from insult or personal indignity. It is to be deplored that in many such instances it has proved impossible to respond to these calls, from the want of a sufficient number of vessels.

These things ought not to be. While the navy should not be large, it should at *all* times afford a nucleus for its enlargement upon an emergency. Its power of prompt and extended expansion should be established. It should be sufficiently powerful to assure the navigator that

in whatsoever sea he shall sail his ship he is protected by the stars and stripes of his country.

Notwithstanding such messages from the highest authority in our land, only *some* of the money necessary to build four new cruisers has been appropriated by Congress. Our people must instruct their representatives in Congress to provide them with the means to put them and their country in a secure state of defense, else that body, composed of many politicians and few statesmen, will never show that they have any other welfare at heart than their own reflection, and the getting or retaining of their party in power.

THE COMING SUMMER MEETINGS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

The advance number of the *Assembly Herald* for 1884, already in the hands of many of our readers, contains a well arranged, though necessarily condensed, program of the exercises for July and August at this well known and increasingly popular summer resort. The tens of thousands who expect both pleasure and profit from spending part of the season there, will be glad to have some notice beforehand of the rich things in preparation for them. For our friends who have already acquaintance with the place and the persons who have brought it into such favorable notice, it is enough to say, there is, in the schedule before us, unmistakable evidence that the motto of those in the management of Chautauqua is still *Excelsior*. The attractions of the place itself have by manifold improvements been constantly increasing. Means have not been wanting, and their outlay has been generous—science and art, under skillful direction, have done much, never to mar the beauties of nature, but rather to unveil features of exquisite loveliness that were partially concealed. The grandeur of the noble forest trees that tower above the neat cottages is even more majestic since the occasional openings show them to better advantage, and afford glimpses of the cerulean vault, or floating clouds against which they seem to thrust their branches. The native flora, of great richness, has, whenever practicable, been protected, while many carefully tended exotics display their modest beauty or shed sweet fragrance on the air. The little patches of lawn are becoming more beautiful, and the larger one extending from the hotel Athenæum to the lake, is arranged with taste, and kept in fine condition. The hotel itself is very commodious, furnished and kept in the best style. From its spacious verandas there is a delightful view of the lake and the landscapes adjacent to it. There are accommodations for about five hundred guests, who at moderate cost can, if they will, enjoy all the conveniences, comforts and luxuries furnished at the best hotels in the large cities.

The places for all public meetings, concerts and class lectures are in good order, and many interesting and valuable additions have been made to the museum, among which are mentioned a cast of the arch of Titus; several new statuettes, just received from the British Museum; also casts of the Sileam inscriptions, and of the Moabite stone. Much valuable information may be gathered, as well as a pleasant recreation enjoyed in the museum. The grounds and principal buildings are provided with electric lights, so that there is no groping around in the dark, as was the case at our first visits to "The Fair Point," as the retreat was then called.

But "Chautauqua" has a meaning far beyond what belongs to the place, charming as the site is, and beyond the material improvements that have been made. It is often, and not inaptly, spoken of as an "idea," a thought or conception of a desired object, and the way to reach it. The thought, however vague at first, had life and power in it, took form, and was cherished till a new system was evolved—one that at first proposed more complete normal instruction and thorough preparation for Sunday-school work. But the *idea* soon so ex-

panded as to take in everything pertaining to the proper development and culture of human beings. From the first inception of this grand work that, in eleven years, has extended into every state in the Union, and influenced many kindred educational enterprises, there has been no standing still. The idea having thorough possession of the minds that entertained it, "progress" has been the watchword, and, fortunately, the management has been in such competent hands that the advance movements have always been in the right direction. The trustees and other business officers have approved themselves as wise counselors, and been liberal in their personal sacrifices of the time and means necessary to forward the enterprise, while the Superintendent of Instruction and President of the association have demonstrated to all the rare qualifications for the responsible positions they occupy. With faith in the enterprise, a worthy object in view, and the resolute purpose to accomplish it, all obstacles have been overcome, and a marvelous fertility of invention shown in the methods adopted. It is not too much to say that all the important measures proposed and adopted have been found both practicable and useful. Skilled architects have wrought in the Assembly, but their united efforts did not make it. Chautauqua, as it is to-day, confessedly far surpassing the most sanguine hopes of its founders, was never made. It was born and grew. It has vital elements; and whereunto it may yet grow, no one can tell. It is already, though in its youth, a university in fact, as well as by the charter obtained from the legislature. It employs some thirty or more able professors, selected because of their known ability and success as teachers in the several departments to which they are assigned.

We take note of a few things in their order:

The Teachers' Retreat, under the personal direction of some of the foremost educators of the age, will open July 12. It is specially for the benefit of secular teachers, and a large number of them are interested in it. The time thus spent in counsel and delightful social intercourse, without interfering with the needed rest, recreations and pleasures of the summer vacation, will lead to a higher appreciation of their work, with a knowledge of the best methods of accomplishing it, and make their return to the school room a delight.

The Chautauqua School of Languages includes Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish and English. This school is not for undergraduates alone, as the instruction is given in a way to illustrate the best methods of teaching. Students, if prepared, may profitably pursue the study of several languages at the same time, but are not registered as beginning more than one. As all having experience in the matter know, much depends on starting right, and any one, of fair ability and a firm purpose, with the help and direction furnished at Chautauqua, can, in due time, become an accomplished and thorough linguist.

The School of Theology, J. H. Vincent, D.D., President, is to commence its first session July 12. It will be an attraction to many. The studies and topics for discussion, we see, are arranged not alone for beginners, but to allure ministers of experience to review first principles, and extend their acquaintance with truths that the wisest know but in part.

The School of Elocution—open from July 12th to the 25th—will be in charge of Prof. Cummock, a gentleman of culture, and thoroughly fitted for his position. Too many offer themselves to read and speak in public who know almost nothing of English phonation, and were never trained to pronounce the language distinctly and forcibly. If two-thirds of the average clergymen of the country, who are not wanting in ability, could be persuaded to seek, in their summer vacations, such instructions in voice culture and manner, as are now offered them, it would add much to their present efficiency, and make the Sabbath services a delight to their hearers.

The Sunday-School Normal Department retains its prominent place in the program, and the managers have made a

wise selection of the persons to whom the work is committed.

Chautauqua Music, both instrumental and vocal, has always been of a high order, and a source of much pleasure to those in attendance. From the grand organ, chorus choir, Tennesseans, skillful directors and distinguished soloists that are promised, we may expect special richness in that part of the feast of fat things.

The lectures in the Amphitheater and Hall of Philosophy will be by men of acknowledged ability, equal to the best that have been on the platform before them. By such men to such audiences no second rate productions will be presented.

Recreations are recognized as desirable, and provided for—such as will please all and injure none. Nothing innocent and elevating is forbidden. Those who enjoy good society, and the friendly intercourse of cultured people, find that at the Assembly in the grove thoroughly refining influences are prevalent, and seem never to tire of praising the resort.

Although some imitations have been attempted, the original Chautauqua is unrivaled, the cheapest, most accessible, and for many reasons the most enjoyable summer resort in all the land. If you are a stranger, get the program as published in the *Assembly Herald*, study it, and in due time report in person on the ground. You will then know, and unless different from most well disposed persons, you will not need a second invitation to come.

GOING TO EUROPE.

Stowed away among the cherished plans of most people is generally a European trip. Sometimes the plan is vague, to be sure. Sometimes the probabilities are that it will never in the world be carried out. However that may be, it is a good thing for which to plan. Learning something about the conditions and details of European traveling gives not a little of the relish of the actual trip, and a preparatory journey on paper does much to educate us to travel—as important a training, by the way, as traveling.

The value of this practice was admirably illustrated last summer at Chautauqua by Dr. Vincent, in his introduction to the first tourist's trip beyond the sea. He said:

When I was a boy I took a trip to Europe without leaving home. I imagined myself traveling all over the continent of Europe, going to Egypt and Palestine. I cut out a lot of paper and gave it value as money, foreign money and American money, and every once in a while I would take it up and imagine it covering the expense of the trip. I would read a little, and imagine myself going almost everywhere. I said to myself: "If I can ever go to Europe I shall certainly go," and I went.

I have often said to myself, if I were a teacher, knowing the power of the imagination over children, I would take my school on a trip to Europe, and when they grew weary with the recitations and of the monotonous tasks or other routine of school life, I would say: "Now let us have a bit of fun, let us go to Europe." I have thought of how much geography, history and architecture I could bring out on a trip to Europe! What demand there would be all the while for the knowledge of arithmetic! How many things I could teach a lot of youngsters in the average school room in the way of an imaginary trip to Europe that should last several weeks or months! And what an opportunity we have, what facilities we have for the furtherance of a scheme like this, in the photographs, the engravings and books of travel, and all sorts of things that abound everywhere, by which little people might go with you, and be glad all the while they went, and learn all the more because they were glad.

And then how much more intelligent the traveler would be in his maturer years! Men and women who imagine themselves going to Europe become much more intelligent observers on a trip to Europe. It pays double value to them.

Imaginary trips beyond the sea may teach two very important things: How to travel and how to observe. It is impossible for a novice to make a European trip with the ease with

which one would journey about the United States. One must encounter strange customs, trying climates, new languages, endless interesting sights. He will be on the verge of losing his baggage, dire calamity! he will have his trunk ransacked, he will be charged extra for over-weight, he will have to wait and fight and worry his way unless fortified by a knowledge of what he must go through with, and of how to act under all circumstances. He will miss much that he wants to see, and see much in which he is not particularly interested, unless his trip is thoroughly planned and he knows accurately what he is going to see and where to go to see it.

To study up for a European trip begin with your pocket-book, and ask, "Can I afford it?" The voyage is of course the first item. The different lines which cross the Atlantic—no less than twelve in number—are very nearly uniform in their charges, in their accommodations, and in their provisions for the safety of their passengers. A first-class passage over and back may be put at \$140, but as steerage passenger one may go for about \$60. The expense of traveling in Europe varies with the caution, tastes and habits of the person. Supposing that you are willing to walk much, to go to second-class hotels, to ride in second or third-class carriages, and take very little luggage, you may make your trip for from \$2 to \$3 per day, and in that way, too, you have the advantage of seeing and hearing very much that the more expensive and, in consequence, more exclusive style of traveling denies. More than half of the unpleasantness of traveling second-class in Europe is in the disagreeable sound of the word "second-class." On the Continent the associations of the third-class carriage are by no means unpleasant—nearly all students and many professional men travel in that way. It is, too, the only way in which to come in contact with the people and study their habits.

First-class traveling may be estimated at about \$7 per day in Great Britain, and \$6 on the Continent. The items which must be added to the usual hotel expenses and car and carriage rates consist largely of fees to servants in the hotels and restaurants, and to the guards, porters and guides that seem to be essential to each traveler. It is said that many servants on the Continent receive no wages except the fees from travelers. It is not strange then that the result is that in order to receive any respectable attention one must pay often and liberally. A not inconsiderable part of the day's expense is the little fee which is required at the gate of churches, castles, museums, parks, and where-not.

It may be roughly estimated that a tour of three months through England, Scotland, France, Germany, Holland and Italy can be made for \$650. Of course this is making no allowance for purchases, which latter, it is well to warn lovers of bric-a-brac, are a continual snare to pocket-books and incumbrance to luggage.

If you can afford the trip, then pack your trunk. Apropos of this operation it is well to remember that much luggage is a continual annoyance and expense. In France you can carry but fifty-five pounds free; for all over that amount you must pay. On the railways of Germany, Holland, Italy and Switzerland no luggage, as a rule, is free. The truth is, you must submit to expense and trouble for every vestige over what you can carry in your hand. A sorry outlook for Americans, who are accustomed to the generous outfit which our capacious "Saratogas" allow. The useful little "steamer trunks," about twenty-five inches in length, eighteen in width and fourteen deep, hold considerable property if they be well packed, and one can easily arrange to leave all the ocean paraphernalia, including the steamer chairs—a *sine qua non* to ocean travel, by the way—at the port of landing, until their return. Perhaps the best plan is to take only necessary clothing—very little finery and all the small conveniences which are requisite for comfortable living at home. A very useful and formerly essential part of your outfit will be your passport. Although not now absolutely necessary, except in Russia and Portugal, it is a

very convenient document, as it secures many privileges to its possessor. It does seem strange to be obliged to carry a paper testifying that you are yourself but in the masses of humanity which throng Europe it is not surprising that it is sometimes necessary to be identified. In the United States the Secretary of State has the power of granting passports. In order to procure one an affidavit of citizenship, with papers of naturalization, if a naturalized citizen, must be forwarded. This must be accompanied by the affidavit of a witness, and an oath of allegiance to the United States, all these duly made and sworn before a justice of the peace. With these go a description of your person, in which your age is given, your height, the color of your eyes and hair, the size of your nose and mouth, the length of your chin, your complexion and the shape of face.

On reaching Europe it will be necessary to secure the indorsement, or *visa*, as it is called, of the American minister, or consul, and afterward of the minister of the country to be visited. The last item of business to worry you before you leave is to put your funds into a shape in which you will have no trouble. The "letter of credit" is undoubtedly the favorite method, as by it any amount may be drawn at almost any place a tourist will visit. Several banking houses of New York furnish them. Napoleons are current in all parts of the Continent, and English sovereigns pass in Belgium, Holland and Germany. *Circular notes* of from £10 to £20 and upward may be obtained and are available throughout Europe.

These matters arranged, there is a much more important one to occupy your attention—to plan your trip. The indefinite purpose of tourists, their hap hazard efforts to see everything, involves them too often in a jumble of misconnections, lost days, out-of-the-way trips, and unnecessary expense, where a careful arrangement of their plan beforehand would have saved them time, trouble and money. Plan your trip. If you can go for but six weeks or three months, do not try to see all Europe and part of Asia in that time. Be content to "do" thoroughly a smaller territory, and be assured that you will be the gainer. It is well to invest in a guide-book—a stout, latest edition, reliable guide-book—Harper's or Appleton's is best—and select your trip. Decide exactly where you want to go, and what you want to see. If you are interested in paintings, prepare an outline of the European schools of painting, with the examples of each that will be found on your route. Put down on your chart the subjects of these pictures, and an outline history of the artists. Thus equipped you can study and enjoy the work without wasting time in learning historical details. It is wise to know something of the history of each locality which you visit, to be familiar with the palaces, cathedrals and museums of the cities, and the government, customs and employments of the people. Nor is it at all difficult to learn these things. Books of travels, delightful magazine papers, newspaper letters teem with information which can all be utilized on an imaginary European trip. It would be wiser if many people who spend much time in acquiring a slight smattering of French, German and Italian in order to make their way understandingly on the Continent would let the language go and study the countries, their cities and their people. Better, because English is spoken at all the leading European hotels and by most guides, and at nearly all points interpreters may be found to assist in making any necessary arrangements. Of course the greatest amount of good can only be gained by one commanding the languages, but where there must be a choice between a smattering of them and general information on what one is about to see, by all means choose the latter.

THROUGH the whole course of life it is right to hold, and to have held in a preëminent degree, the kindest language toward our parents, because there is the heaviest punishment for light and winged words; for Nemesis, the messenger of Justice, has been appointed to look after all men in such matters.—*Plato*.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

July is one of the C. L. S. C. vacation months.

"Memorial Day," Sunday, July 13. Read Paul's wonderful words about "Charity" in 1st Corinthians, xiii.

Salutations—sincere and abundant—to all the members of the Circle who have opportunity this month of meeting in the green woods or by the lake-side at one of the "Summer Assemblies." Hold "Round-Tables." Talk and plan, and then report the new things you think of. If you can not go to any of the great Assemblies, hold a comfortable little "C. L. S. C. Grove-Rest" or "Go-to-the-Grove" picnic in your own neighborhood. One such humble gathering may be the seed of a grand Assembly one of these days.

A member of the class of '87 asks concerning the mountain known as Quarantania. This is a high bluff on the west of the Jordan, near the north end of the Dead Sea, and believed to be the Mountain of Temptation.

"Hand Book of Abbreviations and Contractions, current, classical and mediæval; also of secret, benevolent, and other organizations, legal works of the United States and Great Britain, and of the Railroads of the American Continent." By the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, A. M., D. D. Chicago: The Standard Book Company.

A *multum in parvo* for the general reader. The title fully unfolds the character of the volume.

"A Complete Hand Book of Synonyms and Autonyms, or synonyms and words of opposite meaning. With an appendix." By the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, A. M., D. D. Chicago: The Standard Book Company.

This compact, neatly printed, well-bound volume is one of the most valuable of the "Standard Hand-Book Series," edited by Bishop Fallows, of Chicago. For the English reader or writer desiring carefully to discriminate between words and phrases, anxious to use language most appropriately, we know of no single volume equaling this hand-book for utility and general adaptation to his needs.

To a member of the circle who is really a very large-hearted and noble man, as I have since found him, but who is "decidedly opposed to teaching religious truths in schools of any kind," and who objects to being required to read the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," I have made the following reply, which I insert here, as it may meet similar cases:

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of December 27 is before me. We have provided a college outlook, a college outlook which touches every department in the realm of culture. We give a bird's eye view of this vast world which appeals to every faculty of the soul. We touch the physical man, the physical world in which he lives, above among stars, below among stones, about among plants and animals. We study history, the history of the earth as revealed in science, the history of man as unfolded in the traditions and records of the race. We study political and social economy. We also study somewhat (to a very limited degree) the phenomena and laws of man's moral and spiritual being. *It would be a strange course of study that ignored faculties as real, as universal, and as persistent in their operations as the religious faculties.* We avoid scrupulously everything that tends to the promotion of sectarianism in thought or spirit, but we believe in that profound philosophy, which all leading educators of life have recognized, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." A culture of muscle alone is a one-sided culture. The culture of the reason alone is equally one-sided. A culture of memory alone is folly. The true culture is a culture of body, mind and heart, the soul in its entirety, with its many-sided relations to the truths which belong to those relations: God, neighbor, home, life, nation, time, eternity. The C. L. S. C. would indeed be a

most narrow and bigoted thing if it were to refuse attention to the religious world. Now concerning Dr. Walker's work on "The Plan of Salvation," the name is, I confess, quite misleading. It is a book written forty years ago, by one of the ablest intellects of America. No American religious book has had a wider circulation. It is profoundly philosophical, and it gives a most original view of the old Jewish history; and a man's education who calls himself an infidel is incomplete without reading that book. There is not the slightest tinge of sectarianism about it. It is a vigorous classic which every student of the English tongue should read. Hundreds of our readers, who are not members of any evangelical church, and who are skeptical in their tendency, have read the book with great delight, and though prejudiced somewhat against the title, have given words of testimony to its wonderful power as a literary production, to say nothing about the vigor of its arguments. You say you "find sermons in stones, and good in everything." Can you not, *if you find good in everything, find good in a philosophical book written by a mighty intellect, acknowledged by the scholars of the past forty years?* "The Plan of Salvation" is not a discussion of the way a soul is to be saved. It is a discussion of the philosophy underlying the biblical history. You can not afford not to read it, even if you decline to prosecute our course of study. I am a little surprised that a broad man should be "decidedly opposed to teaching religious truths in schools of any kind." What would a culture be that ignored the religious? One of the strongest arguments that I ever read in favor of the Bible as a text-book for study, was written by Huxley, who pleaded fervently for it as *a book for study in every secular school.* I do not "compel" you to read Walker's book; I do not say you must buy the book. You may read any book on any phase of the question, Roman or Protestant, according to the tendency of your faith. *Something* on that line you must read to complete our broad survey.

THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1884-'85.

Beginner's Hand Book in Chemistry, Prof. Appleton.

Scientific Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Circle of the Sciences;" "Huxley on Science;" "Home Studies in Chemistry," by Prof. J. T. Edwards; "Easy Lessons in Animal Biology," Dr. J. H. Wythe; "The Temperance Teachings of Science;" "Studies in Kitchen Science and Art."

Barnes's "Brief History of Greece."*

"Preparatory Greek Course in English;"† Wilkinson.

"College Greek Course in English;" Wilkinson.

Chautauqua Text-Book No. 5, "Greek History;"* Vincent.

"Cyrus and Alexander;" Abbott.

Historical Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Ancient Life in Greece;" "Greek Mythology."

"The Art of Speech," volume one; Dr. L. T. Townsend.

General Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Talks About Good English."

"The Character of Jesus;" Horace Bushnell.

"How to Help the Poor;" Mrs. James T. Field.

"History of the Reformation;" Bishop J. F. Hurst.

Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Readings in *Our Alma Mater*:‡ "Lessons in Every-Day Speech," Prof. W. D. MacClintock; "Lessons in Household Decoration," Miss Susan Hayes Ward; "Lessons in Self-Discipline—Memory, Thinking, Selection of Books," etc. Official Communications to Members.§

*Not to be read by the classes of '85, '86 and '87.

†Not to be read by the classes of '85 and '86.

‡The *Alma Mater* is sent free to all members of the C. L. S. C. who are recorded at Plainfield, N. J., and whose annual fee is paid.

§To recorded members several other valuable documents are forwarded without additional expense.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

If we change our order this month and begin the gossip from our letters with the "University Circle," of San José, Cal., it is only because we wish to call particular attention to the thrifty growth of our work on the Pacific coast. Mrs. Fields, the competent secretary of that branch, sends us this pleasant report of the San José work: "Colleges and universities are no longer confined to the east. They spring up like Jonah's gourd with the westward moving star of empire, and are only checked by the setting of that star in the great western ocean. California boasts of its grand State University at Berkeley, which she thinks rivals Harvard and Ann Arbor, and we of San José point to our university with its commodious buildings, its noble president, Dr. C. C. Stratton (widely known also as president of our Pacific Coast C. L. S. C.), its excellent faculty, and hundreds of earnest students, and feel that it is an institution of which any city or state might well be proud. In the shadow of this university there very naturally has arisen a Chautauqua circle. There are no unfriendly comparisons and inhospitable exclusiveness, no neighborhood jealousies or rivalries between 'the University of the Pacific' and that little branch of the great 'People's University,' known as the 'University Circle.' Two of the oldest and most honored professors in the former institution, together with all the ladies of the faculty, are members of the circle. They freely give their time and genial presence to the semi-monthly meetings of the C. L. S. C. whenever it is possible for them to do so, and by their wide range of knowledge add greatly to the interest and profit of these occasions. The rest of the members of the University Circle are neighbors and friends who are greatly interested in the reading, and who believe in the value of association and mutual helpfulness. They are mostly middle aged people, though there is a sprinkling of gray hairs on some brows, and here and there is a bright young face. They count twenty when all told, and usually have a good representation present. The meetings are held in the different homes, so that to each falls his allotment of these hospitable pleasures. One evening there was 'a chiel amang 'em takin' notes,' who felt sure that this University Circle ought to let its light shine for the benefit of the whole Chautauqua family, and these notes are herewith presented: 'Eighteen Chautauquans present in the cheerful double parlors of Mrs. G. A gentle-faced member of the Society of Friends presided, and illumined the circle with her beaming smile and her bright, suggestive leadership. The members recited from slips of paper, each naming a theme numbered in the order of their occurrence in the lesson, and distributed previously among the class. Each person, while studying the whole lesson carefully, had made special preparation on his or her own topic. This brought a great deal of careful research and fresh thought to bear on the lesson, and every one seemed thoroughly prepared, from the tall, scholarly Prof. M., with his slight, professional stoop, arising from a long habit of digging among Greek roots, down to the bright young girl who had brought her fine new classical atlas and was ready to point out all localities and routes of travel named in the lesson. The various themes were taken up in order, eliciting considerable discussion, bits of comment and remark, with ever and anon a seed-thought of spiritual application from the gentle Quakeress. If THE CHAUTAUQUAN were not crowded with good things this report might be made of indefinite length, but it shall be brought to a speedy close. It needs not to be added that the onlooker went away saying: How beautiful, how rational, how Christian a method of spending an evening! Who can estimate the power for good which such a circle exerts upon its members and upon the community which is so fortunate as to possess it!"

An interesting plan has just been carried out by the Montreal, Canada, circle. They have held an open meeting, where

a *resumé* of the winter's work was given by the president, and the objects of the society were explained for the benefit of outsiders. An admirable plan, we should think it would prove. A *resumé* of one winter's work in the C. L. S. C. must impress a candid person of the genuine merit in the scheme, and necessarily would enlarge the borders of the Circle's influence. They do things well in Canada. That famous Toronto Central Circle impresses this truth upon us afresh each time we receive a report from them. This month they send an admirable program of their regular monthly meeting, at which, in addition to a lecture by Prof. Hutton, of University College, on "Phases of Roman Life and Literature with some Modern Analogies," reports from local circles were called for, a Round-Table conference on the work was held, and a half hour was spent in singing Chautauqua songs, every one who could sing being specially invited to come and join.

The C. L. S. C. movement has reached the beautiful village of Stroudwater, near Portland, Maine, where they have a small but enthusiastic circle of seven members. Their weekly meetings are pleasant and profitable, and they enjoy to the utmost their studies in Greek and Roman History and Literature. From the neighboring state of New Hampshire is reported the "Parker's Falls Circle" of Newmarket, another "little pentagon of ladies" holding occasional meetings, conducted on the conversational plan. They write that they are so situated that they can not well have regular meetings, but all enjoy the course, and hold fast to the motto, "Do not be discouraged."

In October of 1883 the "Longfellow Circle" was organized at North Cambridge, Mass. From their report we find that they have over twenty members, whose exercises are varied to avoid monotony. A committee of three arrange a program for each month, which is printed by hectograph and circulated among the members. They have observed the memorial days of Longfellow, Shakspeare and Addison, and find their meetings very interesting.

At West Newton, Mass., where there is a flourishing circle of forty who show a great deal of interest and pride in the work, Shakspeare's day was observed with a very interesting program, in which we are pleased to notice that tableaux took a prominent part. This circle sends us word that this is their first year's experience with a local circle, but that they have enjoyed it so much that they will certainly continue it again another winter.

From Chelsea, Mass., is a suggestive account of the origin of their circle: "In 1880 three members of one family heard of the C. L. S. C. and immediately seized the idea and joined the class of 1884. In the fall of 1882 they discovered that an elderly lady of their church had been to Chautauqua that year, and was also an '84 member, full of enthusiasm. In 1883 three of their group enjoyed Framingham from beginning to end, while the fourth spent the season again at Chautauqua. Result—in October, 1883, was organized the 'Mt. Bellingham Local Circle,' with fourteen live members, among whom are the four irrepressibles, of '85, while the rest are proud of belonging to the 'Pansy Class.' We have just become acquainted with a sister circle of some ten members connected with the Central Congregational Church, and have enjoyed an evening together. We meet on the first Monday and third Wednesday of each month, while the 'Pansy Circle' meets fortnightly on Monday evening. This gives us a chance to make visits without interfering with the regular work of either circle."

At Sh rley, Mass., a circle was organized in December, 1883, with a membership of seven. Much interest is felt, and the meetings are thoroughly enjoyed.

From historic Plymouth, Mass., the secretary of the "Plymouth Rock Circle" writes: "Having been very quiet and studious the past winter, and not having increased in numbers, we thought it best to invite some of our friends to a Chautauqua supper. Accordingly, on the evening of May 12

quite a goodly number entered the prettily decorated Grand Army Hall, and were soon seated at the well filled tables. The supper seemed to be enjoyed, also the program which followed. Some of our guests were so well pleased that they think of becoming members of the class of '88."

The tide of Chautauqua enthusiasm reached Brighton, Mass., last fall, and on October 8, 1883, a local circle was organized. It was called the "Union Circle of Brighton and Allston," as the members come from both places. At the meetings of the circle they review the readings of the intervening two weeks, and for that purpose questions are prepared on the different subjects by the members. The circle is composed of eleven members, one of whom is vice president of the class of '87 of the New England Branch of the C. L. S. C.

At Lawrence, Mass., the circle is doing excellent work. Prof. Richards gave them three lectures in November, and Rev. W. F. Crofts another January 21. The Round-Tables have been well attended and thoroughly appreciated. The circle laments the loss of one of their members, Mrs. C. E. Daniels, a devoted Christian and an enthusiastic worker in the C. L. S. C., who sailed with her son on the ill-fated "City of Columbus." Her place can not be easily filled, and her sad fate has cast a gloom over a large circle of relatives and friends.

From Gloucester, Mass., a member writes: "We are still alive as a circle and at work. We feel that the true C. L. S. C. spirit is here. We meet once a month and study unitedly sections of the month's readings. We have found this year's course more in accordance with our need than any previous year's. We number not quite a dozen regular members, all of whom expect to forward their memoranda by July 1.

The "Vincent Circle," of Troy, N. Y., remembered the bard of Avon's day. Each member of the large circle received the neatly printed program with this stirring call to duty attached: "Don't fail to attend this extra meeting. Come with true Shakspearean enthusiasm. Have a half score of quotations on tongue's end. Bring a friend with you, and 'Chautauqua Songs.' Invite members of other circles."

A report comes from Brocton, N. Y., one of Chautauqua's neighbors, of the really remarkable work going on there: "In our sixth year of reading in the C. L. S. C. we number twenty-five members. We have kept up our weekly gatherings in class through the winter with a good degree of interest, feeling that there is an influence of power in the work, and its surroundings, which lifts us above the common level of life into a purer and nobler atmosphere. The graduates of 1882 are formed into a class of the 'Hall in the Grove,' and have most of the winter been reading Blackburn's 'Church History.' We are all hoping to live to celebrate the Founder's Day."

A very enjoyable social reunion was recently held by the circle at Syracuse, N. Y. From the newspaper report we learn that there were about one hundred and fifty past and present members of the C. L. S. C. there. The Syracuse professors of the public schools and university have shown great kindness to this circle. The principal of one of the schools is at present president of the circle. Through the kindness of the Board of Education one of the school buildings was thrown open to the club for their reunion. We notice on the program of exercises carried out, a humorous poem by Mrs. Frank Beard, and an address from Mr. W. A. Duncan on "The Chautauqua Idea," as well as several addresses by well known Syracuse educators.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., has a circle but one year younger than that of Brocton. They write: "Our local circle organized October 1, 1883, for its fifth year's work, with eighteen regular members, an increase over former years. We have representatives in each of the six classes; one graduate of '82 and two of '83 still remaining true to the local circle. Our meetings are held weekly at the homes of the members, and though in a measure informal, we find them both interesting and profitable."

In the college town of Ithaca, N. Y., a circle has, of course, splendid opportunities of getting assistance from Cornell University, opportunities which the large circle of forty there improves. This society spent a very interesting evening with Shakspeare—the first memorial day they have had the pleasure of celebrating.

The Oswego and Scriba, N. Y., circles joined in a reunion in the spring, at which they carried out a fine program, and were served afterward with a sumptuous repast. From Fulton, N. Y., comes a very enthusiastic report: "The 'Lawrence' C. L. S. C. of this village is a flourishing and enthusiastic circle, numbering about forty regular members, and nearly as many honorary members. It was organized in October 1883, and was the outgrowth of a small circle of eight which had been formed the year previous. During 1883 these classes met separately, as two distinct circles, but at the commencement of the present year they consolidated, and now form a large class of earnest, interested students. We have observed the memorial days, giving a short sketch of the individual and extracts from his writings, interspersed with music. In March we had the rare treat of listening to a lecture by Dr. Vincent, he being one of the lecturers of our village 'Popular Lecture Course.' After the lecture the Chautauquans gave him a reception, and all had the pleasure of being personally introduced to him. He gave us an inspiring talk upon the theme of which he never tires, and intensified our love for this noble course, and increased our desire to do more and better work, feeling that though it may be superficial in comparison to a regular college course, it is elevating in its influence and character, and enables those of us who have left youth and school days far back in the past, to feel that we are not retrograding, but at least can be within hailing distance of those who are fresh and thorough in the same subjects. We have retained nearly every one of our original members, and are constantly gaining new ones. Already can we see the influence of the C. L. S. C. work in our thriving village in the increase of literary societies, and a growing desire for a more solid class of reading. We feel that the Chautauqua Idea is of heavenly birth, and have faith that each circle is a link in a chain that will encircle the earth."

The "Tremont Social Circle," of New York City, has been in existence only since December, but their membership is large, and their associations have been very pleasant. They celebrated both Longfellow's and Shakspeare's days; the latter with tableaux, with the admirable supplement of a brief synopsis of the play, from which the subjects were taken, before each piece.

The "Spare Moment Circle" is reported this month from New York City. They are finding much profit in their readings. There seems to be little union work among the New York circles. One member writes: "We hear there is but one other circle existing in New York City. There must be a number of members reading alone, who would be pleased to join a local circle, and who would, no doubt, be desirable members. Would you kindly notice in THE CHAUTAUQUAN as early as convenient that there is a circle connected with the Central M. E. Church, 7th Avenue and 14th Street, New York City?" There are several New York circles and several "lone readers." An effort should be made by some one to hold a general reunion at which an organization could be effected and plans laid for occasional joint meetings. Such organizations are in successful operation in several cities where there are a number of circles.

New circles have been reported from West Philadelphia and Sugar Grove, Pa. Also at Hester, Pa., there is a thriving circle of between forty and fifty members. The circle is divided into sub-circles, meeting weekly, with a reunion of the entire circle monthly. At the weekly meetings a regular teacher leads in the lesson, and the different members have essays on subjects bearing on the readings. At the monthly meetings each member contributes ten written questions on

the readings of the previous month, which are asked promiscuously by the president. Generally there is also a lecture and music by outside talent, and the circle has met with kindest encouragement from all outsiders. They celebrated Longfellow and Shakspeare days, each in turn.

In the "Pansy Circle," at Frankford, Philadelphia, they have wisely made practical Mr. Blaikie's excellent hints on getting strong, and spend the latter part of each evening in dumb-bell drill and other gymnastic exercises. This circle was formed last fall, and all told numbers thirty-five members, active and local.

The circle at Bradford, Pa., is still progressing. A few of their members have left the town, but nothing discouraged the rest are keeping up their work.

April 17th the Alumni Association of Pittsburgh, Pa., held their annual meeting. One of the features of the evening was a paper on "The C. L. S. C.," by a prominent lady member. A general survey of the aims and methods of the organization was given, and a glance taken at the home work. The writer stated that: "Pittsburgh has the honor of being in the advance in adopting the new departure, the 'Central Circle' having been projected at Chautauqua but a few days after the organization of the parent circle. At the first few meetings held, more than three hundred members were enrolled. The 'Central Circle' has ever since maintained more or less healthy existence. It has proved of great service in providing a home for such Chautauquans as were not able to attend any of the local circles. It has also by its regular monthly meetings brought into contact members of the different local circles, thus making them mutually helpful. Around this original 'Central Circle' have grown up not a few hopeful daughters, both in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, of which the mother organization has just cause to be proud. Lawrenceville boasts one of the most efficient local circles to be found anywhere. 'South Side Circle' is not only prosecuting the regular course with vigor, but has recently ambitiously attached a school of languages. The members are tugging away at Latin roots. The 'Emerson,' 'Woodlawn' and 'Vincent' circles, in Allegheny, are moving steadily forward. The 'Allegheny Circle' of '87 seems to be worthy of special mention. It is composed of twenty earnest, enthusiastic members, who intend to graduate—ladies and gentlemen in about equal numbers, representing occupations as various, probably, as their number will permit. The 'Mt. Washington Circle' has twenty-one names enrolled at Plainfield—seven gentlemen and fourteen ladies, residents of three different wards, and representing five religious denominations. One feature of membership, of which we feel somewhat proud, in which I fear we are alone among the circles of these cities, is that we have one member who, if permitted to finish the course, will add another to the only too small list of graduates under twenty years of age." The 'Allegheny Circle' of '87, of which the writer speaks, often favors us with programs and interesting reports. One of the latest was of their evening with France.

Washington, D. C., gives us three breezy reports this month. A member from the "Foundry M. E. Church Circle," organized in 1882, writes: "The four Chautauqua circles of this city have been doing excellent work, and their prospect for the future grows brighter and brighter as the Chautauqua Idea of self education becomes better known to the people. During the existence of our societies Dr. J. H. Vincent has paid us a number of visits, each time preaching and lecturing to large congregations in Foundry Church. His lectures and sermons never fail to exert a good influence, for it is a noticeable fact that each time we are honored with his presence our circles have the greatest increase in membership. We trust he can find it convenient to be with us more frequently in the future. The 'Foundry' C. L. S. C. is the largest in the city. The officers of the circle constitute a board of instructors; at the meetings each instructor takes charge of but one topic.

If there remain other subjects of discussion they are distributed among individual members so that our lessons are always very satisfactorily discussed. After the recitations we have a literary exercise, consisting of readings, essays, recitations, debates, etc. We always take pleasure in observing each memorial day with an appropriate program. The C. L. S. C. of this city is yet only in its infancy, but as its members and friends become more enthusiastic for its success we hope to accomplish much for it in the near future." The second comes from the "Pansy Circle," of whom we have never before had the pleasure of hearing, and opens with an excellent plan: "In addition to our weekly meetings, where we discuss the subjects for the week's reading, we have a monthly gathering. We began work late in the year, so that we have had but three such. At the first, Professor O. T. Mason, of Columbia University, gave us a lecture-talk on Vegetable Biology, which was delightful to all. The second entertainment was a lecture by Professor Cleveland Abbe, the scientist of the Signal Bureau, and he selected the topic 'Thunder Storms, and the few things we know about them.' He concluded an hour's talk with a suggestion, which he said we should hear more of later. It was to this effect: The Signal Office needed many observers—those who were able to understand and appreciate this work—and they had proposed to have one or more in every county in the States. He had thought it a good idea for the Chautauquans to be invited to do such work in connection with their studies. The purpose expressed gave our little 'Pansy Circle,' although composed of ladies, considerable pleasure, and you may hear more of this, if we do. We spent our last monthly meeting celebrating Shakspeare's day, members of the circle reading selections from the 'Merchant of Venice,' and giving us all great enjoyment. Closed the evening with general conversation about the great dramatist."

The "Meridian" Chautauqua Circle, of Washington, D. C., is now in its second year, throughout which period the interest has been great, notwithstanding the smallness of the circle; there being nine active and three local members. At the last weekly meeting was held the Shakspearean celebration. The exercises consisted, in part, of a brief sketch of his life and works, the question of their authenticity, citations of wit and wisdom, an argument relative to the sanity of Hamlet, together with selections from his plays. Among the decorations were sketches of his birthplace, the desk at which he studied "Little Latine and less Greeke," his seal, his epitaph, and a portrait of the author. After the literary exercises a supper was served.

At Sudlersville, Md., there is a pleasant circle of two, which sends word that "Having for the first time observed information in the March number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN encouraging the report of two as a local circle, we, the 'Eureka Circle,' take great pleasure in reporting with the multitude of others."

Snow Hill, Md., claims to have the finest C. L. S. C. on the Peninsula. "Of our twenty members one is a clergyman, two are lawyers, and six are school teachers. The study of Biology was facilitated by the use of a splendid microscope of 600 diameter power. We have a regular organization, a board of officers, and after the usual preliminaries of a formal assembly, the program. Three readers, one in each book, are appointed, a 'commentator' listens to each, then epitomizes the matter, and comments upon the manner. An examiner has been previously appointed in each study, whose business it is to prepare five written questions; these are thrown together and drawn by the members, who answer whatever falls to their lot."

The "Bryant" C. L. S. C., of Toledo, Ohio, is a flourishing circle of about twenty-five members, part of whom are "regular" and part "local." A lively interest has been manifested, and many warm discussions held concerning some of the characters studied about. Addison's day was celebrated in a very quiet manner, at a regular meeting of the circle.

The C. L. S. C. of the Third Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, had an unusually pleasant meeting on April 23. Although they have been organized for nearly two years, they have never before celebrated a Memorial Day. We trust their pleasant experience will lead to more frequent "special occasions" in the future.

The celebrations of Shakspeare's and Addison's days were combined at Springfield, Ohio, and a very successful meeting was the result. This circle was organized in 1878, and the class of '82 are happy to read the "White Seal Course" with the other classes, while they read the "Crystal Seal" alone. All the Memorial Days have been observed this year, commencing with Garfield's and closing with Shakspeare's and Addison's, but they claim that their Chautauqua picnic, given annually in June, is the jubilee of their C. L. S. C. year.

From the *Toledo Evening Bee* we learn that a very delightful evening was spent by the members of the Bryan, Ohio, C. L. S. C., in memory of William Shakspeare. The circle here has been holding regular meetings since October, 1881. There are now sixteen members. Among the "days" none are more pleasant than Arbor Day. It does not receive much attention, we fear, but here is one circle at least that planted a tree. From *Amelia, Ohio*, a letter comes, saying: "In our little town we have a small C. L. S. C., and as you wanted all circles reported to THE CHAUTAUQUAN, we give ours as the 'Elm-tree Circle.' We are but four girls studying together, but a circle of one hundred could not be more enthusiastic. On Arbor Day we planted a tree and named it 'Vincent.' We hope that in another year we can report a much larger circle."

The sixth annual reunion of the circle at Norwalk, Ohio, was held on April 23. They have thirty members enrolled, and are reading the books of the seal course in the circle, while the books in the regular course are read at home. The exercises at their reunion were conversational entirely. The questions of the authorship of what are known as Shakspeare's plays, and which is Shakspeare's best play, being informally argued until the party were summoned to supper. The circle expect to resume their conversations another year.

From Cincinnati we have an encouraging account of the good things the circles have been enjoying there. The topics discussed at their Round-Table are particularly good. "The second Round-Table of the C. L. S. C. of Cincinnati and vicinity was held at Christie Chapel on April 22. An essay was read on 'Stray Leaves from a Chautauqua Journal,' and one on 'Tent Life at Chautauqua.' Then followed some impromptu talks on Chautauqua, and some experiences, amusing and otherwise, were related. The second topic of the evening was 'The advantages of the study of the classics in the original, and as we study them in translations, in the C. L. S. C. Course.' The discussion of this was fully participated in by the members, and a goodly meed of praise was given to the C. L. S. C. Classical Course. On April 24, at the invitation of the Grace Church Circle, the other circles were treated to a very fine lecture by their pastor, Rev. A. L. Reynolds. His subject was, 'The Survival of the Fittest.' The fifth annual reunion of the C. L. S. C. of Cincinnati and vicinity was held at Grace M. E. Church on Friday evening, May 9. It was a most enjoyable affair, and brought together members from some sixteen circles in and around the city, including Cheviot, Elmwood, Madisonville, Athens and Ironton, Ohio, and Covington and Newport in Kentucky."

A very delightful thing it is to have a C. L. S. C. home, a room that belongs to your circle, where you may surround yourself with the emblems, mottoes and banners of your brotherhood, and with the implements for successful work. Such a home belongs to the circle of Lima, Ind., of which they write: "We have a large and handsome room for our meetings. At present it is modestly furnished, but money is in the treasury to be used in making the room more attractive with bright rugs, fanciful screens and pictures." This circle succeeded in

doubling its numbers last summer by holding a Chautauqua reception, at which the attractiveness of the work was so well shown that no trouble was experienced in increasing the circle.

Petersburg, Ind., reports a circle of seven members; Rushville, Ind., one of twenty-two; and Liberty, Ind., one of eleven. All three are energetic, faithful bodies, up in their readings, loyal to the customs of the C. L. S. C., and full of enthusiasm.

A brief history of "Alpha Circle," of Quincy, Ill., has lately been sent us. This circle was formed in January, 1883, with thirteen members. Eleven were added the following season. At the close of the studies in June, 1883, a literary and musical feast was prepared at the home of one of the members. Fifty invitations were sent out to the members and interested friends of the circle. A public meeting was held in September, for the purpose of explaining the objects and aims of the Circle, and an effort was made to organize others. At least two societies resulted from this meeting: the 'Beta' Circle, composed entirely of ladies; they are great workers, and are giving the subjects very thorough attention; beside this, a small circle has been organized in the neighboring township—Melrose. The circle has had several little excursions, etc., and spent the fourth of July most delightfully in the woods on Bredewig's Alps. The 'Alpha' and 'Beta' Circles joined in observing Longfellow's day. Seventy-five invitations were sent out to friends, and the program was highly interesting. The meetings of the circle are very interesting.

Alton, Ill., also has a circle with a steady membership of twelve.

On Longfellow's day the three circles at Sycamore, Ill., held a delightful service in the poet's honor; essays, music and recitations made up the program. One of the circles at Sycamore reports: "Our first meeting was held November 14, 1882, when we organized a class with twelve members; now we have sixteen, four of whom are local members only. We have good officers and most of our class are doing very thorough work, though we are nearly all busy housekeepers and mothers. We grow more and more in love with the work. We have lively and free discussions on all topics studied, and meet every week, rain or shine." The "Dunlap" local circle was organized in the fall of 1883, and consists of some thirty members, mostly of the class of '87, but with two members who have completed the four years' course. Considerable enthusiasm prevails. Each meeting has been well attended, and all who started in with the course are steadily pursuing it. April 21 a "Shakspearean Social" was held. A program was presented consisting of music, essays and readings. Refreshments were served to some forty members and their friends. Every one went home more enthusiastic Chautauquans than ever. A "Cicero" night was recently held, and a "Virgil" night is the next on the program.

At Memphis, Tenn., the South Memphis local circle of the C. L. S. C. is composed of fourteen active members, beside several who are only local members. There is a good average attendance, and each one takes an active part. The meetings are begun with roll call, followed by reading of minutes, songs, and a full program of essays, readings, and "talks." These latter are really essays memorized and recited without notes. The circle is very earnest in its work.

A few ladies of Prairieville Center, Mich., belonging to classes 1886 and 1887, would acknowledge some of the pleasure brought into their busy lives by Chautauqua. Last year, as a nucleus, four ladies met once a week, read or held informal conversations on the lesson; now they are officered and dignified by the title of the "Kepler Circle," including five farmers' wives, one school teacher and one gentleman—five members, two local. As yet they have had no help, such as observance of memorial days or lectures, but are trying by personal influence to help on the work.

Atlas, Mich., has a live C. L. S. C. organized in March, though

several of the members began the course in October. There are eight regular members and ten local ones, who will probably take up the full course next year.

Dr. Vincent has kindly sent us a very remarkable report of the results of the circle work at **Detroit, Mich.** We have given much of the letter, for it shows vividly how much individual growth oftentimes is due to the thoughtful reading of good books. The writer says of the circle: "Nine persons met on October 1st, and formally organized. The growth both in numbers and interest was small during the first month, but continuing, we have held up to date twenty-one meetings, at which two hundred and twenty-two persons have been present; we keep a record of each evening's work, and also a visitors' list, trying to have a visitor each evening, which has generally ended in a new member. We open with singing, responsive reading, roll call with quotations, literary exercises, question box, Round-Table. For the first three months we were obliged to use 'Gospel Songs,' but, thanks to Miss Kimball, we now have the Chautauqua song books and are learning to enjoy them. By unanimous consent the responsive service consists of a selection of Scriptures by the leader, each member bringing her Bible. It has been our aim to conduct 'Pansy' Circle on as near the Chautauqua principle as possible; now for a few results. At the commencement of this season a neighbor was induced to visit the circle, with the promise of exemption from questions, etc. To-day that lady is a member of the general Circle, and an active member of the local, and from formerly being in such ill health that she was in a fair way of losing her mind, she has now quite recovered, and it is due to the C. L. S. C. Another member, who does not profess religion, was offered a copy of Ingersoll's works, by a fellow workman, but it was refused, with the statement that he had a better book to read, which proved to be Walker's 'Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.' That book has done wonders, bringing into active Christian life several hitherto backward ones. Another member told me that having lacked educational advantages, and feeling the need of them, she made it a subject of prayer, but for a long time seemed to have no answer, until an apparently accidental call on a friend discovered to her the C. L. S. C., and now she is one of our most enthusiastic members. There are many other cases worthy of mention, where the C. L. S. C., working like leaven, transforms individuals into active factors in life's warfare. It is indeed a glorious cause, and I am never weary of sounding its praises. We are a household altogether Chautauquan, singing the songs with our children; indeed, we have a six months' old girl who will not be quieted by me unless I sing 'The Winds are Whispering,' and our boy looks anxiously forward to the time when he can join the Circle. May your life be spared to see the ingathering from the grand Idea."

About the middle of last February six ladies and one gentleman met at the house of a lady interested in the C. L. S. C. workings, to see if a circle could not be started in **Markesan, Wis.** It was not until March 11 that they had a regular working meeting. They call the circle the "Climax," and now have fourteen enthusiastic regular members, and five local members. Shakspeare day was observed with an interesting program, consisting of roll call, response to be a gem of thought from Shakspeare, a biographical sketch of his life, a paper on his eccentricities, songs, and several readings.

Monona Lake Assembly has aroused enthusiasm for the C. L. S. C. work among very many of its visitors. Another tribute to its good influence comes from a friend writing of the origin of the oldest circle at **Eau Claire, Wis.:** "In 1882 one of our circle visited the Assembly at Monona and came back full of enthusiasm, which resulted in the organization of a circle. We started with six members. It took us some time to get acquainted with the method of instruction, and to gain the necessary discipline for memorizing (we are none of us very young). We have never increased our original membership,

because we found that six who were congenial could work profitably together. Our circle, with one exception, visited **Monona** last summer. We gained a fresh inspiration from the 'Round-Table.' Last fall two other societies were organized, one consisting of members of the Congregational Church, numbering eighteen, and professing great pleasure in their work. The other society consists of young ladies, graduates of the high school. They have a membership of ten; they feel great satisfaction in the work. They are all young, fresh minds, and enjoy that advantage over our circle, but they can't exceed us in enthusiasm. When the societies multiplied we gave our little society a name. We are now known as the 'Alpha Society.' We often bless good Dr. Vincent in our hearts for originating and developing the plan of C. L. S. C. work. I recently met a Chautauquan from a little town of few hundred people—**Knapp**. She said: 'We have only a little circle of six. We are farmers' wives, and are very busy, but we do enjoy our reading. We can see we are doing better work this year than we did last year, so we feel encouraged.'

Iowa never fails to send us fresh and interesting items. This month two circles organized in October of 1883 are reported one from **Corydon** of ten members, and another of fifteen members from **Humboldt**. In both the interest is good and the work growing.

Anamosa, Iowa, has a circle of fourteen now on its second year of work. The secretary writes: "Our hearts and minds are aglow with genuine Chautauqua enthusiasm. It has all been full of suggestive life and interest. We have kept all the Memorial Days, and followed out its principles and precepts." At their Longfellow memorial the circle kindly opened their doors to their friends, hoping by this means to extend the field of C. L. S. C. work in the town. A well written article in a local paper on the work done, shows how thoroughly its influence is appreciated: "When one has passed an evening with such a club, that has been faithfully kept up year by year, not for social delight but for hard study of history, philosophy, *belles lettres* and the evidences of the Christian religion, he realizes the worth of it and since music, good music too, is ever added to the mental labor as joint refiner of mind and heart, he approves the 'club' as one of the finest social and literary organizations that has ever blessed this city."

A capital subject for a talk or essay is this, which we find on the program of the Shakspeare exercises at **Shanandoah, Iowa:** "How Shakspeare is regarded by literary men."

At **Carthage, Missouri**, a "Chautauqua Anniversary" was recently held by the two-year-old circle there. Between forty and fifty were present. The literary exercises were followed by an elaborate supper. The subjects of the evening's toasts were the Memorial Days, taking them in order.

The various local circles of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of **Kansas City, Missouri**, united in a service commemorative of Shakspeare. The church in which the exercises were held was handsomely decorated for the occasion with flowers and plants, and with three elegant banners prepared for and presented to the circle in **Kansas City** by the Columbus Buggy Company, of **Columbus, O.** The gift of these was prompted by the Milton Memorial Services held by these circles several months since, at which the donors were present. Beside the circles of **Kansas City** and the **Wyandott** circle, a large audience was present to listen to the exercises. The local circles of **Kansas City** are the "Kansas City Circle," the "Dundee," the "Central Circle" and the "Clyde Circle," the "Ladies' Forest Avenue Circle," and a circle on **Summit Street**.

In a letter from a circle in **New Orleans, La.**, we find some interesting points. The circle selects topics for discussions at their meetings. Each member is required to bring in thoughts, statistics or quotations bearing upon the subject. Popular topics are taken, as for example, one given at a recent meeting was "The Higher Education of Women." The idea is a

good one. Such discussions give an agreeable change from so much historical and scientific reading. Among their officers they have a chaplain who conducts the opening exercises of the evening; another excellent plan. Just now they are meeting a difficulty which comes to many circles. The writer says: "The majority of the circle are of class '85. They commenced the course as *young* members, with no outside interests, and now at their maturity are branching off to their respective callings; one an ordained Episcopalian minister, in a distant parish; another leaves this summer to finish a collegiate course for the Presbyterian ministry, and others go elsewhere, yet we may feel assured, never to lose interest in the C. L. S. C." Losing the tried, trusty "stand-bys" of a society is generally one of the most dangerous trials it goes through. Only a persistent putting of the shoulder to the wheel will carry it over, but that *always* does it.

From Cañon City, Col., a lady writes: "We have organized a little circle of about ten members and have worked hard up to this time to demonstrate to ourselves our interest and determination to prosecute the studies. For housekeepers who have long been out of the discipline of students the work pushes us so that we, as yet, have not been able to read anything additional to the course. One of our number prepares questions on the lessons and acts as president or referee. These questions are on slips of paper, and each member draws one, on which to gather information to report to the class at the next meeting. Enough to say thus far we enjoy our reading very much, and hope it is but the beginning of a systematic study, which will end only with life."

A friend sending us the program of the Longfellow celebration at Durango, Colorado, writes: "I send you a copy of our Longfellow program. While it may suggest nothing new as a literary program, it may be a satisfaction to lovers of the C. L. S. C. to hear that in this new frontier town of Southwestern Colorado, sandwiched between the Ute and the Navajo Reservations, the 'Chautauqua Idea' has taken root." One exercise of the evening we do not remember to have seen before in any report: "The exercise—quotation guesses—was a pleasant little diversion. The president distributed slips of paper amongst the members, each slip containing a line from some one of Longfellow's poems. Each slip was numbered, and as the president called the number the member holding that number would read the sentiment from her slip and finish it in the language of the poem from which it was taken. The evening's entertainment closed with a banquet, and everyone went home feeling better acquainted with Longfellow and more deeply in love with the C. L. S. C."

The pastor of the M. E. Church at Idaho Springs, Col., last fall called a meeting to organize a club in the interest of good reading. "When the people came together some friends of the Chautauqua Idea were found; three or four of them had been regular or local members of the C. L. S. C., and it was decided that we form a branch of that great home college. We have a membership of about twenty. We frequently have a half-dozen visitors, but we do not consider our meetings public; they have been very interesting, and the interest is unabated. We have adopted various methods of examination on the required reading, but none seem to us so good as that of giving to each person present a written question; this being by him answered is then discussed by any person who so desires. We strive to be informal, and since we have become acquainted, are able to express ourselves on the subjects being discussed better than at first. Since the first of January we have recruited by taking in some desirable local members, thereby filling the places of those who have dropped out of the ranks by the pressure of other business. We can see the good effects of our circle on our little town in many ways already. With one or two exceptions we belong to the class of 1887; at the end of April, in our first year, we report ourselves as making good progress."

C. L. S. C. TESTIMONY.

Massachusetts.—I want to say for the encouragement of any who urge objections to the C. L. S. C. course, that I took it up to please my wife, but 'twas but a short time before I was earnestly reading and studying to please myself. It seemed quite an undertaking, but, though we are forty years old, and have four children, we have found time to keep abreast of the work as carried on by the Circle. We (myself and wife) are of the class of '86, and began reading together, but the next year, '83, there was a circle formed, and we joined. You would only have to glance into our sitting room to-night to learn that we are disciples firm and true in this course and its kindred branches; my wife and myself reading French History, two older children at the other end of the room reading the Home College Series, while the two youngest (seven and ten) are reading the course of the C. Y. F. R. U., and the benefits, the blessings and the pleasure we gain from all of this can never be counted in time. We are enthusiastic over the C. L. S. C., because we can see and feel some of its benefits already. We know the forty minutes a day pays better interest than any similar time spent in any secular business. We know its value can not be computed by any known tables. We recommend it to everybody, and we feel 'twill grow here among us. It is succeeding everywhere, it must succeed, and must produce good results, for "We study the Word and the Works of God."

Massachusetts.—I am quite an invalid, so I take the reading slowly and in small doses, but I can not begin to tell the good it has done me.

New Jersey.—Life seems to me to have been lifted on a higher plane since my association with the C. L. S. C. I know I am a better wife, I love my Christian work better, I am better acquainted with the Master, and as the intellect is cultivated, the soul is pushed out into greater depths and heights and breadths.

Pennsylvania.—I enjoy the reading and study more than I can express, believing that its influence is elevating. I regret that I can not enjoy the advantages of a local circle. I did try to interest some in my own neighborhood, but did not succeed.

Pennsylvania.—It is helping me regain what I lost under the pernicious influence of novel reading. It fills many moments, that would have been spent in idle dreaming, with rare pleasure in the acquirement of knowledge. Its purifying influence is making life more real and earnest. I belong to a small circle numbering six members. Two of the number read last year, and were instrumental in the organization of the circle this year. We are all enthusiastic members, meeting regularly each week. We have real social meetings, with no formality or coldness, and they are a source of great benefit and enjoyment to us all.

Pennsylvania.—You may send me about twenty-five "Popular Education" circulars, and the same number of "Spare Minute Course" tracts, and I will try to aid the C. L. S. C. by distributing them, and speaking a word for it. I have not been able to do much for it yet, but it has done a great deal for me. The first year, and up to February of this year, I did the reading all alone. Sometimes it was very discouraging, but every month when THE CHAUTAUQUAN came, and I read the letters from other members, the circles and others, my enthusiasm received an impetus that carried me on into the next month, and so on through the year. I do not pretend to keep up with the class. Do not think I had finished over half the required readings at the close of the year. But, if the only object of the C. L. S. C. was to have the reading done, I might have done it. My conception of the "Chautauqua Idea" is growth. It has been a means of growth to me. I have grown intellectually, morally and spiritually. It destroyed a taste for light

reading, and created an appetite for real knowledge, giving enlarged views of life and life's work.

Indiana.—This is my third year of work, and I feel much more zealous than at the start. No early training can take the place of such a course as this, yet with a foundation how easy it all appears when we once get at it. It is wonderful how the interest grows. I go out but little, my friends find my C. L. S. C. books scattered around when they come in. At first they attracted little attention, and I failed to create much interest in them by speaking, but as time goes on and they still see the same thing they begin to wonder and ask questions, until now I am frequently asked to explain "the whole plan," and find willing hearers. There are four of us in this place who pay the annual fee, but I succeeded in getting several more to subscribe for *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. In another year I hope we shall have an interesting class. "We four" are not formally organized, but our sympathy brings us closely together wherever we meet. I have the complete set of C. L. S. C. books—could not get along without them.

Wisconsin.—I tried for years, ten years at least, to arrange a course of reading for myself (before I ever heard of the C. L. S. C., too), that would be *practical* and instructive at the same time; though I made many attempts I always found it impossible to pursue the courses of study I selected, but I never gave up the effort. My thirst for knowledge has always been so great I never am happy unless I feel that every day I have made some improvement, or acquired some knowledge that will be of lasting benefit. So when I had the opportunity of joining the C. L. S. C. I hailed it with delight and gratitude, and never think of its founders without thanking them in my inmost heart for the good it has done, and the good it promises in the future.

Wisconsin.—These two years of C. L. S. C. work have been the happiest of my life. Our studies lighten our cares, encourage our Christian faith, and give the future a bright and en-

couraging outlook. We see the good influence even in our children; if they do not fully appreciate, they are enthusiastic in their admiration of Chautauquans, and are always glad when it is our turn to have the society.

Missouri.—I presume this year will end my four years' course; there are a number of books which I had not the time to read, but I shall keep on taking *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* and reading all I can, for my whole soul is in it, and I have gained more information and practical knowledge through this systematic course of reading than I have in twice the length of time before. I think we shall gain members here to the C. L. S. C., and I shall do all I can. I think we ought to have a strong circle here. I work in the railroad shops, and I read *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* to the men nearly every noon.

Colorado.—I am, like many another member of the C. L. S. C., a "busy mother," but I have always been able to find time for my required reading, and for a good deal more that seemed to be suggested by the readings. To say the course of systematic reading is a delight to me, is to but feebly express my appreciation. It is a continual benefit, and an abiding stimulus to self-culture. The study of astronomy in last year's course started me on what has since been the greatest pleasure I have ever known, that of learning the face of the heavens, till I know the stars, and really greet them each night as dear, familiar friends. The air is so clear here, and our evenings so uniformly cloudless, it is a constant source of enjoyment.

Texas.—I am a lone member, having found no one yet to join me in reading, yet I prize the course so highly that nothing but necessity would induce me to relinquish it. Last year, in much physical weakness and suffering, I partially accomplished the course, and felt a kind Providence had given me this to turn my mind from gloomy thoughts. How I wish the young, the middle-aged and the old would give time for the good thoughts, knowledge and discipline it contains.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1884-5.

Students and graduates of the C. L. S. C. will examine with interest and with much satisfaction the course of study for next year printed in this number. It does not appeal to the jealousy but to the pride of the alumnus to know that Alma Mater is providing better things for the student of to-day than she did for him. Certainly the work of next year is so constituted as to yield most satisfactory results. It is neither too wide nor too narrow; neither too deep nor too shallow. It is admirably arranged, embracing most important and attractive subjects, by authors of highest qualifications for their work.

That which impresses us most is the scope and thoroughness of each department. Let him who has imagined that this work is "smattering" surface work, scrutinize the single department of Greek in next year's study. True, there are not four or six years of drill in translating the language, but we do not hesitate to say that the student who *studies* the works prescribed here will know more of the Greek life and thought than the average graduate after his six years' translating. He will also be able to stand comparison with the latter in his acquaintance with the Greek literature. Nor is this designed as a criticism of the work done by the college, but as a word to that particular critic of the C. L. S. C.

In the department of science the titles of the text-books themselves indicate that the C. L. S. C. is abreast of the times

in repudiating the absurd notion that science can be learned by the memorizing of descriptions and definitions. Such titles as "Home Studies in Chemistry," "The Temperance Teachings of Science," and "Studies in Kitchen Science and Art," bespeak the scientific method which requires the observation and arrangement of facts and phenomena by the learner himself.

We are glad to note the liberal attention bestowed upon our English in the curriculum of the coming year. "The Art of Speech," by Dr. Townsend, "Talks about Good English," in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and "Lessons in Every Day Speech," by Professor MacClintock, are a quantum of English quite beyond the fashion of these times. No study has been so inexcusably neglected by our schools of every grade. Just now there are signs of repentance in some quarters. President Eliot of Harvard is pleading for its admission to a place equal with Greek and Latin. If what should be will be, not many years hence will witness it so.

Prominent also, as heretofore, is the aim to keep before the C. L. S. C. both the moral and the religious. No one can read "The Character of Jesus," by Bushnell, without mental and moral profit, without the awakening of a deeper homage of soul for the world's Redeemer. Then there is Mrs. Field's work on that perplexing, every-day question, "How to Help the Poor." Bishop Hurst's "History of the Reformation" is

among the very best works on that eventful period in church history. These are to be supplemented by the continuance of those well-chosen Sunday Readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Beside these classified departments we are promised a series of articles on miscellaneous subjects, such as Memory, Self-Discipline, Thinking, Selection of Books, etc. Taken altogether, a course of study for a year which, faithfully pursued, is an education in itself. We predict for the C. L. S. C. a year of increased interest, pleasure and profit.

THE WALL STREET TROUBLES.

The panic in Wall Street has not extended to the whole country in the same form and intensity as the great crises of 1857 and 1873; but, no doubt, the effect of the shock at the money center will distribute itself gradually over the entire country. The country is not any worse off now than it was at the beginning of May; it is, rather, better off, because an evil has been uncovered and a remedy applied. We did not think ourselves on the verge of ruin on the first of May, nor do we now know that we were. The evil we have discovered in action we knew to be in existence then. But having been forced to take medicine for the sickness, we shall experience some inconvenience from the drastic dose. It is hardly possible to make an 1873 over again. None of the factors of a great general depression exist (so far as we can see); but the cure of the speculative disorder, from which the whole economical body must more or less suffer, may be exasperatingly difficult. All chronic maladies yield very reluctantly to medical treatment; and our economic maladies are equally stubborn. The seat of the present trouble is the organization of railroad property and its management; the principal owners and managers of railroads are speculators in their own property. This disorder has existed from the beginning of such property. It is a twist which the property was born with. It has tortured the patient for fifty years. And to this date no one has applied any adequate remedy. Reformers abound, but the patient does not hesitate to call them quacks; and, denying that there is any serious trouble, it asks to be let alone.

We can estimate the evil by a comparison of three groups of figures. Take first the figures which show the cost of railroads. Take next the figures for the nominal capital in stocks and bonds; add the figures which show net income. It is not necessary here to give the actual figures in either group. The fact is that the net income is less than a fair interest on the actual cost of the roads, and perhaps not one per cent. on the nominal value as shown by capitalization. A road has cost five millions; the nominal value is twenty millions; the net income is six per cent. on four millions. Take out a dozen corporations which are wholesomely managed, and the rest of the companies are, in varying degrees, bankrupt as to their nominal capitals and unprofitable as to their actual cost. Speculation trades upon the delusion that the roads are presently, or in some "sweet by-and-by," to pay dividends upon all their capital. To economize this delusion, the speculative owners of the lines carefully conceal the facts about the condition of their property, or pour out these facts in a torrent of apparent losses—according as they themselves are long or short of the property. The real condition of a railroad property can not be known except when it is bankrupt. At other times railroad book-keeping is too confusing for average brains, and exuberant hope makes the future out of the "astonishing growth of the country." To remove the railroad property from the sphere of speculative manipulation is the pressing demand of all legitimate interests vested in such property. Until this is done this kind of property will be a squalling baby in the financial household, falling into convulsions periodically and alarming and distressing the whole family of industries and investments.

It is understood that the largest fortunes in the country are made by magnifying this kind of property. It is known that

a panic seldom strikes its fangs into the manipulator. It is believed that the public is usually the bitten party in the gambling circle. But in the present case it is not probable that any but the Wall Street men have much suffered, or that any fortunes have been made in the street. What has had to be done is to distribute through the street a large aggregate of losses incurred since 1881. The sum total exceeds five hundred millions, according to some statisticians. This sum is divided into two parts: 1st, losses from July 1881 to January 1883, estimated at three hundred millions; 2nd, losses from January 1883 to May 1884, estimated at two hundred millions. We mean losses as measured by the fall in market price of railroad paper of all kinds. It is believed that before 1883 the public at large had suffered a loss of perhaps two hundred millions, that since that the said public has had little to do with the Wall Street market, and that the street (including all the men doing business on the stock market) has had to distribute a loss of three hundred millions. It is presumed that the public has, since January 1883, recovered from its losses, but the street is in the agony of its punishment. It was inevitable that some of the losses should be thrown on the banks; and through these losses the panic directly reached the public, in the double form of impaired confidence and stringency. The country has borne both evils with good sense. The impairment of confidence did not become general distrust: the stringency, which for a day or two made money worth four or five hundred per cent. per annum, passed off in a week. The fact that the troubles concerned one kind of property only, and was localized in Wall Street, was quickly understood by the country at large. The wounded banks were relieved by their neighbors, and the brokers on whose books the bad balances are found have been left to settle up their business as they may be able to manage it, while business in general goes on as before, with, however, a considerable increase of caution. The first effect of this caution will be depressing. Nor is it to be denied that considerable depression already existed in legitimate trades. The trouble is not serious, but it is annoying. At bottom it is based on an excess of enterprise in a part of the manufacturing and trading public. Anxious to be rich, they aim at impossible growth in business. They make certain kinds of goods in larger quantities than the public will consume them. This trouble may be called over-production or under-consumption; it does not much matter. Whatever name we give it, the thing is self-corrective, and involves no large disaster. It compels men to content themselves with less than they wish, teaches us that we can not all be millionaires, cuts down our ambition for social importance or ostentation, but it does not tend toward a crash. It is painful to go slow when we desire to go fast; but the breaking of bones occurs when fortuitous combinations permit us to drive on like Jehu. It may be dull, but it is safe to be dull in the economical world. It is the roaring activity of prosperous times that makes our financial ruin.

SOME POINTS ON THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Philadelphia last May was in several respects remarkable. It was in the first place a picturesque body for the eye of a moral artist. The "war horses" of older days were there with the sound stentorian neigh which one expects to hear at a camp meeting. Probably there were more of these than in recent sessions of the body. There was William Taylor from everywhere, Ram Chandra Bose from India, and the venerable men of a former generation who are called Trimble and Curry. But the moral picturesqueness of the Conference lay rather in the variety and independence of young Americans from all sections. There was a very lively Bear from Wall Street, a still livelier lay preacher from New Jersey, a choice collection of young pastors from all over Zion, and a sprinkling of college men and newspaper men, bankers, railroad

men and physicians, ex-generals, ex-chaplains, and farmers. The face of the body was so variegated and its separate limbs so independent that some spectators said it was not a body at all because it had no community of life and no head. Its independence of traditions and its refusal to be led by anybody added to the picturesqueness of the assembly. Nothing could be thrust down its throat. It threw all the men who successively tried to lead it. It voted with reference to an order of ideas and aspirations which no one can find written down in the press of the denomination. We believe there was but a single caucus, and that was a gathering of the colored delegates. It was a piece of most adroit management. It will probably be the last of that series of caucuses; and if it had been held half a day sooner, it would have defeated its own purpose. The white delegates would have defeated anybody who had asked them to go into a caucus. A very manly and self-respecting independence of dictation or management was in the air.

Another striking fact was the form which the independence of the body took on—the results which it reached. It might be called the Missionary Reform Conference. From the first it was clear that this branch of church work would receive a push forward on new lines. The single large debate of the session was over the proposition to locate a regular bishop in India. The bishops opposed it vigorously. The special adherents of "presbyter writ large" opposed it. And yet the measure received a majority of votes, and was defeated only by "dividing the house" and getting a lay majority against it to kill a clerical majority for it. After that defeat by a formal device for distributing a minority so as to give it veto power, the Conference had its own way. It made Chaplain McCabe Missionary Secretary, and elected William Taylor a Missionary Bishop for Africa, and it lifted Daniel Curry, who had led the movement for an Episcopal residence in India, sheer over the heads of all the editorial staff and set him down in the chair of the *Quarterly Review*. Each of these facts means more than meets the eye. Chaplain McCabe is the prince of collection-takers. The best man in the church to raise money is set to increasing missionary collections. William Taylor has been a bishop for thirty years a bishop *de facto*—he is now bishop *de jure* in Africa. We doubt whether he will confine himself to Africa; but it will certainly require all of Africa to hold him. The Liberian grave-yard ceases to be the Methodist Africa. Bishop Taylor will lay siege to the whole continent—the Nile, the Soudan, the Congo, the Cape, as well as Liberia. Nor is this all. He believes in self-supporting missions, and will give a great impetus to the movement toward self-directing independence in all missions. Some time or other a mission must become a church; that time, many believe, is at hand in India, Africa and Europe. The reversal of judgment in Dr. Curry's case is a conspicuous proof of the independence of the Conference. Eight years ago he was retired from the *Christian Advocate* at New York for insubordination. Part of his offense was a singular freedom of pen on this same subject of missions. For example, he once wrote (concerning the return visits of missionaries in the other hemisphere): "We need a few graves of missionaries in heathen soil," or words of this significance. The General Conference was persuaded to vote him out in 1876; but the act emancipated the paper, and under Dr. J. M. Buckley it is independent in a wider sense than Dr. Curry ever dared to make it. And now with the burden of seventy-five years upon him, Dr. Curry succeeds the other venerable Daniel as the editor of the chief and only universal organ of the denomination. "Whedon on the Will" will probably cease to be the conspicuous feature of the *Quarterly Review*, and if it should drop out of the "course of study" for young ministers, the loss might be a gain.

The choice of the Conference for new bishops will probably be approved after some experience. Bishops Ninde and Mallalieu are probably universally popular selections. Bishops

Walden and Fowler are yet to be approved by the intelligence of the denomination. But from one point of view the last two are better selections than the former. Bishops Ninde and Mallalieu have to be seasoned to a life of travel and hardship. They have lived in the study; and men past fifty (Bishop Mallalieu is 56) usually break down in the Methodist Episcopacy. The other pair of new bishops have long been inured to travel; and their physical preparation for the hard work before them may prove, on trial, that these were *almost* the best selections that could have been made. If Ninde and Mallalieu should soon follow Kingsley, Thompson, and the two Havens, the effect would probably be to direct the choice of the denomination in future elections to men accustomed to real itineracy. But, after all, on that view, or any other proper view, the largest bishop chosen by the last General Conference is the one who must write "Missionary" before his title. William Taylor has long been a bishop; his church has merely recognized, at rather a late hour, a fact which has long been conspicuous. Whether or not there is a great bishop, or more than one, among the other group of four remains to be proved by their work. There is little doubt that the judgment of the Conference was perplexed in the matter of voting Dr. J. H. Vincent into the Episcopacy, and so voting him out of that vast work which he supervises as the head of the Sunday-school organization. His friends will see in the vote of 178 for bishop, a proof that the Conference wanted him on the platform; they will see in the fact that for his old place the Conference gave him 316 ballots—all but nine of its votes—the reason why he was not made bishop. The figures are in both cases the highest possible compliment—both votes were complimentary.

CHAUTAUQUA OUTLOOK FOR 1884.

It is fitting that, in this last number of the Chautauquan year, we should remind our readers that the gathering of our students and teachers is at hand, and that the opening of the sessions of our schools and the breaking of silence on our platform are to occur this year under auspicious circumstances. Our columns afford indications that the class of this year is unusually large; our correspondence shows that the interest of the public in our work is enlarging its boundaries; the program for the sessions is the richest and most attractive ever furnished. Dr. Vincent has taken great pains in the selection of topics, teachers and lecturers. Old and tried men and women remain in the force, and it has been increased by addition of talents approved by excellent work and good fame in other fields. The Chautauqua Idea is still peculiarly Chautauquan. No other place or organization does its work. It is a school for all—a university in which, by joining self-instruction with the schools and platform of Chautauqua, a man or woman of any age may pursue knowledge in almost any field with profit and pleasure. The original impulse to this work of ours was given by providing for the wants of those who had not good advantages in early life; but it has been found in the actual work that an arrangement of subjects and lectures could be made which enables any man to add to his knowledge and quicken his interest in personal study. It has come to pass that our best patrons and friends are those who have graduated in other schools, while we continue to increase the usefulness of Chautauqua for those in whose behalf it was founded. The success of the "Idea" along the whole line is not merely a satisfaction; it is a promise and a prophecy. There is every reason to believe that its broad, philanthropic, refining and elevating tendencies will continue to develop new methods of giving knowledge to all. But, of course, a benevolent enterprise like ours depends upon the sustained interest and enthusiasm of its friends. We are just as liable to flag in this as in any other benevolent work. It is not carried on to make money; money is made to carry it on. All the conditions of failure which must surround an undertaking which has

not the force of self-interest behind it, exist of course in this large and expensive enterprise. Therefore we may properly remind the friends of Chautauqua that their patronage and coöperation in many ways are essential still, and must always be, to its progress. We make these suggestions, not from any doubt of the fidelity and perseverance of our friends, but, to recall attention to the fact that the Chautauqua Idea is a philanthropic and not a commercial one. Chautauqua does not exist to enrich any one, but to increase knowledge and spread culture in the land. It has no antagonisms, and need not have, but it can not dispense with the active zeal of its numerous friends.

The managers have done their whole duty in making prep-

arations for the approaching campaign. Let every high private emulate their industry and zeal. Bring your friends to the Lake. Remember that we want the coöperation of the sober, thoughtful and earnest people. The Chautauqua season is not a picnic; it is a season of rest, because a change of scene and occupation always refreshes mind and body. But our patrons are expected to bring their heads with them—and their consciences—that when they return home they may carry back new force and larger power to influence their neighbors. Chautauqua is ready to receive its pupils and guests. It has wide arms and a generous heart. The season will be what its patrons choose to make it. We are confident that they will choose to make it the best of the series.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The fourth volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* closes with the present number. In the month of August we shall issue at Chautauqua the *Assembly Daily Herald*, with its numbers of invaluable lectures, its racy reports and varied sketches of Chautauqua life. For the advantage of our friends we make an attractive combination offer of the fifth volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and the *Assembly Daily Herald*, for \$2.25. See advertisement.

Among the great figures missed at the Republican National Convention this year was that of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling. Not having admired him politically, we are the more free to express our respect and admiration for the courage with which he declined a seat on the supreme bench, and the splendid success he is achieving at the bar. A certain intense ardor which marks him as a man give assurance of still higher success and permanent fame in his profession.

The unveiling of an imposing statue of Martin Luther, in Washington, is one of the events which reminds us of the granite character of Luther; and in the same breath set us thinking of the solidarity of humanity. Luther is a great way from home in Washington, four centuries after his birth; but he is among his own people and as much alive as he ever was.

The cap-sheaf of official negligence is put on in the case of a bank which wallows for years, perhaps, certainly for months, in insolvency, and is never in all the time honestly and thoroughly examined by the various persons whose duty it is to know the facts.

"Men were giants in those days." The five hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wyclif was celebrated in England in May last. The Bishop of Liverpool preached, dissenters of all denominations were represented. The public was told again that Wyclif was the first Englishman to maintain the supremacy of the Scriptures. The Lord Mayor of London presided over a great conference, and a fund was founded to print and circulate Wyclif's works. After five centuries of all kinds of progress that man's memory is still as fresh as a May morning.

The State Superintendent in New York has decided that no religious exercises are in order in public schools. The schools are for all, and until some common system of religious instruction is agreed upon, there should be none. This is the substance of the decision, and we can not help thinking it sound. Religious instruction is amply provided in other ways; and in order that Protestant and Catholic children may study together in peace, it seems wisest to let each class be religiously instructed elsewhere, according to the wishes of their parents.

The most effective speech in the late Methodist Episcopal General Conference was made by a colored delegate, the Rev. Dr. Taylor of Kentucky. The effectiveness came of the fact that he had not only considered what he had to say, but also meditated on the best way of saying it. We are often told that oratory is a lost art. Is it not a faded art merely because speakers give too little attention to the manner of their speech?

Charles O'Connor, the greatest jury pleader of the century, died in May, at the age of eighty. Four years before his death, having been very ill, he had the pleasure of reading the longest obituary notice that any convalescent ever perused with personal interest. His power over juries was such that cases were often given up by the other side in advance of the pleading. He was an Irish Catholic whose warmest friends were American Protestants.

Several additions have been made to the evidence that it does not destroy women to educate them. Professor Seelye of Amherst is among the new witnesses. We are at a loss to know why it ever needed testimony. Professor Seelye gravely says that some hard-worked women students were carefully examined by a competent woman and found to be perfectly healthy! When our readers recover from their astonishment let them enter their girls for the C. L. S. C.

The new scheme for registering time seems to encounter a resistance which in physics is called the *vis inertia*. Most towns of any size—except the largest cities—still maintain local time. We respectfully hint to the almanac makers, that they have a great opportunity to spread intelligence on this subject. It will not be long before all towns within the meridional divisions will have common time. Why protract the agony of computing a dozen times a day the differences between several standards of time in the same community?

They continue to find Charley Ross. One was found last month. But each time it is not the true Charley Ross. What an amount of agony his parents have suffered! What a mercy were the knowledge that the boy died long ago! But reflect, too, on the uses of that tragedy. Thousands of children are watched over with more diligence because that tragedy recurs daily to the minds of parents as a solemn warning.

Psychologic classification is getting into disorder. Sir William Thompson has defined a "Magnetic Sense," and a critic of him says: "We might as well be logical and liberal, and add to the present senses the touch sense, the self sense, the power sense, the logical sense, and the psychic, muscular, and electro-magnetic senses." We suppose it is a wise thing to be "liberal;" but it is better to be accurate, and this use of the word *sense* is not accurate.

The nomination by the Chicago Republican Convention of the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, for President, and Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois, for Vice President, seems likely to precipitate a political contest over the tariff. Mr. Blaine and the platform on which he stands speak for protection, while the opposition will favor free trade.

Members of the Class of '84 who expect to be at Round Lake, N. Y., on C. L. S. C. Day (Wednesday, July 10), and who wish to receive their diplomas there, should report to Miss Kimball, at Plainfield, N. J., by July 10.

We burn up, in this country, three hundred and fifty-nine hotels in a year. In the last eight years the aggregate is set down by the National Board of Underwriters as two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. Here is another wound in the economic body through which our life-blood is pouring in a great stream, and nothing will stanch the wound but a better moral character in the people. Unsafe buildings are built for the most part by people who are smart and wicked.

All over the country Salvation-army captains, lieutenants and corporals are getting into trouble, and the organization is falling into disgrace. The movement may as well be voted a failure. It is, however, the only religious failure of any importance in the last two decades. In London, where it is held in vigorous hands by General Booth, it is still a respectable success; but no one else has been able to work it on a large scale. Petty successes here and there do not disprove the general rule of failure.

In Baltimore, last month, the fourth floor of a warehouse fell and six persons lost their lives. Accidents in buildings are becoming far too numerous. In such cases, as well as in broken banks, we have a proof that our complex civilization requires a higher grade of conscientious character—or more of it—than we are producing. Our brains are good enough; we want better morals.

It is reported from Europe that Prince Napoleon and his son Victor are both "running" for the office of Emperor of France. The office does not exist at present, and there is no prospect of its being created—the gunpowder facilities are lacking. But father and son are said to be quarreling over the matter. If France wants a monarch she now has a chance to get a gentleman in the person of the Count of Paris, who was with our army of the Potomac for some months, and has written a capital book on the civil war in our country.

It was a pleasant thing to see the Governor of Pennsylvania taking the lead in the Methodist General Conference when the resolutions against polygamy came up for discussion. Governor Pattison was a lay member of the body, and made a vigorous speech in favor of energetic measures to suppress this evil.

A distinguished Israelite of New York said to a reporter last month that he expected to see the synagogues opened for religious services on Sunday. The movement would begin with the religious use of both sacred days; but it will probably end in the general neglect of the seventh day. The inconvenience of having a different Sabbath from the rest of the people is doubtless a great embarrassment to the religious teachers of the Hebrews.

It is a proper prayer, "Remember not against me the sins of my youth." But it is as well for young people to remember that human society does not readily forget our errors. And somebody has said that "God can afford to forgive when men can not afford to forget." Perhaps he is not quite right; to forgive is not to give a man an office or a farm. We have forgiven all who have wronged us, if we are good Christians, but that does not oblige us to indorse their notes.

E-IV-10

An ungracious thing is the fault-finding with Mr. George I. Seney, because, before the late troubles in Wall Street, he gave away some two millions of money to philanthropic uses. People who never give away things seem to think that, having given largely, Mr. Seney should have rolled himself into a safe nest and remained there. It occurs to us that no man has a better right to risk his own money than the man who has acquitted himself generously of his obligations to humanity. We have seen no proof that Mr. Seney was guilty of even an irregularity in the conduct of his business, or that he is not able to meet all his engagements.

Mr. Ferdinand Ward is the most picturesque and romantic figure in the late crisis in monetary New York. His success in Wall Street, by which a poor youth laid his hands on a dozen or more millions of other men's money, appropriately climaxed by his enforced visit to the cell formerly tenanted by William M. Tweed, is a romance of rascality; and yet no one can tell just how he succeeded in using the cupidity of mankind to blind their eyes to the plainest principles of finance. The scheme was simple enough: Loan \$70,000 on securities worth \$100,000. Then take the securities to a bank and hypothecate them for \$90,000. To a thief the profit is just \$20,000. But the genius lies in concealing the simplicity of the business.

It was not strange that General Grant was deceived by young Ward. No one supposes that the General is an acute and expert man of business. But men who ought to be acute and expert men of business—for that is their calling—were as completely deceived as General Grant. There are always hindsight philosophers and small-eyed sons of detraction to seize such an occasion as the late panic to criticise great and good men. General Grant's vindication lies in the fact that there are very few moneyed men in New York whom Ferdinand Ward did not deceive.

The zeal with which some persons labor to make benevolence unpopular is one of the worst manifestations of human nature. Why can not the critics remember that very few men ever catch the disease of giving away large amounts of money? So uncommon a disorder ought to be given the benefit of a corner of that mantle of charity which is usually employed to cover a multitude of sins.

One of the most remarkable statements we have lately seen was made by the president of a brewers' convention recently held at Rochester, N. Y. He said: "Our hope is based on the fact that prohibition can not last in a progressive state." We have tried to analyze this "hope," and the result is this: A progressive state is one in which the drink-sellers are powerful enough to overthrow prohibition. *Progress* has a peculiar signification in the drink-seller's dictionary. We are at a loss to conjecture what truly progressive elements of a population should rise up to put down prohibition.

Among our reformers no class deserves more support than those who seek to improve the health of mankind. Some of them have exaggerated the value of this or that means; but the end they seek is a very useful one. We are coming to agreement on everything but food and sleep. We shall agree about these by-and-by. Plenty of sleep *in the night*—and wholesome food *in moderation*—these are two articles of the coming man's health creed. The italicised words express the best evidence on the subject of longevity. A recent writer says that gluttony kills more people—who it may be said by parenthesis know no better—than tobacco and drink. Eating too much is the next evil to be reformed; then sleeping too little.

One of the beautiful customs of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to have a parade of the Sunday-school children of all denominations on one of the first warm days of May. This year fifty thousand children were in line, and the city kept holiday. The custom would bear transportation to other cities and towns.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

We have a new candidate for the honorable position of expounder and teacher of English.* It is for those who desire to learn, and have no teacher; for the tens of thousands whose school advantages have been limited, or mis-improved, and who are now studying out of school, and seek by self-exertion to acquire the culture and practical knowledge they need. It will not be found in the technical sense a grammar, but a series of familiar and most entertaining letters, in which the author discusses the principles and usage of the English language. The style is conversational, and remarkable for its perspicuity. The vigorous sentences are clear as sunbeams, and as purely English as Cobbett himself. The editor's well considered and generally incisive notes are good reading, and add much to the value of the work.

One of the most able, scholarly and exhaustive commentaries on the New Testament is now in process of publication by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. It is a translation, with notes by American editors, of the expositions and critical analyses of the well known German scholar and exegete, Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer. The whole work may require ten or more volumes of fair size, eight of which are promised during the year. The one on the "Epistles to The Corinthians"† is now before us. As a philologist Meyer has certainly but few equals, and his grammatical expositions of the Greek text give evidence of much patient research, acute discernment, and a thorough comprehension of the subjects discussed. The work will prove an invaluable aid to all who critically study the New Testament in the original language, and even lay readers may, if they will examine, find much that is refreshing in the author's incisive criticisms, and clear, concise statements of evangelical doctrines.

An ingenious portfolio‡ has been invented by a member of the Philadelphia bar, for those who may not have studied thoroughly the laws of thought and composition, yet wish to know how to work up a subject. On the side of a neat little slate are placed certain typical questions which are to be applied to the subject of contemplation, and space is given under each to jot down the points to be considered under each heading. Thus in one's pocket may be carried a scientific outline by which one may classify immediately the scraps of illustration, the fancies or thoughts which they pick up on any given subject.

Miss Emily Raymond, of Toledo, has written a very pleasing, comprehensive, and satisfactory account of the Chautauqua Idea and its home. This little volume, entitled "About Chautauqua," is probably the most complete report yet given of this modern movement. The price of the book is 50 cents. Address Miss Raymond, 48 Bush Street, Toledo, O.

A collection of first-class short stories by American authors has been begun by Charles Scribner's Sons.¶ They are being gathered from the great number of stories which have been sent out in the leading magazines of the country during the last twenty years, and promise to make a remarkably entertaining collection. Many of the foremost writers of fiction of the day are in the list of authors.

The entertaining volume, "Our Famous Women,"§ will be, we think, a decided success. Thirty of the prominent women of the times are discussed most pleasantly in as many easy and appreciative essays. The papers are not critical or comprehensive, but gossip, entertaining, and very well written. One finds in most of them exactly the facts they want about such favorites as Mrs. Burnett, Louisa M. Alcott, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary A. Livermore, etc. As far as possible, the writers have been wisely chosen from the ranks of the famous women themselves. The book will be worth a great deal to women who are trying to win position and a live-

lihood by their own exertions. Its heroines are striking examples of what bravery, earnestness, cheerfulness and faithfulness will do in a life.

Another volume of Charles Scribner's Sons' new edition of "Ik Marvel" is out. "Rural Studies," first published in 1867, has been revised and reissued under the title of "Out-of-Town Places."** The book was not more timely fifteen years ago than it is now; perhaps it will be even more useful now, for the last fifteen years have taught us more of beauty and its uses than we had ever before had time to learn. Mr. Mitchell's little book gives many capital suggestions to farmers and owners of country places about practical improvements. It is not a book for horticulturists, or for fancy stock or high-art farmers, but it will be very useful to people who by their own labor and planning are trying to beautify their homes.

A good book on etiquette—and, as it often happens, a very ordinary one—is pretty sure of finding a wide circle of readers in America. A sensible, reliable guide-book into the mysteries of the best society has lately been published by the Harpers.† We like it. The writer knows exactly what her readers need and is competent to supply their want clearly and reliably. What more could be asked of the writer of a book on etiquette?

Uncle Remus‡ has become the representative of a vanishing type of American life. It is a matter of congratulation that so much of his humor, shrewd sense and peculiar dialect has been saved to us in "His Songs and His Sayings," a little book which, though we are apt to consider it merely humorous, really has much material for interesting study. The aim of the author was as he says: "To preserve the legends [of the plantation] in their original simplicity, and to wed them permanently to the quaint dialect—if indeed it can be called a dialect—through the medium of which they have become a part of the domestic history of every Southern family."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

How the Bible was Made. By Rev. E. M. Wood, D.D. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1884.

The Exodus and Other Poems. By Rev. T. C. Reade. Cincinnati: Printed by Walden & Stowe for the author. 1884.

Quicksands. From the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

Standard Library: The Fortunes of Rachel. By Edward Everett Hale. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

Standard Library: Chinese Gordon. By Archibald Forbes. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

There was Once a Man. A Story. By R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlburt, for Our Continent Publishing Co. 1884.

A Palace Prison; or, The Past and The Present. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlburt. 1884.

Rapid Ramblings in Europe. By W. C. Falkner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

One Thousand Popular Quotations. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

Ballads and Verses Vain. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel. By Ignatius Donnelly. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

ERRATA.—On page 544 of the June number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for "Henry VII.," in Question 3, read Henry VI.; for "1609," in Question 39, read 1690; for "George IV.," in the answer to Question 47, and in Questions 48 and 49, read George III. On page 551, for "from which comes companion," read from *comes*, companion.

* A Grammar of the English Language in a Series of Letters. By William Cobbett. With notes by Robert Waters. New York: James W. Pratt. 1883.

† Critical and Exegetical Hand-Book to the Epistles to the Corinthians. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

‡ The Adult Kindergarten; or the Educational Problem Solved, for Public Life, Private Life, and School Life Uses. By a member of the Philadelphia Bar. Price, 50 cents. The Townsend Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

¶ Stories by American Authors. Price per volume, 50 cents. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

§ Our Famous Women. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington and Company. 1884.

** Out-of-Town Places, with Hints for their Improvement. By the author of "Wet Days at Edgewood." A re-issue of "Rural Studies." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

† Manners and Social Usages. By Mrs. John Sherwood. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1884.

‡ Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings. The Folk-lore of the Old Plantation. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

